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The National Guide to Motion Pictures

N.S.E.

PHOTOPLAY

July *OK*

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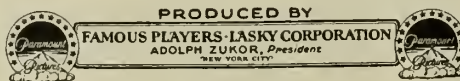
A SAM WOOD Production with Agnes Ayres and Antonio Moreno. From the story by RITA WEIMAN and JOSEPHINE L. QUIRK. Screen play by Willis Goldbeck.

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Paramount Pictures



The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

IWAN ST. JOHNS
WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXVI

No. 2

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the criticisms before you pick out
your evening's entertainment.
Make this your reference list.

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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.

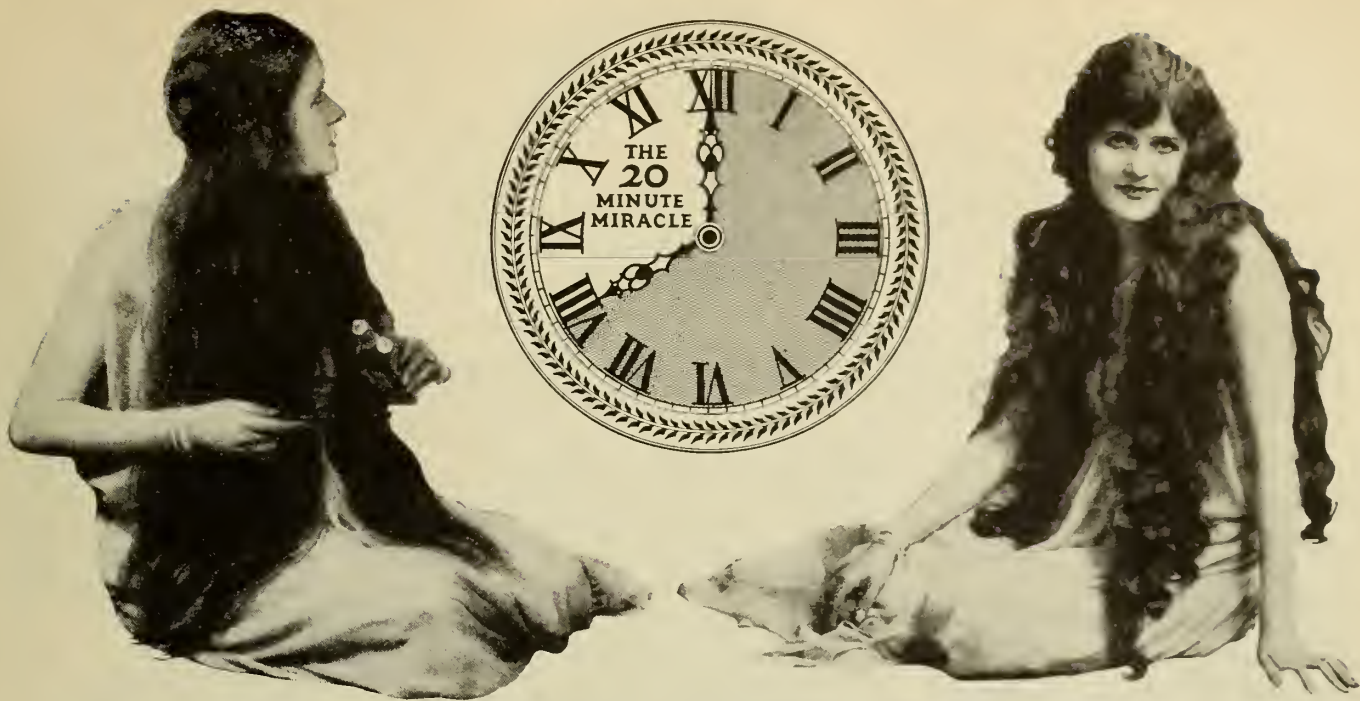
Those Deauville Scarfs

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 Ralston

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 blurted out—"Charity Winthrop—tell me—what miracle has happened to your hair?"

She smiled and said mysteriously, "Come to my room and I will tell you the whole story."

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 goodby and pressed a gold coin in his palm."

"*¡Hija mía!*," he said, "You have been very kind to an old man. *Dígame* (tell me) *señorita*, what it 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'."

"*Oígame, señorita*," 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 *los pelos rizos* (curly hair). Her husband offered thousands of *pesos* to the man who would fulfil her wish. The prize fell to Pedro, the *droguero*. 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 son of Pedro, has 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 *coche* and gave the driver the address Miguel had given me.

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

"Terribly 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. In twenty minutes, not one second more, the transformation, which you have noted, had taken place.

"Come, Winnifred—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 lustre 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 wonderful Spanish Curling Liquid to women everywhere.

Take advantage of their generous offer—

I told my cousin I did not want one penny for the information I had given him. I did make one stipulation, however. I insisted that he introduce the discovery by selling it for a limited time at actual laboratory cost plus postage so that as many women as possible could take advantage of it. This he agreed to do.

Don't delay another day. For the Century Chemists guarantee satisfaction or refund your money.

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We are offering for a limited time only, no-profit distribution of the regular \$3.50 size of our Spanish Curling Liquid.

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You do not have to send one penny in advance. Merely fill out the coupon below—then pay the postman \$1.87 plus the few cents postage, when he delivers the liquid. If you are not satisfied in every way, even this low laboratory fee will be refunded promptly. This opportunity may never appear again. Miss Ralston urges that you take advantage of it at once.



Wavy Bob

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Name

Street

Town State

If apt to be out when postman calls, you may enclose \$2 with coupon, and Liquid Marcelle will be sent you postpaid.



A Matchless Marcel



Lovely Curls



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—Rockett-Lincoln.—One of the finest and most appealing pictures ever made, with Lincoln treated truthfully and reverently. Everyone should see it. (*March.*)

ACQUITTAL, THE—Universal.—One of the best mystery photoplays of the year. (*January.*)

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.*)

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

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 bull pup and a wonderful horse. Well worth while. (*March.*)

ARIZONA EXPRESS, THE—Fox.—Whizzing melodrama. Thieves, gunplay, fast trains, n' everything. (*June.*)

AROUND THE WORLD IN THE SPEEJACKS—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 flapper, as typified 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.*)

BAREFOOT BOY, THE—Commonwealth.—A touching and well done piece of work. Lots of good touches, and pathos well put over. (*January.*)

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 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. (*February.*)

BIG DAN—Fox.—A stereotyped story with a hero altogether too good to be true. (*January.*)

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. (*March.*)

BLIZZARD, THE—Fox.—A Swedish picture and nothing to be ashamed of either. A stampede 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. (*January.*)

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 semi-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.*)

COMMON LAW, THE—Selznick.—The cast saves this one from utter mediocrity. (*January.*)

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

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

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

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.—Baby Peggy the delightful center of a plot with crooks, stolen jewels and a lost child. (*January.*)

DAUGHTERS OF TODAY—Selznick.—Another preaching against the flapper, with a few digs about parents who are inclined to flap. (*May.*)

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

DAWN OF TOMORROW, THE—Paramount.—Clean, helpful 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—Selznick.—Full of incidents, but just ordinarily good, except for Irene Rich. (*March.*)

DISCONTENTED 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.*)

DRIVIN' FOOL, THE—Hodkinson.—Wally Van in one of the auto-driving pictures that Wally Reid made famous. (*January.*)

DRUMS OF JEOPARDY—Truart.—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 May McAvoy. (*June.*)

ENEMIES OF CHILDREN—Mammoth.—Conventional story of a waif, tiresomely told. (*Feb.*)

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

EXCITEMENT—Universal.—One of those wives-who-can't-stay-home films. (*June.*)

EXTRA GIRL, THE—Sennett.—Chiefly notable because Mabel Normand heads the cast and her pictures are always worth while. (*February.*)

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

FASHION ROW—Metro.—The best Mae Murray 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 satire on the fire-eating Southerner of the ante-bellum days, remarkably well done. (*June.*)

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

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 10]

As a special service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE inaugurated this department of tabloid reviews, presenting in brief critical comments upon all photoplays of the preceding six months.

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

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

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

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

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

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

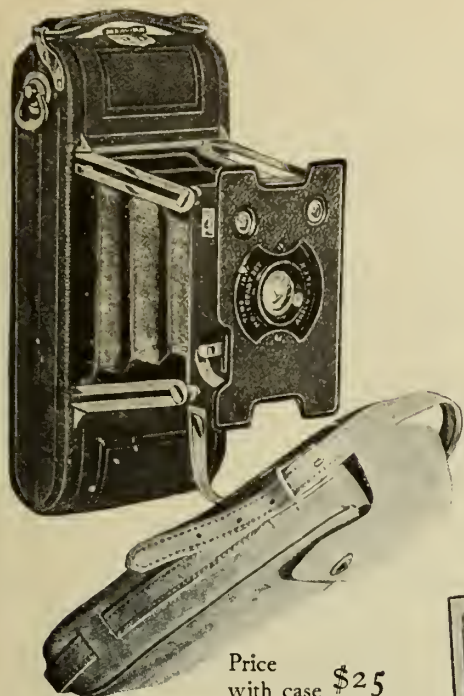
CROOKED ALLEY—Universal.—Another Boston Blackie story, but not particularly well done. (*January.*)

CUPID'S FIREMAN—Fox.—Charles Jones heroically dashes through flames, saving imperiled women. (*February.*)

DADDIES—Warner Brothers.—A good version of the clever stage play, with Mae Marsh 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.*)

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 One dollar for four rolls (3 rolls if size is 3 1/4 x 4 1/4 or larger).

Name

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Size of film No. Cam. Model

Also please send me your free illustrated camera catalog showing the new Ready-Set Camera.

I would probably buy AnSCO Film and Cameras if they were sold by:

PH-JY

Studio Directory

For readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal active ones. The first is the business office; (s) indicates studio; in some cases both are at one address.

ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS, INC., 35 West 45th Street, New York City.
Douglas M. Lean, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
Mack Sennett Productions, 1712 Grendale Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

ASSOCIATED FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES, 383 Madison Ave., New York City.
Richard Barthelmess Productions, Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Ave., New York City.
Edwin Carewe Productions, Associated First Nat'l Pictures, 619 Pacific Finance Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.
Samuel Goldwyn Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
Thomas H. Ince Productions, Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Norma and Constance Talmadge Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
Maurice Tourneur Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

DISTINCTIVE PICTURES CORP., 366 Madison Ave., New York City; (s) 807 East 175th St., New York City.

EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORPORATION, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
Christie Comedies, Christie Film Co., Inc., Sunset at Gower St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Hamilton Comedies, Lloyd Hamilton Corp., 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Mermaid Comedies, Jack White Corp., 5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION (PARAMOUNT), 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
(s) Paramount, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.
(s) Lasky, Hollywood, Calif.
British Paramount, (s) Poole St., Islington, N. London, England.
Wm. S. Hart Productions, (s) 1215 Bates Street, Hollywood, Calif.

F. B. O. of AMER., INC., 723 Seventh Avenue New York City; (s) Corner Gower and Melrose streets, Hollywood, Calif.

FOX FILM CORPORATION, (s) 10th Ave. and 55th St., New York City. (s) 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. (s) Rome, Italy.

GOLDWYN PICTURES CORPORATION, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City; (s) Culver City, Calif. King Vidor Productions and Hugo Ballin Productions.
International Films, Inc. (Cosmopolitan Productions), 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City; (s) Second Avenue and 127th St., New York City.

W. W. HODKINSON CORPORATION, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

METRO PICTURES CORPORATION, 1540 Broadway, New York City; (s) Romaine and Caluanga Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.
Tiffany Productions, 1540 Broadway, New York City.
Buster Keaton Productions, Keaton Studio, 1205 Lillian Way, Hollywood, Calif.
Jackie Coogan, United Studios, Hollywood.

PALMER PHOTOPLAY CORPORATION, Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Calif., Producing at Thos. H. Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.

PATHE EXCHANGE, Pathe Bldg., 35 West 45th Street, New York City.
Harold Lloyd Corporation, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Hal. E. Roach Studios, Inc., Culver City, Calif.
Mack Sennett Comedy Productions, Los Angeles, Calif.

PREFERRED PICTURES, 1650 Broadway, New York City; (s) 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. B. P. Schulberg, Victor Schertzinger and Louis J. Gasnier Productions.

PRINCIPAL PICTURES CORPORATION, 1540 Broadway, New York City; (s) 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. Baby Peggy Productions.

ROTHACKER FILM MFG. COMPANY, 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Illinois; Rothacker-After Laboratories, Inc., Hollywood, Calif.

UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
George Arliss Productions, Distinctive Prod., 366 Madison Avenue, New York City.
Rex Beach Productions, United Artists Corp., 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
Charlie Chaplin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
D. W. Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.
Pleckford-Fairbanks Studios, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood. Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, and Jack Pickford.

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. COMPANY, 1600 Broadway, New York City; (s) Universal City, Calif.
Century Comedies, Circle Blvd., Hollywood.

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA. (s) East 15th Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York; (s) 1708 Talmadge Street, Hollywood, Calif.

WARNER BROTHERS, 1600 Broadway, New York City; (s) Sunset Blvd. at Bronson, Los Angeles.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

FLAMING YOUTH—First National.—A sophisticated ultra-jazz picture, with Colleen Moore doing about the best acting of her career. (January.)

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.)

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

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

FOOL'S HIGHWAY—Universal.—A story of the Bowery, excellently done. Characters well drawn and played, with Mary Philbin heading the list. Good entertainment. (May.)

FORBIDDEN LOVER, THE—Selznick.—A "thriller" of the early Spanish days 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.—Trained seal supported by Louise Fazenda and Sydney Chaplin. Slapstick, but funny. (June.)

GALLOPING GALLAGHER—F. B. O.—An amateurish Western, Fred Thomson being the redeeming feature. Comedy is awful. (June.)

GAMBLING WIVES—Arrow.—An amazing conglomeration of fast house parties, cabarets and gambling rooms. Just usual. (June.)

GIRL SHY—Pathe.—All the laughs and all the thrills that one expects in a Harold Lloyd picture. Fun fast and furious from start. (June.)

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

GREAT WHITE WAY, THE—Cosmopolitan.—Well worth the money. A personally conducted tour 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 waif adopted by a sea captain. (February.)

HAPPINESS—Metro.—A very thin story, adapted from J. Hartley Manners' play, with Laurette Taylor as the saving grace. For the family. (May.)

HEART BANDIT, THE—Metro.—Viola Dana is good as a tough little crook who is later redeemed by mother love. (March.)

HELD TO ANSWER—Metro.—A formula picture, featuring a wrongfully-accused minister. (Jan.)

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

HER TEMPORARY HUSBAND—First National.—A riotous 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. (June.)

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

HIS DARKER SELF—Hodkinson.—Framed originally for 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 prize pictures, and up to the standard of the others. The war is in this one. (June.)

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

HOODMAN BLIND—Fox.—An oldstage favorite made into a most entertaining picture. Melodrama 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 picturize 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 months. (April.)

ICEBOUND—Paramount.—Another William de Mille etching. Restraint is the keynote. Handled by a less able director, it might have been drab, but he makes it live. (May.)

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

IN SEARCH OF A THRILL—Metro.—Viola Dana as a little rich girl wants to see life and becomes an Apache in Paris. (January.)

IN THE PALACE OF THE KING—Goldwyn.—A good story, beautifully mounted but carelessly told. 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 Palmer School's prize photoplay, 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" trimmings. Just fair. (May.)

KING OF WILD HORSES—Pathe.—A remarkable picture because of the work of the camera man. Shots of wild horses never equalled. *The Black* a worthy star. (June.)

LADIES TO BOARD—A Tom Mix comedy, with Tony added. Mix pulls a lot of his best stunts. (April.)

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

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 comedy, which is amusing and innocuous. Boarding school scenes are good. (May.)

LEAVENWORTH CASE, THE—Vitagraph.—A poor adaptation of a famous old best-seller. A mystery story without mystery. (January.)

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, excellently acted. (February.)

LILIES OF THE FIELD—First National.—A story of the sisterhood that "toil not, neither do they spin," with Corinne Griffith as the feature. For adults. (May.)

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

LONE WAGON, THE—Sanford.—If it hadn't been for the "Covered Wagon," this wouldn't have been made. Who cares? (May.)

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

LOVE LETTERS—Fox.—The moral is, don't pour out your troubles on paper. Two sisters get into all sorts of woes, but few care. (May.)

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

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 Monte Blue and Evelyn Brent. (April.)

LUCRETIA LOMBARD—Warner Brothers.—A good story, but the picture seems flat. Irene Rich scores, as does a forest fire. (March.)

LULLABY, THE—F. B. O.—Jane Novak's best picture. She plays three roles and is excellent in each. (March.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]

Do You Love Your America?

The Izaak Walton League is an organization of nearly 100,000 lovers of America, actively engaged in effectively carrying out their pledge:

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The July Issue on News-stands June 20th—15c

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20 other Great Features

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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.

Every American has seen hay or wheat fall before the scythe or the mower. That is the way the dense dark beautiful forests of Washington, Oregon and California are disappearing. To what end? I declare I cannot see any end for such wholesale destruction except to make a few men rich.”

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W. L. BUSH.

Kid Stuff

Garrison, 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 Husbands." He is the best kid actor on the screen, J. Coogan excluded.

A word for poor "Wes" 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 "Rosita" 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 personages, but never once did she suggest a fiery 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*.

L. SORLE WILLARD.

May in Java

Semarang, 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 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 with the sixty screen beauties, 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

in my eyes, shows — what you yourself call so justly — "inward loveliness ranking with harmony of features."

I still beg to observe that to my astonishment (and also regret) I missed in your gallery a photograph of Leatrice Joy. This does not mean, however, that I would have given my vote to her, because, although I like her countenance very much indeed, I think her always laughing eyes betray too much naughtiness, and this is something I would not give my vote to in this special contest. But please do not tell her!

Looking forward to more such interesting contests and—if possible—to your compliance with my request, I am,

MAY MACAVOY FAN.

Lovable Loving

Atlanta, Ga.

After seeing last night my favorite actor, Conway Tearle, in his latest picture, "Lilies of the Field," please let me say a word of praise for him and his most able and charming leading lady, Corinne Griffith. All the world loves a lover, and to my mind this is the most lovable pair of lovers on the screen.

MINNIE LEE.

Brickbats & Bouquets

LETTERS FROM READERS

The readers of PHOToplay are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe 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.

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.

Erie'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. Any 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 spokeswoman 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 spicy wise owl of a friend, was to our mature minds a wonderful rendering. There was such a chance for over-acting!

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 years. 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 PEYTON.

Handsomest 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 Rudolph has a flat nose, large mouth, and small eyes. Isn't it strange that, as often as I have seen him on and off the screen, I have never noticed these attributes?

Our good friends Thomas Meighan, 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."

NOEMIE WEBRE.

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've 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. JOSEPH KENEDY.

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 rôle 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" proves it. I should say that

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]

Published monthly by First National Pictures, 383 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. J. A. Lincoln, Editor

News of First National Pictures

An Advertisement from First National Pictures, Inc.

An organization of theatre-owners presenting the finest in screen entertainment.

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.



Bessie Love

"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!



Colleen Moore (on the left) alone could play the title role in "The Perfect Flapper." There's an unflinching perfection recipe in this delightful comedy drama.

"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 masseuse.

Besides there is Vic Potel, Dan Mason of "Toonerville 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 whirls 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 Alma Rubens head the cast.

Every boy, and every boy that was, will find himself again in Ben Alexander, the "reg'lar fellow" of the screen. His new picture will be "A Self Made Failure."



His financial standing established, the suitor makes final arrangements. On the right is Claire Windsor as the prize offering in the matrimonial market. The picture is "For Sale," a society drama your local theatre will show soon.



Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

Miss Naldi has left nothing out; her hints are invaluable.

Congratulations, Miss Naldi—your 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 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 turned out unhappily, etc. I 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 Meighan handsome. Now, I am, and long have been, an ardent admirer of Tommy Meighan and I consider him one of the handsomest of screen stars.

CLAIRE BALL.

An Outstanding Feature

Reward, Calif.

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.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

MAILMAN, THE—F. B. O.—More propaganda for the letter carrier. 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 Adoree 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.)

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—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. Heart-of-gold cowboy, "little prairie flower," cattle rustlers. Jack Hoxie rides well. (January.)

MILE-A-MINUTE MORGAN—Sanford.—"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 as entertaining. (June.)

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

MIRACLE MAKERS, THE—Asso. Exhibitors.—The pure-heroine-and-Chinese-den formula. (Feb.)

MODERN MATRIMONY—Select.—A commonplace plot filled with homely sentiment. Just innocuous. (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 "Leah Kleschna" 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, who is in it. (May.)

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

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

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

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 might see this one. (April.)

NETT CORNER, THE—Paramount.—Not so good. Direction is bad and picture drags. (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 a Southern family feud. Also, pretty well done. (June.)

NO MORE WOMEN—Allied 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 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 crook story. (March.)

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

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

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

OUR HOSPITALITY—Metro.—Buster Keaton in what seems to be a travesty on the old feud story. Not very good or funny. (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 kind that has made him popular. His riding is worth the price. A very good Western. (May.)

PIED PIPER MALONE—Paramount.—Tom Meighan's new one and as likable as Tom himself Simple and charming. (April.)

PIONEER TRAILS—Vitagraph.—Imitation of "The Covered Wagon" without the virtues of that record-breaker. (February.)

PLEASURE MAD—Metro.—Just misses being a big picture, but is worth while. (January.)

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.)

PREPARED TO DIE—Johnnie Walker.—A good idea gone wrong, except for Eddie Polo. (March.)

PRINCE OF A KING, A—Selznick.—Little Dinky Dean is the star and all children and most grown-ups will like it. (March.)

PURE GRIT—Universal.—The Western formula, with Roy Stewart heading the cast. (March.)

RED WARNING, THE—Universal.—Even Jack Hoxie gets out of breath keeping up with the story in this thriller. (February.)

RENDEZVOUS, THE—Neilan-Goldwyn. — The love story of an American soldier and a Russian princess, delightfully produced by Marshall Neilan. (March.)

RENO—Goldwyn.—Rupert Hughes' argument for a uniform divorce law. Interesting for adults. (March.)

RESTLESS WIVES — Commonwealth. — Hard-working husbands, bridge-playing wives and other conventionalities. (March.)

RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED—Associated Exhibitors.—Wallace Beery is a two-fisted, meat-eating King Richard. The boys will love it. (January.)

RIDE FOR YOUR LIFE—Universal.—And Hoot Gibson does—for his own and other lives. There's little else to it. (May.)

ROUGH RIDIN'—Approved.—Just a regular Western with lots of action and little novelty. (June.)

ROULETTE—Selznick.—The perils of the gaming table again, but with a good cast. Nothing to get excited about. (May.)

SATIN GIRL, THE—Apollo.—Lady crook fools the whole police force, as usual. (February.)

SECRETS—First National.—A charming picture, with Norma Talmadge as star. Don't miss it. (April.)

SECOND YOUTH—Goldwyn.—A comedy that, instead of being funny, is ludicrous. Just bad, that's all. (June.)

SHADOWS OF PARIS—Paramount.—Pola Negri as an Apache—one of the types she does so well. Well directed with good atmosphere. Worth seeing. (May.)

SHEPHERD KING, THE—Fox.—An interesting story of David the Psalmist, done by a capable Italian company. (February.)

SHOOTING OF DAN MCGREW, THE—Metro.—Only fair, and it should have been excellent, with such a theme and cast. (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.)

SIX-CYLINDER LOVE—Fox.—A light and amusing comedy, well handled, with Ernest Truex doing excellent work. (February.)

SLAVE OF DESIRE—Goldwyn.—Balzac's "The Magic Skin" in celluloid. Rather vague, but Bessie Love and Carmel Myers are good. (February.)

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.)

SONG OF LOVE, THE—First National.—Norma Talmadge as an Arab dancing girl and very much worth while seeing. (March.)

SOUTH SEA LOVE—Fox.—Shirley Mason is good in a mediocre and unconvincing story. (Feb.)

SPORTING YOUTH—Universal.—An auto racing picture of the type Wally Reid used to do, with Reginald Denny as hero. Good entertainment. (April.)

STEADFAST HEART, THE—Goldwyn. — Although the story is rather improbable, the capital acting of little Joseph Depew makes it worth while. (March.)

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[CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

STEPHEN STEPS OUT—Paramount.—The first and only picture of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., for Paramount. And pretty good at that. (February.)

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

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

STRANGER FROM THE NORTH—Biltmore.—The only difference is that, in this one, the city feller makes good. (June.)

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

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

TELEPHONE GIRL, THE—F. B. O.—A screen version of the slangy Witwer story, with Alberta Vaughn, a clever comedienne, as the fresh telephone operator. Amusing. (May.)

TEMPLE OF VENUS, THE—Fox.—A mixture of a lot of box-office drawing cards. Jazz, scantily clad nymphs, and a weak love story. (January.)

TEN COMMANDMENTS, THE—Paramount.—One of the greatest pictures ever made. A wonderful entertainment and a marvelous sermon. The color prologue wondrously fine. (February.)

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.)

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 rum pirates provide plenty of laughs. Good entertainment. (March.)

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

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

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

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

TIUNDERGATE—First National.—Conventional story with scenes in China. Owen Moore good. (March.)

THY NAME 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 successive hit. (February.)

TRAIL OF THE LAW, THE—Biltmore.—Old formula of country girl and city chap, and not well done. (April.)

TRY AND GET IT—Hodkinson.—An impossible story, but with many laughs. Bryant Washburn 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 model of Richard Barthelmess in an interesting, but not great, picture. (February.)

TWO WAGONS, BOTH COVERED—Pathe.—One of Will Rogers' burlesques 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 costumed, but a bit draggy. (January.)

UNKNOWN PURPLE, THE—Truart.—Less thrilling than the stage version but nevertheless worth seeing if you like suspense. (February.)

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

VAGABOND TRAIL, THE—Fox.—Again the brawn of Buck Jones conquers all wickedness. (May.)

VIRGINIAN, THE—Preferred.—Owen Wister's famous novel 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.—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.)

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 Bell Wright story, well made. You will like it if you favor Westerns. (April.)

WHEN ODDS ARE EVEN—Fox.—William Russell wins the mine and the pretty girl again. (Feb.)

WHICH SHALL IT BE—Hoffman.—A picturization of an old poem with real sentiment and heart appeal in it. Very much worth while. (June.)

WHIPPING BOSS, THE—Monogram.—Based on the peonage system. Tells brutal truths but is unpleasant. (February.)

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

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.)

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

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

WILD BILL HICKOK—Paramount. W. S. Hart's return to the screen in a picture filled with gunplay and other stunts his admirers like. (Feb.)

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

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 *Jekyll-and-Hyde* sort of role. A bit gruesome at times, but with redemption at the end. (May.)

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

WOMAN TO WOMAN—Selznick.—Betty Compton, always charming, in a picture that grown-ups will like. (February.)

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

YANKEE CONSUL, THE—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—Apollo.—Conventional triangle story with nothing new. (February.)

YOLANDA—Cosmopolitan.—A gorgeous spectacle, beautifully staged, but with a weak story. Worth regular prices, but no more. (May.)

YOU ARE IN DANGER—Commonwealth.—Good little country boy in big city. Doesn't tell nor mean much. (January.)



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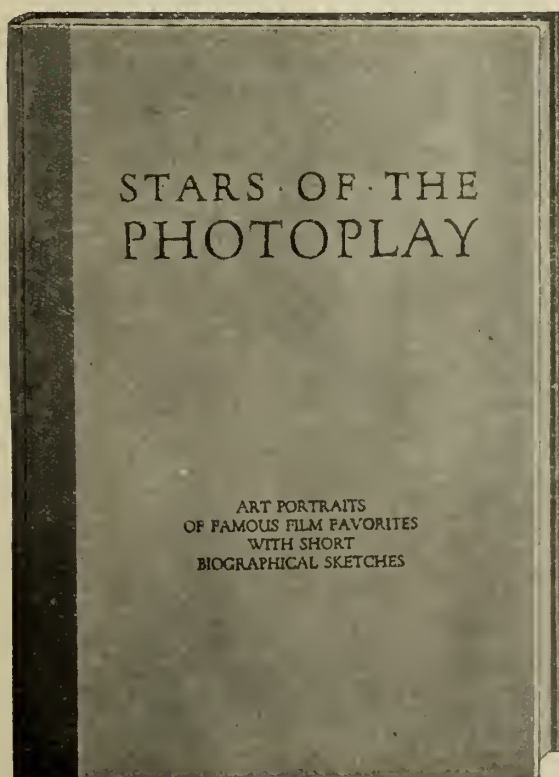
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Clarence Bull

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



Edwin Bower Hesser

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 Marian 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



Evans

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"



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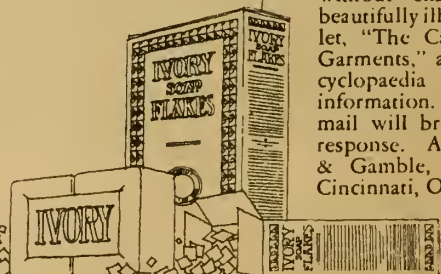
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If stockings have clocks different in color from the body fabric, be sure to stuff cheese-cloth or a small towel into the ankle while drying.

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

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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.

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PHOTOPLAY

July, 1924



Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

"IT could happen only in the movies," is a favorite bromide 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 "Marse 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 "Cytherea," for the edification of the film audiences, obviously an effort to collect shekels 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.

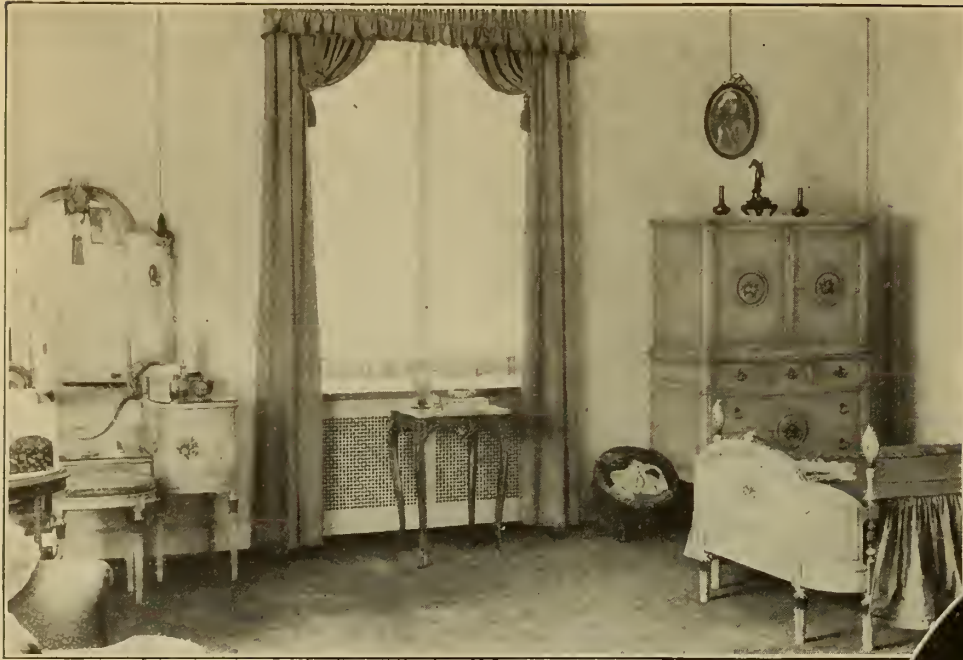
ALL of which makes it pertinent at this time to hand a bouquet to Will Hays for the truly sincere effort he is making "to prevent the prevalent type of play and novel from becoming the prevalent type of picture." These are his own words, and they are well put. He may be getting a big salary, but he's 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 rôles. 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 in '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

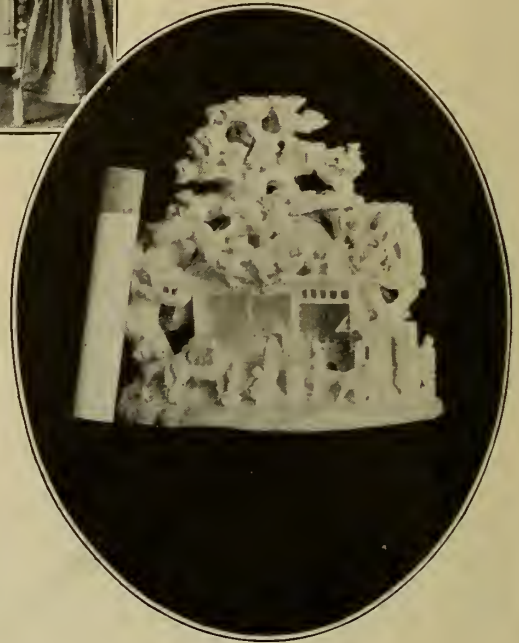


Figure of woman in ivory resting on marble, covered with cloak of bronze

Three rare vases. Wistaria eloisienne (left), ivory tusk vase applied 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 Kakimonos 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

Favorite Sweethearts of the Screen



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



Says Robert Frazer of Pola Negri: "I lived every moment I played opposite her in 'Men'"



Malcolm McGregor discovers in May McAvoy's acting the qualities that arouse a man's respect



Thomas Meighan gets his thrill from the most loving of sweethearts, Peaches Jackson

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 *Romeos*, 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]



Antonio Moreno finds that Estelle Taylor gives that inspiration which raises the actor to the mood of the moment

Alice Terry, to Ramon Novarro, typifies the ideal of womanly beauty



Betty Compson possesses the divine gift of humor in her work, according to Richard Dix



Laura La Plante represents the love of unspoiled youth, in Reginald Denny's opinion



It is the dominating sweetness of Bebe Daniels that makes its appeal to Jack Holt in playing opposite her

A Really Great Story of Radio,



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

Chapter I

AHEN-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

The Story Without a Name

By Arthur Stringer *Author of "Phantom Wires," "The Wire Tappers," "The Gun Runner," "Manhandled" and other stories.*

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

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



*He brought the metal grip
of his automatic down on
Alan's blood-stained head*

\$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 ruffled 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 onery 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 had 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,

Rules for the Great Cash-Radio Contest

THE great \$5,000 cash radio contest is now on.

It is even bigger and better than announced in June PHOTOPLAY. Four of the latest and best De Forest Reflex Radiophone Receiving Sets, instead of three, will be given as prizes for sub-titles to the installments.

That means there will be four installments of Arthur Stringer's absorbing radio romance — the greatest story printed by any magazine this year. Love, adventure, thrills and intrigue combine to make it the most interesting and thrilling of summer reading to be found in any publication. The first installment is printed in this issue of PHOTOPLAY.

Irvin V. Willat, one of the nation's greatest directors, is filming the story for Famous Players-Lasky Corporation with a notable cast headed by Antonio Moreno and Agnes Ayres. The picture will be ready for release early this fall and promises to be the sensation of the film world.

The De Forest Company has perfected a new radio receiving set. For months, the company's engineers and electrical wizards have been at work perfecting this instrument. The designers claim it is the greatest thing yet done in radio. It will not only be the most beautiful and artistic set manufactured but will be clearer and carry further than any ever made by this company, they say.

Four of these wonderful sets, complete with batteries and loud speakers will be given away for the best sub-titles submitted for the four installments of the story.

Read the first installment. It may suggest a title and sub-title to you. Send them in with your reason for considering them best suited to the story and installment and expressed in 100 words or less. You may use the coupon on this page for this purpose, although its use is not compulsory.

Read the rules governing the contest. Then send in your suggestions as early as possible. Send as many as you want, but send them one at a time. They may win you a big cash prize and one of the wonderful radio sets.

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 "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 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 best 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.

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 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 installments 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.

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 July Installment.....

Name of Contestant.....

Street Number.....

City..... State.....

Reason for selecting title and sub-title.....

.....

.....

.....

.....



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."

"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 as the power was turned into the insulated coils at their feet. Then for ten seconds, for twenty, not a word was spoken. But a short gasp 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 boiling geyser of creamy liquid, bubbling and frothing up out of its container and striking the returning truck driver stock-still in his tracks.

"You've done it!" cried Don. "You're targetting 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!"

The intent look was still on 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 these rays to a fat old boy down on that golf course. I've been getting him just as he putts 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 pill or two. And this time that big redfaced 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 going to travel as fast as light and it's going to hit the enemy like the blight 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 now 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 over a quarter of a mile with your 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 enfolding waves meet and clash and create a catabolic eddy, or, as you put it the other day, that your converging Hertzian waves are like the share and landside of a plow, throwing an aerial furrow, and that within this etheric 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.

"What right have you up here?" challenged Alan as he crossed slowly, step by step, towards the interloper.

"I heard some one call, sir," said the sullen-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," Allan 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 hollered loud enough, when you brought that hawk down, to make any leather-neck sit up."

But the frown of worry remained on Alan Holt's face. "Things are crowding up to a climax here. And 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 enfolding key. And our work isn't finished until this apparatus is packed and locked in its case and safe in the keeping of the War Department."

"Then let's get the thing back to Washington before I die of heart-strain," suggested Don as he stepped to the tower-rail and 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 Walsworth 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 prompt demand. "From now on you've got the whole Department behind you. And once you get your official try-out 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 steel-true, 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 dusky loveliness."

"There's another queer fish," said Alan, stopping short in his work, "I've been nursing a hunch about."

But Don was already halfway down the stairs. He was whistling light-heartedly as he passed the watchful Hyde at the base of the tower. He called gaily to Mary Walsworth as he caught sight of her coming up the hill-path, 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 of work in that lonely neighborhood Don had met and talked radio to Ruth Carte. They had even heliographed back [CONTINUED ON PAGE 108]



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



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 rôle in "The Fighting Coward"; and Marie Prevost, who did exceptional work in "The Marriage Circle"

© Evans Studio

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



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



© Mack Sennett

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.

No less an authority than Valentino picked Eugenie Gilbert as a beauty



© Mack Sennett

Mack Sennett says Cecile Evans (at right) has "8100,000 legs" and he should know



Mack Sennett

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



Big Money—No Education Necessary



With Specially
Posed Illustrations

Presenting to
Photoplay readers
a demonstration
of the A B C's
of the high art of
publicizing
movie stars
without the aid of
a dictionary

By Pete Smith

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

Be a Press Agent—Meet All the Stars



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 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 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 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

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 science eliminates the danger of make-up, 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 none 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 expostulations and mad shakes of the head.

Perhaps the most violently inconsolable 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, singing 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 countless 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 dampened. 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

By Herbert Howe

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 earn our money," 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 commiseration 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.

IT 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 howl, "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 stockingless 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]



This striking pose and costume illustrate the bizarre but picturesque effects which Mae Murray is so successful in obtaining. From her recent picture, "Fashion Row"

MAE MURRAY—A Study in Contradictions

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

THERE 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.

I'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.

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

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 [CONTINUED ON PAGE 124]



THE GOLDFISH—First National

AFTER a series of poor pictures, Constance Talmadge, in a suitable vehicle, comes back. As *Jennie Wetherby*, a fist-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.



THE REJECTED WOMAN—Distinctive

THIS picture of the snow country gives Alma Rubens one of the finest opportunities she ever has had, and she takes full advantage of it. Her rôle calls for the portrayal of the character of a girl of the Canadian wilds who becomes a famous opera singer in Paris. In a fire, she loses her voice, but is compensated by winning the man she loves. The story is somewhat illogical and improbable, and the continuity leaves much to be desired, but, in spite of these shortcomings, the interest is there. There are snow shots that never have been surpassed and later, there is a fire panic scene which is intensely thrilling. Conrad Nagel is good in the rather thankless leading male rôle, and good bits are contributed by George MacQuarrie, Bela Lugosi, Aubrey Smith and Wyndham Standing.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



*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 rôle 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 Neilan* is the director and his hand is apparent in the frequent little comedy sequences. *Charles Rosher*, cinematographer extraordinary, 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 NEGRI in "Men"
ZASU PITTS in "The Goldfish"
ALMA RUBENS in "The Rejected Woman"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 122



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 fling 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.



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 and smoothly done.



MEN—Paramount

THE fiery, heavy-lidded Pola of "Passion" is back. In this story, written and directed by Dimitri Buchowetski, 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 off 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.



THE DANGER LINE—F. B. O.

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 Hiyakawa and Tsuru Aoki, returning to the screen, after long absence, give an artistic performance, that is worth seeing.



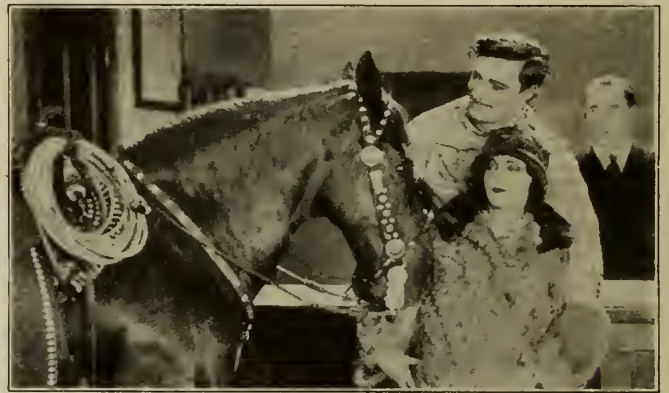
UNTAMED YOUTH—F. B. O.

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

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.



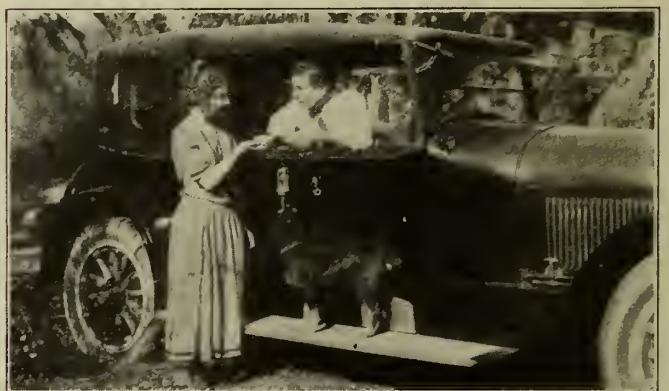
THE TROUBLE SHOOTER—Fox

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.

MELODRAMA as the title suggests; a moral adorning a tale about a minister's wife who leaves her husband and the chee-ild for a ne'er do well! The way of the transgressor is hard, of course. Finis Fox wrote the story and directed it, too. These directors are prestidigitators indeed. Those who like flamboyant drama and excitement will have a perfectly wonderful time. Pretty well cast.



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.



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.



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 Rita 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.



MILLE. 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.



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!



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 123½ 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.

Fifty Pictures Released in 1923

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

221 W. 57th Street, New York City

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

NAME OF PICTURE

Name _____

Address _____

Abraham Lincoln
Acquittal
Anna Christie
Ashes of Vengeance
Bad Man
Big Brother
Bright Shawl
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
Hollentot
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
Penrod and Sam
Potash and Perlmutter
Richard the Lion-Hearted
Rosita
Ruggles of Red Gap
Scaramauche

Spanish Dancer
Spoilers
The Ten Commandments
To the Ladies
To the Last Man
Trilby
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



ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN - 21

"As for marrying you, not if you were the last man on earth. And now take your old bracelet and get out of here"

The Love Dodger

A story from behind the
curtained windows of Hollywood

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

Illustrated by Arthur William Brown

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 impudent 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 grey 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 grey 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.

Through the wide, arched doorway, he could see her 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 tight-fitting 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 to 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 of 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 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 profession of love. A great courtesan was a daughter of the gods. Leda—Leda belonged to those times. To those customs.

How could he expect the constancy and the stolid purity of a milkmaid from this handmaiden of Aphrodite? Wasn't it enough that he had possessed and enjoyed her? Why couldn't they leave it at that? Could one turn Chryses into a cook by any mere set of words or ceremonies of men?

Was that perhaps all his trouble? That he had secretly expected too much of love?

Leda O'Neil watched him. Her lips parted and she kept making an effort to close them.

At last she said, "Sweet, you've been thinking of what I said? I knew you would."

But then how could she look at him like this? That was the thing that tricked him, that he could never understand. For her eyes were simple and deep and lovely. They should not be. That was the trouble with the modern day. Everything was confused. There was no proper order to things. Nothing had a name any more.

No wonder men feared the figurante life that women led 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's test, he put his hand in his 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 nothing of jewels. Their 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 stifled.

Leda O'Neil 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 pigeon bloods. Are they?"

"Yes."

"I've never had any good rubies. These are magnificent. You adorable boy. Why—it's worth 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 round white arm there were many other bracelets. It was the fashion to wear many bracelets. Leda O'Neil 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 him. Why hadn't he seen what that must mean?

For all her beauty, how weary and worn she looked. His imagination, stimulated by this gambling with fate, played him a strange trick. He 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 saw clearly that a physical bond—a merely physical bond—is 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'Neil, 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 she gave love. And he guessed that life would grow very stale and almost unbearable to her.

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

So, when she fastened the bracelet about her wrist and held it out 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, gladly, magnificently, cleanly 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 shopworn; if they pretended (that worst of all sins against love); if they were sordid or weary or incapable of generosity or fineness 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 lighthouse 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. Regarded as a woman dodger, and a fearer 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 Connable 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'Neil, 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 erstwhile friend. Her proposal of marriage startled and frightened him. And it took 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 her daughter, Ray threatens breach of promise, Leda begins again to exert her wiles, and Gertie—waiting quietly in the background—is even more ominous 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 dear, 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 [CONTINUED ON PAGE 116]

Studio

By Cal York

Written from the inside of
the Hollywood and
New York Studios.
If you read it here it's so



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

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 shooed away 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 Mrs. 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

Doug himself, 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 rôles. 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 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

News and Gossip East and West

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 is 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?

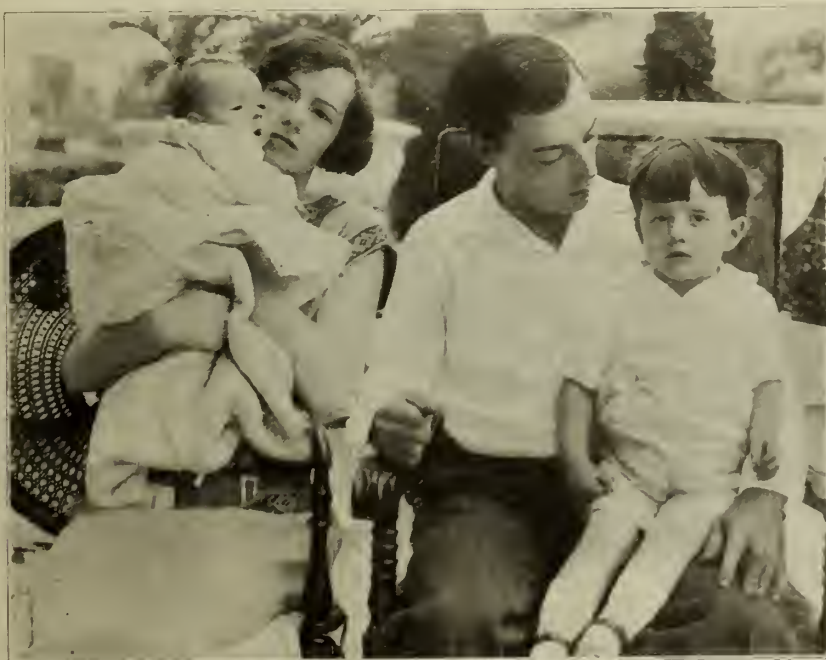
A discussion at the Directors' Club the other day revealed its origin when Fred Niblo declared that it started as "ham-fatter" because the actors in the early English theater used to remove their make-up with ham fat. Later it was contracted to "ham."

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 and polished touches of real old-world society which she feels she alone can give them. Her daughter, Lady Williams, who came



Jobyna Ralston caught in the act of having her beautiful chestnut curls cut off. Harold Lloyd pulls her contract on her—which has an anti-bob clause in it, the first in Hollywood—and reminds Jobyna that it simply can't be done



Presenting the Keaton family in toto! From left to right: Robert Talmadge Keaton, in his very first pose; Natalie Talmadge Keaton, "Buster"—paradon us—Mr. Joseph Keaton, and his eldest son, Joseph Keaton, Jr.

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 the Erich von Stroheim bow. You know how it is done, because you have seen Von do it on the screen—heels together, stiff bend from the waist. And if the bow 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 so well as its originator, but nevertheless the fashion is fast spreading and you can see it practiced almost any evening at the Petroushka, 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 as 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 Roumanian 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.

Bill Hart won't have a leading woman who is not an equestrienne so, when Phyllis Haver went into the cast of "Singer Jim McKee," the riding lessons started. But Phyllis is cagey. She picked a safe horse



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, Hartley 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 was 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 Kathlyn Williams and her husband, Charles Eytan.

THIS is the latest gem that is going the rounds of Hollywood's wits and wise-crackers. 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."

Lew said, "Why not? You promised." And the fair Claire said, "I know it. But since then a producer has called up and invited



He's back again. He has decided the public wants the funny little mustache, the baggy trousers, the derby and the cane, so Charlie Chaplin will feature them again in his new picture, some of the scenes of which are laid in Alaska



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 under-studying 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]

Believe this if you wish. We think it's a press-agent story. This pussy, an imported English Angora, must have his tea every afternoon at four. Margaret Livingston, who imported him, is shown serving



"I liked her from the start," says Harold of Mrs. Lloyd, "but it never occurred to me that I was going to fall in love with her"

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 new 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

The Autobiography of Harold Lloyd

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

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 her 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 clan-nish 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 place.

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.

Hal Roach and I had had one of our spats. 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 Jobyna Ralston to take her place"



His grandmother, Mrs. Sarah Fraser, has always been close to Harold's heart

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 [CONTINUED ON PAGE 113]



As Robert Stafford in "Bought and Paid For"



The sartorial model of the pictures—
Jack Holt. Below, Mr. Holt on his pet
polo pony, Lady Barbara



As Ned Trent in "The Call of the North"

Jack Holt

By
Helen
Taggart

"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 *rara 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 naive inquiry: "What could possibly be interest-



Regular He-Man

"I like my family, my horses and my dogs," he says. "Also, I prefer to play villains, but there is more money in being a hero."

ing in what I might have to say?"

"Say anything you like. You won't have to read it."

"Oh, but I will. I always read interviews."

"Still you never find them interesting?"

"No," said the he-man with feminine inconsistency. "I've said I have a happy family."

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," Julianne 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



Edwin Bower Hesser



Richee

IT'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



Richee

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



RICHARD BARTHELMESS, Mary Hay Barthelmess and their boss—Mary Hay Barthelmess, Jr Being a girl, she naturally turns to Dick



Stagg

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*

*Other scenario writers
shied at adapting
"Anna Christie," but
Bradley King did it and
made a striking success*



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

By Mary Winship

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 unkind 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 comers of the industry.



Florence Turner, one of the most versatile actresses that ever faced a camera. She could carry any rôle, and could imitate any actor. At right is her rendition of Ben Turpin

Unwept, Unhonored and Unfilmed

The results of a
remarkable search for
the Stars of
Yesterday

By
Frederick James Smith

"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!"

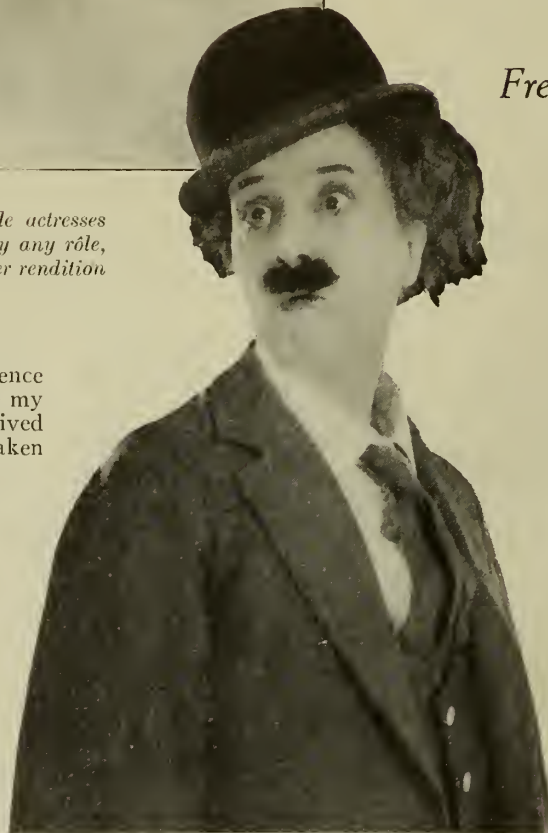
Ten years ago Miss Turner was one of the three leading film favorites. Time and the motion picture have moved on. Today she is well-nigh forgotten, like many another idol of the pioneer celluloid days.

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 Rodolph 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 unfiled. 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, Maida 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.

ARE we too forgetful of our Aïdols? 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 stage star, 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



Arthur Johnson and Lottie Briscoe played together for years and were great favorites in the old Lubin days. The former was the Wallie Reid of his time

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 *Evremonde*. Norma Talmadge did the tiny rôle 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, Lillian 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 roseate 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 good-bye to Johnson and came to a hospital in New York.

Miss Briscoe underwent the operation at



© Strauss-Peyton

After long search, Gene Gauntier, once famous star of Kalem, was found in Sweden

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 a long emotional try-out 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 rôles!

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, we 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 *Hearst's International Magazine*, where Miss Bernard, in real life the wife of A. H. Van Buren, the actor, is assistant art editor.



Cleo Madison came back to the screen for the mother rôle in "The Dangerous Age." Here she is shown with Lewis Stone in a scene from that play



Florence Lawrence's career was abruptly checked by a distressing accident, which removed her from the screen at the age of twenty-three



Helen Holmes was widely known by her thrilling series, "The Hazards of Helen." There were sixty-five of these episodes. She is still in pictures.

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 rôles of some twenty now historic Biograph productions, including Griffith's unforgettable two-reel version of Brown-ing's "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, Priscilla Dean, then playing bits, Claire McDowell, Arthur Johnson, Owen Moore, Henry Walthall, James Kirkwood, Wilfred Lucas, Charles West and Charles Mailles.

"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 rôle 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 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 Checko-Slovakia, where she was visiting with her mother and father.

"I left 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

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 101]

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 her whereabouts 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



He bewilders those who meet him for the first time. He seems too quiet, too gentle for his ring record

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

say anything, which left me in a seething, not to say dangerous, condition.

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 struggled 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.

THEY said to me—"Meet the Champ."

And I forthwith found myself shaking hands with the newest screen star, a young gentleman who is getting one million dollars in real cash money, payable in advance, for making ten two-reel motion pictures.

And as I stood there, looking at this large, homely, serious, business-like young man, who is heavy-weight champion of the world, I found myself, for the first time in a long and varied career of interviewing, speechless. (I do not expect anyone in Hollywood to believe this.)

He was the last of a long series of things that weren't the way I had expected them to be, that's all.

In the first place, when I heard that Carl Laemmle, who is second to none in the appreciation of how much a nickel ought to buy, had agreed to pay one Jack Dempsey one million dollars to act for him, it threw me into a state of coma from which my family had difficulty in arousing me.

I considered it seriously, and then decided that it was impossible to ignore a star with a salary like that. So I started for Universal City, which is a place I avoid as a rule, prepared to see how this person stacked up as a screen star alongside of Valentino, Ben Turpin and Strongheart. I rigged myself up in my best sport clothes—I wanted to be in the picture and I could not foresee that Dempsey would be wearing the niftiest thing in dinner coats—and stepped on the gas. On the Cahuenga grade an enormous gravel truck slid around the curve and ate a piece out of my best fender and disappeared before I could

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.

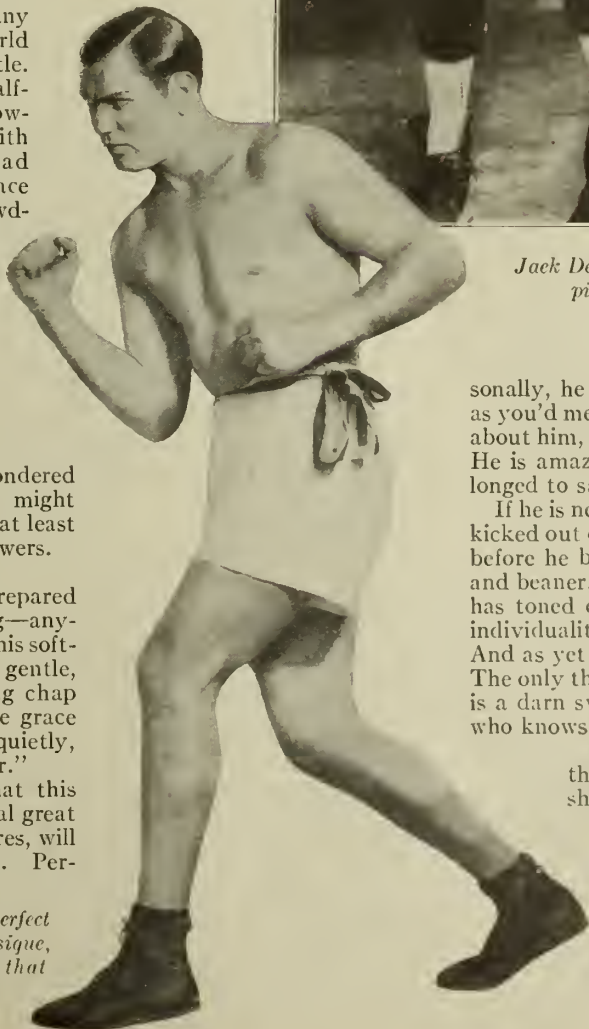
I was going to see the man who could lick any other man in the world in a hand to hand battle. I was going to see a half-starved, ignorant, low-browed tramp who, with unheard-of grit, had fought his way to a place where one of the shrewdest producers in the game paid him a million dollars for his presence 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. Per-

A pose revealing the perfect combination of physique, skill and alertness that brought Dempsey the championship of the world



Jack Dempsey, with George Ovey, in a scene from the first picture of a series he is making for Universal

sonally, 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 toned 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 roundly

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 88]

The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

By Terry Ramsaye

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.



W. W. Holkinson, a telegraph operator, got into the film exchange business, and brought to New York ideas that created the powerful Paramount Pictures Corporation

Who is Reading This Story?

GIRLS and boys in their teens, families around the library table, grimly concentrated business men taking respite in the lulls 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 eye-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 Gaiety 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.



D. W. Griffith directing a scene in "The Birth of a Nation," the greatest picture ever made. After nine years it still draws enormous audiences



George Loane Tucker, whose "Traffic in Souls" (1913) had a tremendous effect on picture development

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]

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 bubbled 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 confidant of Tucker.

Now fate had laid exactly the proper background for Tucker's



Victor Georg

Laurette Taylor was asked whether she preferred the stage or the screen and, being Irish, answered, "Both"

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 klieg 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

WHY

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

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 envy 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.



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

"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!"



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 curled 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 turnover 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 spirituous 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]



In Mrs. Wallace Reid's production, "Human Wreckage"



As the appealing cripple in "Merry-Go-Round"



As Bibbs, in his latest picture, "The Turmoil"



In the Palmer Photoplay's "Judgment of the Storm"

Very serious, a little wistful, but a fine actor—George Hackathorne

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

By *Mary Winship*

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 [CONTINUED ON PAGE III]



It gives the nails a lovely rose brilliance

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, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. Q-7
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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 _____

Pictures That Talk



Dr. Lee De Forest, who has made talking pictures a reality

Dr. Lee De Forest has at last succeeded in synchronizing the action with sound

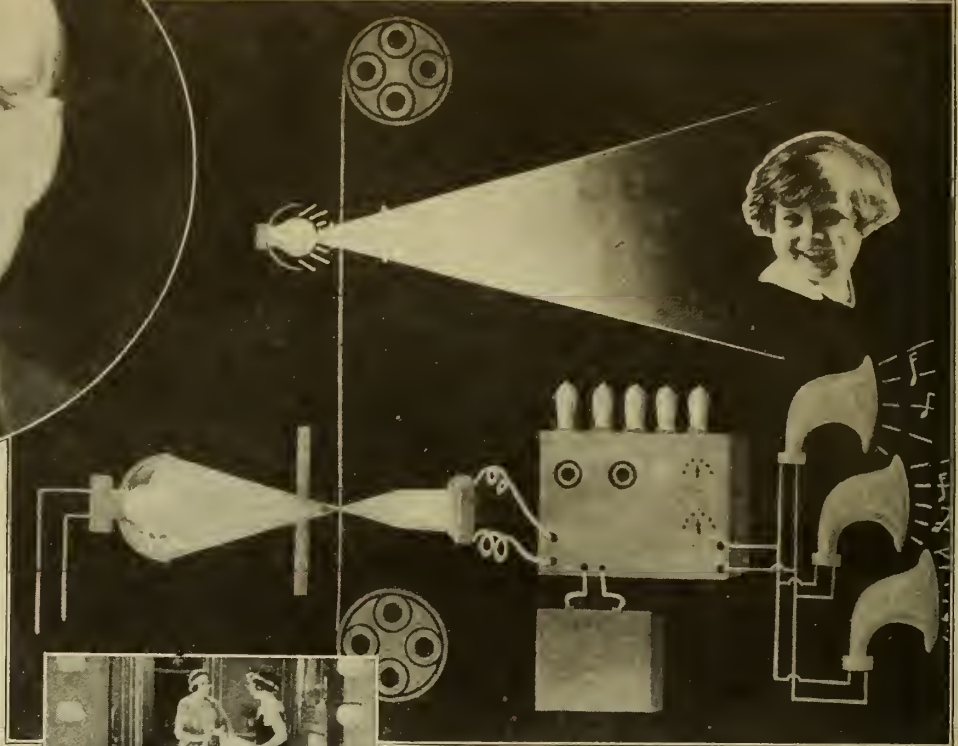
AND now the motion pictures really talk. It has been almost twenty years since Thomas A. Edison first tried to accomplish this, but it has remained for Dr. Lee De Forest to bring the "talkies" to their present stage of advancement.

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 so 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



A section of the Phonofilm with the action and voice photographed together. The sound reproduction is contained in the parallel lines, which may be seen at the left of the film

This is what the Phonofilm does. The picture is projected in the usual manner. The light waves which record the sound on the margin of the film pass through a photo-electric cell which converts them into sound waves. Wires carry these sound waves to the amplifier—or loud speaker—and the sound comes to the screen in exact synchronization with the action.

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.

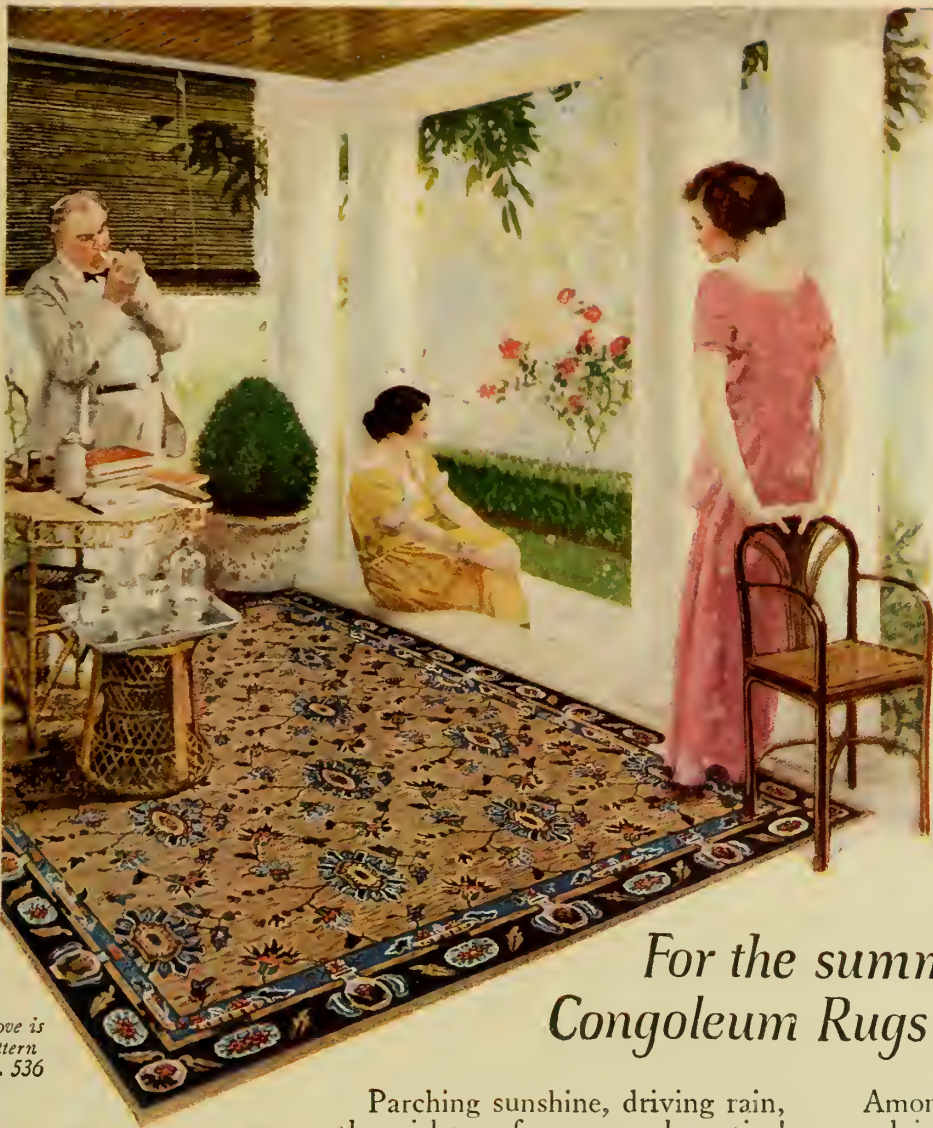
All of this is accomplished with any standard motion picture camera, to which has been added an attachment for photographing sound.

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 "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 [CONTINUED ON PAGE 134]



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!

Above is
Pattern
No. 536



Pattern
No. 530



Pattern
No. 396



Pattern No. 516

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.

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.

Among the many artistic designs are dainty floral effects, fascinating Oriental motifs, neat tiles and mosaics—patterns appropriate for every room in the house.

6 ft. x 9 ft. \$ 9.00	9 ft. x 9 ft. \$13.50
7½ ft. x 9 ft. 11.25	9 ft. x 10½ ft. 15.75
	9 ft. x 12 ft. \$18.00

The patterns illustrated are made only in the five large sizes. The smaller rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with them.

1½ ft. x 3 ft. \$.60	3 ft. x 4½ ft. \$1.95
3 ft. x 3 ft. 1.40	3 ft. x 6 ft. 2.50

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

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“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.

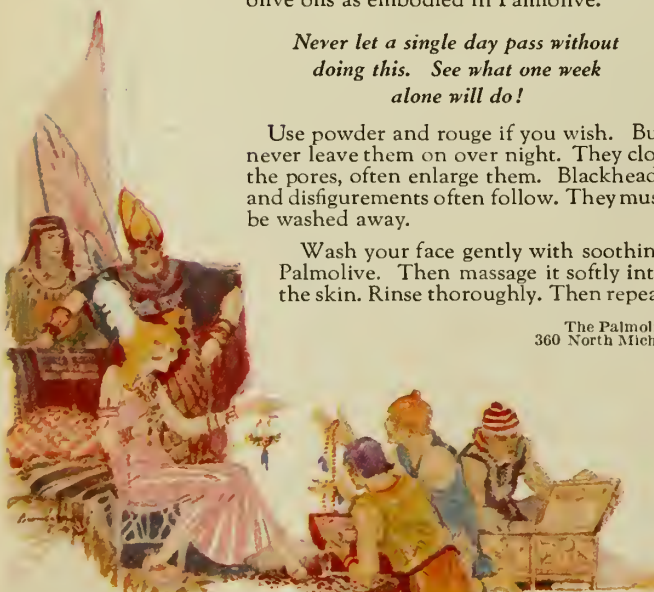
Palm and olive oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for only

10c

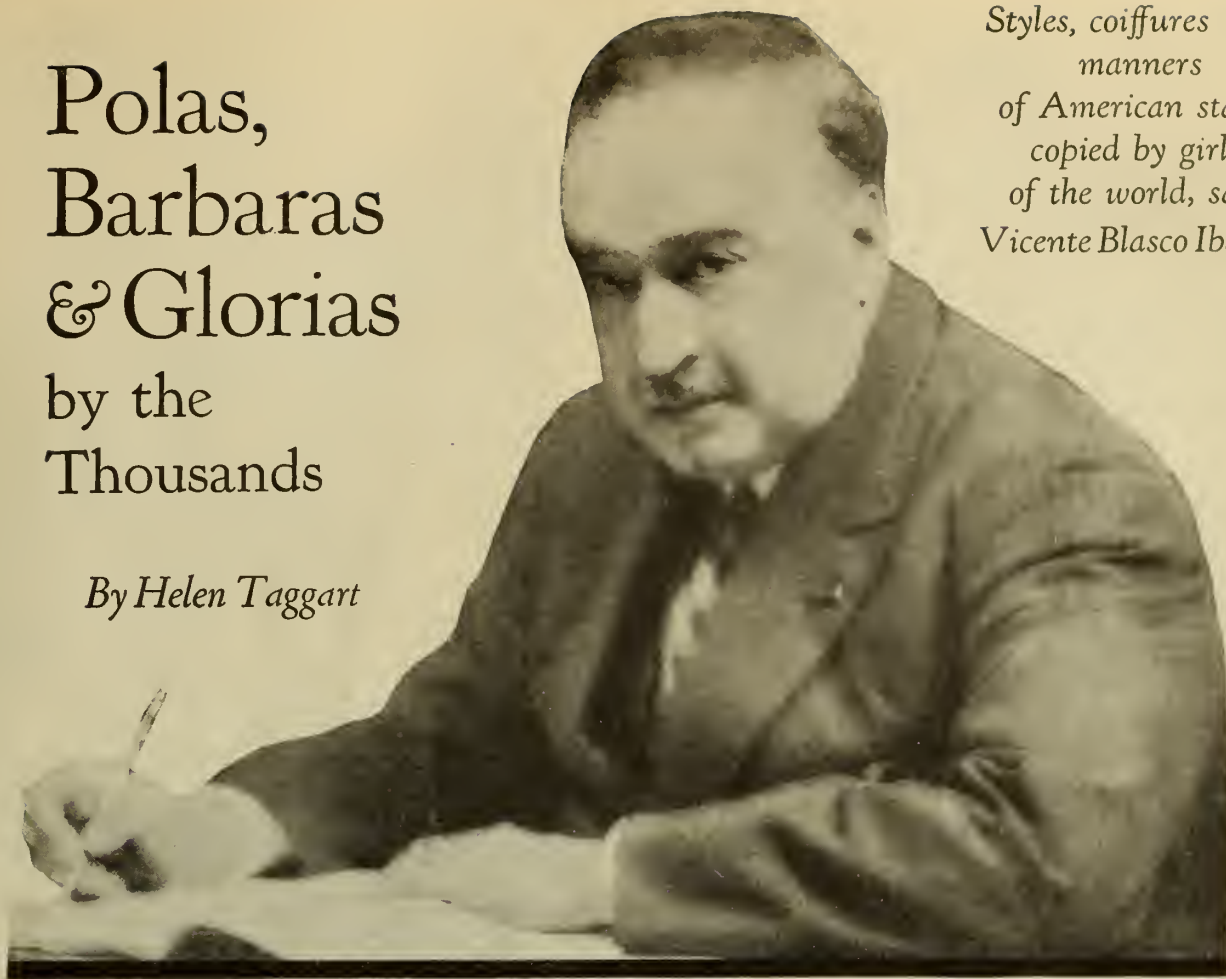
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360 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Note carefully the name and wrapper. Palmolive Soap is never sold unwrapped.



Polas, Barbaras & Glorias by the Thousands

By Helen Taggart



Styles, coiffures and
manners
of American stars
copied by girls
of the world, says
Vicente Blasco Ibanez

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 insinuating 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 international womanhood is unchallengeable 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 influence 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 illustrate 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 reoccurs 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.





JUST MARRIED

The young bride waved her handkerchief as the car drew away from the host of well-wishing friends.

"Stop waving, darling," said the happiest man in the world. "I want to look at you—you never seemed so beautiful as you do right now!"

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
In Canada 65c

Get 1924 Pompeian Panel and Four Samples for Ten Cents

The newest Pompeian art panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," done in pastel by a famous artist and reproduced in rich colors. Size 28x7½ in. 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



Pompeian
Bloom (a rouge)

You Needn't Fear the Summer Sun

It is a very unwise woman who actually courts the rays of the mid-summer sun, for it has a searing effect that may prove seriously injurious to her skin. But, with care, 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 shrivel 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 wind-burned 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 Beauté

TEAR OFF, SIGN, AND SEND

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2131 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? _____

The Boy Who Fooled Mary Pickford



Eddie Phillips imitated an Italian so well he won a role in "The Love Light"

By Ivan St. Johns

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.



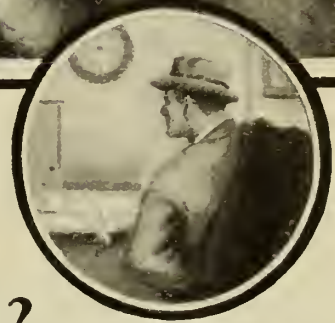
Mary Pickford and Eddie Phillips in "The Love Light" and (above) Mr. Phillips as an Italian boy

The reading of this page will teach you the care of your gums and may prevent your toothbrush from ever "showing pink."



Soft food robs the gums of stimulation.

Hasty eating cheats the gums of exercise.



Do we kill our teeth and gums by kindness?

IS 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 forerun-

ner 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

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 ziratol, a valuable hemostatic and antiseptic, used throughout the country by the profession, to allay the bleeding of the wound after

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.

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.

A trial tube, enough to last you for ten days, will be sent gladly if you will forward coupon below.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. I-7
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.....



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 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 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 our absolute guarantee of entire satisfaction or refund. Go to any drug 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 lo-

veliness of your skin, let us hear from you. Neet must absolutely please you in every way or you can remail 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.

Galatea, by Marquese after the myth of Pygmalion and the statue, said by the Greeks to have come to life because of Pygmalion's great love of her.



Highly magnified cross-section of skin and hairs. New hair grows in the bulb-like root (papilla). Injury to the papilla from pulling out hairs frequently causes two or three hairs to grow in place of one.



This shows the stub of hair left after shaving with a razor. Note the blunt ends. Shaving stimulates a harsher and quicker growth.



This shows how Neet dissolves the hair below the surface of the skin, and leaves the projecting end finely tapered. Growth is slower and finer, none of the discomfort of shaving.



Neet

Removes hair easily



HANNIBAL PHARMACAL CO.
610 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

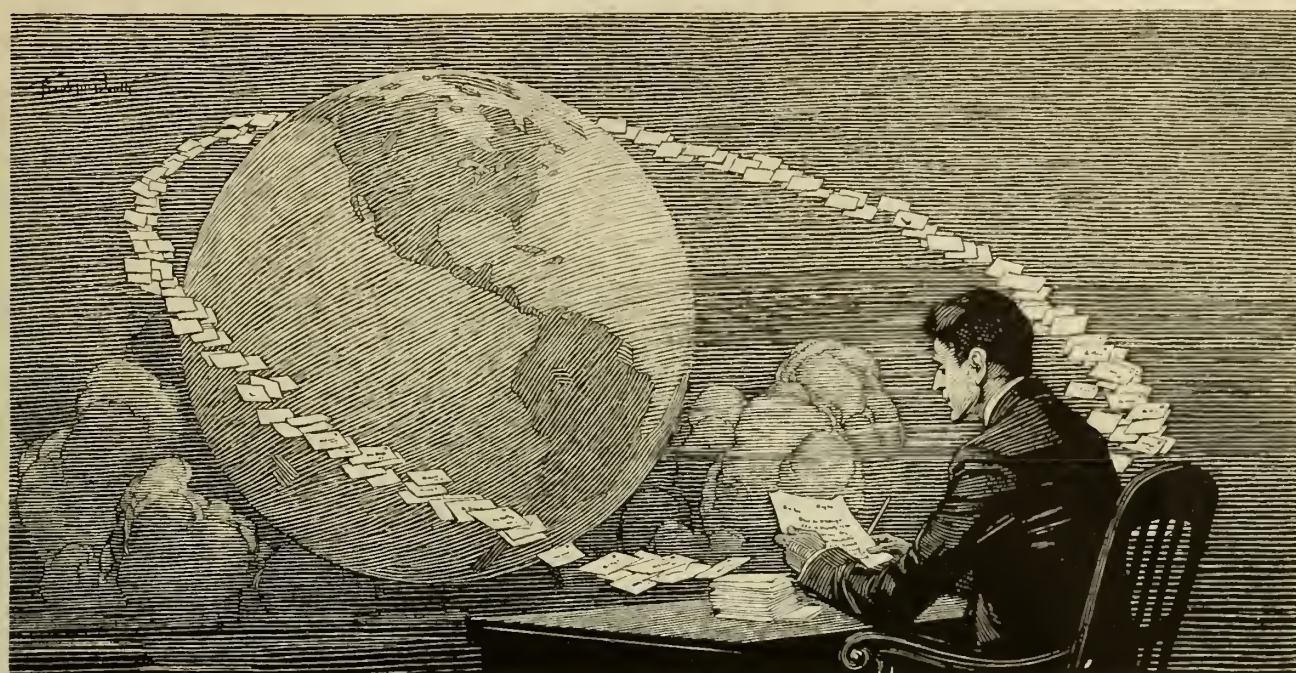
I am unable to get Neet from my dealer, so I am enclosing 50c for a tube of Neet, prepaid by mail.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

My Dealer's Name is.....



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 Natacha 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 Rodolph 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 cagey 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 popularity,

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 every 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.

Mildred. His age is twenty-nine years. He is six feet tall, and weighs one hundred and eighty-five pounds. He makes personal appearances with the screen version of "The Virginian." The general impression for several months is that he is engaged to Marie Prevost.

FRANK BRAUM, 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, KAN.—Reginald Denny is married. While I write this he is at work on a production of "The Missouriian." 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 "Cythera" 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 1880. 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 rôle 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?

A. M., YORK, PA.—Better write Viola Dana for the name of the man who planned the home in Beverly Hills, of which PHOTOPLAY published the pictures you admire. I do not know the architect's name.

PEGGY, MILFORD, CONN.—I thank you for the way you ended your letter, Peggy. Your admired Leatrice Joy is twenty-seven. She is the wife of John Gilbert. Her birthplace is New Orleans. Her latest picture is "Triumph."

ROY, VAN NUYS, CAL.—It is the C. C. Burr Co. with which Constance Binney is associated. She has been playing in the musical comedy, "The Sweet Little Devil," in New York. Miss Binney is not married.

DOROTHY, TREVILLIAN, VA.—Of course I will be nice and kind enough to tell you what you want to know. It was Mary Pickford who was chosen as the most beautiful of the sixty actresses whose pictures were published in the January number of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

MICKEY, CHICAGO, ILL.—Nay, Michael, Barbara La Marr has not had ten husbands. Subtract seven from that sum. Her age is twenty-eight, since you must know.

MRS. H. B., ELYRIA, OHIO.—To settle a row among six people or more, I take the stand and give my solemn testimony that William Hart's official age is forty-nine years.

V. REGA, NEW HAVEN, CONN.—Marion Davies and Mildred Davis are not sisters. No relation. Marion Davies' next production will be "Janice Meredith."

ALBERTA, LOUISVILLE, KY.—The young man whom you characterize as "the best looking of actors and certainly adorable," has just reached his majority. He can vote. Richard Barthelmess married Mary Hay, star of "Mary Jane McKane." They have a little daughter who was born last summer.

A. B., TRINIDAD, COLO.—Baby Peggy's latest picture is "Helen's Babies." Harrison Ford's coloring is brunette, brown hair and eyes. He has not married since being divorced from Beatrice Prentice.

SPHINX, SUMMIT, N. J.—You misspelled 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 knowed him by his smile." Yes, I will repeat Richard Dix's oft given age, as you say, "for you." 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 Unguarded Woman."

G. K. S., ATTICA, N. Y.—With speed, I obey. Jobyna Ralston 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 "Monsieur Beaucaire." He will star in the title rôle. To secure copies of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE which contained pictures of Mr. Valentino, preceding 1923, write to the office of this magazine, 750 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Send a quarter for each copy. Ask for September, 1921, November, 1921, January, 1922, April, 1922, May, 1922, June, 1922, July, 1922 (cover), September, 1922.

CONNIE, FREEPORT, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.—Don't worry about James Kirkwood, Connie. He is as hard at work at the Thomas H. Ince Studio. Anyway, he has recovered from his illness. May McAvoy's age is twenty-two. Lila Lee's (Mrs. James Kirkwood), twenty-one.

J. G. C., AUBURN, ME.—Settle an argument? Watch me. Viola Dana and Shirley Mason are not twins. But they're sisters. The family name is Flugrath.

NORMAN KERRY'S ADMIRER, NAPA, CALIF.—You admire two handsome actors equally but hasten to tell me that you are not fickle. You know better than I do, whether your heart is divided, Girl of Napa. Norman Kerry's age is twenty-eight. He is not married. Richard Dix is in his twenty-ninth year. As to his matrimonial state, he is not.

A. M., GRASS VALLEY, CAL.—Francis X. Bushman will appear in the rôle of *Messala*, in the Goldwyn Production, "Ben Hur." Frank Mayo's age is thirty-eight.

M. N. (A "LEATRICE LOVER"), CHICAGO, ILL.—The lady of your homage, Leatrice Joy, has black hair and brown eyes. Her height is five feet, three inches. She was married to Jack Gilbert in April, 1922.

THE GIRL WHO LIKES ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN, DETROIT, MICH.—Elaine Hammerstein sent you her photograph inscribed "Yours most sincerely" and everyone to whom you have shown it "has fallen in love with her sweet face." You are sure that if they saw her in the movies they would be enchanted by "her equally sweet manners." You are a strong pleader, Miss Detroit. Ever study law? You would be a good lawyer and a power before the jury. Your idol was born in New York in 1807. She was educated at Armitage College. She is five feet, five inches tall and weighs one hundred twenty pounds. She has eyes of the intellectual color. Yes, gray. Her hair is brown. She began her professional career in the musical comedy, "High Jinks," under the management of her father. She also appeared in the drama, "The Trap," before going into pictures. Her debut on the silver sheet occurred in "The Face in the Moonlight." [CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]

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 Fitzsimmons' long, powerful arms, or Jeffries' hulk about Dempsey.

Why, a man 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, crashing 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, it caught me 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 poise. 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 they tell me, and I guess I'm getting by." He paused, diffidently, 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."

"Don't let that worry you," I said, "everybody feels that way the first time."

Naively, he brightened. "I'm glad to hear that," he said, "for it was a shock. I guess they'll make good pictures in spite of me. 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 pals out here. I feel easier. Chuck Reisner is playing the villain and I've known Chuck all my life. I feel as comfortable as an old shoe, with Chuck. And he slips it to me quiet when I'm in wrong."

"How'd you happen to go into pictures?"

"I didn't. I never had no such 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 thought they was reading box car 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 enough. There's some awful funny gags in this picture. I laugh myself. It's just after I won the championship, and some guy that's pretending he's for me is framing me with a girl. Really, this is the second picture, but we're making it first so I'll get used to it and the first one will be good. I hope I'll do all right. I like to please folks."

I told him I greatly admired his Firpo fight, because although he was champion and could

have boxed with Firpo, he had stood toe to toe and slugged those terrible rounds, something darn few champions would have done or even thought of doing.

He said, with his surprising honesty, "I never thought of doing anything else. Folks liked that fight. I liked it myself. When folks come a long way and pay a lot of money for a fight, I like it to be a good one."

I don't know how I happened to mention my Dad. It's a habit I have, because Dad was the final authority on everything to me.

The Champ looked at me a minute. "Was he your Dad?" he asked.

I nodded. He put out one big paw, as simply as a kid. "He was my friend," he said, "he was awful good to me, once, when I needed it. If there's ever anything I can do for you, I'd be pleased. Why, he was attorney for Jim Corbett, and Jim Jeffries, and Willard, and Freddie Welsh—"

"Oh yes," I said, "and Bat Nelson, and Stanley Ketchel, and Jimmy Britt, and Jack Johnson, and do you remember—"

The rest of our interview would belong properly only in the Police Gazette.

But sometime I should like to see Jack Dempsey in the ring. It is hard to imagine this quiet man, who lives so unpretentiously, who buys things only for his old mother and father whom he smothers in strange and amazing luxury, who takes the tenderest care in the world of an invalid brother, and who is more polite than any other actor in Hollywood, in the midst of a deadly, gruelling, blood-red contest like the Dempsey-Firpo battle. As a study in contrasts, and psychology, I should like to see him in the ring.

Conrad Nagel

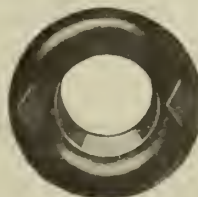


*Lights—
Action—
Camera!*

Under the blinding glare of the Klieg, 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

THOMASINA MIX, two-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mix, has just learned to say some of her nursery rhymes. The other evening she entertained her father by reciting: "Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep," "Baa, baa, black sheep," and "Mary had a little lamb."

Tom was greatly pleased, but when she was through he said to his wife: "Say, can't you teach her about something beside sheep? I don't want her to grow up to be a sheep man, you know. Find some about cows, and horses, will you?"

And when Thomasina knocked over a cup and saucer the other day, she went quietly out in the kitchen and came back with the brush and dust pan. Her father and mother found her valiantly trying to sweep up the wreckage.

Tom stared at her for a moment in surprise. "Well," he said to his wife, "I don't know where she got that trait, by gosh, I don't. Neither you nor I ever used a brush to sweep up anything in our lives."

AND now another beautiful young film actress has deserted the Klieg lights for the fireside. She is Lois Lee, who formerly appeared in Rex Ingram pictures and who has just become the bride of Jack Kiefer, a young business man of Hollywood. Of course, everybody is wishing them the best of luck and all that sort of stuff. She was one of the winners of PHOTOPLAY'S Beauty and Brains Contest seven years ago.

BARBARA LA MARR has departed from Hollywood for New York, leaving behind her a whirlwind of gossip and the usual number of broken hearts.

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 husband 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 one less person to turn to when you need help for somebody that's down and out, or charity for some discouraged soul.

HAROLD LLOYD'S happiness is complete. A bouncing baby girl—no, it's only boys that are bouncing—now blinks her eyes and wriggles her tiny toes and nestles down in the luxurious bassinet that has been waiting this 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 just 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.

LEW 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 propah.'

"'You hope you done right and propah 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.' [CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]



Alberta Vaughn, who recently graduated from comedies to stardom in feature pictures and who no less an authority than Mack Sennett declares has the most beautiful figure in pictures, has startled all Hollywood by having herself insured for \$50,000 against that much feared enemy of women's charm—fat

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 misfortune. 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 cleared 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. Bon-



"Skin that Lives and Breathes, and Seems to Say 'Cared For!'"

cilla 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.

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

good faith will be returned unless you are pleased beyond words with the beauty power of this modern method. You be the judge. We'll accept your decision. Money back if you do not get truly remarkable results—even though you may have used every bit

For only twenty cents we will send you prepaid a smaller set, but containing the complete method—all four products—plenty to give you several full applications of this famous method. Such an offer removes the last *excuse* for not experiencing this remarkable rejuvenation! Such offers are naturally of limited duration; please use coupon promptly. Only coupon orders can be honored. Dollar bill, or the twenty cents in stamps, is easiest way to remit.



BONCILLA LABORATORIES, Inc. Dept 101
Indianapolis, Indiana.

- Please send Boncilla method set complete in special introductory size prepaid. I enclose \$1 to be returned unless results delight me.
- Please send special trial packet of the complete treatment, prepaid. I enclose 20c (in ties or stamps).

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Address _____

City _____

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 on even 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.

WILDROOT COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO



Truly Shattuck used to be a musical comedy star. She sang "Alma, Where Do You Live?" into popularity. But in Hollywood, where she runs the Shulberg studios restaurant, her cooking has won her even greater reputation

"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 is 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 weeds 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."

DINKY DEAN, the young white hope of the Chuck Reisner 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 who 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

her beautiful residence, and those epicures of Hollywood who have been her guests declare Polly is the champion macaroni fashioner of the world. She produces it in five, six or seven reels, and one of her favorite consumers is Louise Dresser. Lew Cody declares the macaroni parties are spite work and in competition to his famous spaghetti feeds. Miss Frederick is still considering an offer to go to England to make pictures, but there is a possibility that she may first do one picture here with Ernst Lubitsch.

RECORDS show—an impressive start, this!—that Milton Sills was the busiest star, last year. The same records show that Anna Q. Nilsson was featured in more productions than any other woman, and that Tully Marshall and Hobart Bosworth made more screen appearances than any other character man. All of which is unimportant, perhaps—but true.

THE Dolly sisters have sprung a new fad on the Parisian public. For they appeared together on the Ruc de la Paix the other day, leading twin bull dogs. And the bull dogs wore ropes of pearls, and the Dolly sisters wore shiny black patent leather dog collars. Rumor saith that the Dollys were as uncomfy as the dogs.

HOLLYWOOD'S most engaged star is reported at it again. There's no closed season for Connie Talmadge! The latest rumored fiance is Buster Collier. Buster is going after the lady in a fast and furious manner, and bystanders say that he's rapidly distancing Irving Berlin, John Charles Thomas, Irving Thalberg, Rhineland Stewart, *et al.*

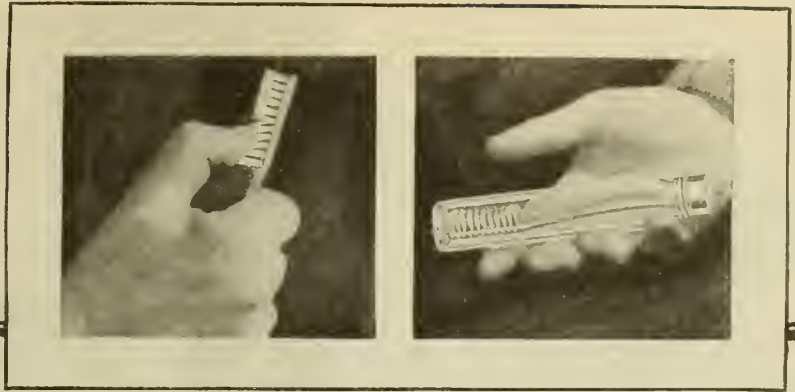
POLA NEGRI believes neither in bigamy nor anarchy, thinks the United States a great and glorious nation and wants to become an American citizen.

The "Spanish Dancer" danced into the office of the Federal District Court clerk and made this declaration. Officially the name affixed to the certificate of declaration was Apolonia, Countess Domska. Hollywoodian speaking, however, the fair applicant for citizenship was none other than the great Pola.

She fluttered into the clerk's office attired in a white broadcloth suit, with cute little vest



How's this for an exotic hairdress?
You've got to hand it to these De Mille girls—they certainly know how to dress their heads up. Agnes Ayres has achieved this effect by separating the hair into front and back portions, drawing the front part smoothly down to the side and then twisting the back into a halo-like roll



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.

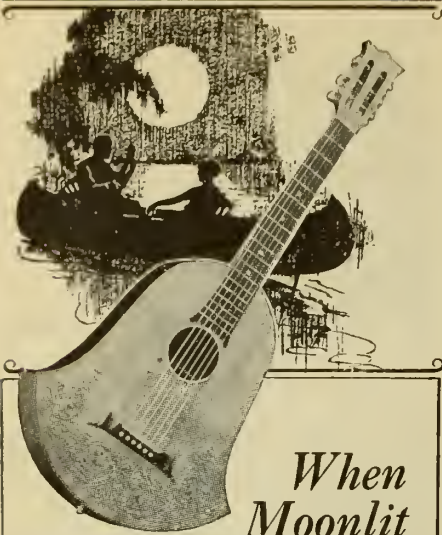


IMPORTANT. Every Owens Tooth Brush is delivered to the customer in a sanitary glass container. This method of packing is the most sanitary ever devised for tooth brushes, and the glass container is meant to be thrown away when the tooth brush has been removed.

OWENS

Staple-tied TOOTH BRUSH

THE OWENS BOTTLE COMPANY, TOLEDO



When Moonlit Waves Are Calling

Drifting in the moonlight, singing around the campfire, wherever your summer quest for pleasure may lead—the guitar adds the final note of happiness. The romance of centuries lingers about it. The sweetness of the ages keeps it always one of the best loved instruments.

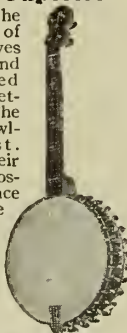
WASHBURN

Sweetest of All

For 60 years the "Washburn" guitar has been the accepted standard. Into it have gone only the finest of seasoned woods. Its makers are artists whose life work has been the creation of guitars. Absolutely uniform and dependable in quality, superlatively sweet in tone, unfailingly accurate in scale, the "Washburn" is the master instrument. Its recent, exceptional increase in popularity is a tribute the instrument well deserves.

Other "WASHBURN" Instruments Equally Superior

The same genius that makes the "Washburn" guitar the choice of thousands of professionals, gives to "Washburn" mandolins and banjos the same unequalled quality, the same supreme sweetness and tonal excellence. The "Washburn" mandolin is acknowledged the world's finest. "Washburn" banjos, with their new *Air Cushion Resonators*, possess a sweetness and resonance found in no other banjo. The price range is exceptionally wide (\$20 to \$150 for guitars and mandolins, \$29 to \$350 for banjos, \$15 to \$30 for ukuleles), but all "Washburn" instruments insure your perfect satisfaction.



You May Own One of These Superb Instruments

Write today for our FREE catalog, describing these beautiful instruments. Mention instrument you are interested in (Guitar, Mandolin, Banjo, Ukulele). Possession of one of them will open to you a wonderful new popularity. If you desire, increased earnings may be yours. In hours when you are alone, they offer unending companionship.

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Holmes Herbert as the blind man in "The Enchanted Cottage." Look closely at the eyes and see what the photographer did

trimmed with green duvetyne, 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 Dombaska. 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. 999 linking the name of the famous comedian with pretty Thelma Morgan Converse, 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 "Cytherea."

"It is all untrue." This is Mrs. Converse's deft 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. For the girls have seemed to tire of their "boxing gentlemen." But the sheiks are still waiting.

Now the "knights of the roaring road" are having their inning 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 is William Russell, who for a long time was considered engaged to Helen.

The latest racer to take the winner's flag is Harlan Fengler, 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 one 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 Harold Lloyd and Frances Marion.

The Talmadge 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 best method of manicuring 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 Johnstone, Virginia Brown Faire, Dorothy Devore, Lucille Hutton, Marion Nixon, Priscilla Bonner, Maryon Aye, Mary Philbin, Pauline Cyley, Grace Gordon and Pauline Garon.

ERNST LUBITSCH will receive \$75,000 for directing Pola Negri in "The Czarina," adapted from Edward Sheldon's play in which Doris Keane appeared on the stage. Pola threatened to hand in her resignation to Paramount unless given her way completely in the matter of directors and stories. She insisted upon Lubitsch 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 Lubitsch. "He may cost them a lot," says Pola, "but he'll earn them many times the amount paid."



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



The First Step in Beauty *is more beautiful teeth*

Look about you. Note the glistening 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 yourself, 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 pearly 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.

Even among careful people, 49 in 50 suffered 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 nations use Pepsodent every day.

Other benefits

Pepsodent brings other benefits. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva — there to neutralize mouth acids. It multiplies the starch digestant in saliva — there to digest 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.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Pepsodent
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The New-Day Dentifrice

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

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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, whistles, and finally cheers until Fatty, very red in the face, advanced to the footlights and made 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 railing 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 flushes indignantly when a risqué 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.

JIMMY 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 week-end at the magnificent Cruze home at Flintridge, 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 thumbs 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 fair 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.



James Howe (no relation to Herbert Howe), Hollywood's only Chinese cameraman. He is really Wong Tung Jim, formerly the flyweight champion of the Pacific Coast. Here he is working with Herbert Brenon, who is directing "The Woman with Four Faces"

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 rôle opposite Glenn Hunter in "Merton of the Movies," directed by James Cruze. And her salary numbers some twenty-five hundred berries. Following "Merton" she will be featured in "Open All Night," the first directorial effort of Paul Bern, hitherto a scenarioist.

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 peace-maker 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 rôle in Famous Players' forthcoming production of "Peter Pan." She is under consideration. Gloria Swanson wants to play the rôle, 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 cafeteria 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 despatch from Copenhagen, Douglas Fairbanks' press agent informed a Danish newspaper that the famous pair were



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 Lucila Mendez. Here she is



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.

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<i>Norma Talmage</i>	<i>Los Wilson</i>
<i>Mary Swanson</i>	<i>Ray Holden</i>
<i>Douglas Fairbanks</i>	<i>Gene Gandy</i>
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ready to visit Denmark if the newspaper could arrange an audience for Douglas and Mary with the king. The editor rang up the King's Chamberlain and asked if this could be done. "Who are Pickford and Fairbanks?" asked the Chamberlain. When their vocations and nationality had been explained the Chamberlain walked off. "Oh, Americans!" he said. "All American citizens must apply for an audience through the American minister."

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 about it 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 cabbage 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' losht a dollar out there in the street," said the inebriate mournfully.

"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, theresh 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 modest 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 comfortable and 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

Favorite Sweethearts of the Screen

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

Alice Terry. I have never had the honor of playing with Miss Gish but I have had the great honor of supporting Miss Terry, and I can say that not one-tenth of her charm has ever been revealed in pictures.

Miss Terry has aloofness, an appearance of inaccessibility, a delicate reticence that charms. She is baffling. There are depths which challenge your curiosity, yet a delicacy that forbids. I think of what Nietzsche says of woman: "Man has been arrested before woman with one foot already in tragedy!—Is woman about to be disenchanted!"

Her quick wit, her unflinching sense of humor, filled every working moment with gaiety. And her sweetness, her perfection of technique, her sincerity of reaction in every scene lifted fiction into fine reality.

The last scene we played together in "The Arab," the parting scene for us and for the picture, touched me deeply. I rushed away from it and sent her flowers in an attempt to express my appreciation for all she had done for me. Although a finished actress and the wife of Rex Ingram—my director, the man who discovered me and to whom I owe everything I am as an actor—she never once thought of herself in the picture. Only the great artist is so generous.

Norma Talmadge

By Eugene O'Brien

Miss Talmadge and I played together in ten pictures; they constitute the happiest period of my career. Indeed, whenever I play with another actress I feel a sort of disloyalty to my screen ideal. Miss Talmadge is that. I admire her art as an actress and revere her understanding and loveliness as a woman.

I've played with a number of talented actresses who were personally most attractive, but there's an electric something, a magnetism, which Miss Talmadge radiates that draws me into the feeling of a scene, and it is this intangible quality that differentiates her from all others. There is, too, her fine understanding of emotion. She plays with such exquisite shades. As the gentlewoman in "Secrets" she moved and looked and *thought* as just such a woman of breeding would.

Whatever reputation I may have as a romantic actor is based on my association with Miss Talmadge. I think people like our love scenes because they feel in them the very qualities I sense in Miss Talmadge, a tenderness, a delicacy of emotion like fine music, that is neither too earthly nor too ethereal but that is simply the sincere expression of fine love.

Corinne Griffith

By Conway Tearle

Corinne Griffith is my ideal type of screen sweetheart—professionally speaking, understand, for I am a most happily married man.

To the type of so-called sophisticated gentleman which seems to be my lot on the screen, Miss Griffith would have great appeal.

To the uninitiated, the budding lover, Miss Griffith would perhaps be considered most beautiful but cool and unapproachable. He would, perhaps, stop and gaze in a sort of worship—but would seek a more obvious charmer.

To the sophisticated however she suggests a conquest worthy of new effort, demanding all the finesses of the expert. In short, she would suggest the type of woman that would put the man of the world on his mettle, for he would know that once he had been accepted he would experience a love all the more sweet because of its difficulty in attaining.

Miss Griffith, I believe, typifies the majority of American girls. She has not the Latin spark that sets love ablaze—and frequently dies out



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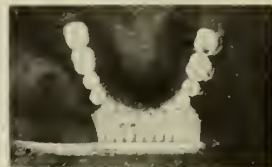
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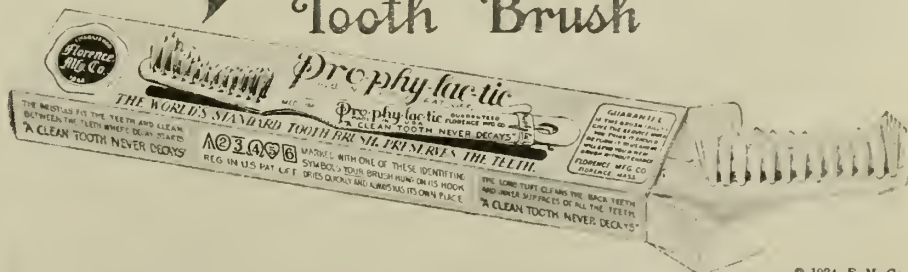


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as suddenly. Once love has come it burns through the years. Not ignited into volcanic magnitude by a mere glance, but, when finally realized, greater, purer and sweeter than that of her more spontaneous sisters.

Estelle Taylor

By Antonio Moreno

Being Spanish may account for my selection of a girl of the Spanish type. The fact that Miss Taylor and I recently played together in a Spanish picture, "Tiger Love," brought back a host of boyhood memories and contributed to make an otherwise difficult choice somewhat simpler.

Miss Taylor has all the qualities in a leading woman which I could ask. She throws herself into the mood of the scene with such naturalness that there is no self-consciousness in playing it with her. She can pass so exquisitely from the real to the imaginary that there is no sense of transition. She appeals to the imagination because she has imagination. Into the wild love scenes of our recent picture she brought a depth of feeling and an abandon that made them real and perfectly natural.

Sometimes you may wonder why a man appears to so much better advantage in one picture than in another. It may be the story, it may be the director, but it is quite as liable to be the leading lady! Just as in any other work you need the collaborator who establishes the right sort of contact, so in pictures, particularly in romantic scenes, you need some one opposite you who responds and who inspires you to respond to the mood of the moment. That is why as a screen lover I feel fortunate in having met Miss Taylor in "Tiger Love."

May McAvoy

By Malcolm McGregor

Ever since I started on my screen career I have wanted to play opposite May McAvoy, and William de Mille finally made it possible by casting me with her in "The Bedroom Window."

I know that it is one thing to have a fan ideal and another to meet that ideal. For once, at least, I wasn't disillusioned.

Miss McAvoy represents the type that appeals to me. I do not feel fascinated by the bizarre charmer, the so-called siren. In fact, I am attracted by the very antithesis, and Miss McAvoy is that. She is natural and sweet and elusive.

Yet she is not haughty or aloof or priggish in the least. On the contrary, she is instantly friendly.

There must be something of real feeling even in the make-believe, and in playing a suitor to Miss McAvoy a man does so with the same respect and admiration he would do in the real.

I'm not inclined to flights of poetry, but May McAvoy always makes me think of a wild rose. She has the freshness, the naturalness and the delicacy of beauty. There's no pose, nor artificiality, no posturing. And off screen, as on, she is always the charming, gracious and appealing girl.

Laura La Plante

By Reginald Denny

Laura La Plante comes nearest to my ideal of a leading woman. In my work before the camera, and on the stage too, I have been called upon for the most part to personate juvenile characters. If I fall in love it is the love of a youth for a maid. I must feel the emotions of a youth who has lived a clean, wholesome life. I must feel love as a form of worship, a love that fills with reverence and joy but does not overpower with desire for possession nor bring with it any of the emotion that "love" interprets to one of jaded experience.

Miss La Plante played opposite me in "Sporting Youth," a story of two modern young people with a flair for adventure. Clean-

living, active young people filled with the joy of living, vibrating with the exuberance of health, responding almost unthinkingly to that immutable law of nature that governs the relation of the sexes.

Miss La Plante is the epitome of such young womanhood both on and off the stage. Requiring little effort to simulate such emotion she therefore is ideal, and therefore I accord her whatever honor there may be in my preference.

Bebe Daniels

By Jack Holt

Every man carries in his heart his own ideal of his real sweetheart. I married mine.

So, too, every man carries in his thoughts his ideal screen sweetheart.

Mine is Bebe Daniels.

In the course of my work before the camera I have played with most of the feminine stars of today. They are all charming, talented and delightful. It is never difficult to make screen love to any or all of them.

But Bebe brings to the screen a vivacity, a naturalness and a lovely spontaneity which made our one appearance together before the camera perhaps the most pleasant business memory I have.

From one of her Spanish ancestors Bebe Daniels has inherited the fire and sparkle which has endeared her to her army of masculine admirers. There is, too, always that hint of naughtiness which once won her the title of the screen's "good little bad girl."

But overshadowing that and dominating all is the sweetness which every man demands as the dominant characteristic of his sweetheart—screen or real.

Carmelita Geraghty

By Jack Dempsey

I'm no one to pose as an authority on lovely screen women.

I may be all right in the prize ring but in the presence of a lovely woman I'm out.

The leading lady to whom I would be most grateful is the one who would relieve me most of my embarrassment.

I have had only two, and both of them have been charming. I owe them a great deal, because they have helped me a great deal in an art to which I have made no pretensions, although I have done my sincere best to qualify.

My ideal of a woman is so commonplace that I guess every other man would say the same thing. The qualities that attract me really deeply in a girl are the qualities I knew in my mother. Tenderness and sweetness and tolerance and unselfishness.

Three years ago I made a serial called "Dare-Devil Jack." Miss Josie Sedgwick was the leading lady. She certainly was unselfish and patient with me.

Now I am just finishing the first of a series of pictures for Universal in which Carmelita Geraghty has the leading rôle.

I have profound admiration for Miss Geraghty. She has charm and naturalness that make our romantic scenes much easier than I anticipated. As I say, I do not consider myself an authority on talent, but I really believe Miss Geraghty is going to develop into a star of tremendous appeal. She has charm, grace and unusual beauty—and with the qualities which, I think, most men and women demand in their idols, the motlier qualities.

Betty Compson

By Richard Dix

This is a hard question to answer. I have worked with so many charming girls—and honestly! I have never drawn comparisons. During the routine of making a picture I've found that it requires a lot of give and take. And—wow! what a relief is that God-given gift—a sense of humor. In respect to that quality I nominate Betty Compson!

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 flourishes. 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 Melford, Kenean Buel, Pat O'Malley and Helen Lind-



Dreams of a fascinating, radiant beauty—of a soft, pure complexion filled with bewitching charm. How often have you gazed into your mirror and longed for that "subtile something" your appearance seemed to lack? That illusive "master touch" of beauty that would inspire the admiration and attention now going to others. Your Dreams can come true. You can give to your skin and complexion "Beauty's Master Touch." For over eighty years

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

has been rendering just this service to Society women, famous for their beauty—to women in business and mothers in the home whose appearance to you seemed endowed with the charm of eternal youthfulness. They possess nothing that cannot be yours. Their secret can be your secret. What Gouraud's Oriental Cream is doing for them it will do for you. Let it be your step to a new and greater beauty. Aside from its beautifying properties, Gouraud's Oriental Cream is highly antiseptic and astringent. Skin blemishes, wrinkles and other complexion ills are greatly discouraged by its use. To perfectly harmonize with your complexion it is made in three shades, white, flesh and rachel.

Gouraud's Oriental Comprimettes

At Last! Gouraud's Oriental Cream in compact form. You have never used anything like it. A soft, silky adhering powder, containing all the subtile beautifying properties of Gouraud's Oriental Cream. Two sizes, 50c and \$1.00 and in six shades, White, Flesh, Rachel Powders and Light, Medium and Dark Rouges.

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Send 50c for a Comprimette (any shade), a bottle of Gouraud's Oriental Coconut Oil Shampoo, and a bottle of Gouraud's Oriental Cream (state shade).

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Lotion ----- 55c
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Here Are the Stars of Yesterday

FLORENCE TURNER, 3 Randolph Road, Maida Vale, W. 9, London, England.
GENE GAUNTIER, Laboratoriegatan 10, Stockholm, Sweden.
FLORENCE LAWRENCE, 1938 Argyle Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.
LOTTIE BRISCOE, Hotel Princeton, West 45th Street, New York:
DOROTHY BERNARD, 112 Twenty-Third St., Elmhurst, L. I.
ALICE HOLLISTER, 1120 Melrose Avenue, Glendale, Cal.
MARION LEONARD, c/o S. E. V. Pictures, Inc., 41 East 42nd St., New York.

LILLIAN WALKER, 150 West 72nd St., New York.
MAY HOTALING, Hollywood Hotel, Hollywood, Cal.
EDITH STOREY, Northport, L. I.
HELEN HOLMES, 6054 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.
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.

roth. It speaks well for Mr. Olcott's tutelage that five of the seven actors have risen to prominence as directors."

Miss Gauntier was the star of the first big travelling unit sent abroad by Kalem, first to Ireland. These pictures made such a success that, in 1911, a larger company was sent abroad. In order to keep up the home release schedule Kenean Buel was made a director and Alice Joyce selected as his leading woman. Meanwhile the Gauntier-Olcott company was busy in Ireland, making "Colleen Bawn," "Arra-na-Pogue," in three reels, and a number of smaller pictures. They returned to rush off to Florida.

THREE weeks later Mr. Marion summoned the company back to New York. On November 25th he asked Miss Gauntier and Mr. Olcott if they could sail for Egypt on December 2nd. "It was a wild scramble," explains Miss Gauntier. "We had a picture to finish, packing, two weeks in New York to get our wardrobe, wigs, clothes, passports, and visit the dentist, for we were to be gone at least a year, along with farewell dinners. We did it, of course."

The trip culminated in "From the Manger to the Cross," made in 4,700 feet. Today, twelve years later, this picture is still bringing in good returns to Vitagraph, who bought the Kalem library.

"When we had left New York," Miss Gauntier relates, "Mr. Marion had warned us to take no picture with the Christ in it, unless it should be a mere symbol, a passing shadow. We were soon to be on our way to Palestine. I had a touch of sun at Luxor, March is very hot, and lay semi-delirious in bed. Alice Hollister sat with me. Suddenly I sat up exclaiming, 'We're going to Cairo and take the Flight into Egypt at the Pyramids. Then the life of Christ in Palestine!'"

"Sid came in and responded to my enthusiasm. As soon as I could be moved, we went down to Cairo, took a number of scenes on Palm Sunday, then on to Jerusalem. The old city was in such a wonderful state of preservation, even the *ablahs* worn by the natives were the same as in Christ's time. Our enthusiasm mounted. Sid cabled Marion what we were about and that he was returning to London for additional actors. Marion cabled he'd meet him in London.

"It was a three weeks' trip and, during Olcott's absence, I wrote the script, sets were built on a tract of ground bounded by the Wall of Jerusalem on one side and a convent, the Brides of Christ, on the other, and costumes were made by a costumer we had brought from Cairo. All was ready to start when Olcott arrived with a dozen English actors, including R. Henderson Bland, who was to be the *Christus*. Helen Lindroth, too, had been sent from Jacksonville, Fla., to Jerusalem, accomplishing what, I believe, is the longest jump on record.

"Mr. Marion had taken his first trip abroad just to shake hands with Sid and wish us good

luck, taking the next steamer back. It was such things that made us so loyal. Marion's ability to reverse his decision and see with a clear vision spurred us on.

"A word for our cameraman, George Hollister. He had only one wooden camera. The intense heat of the desert caused it to crack and George would spend his nights in an improvised dark room, stopping up the cracks with adhesive tape. Of all the hundreds of scenes taken during those strenuous, stifling months, not one had to be retaken. So great was our confidence in George that our company was brought back to England without having received a report on the last reels of the picture. In fact, I took the last two reels back to New York with me. They were wonderful photographically, for those days. I got out some advertising, wrote the scenario in play form in order to copyright it, and rejoined the company in Ireland in three weeks. That summer we did, 'Keery Gow,' 'Shaun Rue' and many other Irish dramas, going to Scotland for 'My Hiland Lassie' in 1912."

Soon after came Miss Gauntier's disillusionment. In December, Mr. Olcott, Mr. Clark and Miss Gauntier formed the Gene Gauntier Feature Players. This organization continued to 1915. "It was the beginning of my revolution," explains Miss Gauntier. "Perhaps success had gone to my head. Anyway, I was unhappy. Conditions had changed so. I went with Universal for a short time, when the new plant, Universal City, was opened. After being master of all I surveyed, I could not work under the new conditions. Domestic tragedy was the finishing touch and I was glad to get out while I could still retain some pleasant memories of the good old days."

There is a record, in Kansas City, of a divorce granted to Mrs. Genevieve Clark on January 30, 1918, from John J. Clark. Mrs. Clark was, in reality, Miss Gauntier, and Mr. Clark was the leading man of the old time O'Kalems and El Kalems.

MISS GAUNTIER travelled through South America and Europe, returning to Kansas City to become dramatic and photoplay editor of *The Kansas City Post*. But the wanderlust captured Miss Gauntier again. She went abroad—and she is still in Europe. From Thanksgiving to March she lives with her sister at her palace at Laboratoriegatan 10, Stockholm; March to June she tours Italy and the Riviera and visits Paris; while, from June to holiday time she lives on the rockbound western coast of Sweden, on the Island of Arust. Her study has a ten-mile visibility, in three directions. In this wind swept studio Miss Gauntier plans to complete a book this year. "Not a bad life, is it?" she comments. "In fact, I think I am wonderfully fortunate. And how sweet are rest and relaxation after they're earned!"

My quest for Florence Lawrence led, as I have said, to the heart of Hollywood, where the former Lubin idol is living at 1938 Argyle street. Miss Lawrence fell in escaping from a

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 blow 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 cranking 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 ill luck touched her for the first time. Thinking to better herself, Miss Lawrence wrote to Essanay for a joint contract including her husband (she had secretly married Harry Solter). The Essanay officials reported the letter back to Biograph—and the Solters were dismissed.

They found it impossible to get a position with any of the licensed companies. This was the first instance of blacklisting in filmdom. 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 stellar personal 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 Lubin forces. In 1913 she departed for another vacation, this time making a Mediterranean tour.

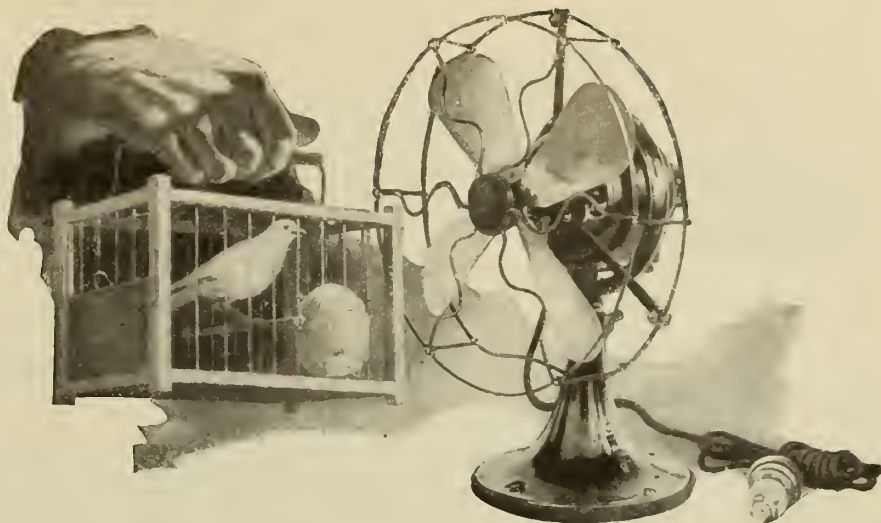
While she was absent the independents banded together and invited her to head their company. She came back to be a star of the Victor Company and continued, one of the biggest favorites of the screen, until 1915, when her tragic injuries occurred during the making of a picture.

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 never received a cent for her injuries.

Mr. Solter died in 1920. Subsequently Miss Lawrence tried vaudeville and then musical comedy, but the goal of a successful return to the films 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-



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New DeLuxe Edition
Stars of the Photoplay
Just Off the Press
See Page 17

Delica Kissproof Lipstick

- will make your lips more alluring, intriguing and lovely. The color is new and so indetectably natural it defies detection. It's
- **WATERPROOF! KISSPROOF! STAYS ON!**
- As you face your mirror and apply this latest creation, you will behold lips more beautiful than you ever knew were yours.
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though she has not missed some of the vicissitudes which have dogged the steps of the film pioneers. She recently played in productions of William Desmond and Hoot Gibson at Universal and she is planning to launch another series of thrillers, with J. P. McGowan directing, soon. This, she says, will be "the familiar stuff, possibly more dressed up, possibly more expensive, but the same hazard and the same danger that we went through in days gone by."

Miss Holmes started her film career just after Christmas, 1912, at the old Keystone studio in Los Angeles under the direction of Mack Sennett. "Mabel Normand was the star," explains Miss Holmes, "and the company included the late Fred Mace, Ford Sterling, Dot Farley and many others who have achieved fame in later years. The working title was 'King's Court' and I played a bit as one of the court ladies.

"THERE was a close-up in the picture of my hand holding something or other and, after the cameraman, Walter Wright, had set up to take the scene, he called Mr. Sennett's attention to some blisters on the palms of my hands. I explained (I was seventeen at the time), that, before leaving our ranch in Death Valley about a week before, I had shod two cow ponies and a desert canary, as we called a burro. However, the blisters didn't go and another pair of hands, not used to the hammer or knife, were substituted."

Still, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good. Mr. Sennett remembered the blisters and Miss Holmes' explanation and, needing a rider in his next picture, he called upon the future star.

In April, 1913, Miss Holmes was introduced by Miss Normand to Mr. McGowan, who had come from the East to organize a company for Kalem. "I started work at Glendale, which was then far out of Los Angeles," says Miss Holmes. "George Melford was working there, Marin Sais, Ruth Roland, Douglas Gerrard, James Horne and Jane Wolf were on the players' pay roll, and, at Santa Monica, Mickey Neilan was operating with Pat Hartigan, making the Kalem comedies.

"We were making two-reelers, features in those days, when a second accident changed my career. We were held up for a story and I wrote a scenario about a girl telegraph operator, an idea I had had vaguely in mind for some time. It was my first attempt and I was dubious, of course. However, we made the story and shipped it to New York, waiting with fear and trembling for the verdict of the home office. At that time we did not develop or print anything on the coast. After a picture was finished, the entire exposed negative was packed in cans and shipped to the laboratory on 23rd street in New York. Here it was developed and a print made. Along with the negative, the director sent his assembling instructions. This was practically a continuity of action covering the story.

"It would run something like this:
"Scene 1. Open as Helen enters, Paul Hurst comes to f. g. and speaks to her—Hoot Gibson enters, turns and beckons Jack Hoxie in—Hoxie enters the room, they all stand and talk—cut to title as Hoxie speaks—Helen tells them all right—they all turn and leave room—cut scene as Helen stands at table and telegraphs."

"This was about the style of continuity. Paul Hurst, Hoot Gibson and Jack Hoxie were regular members of the company at that time.

"My first effort was called 'The Girl at the Switch.' Imagine my elation when instructions came back to make a series! I was to do 'The Hazards of Helen.' This series proved immensely popular and we worked on them for well over a year, making, I think, altogether about sixty-five of the series."

This paved the way for the organization of the Signal Film Company, releasing through Mutual. Miss Holmes did a number of series and serials, including "The Girl and the Game," "Lass of the Lumberlands" and "The Railroad Raiders." After Mutual dissolved,

the Signal Company went out of existence and Miss Holmes made a serial for the Warner Brothers in the East. She has appeared more or less regularly on the screen ever since.

Alice Hollister, who went from a Montreal convent to the old Kalem forces, is living at 1120 Melrose Avenue, Glendale, Cal. Miss Hollister lays claim to having been the screen's first vamp, even antedating Theda Bara. In those pioneer days she starred in "The Vampire" with Robert Vignola directing. She made the trip to the Holy Land for the filming of "From the Manger to the Cross" and played the rôle of *Mary Magdalene*.

Louise Glaum, since her success at the Ince studios and her later appearances in her own productions, has been strangely absent from filmdom. I found Miss Glaum residing in retirement at 400 South Catalina Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

The search for Edith Storey, so popular in old Vitagraph productions, was even more difficult. She was in California until a year ago and can now be addressed at her old home, Northport, Long Island. Miss Storey has been absent from the films for five years. Remember her appearances with Tony Moreno, particularly in "The Isle of Regeneration?"

Since leaving Lubin, Ormi Hawley has appeared in vaudeville and she has divided her time between New York and her farm near Utica, N. Y. Incidentally, she has been interested in several motion picture theaters and she recently invented a new safety railroad stop device which may bring her considerable money.

Fritz Ridgeway has been playing for nearly a year in Keith vaudeville. She has been presenting a screen burlesque called "A Wife's Honor."

Gilbert M. ("Broncho Billy") Anderson, once plain Max Aronson, had a skyrocket career from the old Essanay days, when he preceded Bill Hart as the favorite portrayer of Western rôles. Anderson has been interested off and on in motion picture production and he made several musical comedy productions on Broadway. He was last reported in California.

Lee Beggs, who once directed John Bunny and Flora Finch, is playing small character rôles in Eastern productions. He was *Samuel Adams* in Griffith's "America" and he has the rôle of another historical character, *Benjamin Franklin*, in Marion Davies' "Janice Meredith."

Flora Finch, the popular comedienne of the old Vitagraph Company, is still in pictures. She plays a small rôle in Rodolph Valentino's production of "Monsieur Beaucaire," and she played most of last season in the musical comedy, "Poppy," with W. C. Fields and Madge Kennedy, who, by the way, seems to have definitely given up pictures for the footlights.

Lillian Walker, the famed dimpled ingenue of the old Vitagraph forces, lives at 150 West 72nd street, New York. She has not appeared in pictures for some little time.

MAURICE COSTELLO is still an active film player. He made several recent appearances in Famous Players production and his daughter, Dolores, is now on the screen. Mr. Costello lives at the Pasadena Hotel, 10 West 61st street, New York.

Another broken career recorded by "the most heart breaking game in the world" is that of Cleo Madison. Not so long ago Miss Madison was a Universal star. Perhaps you recall how she created, in "Black Orchids," the rôle later played by Barbara La Marr when Rex Ingram remade his story as "Trifling Women." Miss Madison had a complete breakdown from overwork and she was away from the screen for two years. Now she is back, playing mother rôles, her return to filmdom being made in "The Dangerous Age."

One of the veterans of the screen is Charles Ogle, still active with the Famous Players-Lasky Company on the coast. "I have been in pictures steadily since 1909, 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, Rolinda Bainbridge, Bernadine Leist, Herbert Prior, William Sorelle, William West, Charles Seay, Charles Sutton and Ed Boulden. Mabel Trunelle, Mary Fuller and Marc MacDermott joined the following year.

Marguerite Clark is happily married, the wife of a wealthy Southerner, H. Palmerson Williams. She lives in New Orleans, La., but she still receives fan mail at her old address, 50 Central Park West, New York.

Rose Tapley, at one time a popular member of the Vitagraph Company, is living at 644 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 Rodolph Valentino's "Monsieur Beaucaire." 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 him-self 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."

Rapley Holmes, who used to play in Essanay pictures, with his wife, Gerta, has been playing the rôle of the South Sea trader in "Rain," on the stage in New York for two seasons.

Raoul Walsh was the director of "The Thief of Bagdad." His wife, Miriam Cooper, has not appeared in the films for awhile. 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? Cruze came to the Thanhouser studios after, as he expresses it, "a histrionic training gained in medicine shows."

Mae Marsh (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 Keefe, who used to be an idol at old 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 camera. Gladys Leslie, one time Vitagraph star, has been married for two years and has definitely retired to domesticity. She is living in New York.

Louise Huff, the former Lubin star, devotes her time entirely to the stage now. Her sister, Justina, 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, out-numbered 5 to 1 by single girls with their "conquests" 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.

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Odorono not only corrects perspiration odor but its annoying 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.

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Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]

BROWN EYED BETTY, SUMMIT, N. J.—"Old Bill" will do as well as any of the other variants of "The Answer Man" with 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 specialist. 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 tumbling waves of the Pacific, Inez? They must, else you would not have the deep interest and vast knowledge of them your letter shows. Marguerite de la Motte and Pat O'Malley were in the photoplay, "Wandering Daughters." Allan Forrest played opposite Shirley Mason in "Lights of the Desert." Yes, Olive (Smith) Thomas was the first Mrs. Jack Pickford.

I. M. B., RED BANK, N. J.—Charmed. The actor who plays *John Millet* in Charles Chaplin's production, "The Woman of Paris." is Carl Miller.

C. B. E., OAKLAND, CALIF.—You like to think that I am "in looks a double of Cullen Landis." I'm afraid Mr. Landis wouldn't. But dream on, sweet one. Mr. Landis' age is twenty-eight. Recent appearances of his have been in "The Fog," "Pioneer Trails" "The Alibi," and "The Fighting Coward."

FRANCES, ESTES PARK, COLO.—You no 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 Frederick, Lillian Gish, Nazimova and Pola Negri are the actresses and John Barrymore, Charlie Chaplin, Lon Chaney, Ernst Lubitsch, and Guy 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 not to laugh but to cry. Righto. Do your own thinking and feeling 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 never have been one. Lloyd Hughes is a healthy specimen, 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 19, 1900. Colleen Moore was educated in a convent in Florida. 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 been in the photodrama for five years. Her maiden name was Kathleen Morrison. She was married last August to John Emmett McCormick. Recent pictures in which she appeared are "The Huntress," "Flaming Youth" and "Painted People."

CHERRY, ATHENS, TEX.—A toothsome name. Eugene O'Brien has not a brother who plays in Marshall Neilan productions, but himself, plays in "Secrets," with Norma Talmadge. Ramon Novarro changed his family name, Gil Samanyiegos, for the screen 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 the 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 a native of Minnesota 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. Don't let it. Perhaps my esteemed confrere, Carolyn Van Wyck, will tell you how to modify a pronounced pug nose. My advice is to call the feature retrouse 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 admire the 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, 1889. He has black hair and hazel eyes. His height is five feet, eleven inches, his weight one hundred ninety-five pounds.

M. LER., 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 the months and years. Mental arithmetic is good exercise for the brain, Mauvette.

IMA 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 name for unattached women, "Otherwises." Wonder if they will like it? Mary Astor's age is nineteen, her height five feet, five inches, her weight one hundred and twenty pounds. Most important to you, 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 at Vincennes, Ind. His eyes are gray, his hair brown. His complexion must be guessed—I guess it medium. 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 was Your Majesty crowned, and where? 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 was on the stage in London and New York. He is six feet tall and weighs one hundred and fifty pounds. English slimness. His eyes are blue gray and his hair blond. Like many of his countrymen, 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 in Salt Lake City, Utah, 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 Niblo, the director. Jobyna Balston 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 Swanson's hair is neither black nor 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.

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Jack Holt, Regular He-Man

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

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 counterfeited 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 rôles 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 con-

sistently buried in weak material. Directing interests 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 'gentlemen'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 dulled 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 thoroughbred 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?" I 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."



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The Story Without a Name

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

and forth, Don with an old refracting-mirror and Ruth with a new milk pan. Then the sustained opposition of Samuel Carter had prompted Don to work out a diminutive receiving set in the form of a sewing basket with a false bottom. And Ruth Carter had become deeply attached to her new sewing basket. While she sat, demurely darning her father's socks or as innocently patching his denim overalls, Don Powell could send down to her his low-powered but ardent little love messages. These anonymous love messages, it is true, puzzled many a neighboring radio fan, but to the demure-eyed girl so engrossed in her sewing they brought ecstatic little thrills of delight. Old Sam, indeed, coming in one day to refill his water jug, was arrested by Ruth's sudden laughter and convulsive movements of joy as she shifted the secret tuning-dial and a familiar voice said: "I love you, love you, love you, moon of my delight!"

Old Sam shook his head, thoughtfully, half-persuaded his girl was a bit weak in the upper story. "Ruth ain't like the rest of us Carters," he said with the utmost conviction.

SO Don, watching his minute-hand approach the appointed moment, leaned closer to his diminutive transmitter and said: "I love you, Sweetie, more than lips can say." Then he sighed as he added: "I love you, Cutey, but I can't tell it this way again. For my chief has finished up his work. And before tomorrow we'll be gone!"

Just beyond the club house a cripple carrying a crutch toyed with a metal button cunningly set in the camouflaged frame beneath his arm-pit. He pressed a watch-case receiver close to his ear, studied what promised to be a perfect sunset, and hobbled past the club house porch. As he passed a dark-eyed woman sitting there he muttered a word or two in a foreign tongue, and a moment later Claire Lacasse, excusing herself from the circle of youths about her, slipped into the telephone booth and spoke a sentence or two, also in a foreign tongue, over the wire.

Beside a stream, a mile beyond Smithers Mill, a lone fisherman was acting in an equally enigmatic manner. As he sat on the bank, apparently angling for a bite while he placidly moved his pole up and down, his mind was not as indolent as his body might imply. For his thoughts were not altogether on the finny tribe as he so abstractedly worked at his reel. Instead of angling for trout, in fact, he was angling for a wave-length which, as it sped through the ether, was eluding his oddly fashioned aerial. But along that aerial he was suddenly conscious of the ghostly electric nibble. He leaned lazily back on one hand, pressing closer to his ear as he did so the headset concealed under his tilted hat-brim. . . . "Can't tell it this way again. For my chief has finished up his work. And before tomorrow we'll be gone!"

The lone fisherman quietly drew in his line, disconnected his rod, and stowed it away in his case. Then, looking carefully about, he skirted an orchard, crossed a hill, cut through a stretch of underbrush, and spoke into a field transmitter hidden in the midst of a denser clump of alders. Having done so, he dragged in an armful of trailing wire, buried the coil and the transmitter under a layer of loose soil, and peered carefully about to make sure his movements had remained unobserved. And as he stared towards the distant tower, vaguely discernible beyond the rising valley-slope, he muttered with a sinister smile: "Before tomorrow you'll be gone, all right!"

CHAPTER TWO

Alan Holt's face remained clouded as he hung up the receiver of the private wire that connected his with Washington. He resented the coolly skeptical tone of the Assistant-Secretary's chief clerk who had remained so

coolly unconcerned regarding the completion of the triangulator experiments. The news would be conveyed to the Secretary on his return to the Department. But it was Holt's duty to report at once and in person to the proper Department officials. A former model, he was reminded, had failed to reach those officials. And it would be absurd to pass on his request for the use of Navy vessels, of course, until the officials were convinced of the efficacy of this new radio apparatus. Admiral Walsworth, in fact, had asked the Board to defer all action until the earlier misadventure had been fathomed.

Alan still stood tight-lipped and narrow-eyed beside his litter of tubes and cells and coils when he heard a girlish voice call out from below. "May I come up?" this girlish voice inquired.

His face remained hard, though a quick tingle sped through his tired body. For even before he leaned over the tower-rail he knew that voice to be Mary Walsworth's. And his heart was bitter, at the moment, against the name of Walsworth.

"Of course," he said, his effort at self-control making his voice tremulous. Yet as he opened the door and saw the slender figure and the peach-blow face with the ardent eyes his own eyes lost a little of their sombreness.

"I'd rather father didn't know," she said, a little out of breath as she glanced about at the inscrutable instruments of which she had always stood so vaguely yet so stubbornly jealous.

"I'm sorry he's ashamed of me," was Alan's retort. And his tone brought her quick eyes up to his face.

"Oh, Alan, it's not that," cried the distressed girl. "He doesn't know you as I do. But he's a Walsworth. And he can't seem to forget that you once worked in a garage."

"Well, I'll work on the War Board before I'm through," said Alan with his curt laugh. "And that may wash some of the garage grease off my record!"

"But we're all proud of your record," the other reminded him. "I've every article they printed about you when you worked out your radio plane-director last year just as I've every letter you ever wrote to me as a school-girl from the Marconi of the newer decade I sat beside your dear old mother and watched the tears of joy run down her cheeks. Even my own eyes were wet. And surely that means something, Alan."

She turned away for a moment, as though ashamed of her emotion. Her head was still averted as Alan stepped to her side, a mounting look of tenderness eclipsing the moroseness in his eyes. Yet he found it hard to speak as he reached for the hand that hung white at Mary's side.

"I really came with a message from your mother," said the girl as her eyes clung to Alan's face. "She wants to see you, Alan, before you go back, and she asked me—"

THEY were interrupted by Don Powell's call from the stair-landing and Mary's hand dropped from Alan's as the younger man swung in through the door.

"There's something to that hunch of yours about Hyde," was his breathless comment. "I caught the beggar releasing a carrier pigeon just beyond the second tower. He swears it was only a hurt bird that fell in the enclosure. But I don't like the looks of things!"

"No more do I," said the older man with a quick glance over his tower-rail. "And I'd rather like to get Admiral Walsworth up here at once."

It was Don alone who smiled at Mary's gesture.

"He's back at the club house drinking tea with the Countess."

"Then he's picked a poor partner," snapped the tired-eyed operator.

"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 startlingly attractive young woman as a 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 an excitement that seemed mysterious to the watching girl, he drew his triangulator-case 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 fitted 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 freebreath."

"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 coiled 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 arrives. But if this," continued the stooping man, tapping the case between his knees, "fell into the hands of our enemies, if some foreign agent or spy got possession of it, as it stands, that enemy would have our secret!"

"But what should we do, if anything *did* happen?" asked the girl, her face a trifle paler in the waning light.

"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 a hand on it.

He stopped short at the ringing of a phone-bell, frowning as he held the receiver to his ear and got no answer to his call. From below the tower somewhere a motor-horn barked through the twilight. And the frown deepened on Alan's face as he turned back to Mary, startled by the sudden cry from her lips. In her staring eyes he saw a look of fear 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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"There's Don and another man running towards it," cried the trembling girl at the railing. "And there are other men under the tower here. Oh, Alan, what does it mean?"

Instead of answering her, at the moment, Alan dodged into his cramped generator-room. When he returned he was hurriedly buckling a holstered 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 and turned the key in the lock. "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 about 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 stooped and snatched the enflaming key from the core of his triangulator, crushing a row of cigarettes as he forced shut his chased silver cigarette-case on the delicate instrument no thicker than a prayer-book and thrusting it deep into an inner pocket. Then he snapped down the case-cover and was about to lift the triangulator 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 strode in.

As they did so, Alan, narrow-eyed and and watchful, stepped slowly away until his back was against the tower rail.

"How dare you violate government territory?" he challenged, his hand at his 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 Washington at once."

"On whose instructions?" asked Alan, inching forward until he once more stood over his triangulator.

"Here's our 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-bodied man in the background as he kicked aside a tangle of insulated wire.

THE girl crouching in her narrow quarters was never quite certain as to just how it 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 Department the heavier man reached 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 and before he could recover himself a blow on the head sent Alan reeling back against the tower-ledge. There he grappled with his assailant, fighting to reach the fallen revolver that lay just beyond his reach.

It was then that Mary Walsworth emerged from her hiding place. She appeared in time to see the heavier man bring the metal grip of his automatic down on Alan's blood-stained head, striking cruelly, until the stunned figure relaxed on the acid-stained floor. She saw the second man promptly gather Alan up in his arms and carry him down the stairway, 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 triangulator, standing there in its case, within ten paces of the criminal who would so soon possess it.

Mary came off 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, crying aloud as she saw that startled figure go tumbling down the twisted steps. Then she swung shut the broken door, tilted over a work-table, and braced it against the one barrier that stood between her and her enemies. Panting from her efforts, she listened for a moment as she heard the sound of voices below. She heard a car engine race and stop and start again, a repeated low whistle answered by a second whistle farther down the hillside, a mounting trample of feet as still other enemies swarmed up towards her flimsily barred retreat.

WHEN she heard their blows on the crackling wood she no longer knew hesitation or fear. She glanced hurriedly about and ran to where a red fire-axe hung beside an extinguisher-cylinder. She snatched down the axe and, poising it above her head, turned back to where the triangulator stood. Then, with her jaw clenched tight, she brought the heavy metal axe-head down on the fragile machinery so delicately housed in its container. She brought it down again and again, until the complicated instrument lay an unintelligible and tangled mass of metal. And she was still crushing the scattered contents of the case when the door fell away and a swarthy-faced man of middle age rushed in and seized her by the wrist.

Then he stood in his tracks, with his gorilla-like breast pumping for breath, as he studied what the failing light revealed to him.

"Don't kill her, you fool!" he suddenly barked at one of his followers who had drawn a revolver as the struggling girl for the second time struck at her captor. And Mary Walsworth, even in that moment of stress, knew it was Mark Drakma speaking, Drakma, the man mystery who floated so luxuriously and yet so inexplicably about the fringes of Washington life and trailed a wake of conflicting 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 bait along with us!"

He stood silently, deep in thought as he stooped and picked up a broken dial-indicator.

"We must regard you, madame, as quite a heroine," he said with mock gallantry. "You have worked well. But you will work much harder, before we are through with you, to repair what you have just done!"

Mary, staring 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 always look for 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 waiting beside the tower-base. As she was thrust into this car and held and trussed there while they swerved away in a cloud of dust, her distracted eyes caught sight of a seaplane as it rose above the hills to the west, mounting like an eagle and moving in widening circles that spiralled higher and higher until the land flattened out and the broken line of the sea coast showed hazy. Then it took up its course, heading away from the darkening hills straight for the open Atlantic.

It hummed on its way, carrying a blood-stained captive in its cock-pit, who opened 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-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 outwitted, from everything that had made life worth living.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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Dorothy Ray, 646 N. Michigan Blvd., Suite 112, Chicago

A Real "Merton of the Movies"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]

me with that vivid and wistful charm above his teacup. "I expect I have played in more mobs than anybody in the world unless it's Charlie the elephant, and he's dead now.

"It was pretty tough, breaking into pictures," he admitted, plaintively, "and especially so for me, because I had picked out a niche for myself and it was some climb. I'd played in stock at home, of course. Most of us do, you know. And I'd seen pictures. I was quite a picture fan, and 100 per cent a Mary Pickford fan. I made up my mind that I'd play in a picture with Mary Pickford. That ambition, a railroad ticket and a very few dollars landed me in Hollywood.

"I used up the ticket on the way and, a week after I arrived, I had only the ambition left. So I 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 banquet scene. 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."

BIT 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 nothing else but. Well, I didn't commit suicide, as you can see, and I did finally play with Mary Pickford in 'Amarilly of Clothesline 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. I worshipped his work so much and I—I was conceited enough to have the idea that I was the type he found it most satisfactory to work with. I—I hung around him and followed him for days, until I expect 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 it weren't 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.

Oh, 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.



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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 pictures 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 leave the baby with I 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 in a wide circle—always 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!"

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

CAROLYN VAN WYCK is a society matron, well known in New York's smartest and most exclusive inner circle. She is still young enough fully to appreciate the problems of the girl—she is experienced enough to give sound advice to those in need of it; be they flappers, business women, or wives and mothers. She invites your confidences—she 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

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 seem taller because 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 knew 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 based 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. You can. When I got sixty, I saved fifteen. When I got a hundred

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New De Luxe Edition
Stars of the Photoplay
Just Off the Press
See Page 17

and fifty, I put away fifty and lived on the hundred. There were lots of things I wanted, too, and I like to splurge as well as anybody, but I saw in my savings the only way to safeguard my work and what I wanted to do.

So, when this disagreement came up, I had five or six thousand dollars in the bank. I could afford to go to New York to talk it over. I could afford to be out of work for a while, if necessary. And that same situation has come up a good many times since.

Going back on the train, I was in a fever of excitement.

You've read stories about the boy who lands in New York without a friend, a job, or a dime. I did have the dime, but I didn't know a soul, nor a street, nor a hotel, and I didn't have a job. I might pretty near have been the hero of one of those yarns so many authors have written.

Believe me, I shall never forget my first glimpse of that great city. I never felt so lonesome in my life. I stood at the window of my hotel bedroom, looking at that majestic skyline and at the roaring, crowded street below, and I seemed to myself the smallest atom in the universe. There were so many people and I didn't know one of them to speak to and not one of them knew me.

I went out and walked down Broadway—Broadway—for the first time, and when I saw on the electric signs in front of the theaters names that had been part of my dreams since I was a little boy, I almost cried for joy. And I'm not ashamed to admit that I went and stood on the corner of Forty-second and Broadway and only my natural timidity and the fact that I didn't have a flag kept me from doing a George M. Cohan song right there.

I tell you, it got me. I've made a good many trips to New York since, but I'll never get the kick out of it again that I did on that first trip. I was overwhelmed, but I loved it. I went out that first morning and bought tickets to see Al Jolson that afternoon and Fred Stone that night, and I buttoned them in my pocket and could hardly wait for time to go to the theater.

Then, as I started back, 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.

IT'S a wonderful thing to have a dream come true. It's worth working and slaving and sacrificing for, I tell you. I knew it then.

It was the first time I'd ever seen my own name anywhere. I'd been nameless, even on the screen. It was almost too much for me.

Well, that gave me a little more confidence, and I was able to keep a fairly stiff front, but I was scared to death just the same. I didn't even know whether Pathe would see me. I didn't even know whether they'd ever heard of me in the New York office. I didn't know where their office was and I couldn't find the telephone number in those New York directories. At last I did find it, though. I called up, and I gritted my teeth twice before I spoke to steady my voice.

"This is Harold Lloyd," I said modestly, expecting the telephone girl to say, "Well, what of it?"

She didn't. Miraculously, she said, "Oh, yes, Mr. Lloyd. Mr. Brunet (the new head of Pathe) is expecting you at ten o'clock tomorrow morning. He'll be here waiting for you."

I hung up in a daze. They knew I was in New York. They knew who I was. And they wanted to see me.

My knees were still a little shaky when I went up at ten o'clock the next morning, all shined and shaved within an inch of my life. In ten minutes I had signed a new contract,

with my three hundred a week, and they had tried to pay the expenses of my trip back there. I wouldn't let them do that, though.

But I did let them show me the sights—and the theaters. My, they were wonderful!

When I started home, I was feeling pretty good, I tell you.

BUT I didn't get the swell head then, and I don't believe I ever have since. If I ever do, I hope my wife will tie me down and pour a little chloroform over my head. Of course there isn't any reason why I should, but it seems to be expected in a way, and it seems to be part of human nature besides.

I don't believe it'll ever get me. I'm happy and grateful over my success, but I had a lesson in my youth that stuck on that subject.

John Lane O'Connor, the man who got me my first chance in stock, was the man who busted my first swell head and prevented my getting any more later.

It was while I was at the San Diego High School. We put on a college play called "Going Some," in which I played the leading rôle. The show was a success and I made a big hit. Everybody told me so. The girls all gathered around afterwards, along with most of the audience, and explained to me how wonderful I really was.

My head started to swell and it wasn't long before I'd decided John Barrymore was really a dub, and I was going to show him up before long.

The next morning I strutted down to the dramatic school and into Mr. O'Connor's office with a head as big as a washtub. He hadn't come around after the play and I wanted his praise added to the chorus. As I waltzed into his office, he buried his face in his hands. I was startled but not stopped, and I said, blithely, "Well, how'd you like the show?" (He had directed it.)

"Not so bad."

"And how'd you like me?" I asked, beaming.

"You were terrible," he said, shaking his head sadly. "I have seen worse actors somewhere, but I can't remember where."

I stood stunned and silent. Then, quickly, with his cutting Irish wit and his fine command of English, he explained to me just how far I had come from giving a really good performance. He mentioned just what points I had failed to make, what laughs I had failed to get, and how I had bungled my entrances and exits. He told me that I might make an actor some day but he was beginning to get pretty discouraged about it.

And then, in glowing colors, he painted the heights to which real acting could go. He held up before my eyes pictures of such men as Edwin Booth and Laurence Barrett, John Drew and Sir Henry Irving—such women as Maude Adams, Modjeska, Mrs. Fiske and Margaret Anglin.

It was cruel, brutal, but it was the greatest thing that ever happened to me. I want to tell you, when I walked out of that office you could have bought me for a dime. My head had descended exactly like a pricked balloon.

I have never forgotten it. In the years when some measure of success has come to me, it has helped me at all times to keep my perspective, and not to make myself ridiculous.

It's a great thing, when you're feeling a bit puffed up over some bit of success, to measure it by the yardstick of the world's accomplishments. I like to look at men who paint great pictures, or write great books, or give great music to humanity. Or to look at statesmen in Europe, battling for the safety of nations and the peace of millions and the rights of the downtrodden. You can't feel you're much, if you do that.

I was in New York when Woodrow Wilson passed away. His going made me very humble. I thought of that man, who has stood for years as the leader of the world's liberal thought, who outlined the beautiful ideals upon which some day the glory and peace of humanity will be founded, and I thought how quietly and un-

ostentatiously he slipped away and I felt that none of us could do much in this world but our best, and that we must keep very quiet about that.

I am grateful for all that I have been given. But I know how much luck I had to have in order to do it. And the only thing that gives me real satisfaction is to think that maybe I make the world a little happier. I like to think that people can go to see my pictures and maybe forget for an hour their cares and burdens. I like to think maybe if their hearts are heavy, my work helps to lighten them.

And, after all, happy people are rather apt to be good.

I like happiness myself, and I find it in rather simple ways. They say I'm the greatest guy for hobbies and that I have a one-track mind. I do get sold on a thing; I want to master it and learn how to do it before I move on.

When I had won with Pathe, I went home and started a long period devoted almost exclusively to hard work. With the release of "A Sailor Made Man" the bigger success of our pictures seemed assured. From then on, we tried just to build them.

My wife says I am a nut when I am working on a picture. I guess she is right. She usually is. She says I talk, sleep, eat, and dream picture. I always used to worry about a production, was always sure it wasn't going to be any good. I almost worried myself into a padded cell over "Grandma's Boy." We'd put a story, and some pathos and drama in it, and I wasn't sure how they'd like it.

Since then I have formed my own organization, and things have been easier for me. I have a wonderful staff, every one of them entirely competent and most of them with me for many years. My uncle, William R. Fraser, is my general manager and he and my father take the business and financial worries off my shoulders. Walter Lundin, my cameraman, has been with me nine years. Sam Taylor, who directs with Fred Newruly and is head of my scenario department, and Tommy Grey, Tim Whelan, John Grey, my gag men, dope out some of my story before I go to work. John Murphy, my production manager, came with me from Roach. With these men taking the brunt of the work, I don't have to worry and do everything for myself as I once did.

Oh, yes—I did get married.

FUNNY, it was a little episode during the filming of "A Sailor Made Man" that first awakened my real interest in Mildred. We had to do some work on battleships in that. There were a lot in San Pedro harbor, but nobody was very anxious to have us use them, and after we did obtain permission nobody went out of their way at first to make it easy for us. The navy didn't unbend in the direction of a motion picture comedian to any appreciable extent.

The second day, Mildred came down to work. Some of the officers saw her. From that minute she owned the fleet. She got us permission to do things we'd never hoped to do. We were immediately invited to lunch. They ordered out the crew. They brought out launches to send Mildred ashore. She certainly knew how to handle them.

That night I took her down to Sunset Inn to dance. She's such a dainty little thing anyway, and that night she wore a frilly pink dress. I can't exactly describe it, being a mere man, but I liked it. We danced a good deal together, and Mildred is an exquisite dancer, and I like to dance. Before the evening was over I decided I liked Mid pretty well.

But I can't say she went out of her way to give me any encouragement. Mildred was a good deal of a coquette, and she had a lot of beaux. But her folks were awfully strict with her, and I was the only fellow they allowed her to go out with unchaperoned. The others could call, or take her to a theater, with Mrs. Davis. So I had some advantage.

We drifted along for quite a while, though. I went around with other girls, and whenever Mid and I did get serious—we'd put it off.

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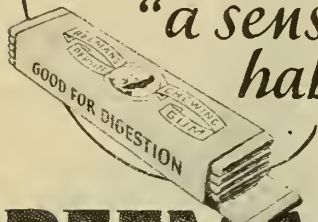
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All the time she'd been talking about going into dramatic work. She had several good offers, too, while she was with us. With the end of "Safety Last" her contract with me expired. Immediately she was offered several good dramatic opportunities. She signed to do one picture.

Then I began to think seriously about it. I knew by that time I really loved Mildred and I was sure she loved me. We were always so happy together and we liked the same things. And though she'd never said "yes" when we talked about marriage, I was pretty sure in her heart she intended to marry me some day.

I knew if she left our quiet little studio and got to playing in other pictures, she'd change. And I decided, since I wanted a wife who loved her home and husband and wanted a family, that we'd better marry right away before she got into a lot of other interests.

So I asked her—and I told her how I felt. Up to that time she had never been willing to give up her career, never been willing to leave the screen. But I told her I was sure it was the only way we could be happy, and at last she consented.

So we were married. Since then, of course, I've told her she could go back into pictures if she wanted to. I felt I'd been unjust to deprive her of her work, and that maybe she'd be

better off if she had her job to do. I felt I'd exercised authority that wasn't rightfully mine.

So she made one picture.

But now—well, now before long, she'll have another interest in life, and we'll both have something worth while to plan for and think about.

When Mildred retired as my leading lady, we selected little Jobyna Ralston to take her place. Jobyna had been playing leads in one-reel comedies on the Roach lot, and Mildred herself helped to select her. She came from Tennessee, and the worst break of luck for her is that you can't hear her talk on the screen. In "Why Worry" and "Girl Shy," she's done excellent work and I won't have to worry about a leading lady for a while anyway, for we have her under a three years' contract.

I've given twelve years to learning the picture game. With each picture I've learned something new. No one man will ever know all about pictures, but I have learned a little. But it's all I know. I haven't had time for anything else. Now I'm going to build a home in the country, and bring up a family, and see something of the rest of the world.

But making pictures will always be the most wonderful and fascinating game in the world, and I hope I can go on making pictures that you folks will like.

The Love Dodger

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

of the fire. She brought a small table. She bustled about, waiting on him joyously. Things to eat appeared as if by magic.

None could cook like Gertie. He told her so. "You can fry chicken," he said, laughing at her, "better than anyone else in the world."

"Then you eat every bit of it," she scolded him merrily. "Take it right up in your fingers, Brownie, that's the only way to enjoy chicken." He did. Over a drumstick, he said, "How's my boy?"

"He's splendid," she said, with the quick, proud sigh Buddy's name always brought, "but he—misses you. Only he adores the dog you sent him. I wanted him to have a dog, every boy should grow up with a dog, but I didn't know exactly what kind to get him. Captain is beautiful. I think you and I have a rival in Buddy's heart."

The conversation died. The inevitable pause fell. He saw the little hurt look grow in her eyes. How sweet and kind she was! A man could scarcely bear to hurt her.

HE slipped his hand into his pocket and brought out a long flat box of white velvet and handed it to her in silence. He was still eating fried chicken and he occupied himself very ostentatiously with a wing while she opened it.

He had not realized how delicate and exquisite the small circle of diamonds was. Paula Swayne's amazing taste had selected a thing that would arouse joy in Gertie Morrison's heart without startling her.

A slim thing of small but exceptionally perfect stones. Gertie Morrison sat looking at them as though they had paralyzed her power to speak or to move or to do anything except look.

Then, without warning, she let the whole thing fall to the floor, and putting her head down on the little table, began to weep bitterly.

"Gertie," said Cleveland Brown sharply, "for God's sake don't do that. I can't stand it."

Well, that was it. Everything about Gertie Morrison must always be tinged with sorrow. There was a chord of pain even in her laughter.

And yet he was going to marry her, because he saw that she had interpreted his gift as an acceptance of her proposal and he could never, never tell her anything different.

Paula Swayne hadn't proved infallible after all. Or had she?

"Don't—please," he begged her again.

"All right," she said softly, "I won't."

She did not stop to wipe the tears from her face. She came and kissed him on the forehead, and then she sat down on the arm of his chair, with her hand upon his.

"I've got to tell you something, Cleveland," she said. "I'm glad you want to marry me. I'm glad you thought me worthy. I shall be glad all my life and I shall cherish it, and it will often comfort me. But—I can't do it."

"What?"

"I can't marry you, dear."

"You can't?"

"No. I thought I could. But you see—I shall never love anyone but Harlan. I don't think I could bear to belong to anyone else—even you. I told you the other night I wasn't Harlan's wife any more—but that was a lie. I'll always be his wife. And I'll always believe that if there is any sorting out in heaven, and any fixing up of these divorces and marriages and mistakes, he'll be given back to me for all eternity.

"Marriage like ours, that was a complete union of all that makes a man and woman one, can't be dissolved just by a few words spoken by some judge. Nor by any cheap woman who deceives a man's senses. Marriage is as eternal—as motherhood. To me, at least, I'm just as much Harlan's wife as I ever was, in my heart and soul. I'm—not free. I never will be."

He put his arm about her and drew her head down to his shoulder. Strange how well he understood what she meant.

"Wait," she said, "there's something more. I'm—a wicked woman, Brownie. Most of all it was for Buddy that I—asked you. But there was something small and mean and revengeful in it, too. Pique and wounded pride. I had been cast aside. I wanted to show Harlan he'd cast aside a woman who could turn around and marry the most eligible bachelor on the screen.

"Harlan—values things because others value them. I knew he'd hate it, simply hate it, if I married anyone like you."

"I know, dear," said Cleveland Brown, "I know. But there's always—Buddy."

She nodded at him and sat up, smiling. She picked up the bracelet from the floor.

"It's so beautiful," she said softly. "I never had anything so beautiful. I—never forgot the days when we were so poor, and I just couldn't

hear 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 color came to her cheeks. "Oh, I didn't, really," she said happily, "did I? It seems funny, doesn't it, I—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 later, 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 a life that moved about seeking, 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 a many-colored Spanish serapi.

"Miss Ray'll be right out," said the colored woman majestically. "You set down and rest comfortable. Would you like a drink?"

Cleveland Brown smiled at her, an adventurous smile. "No, thank you, Ella," he said, "I'm fine."

She went out and he inspected his surroundings curiously. He watched the goldfish flip 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.

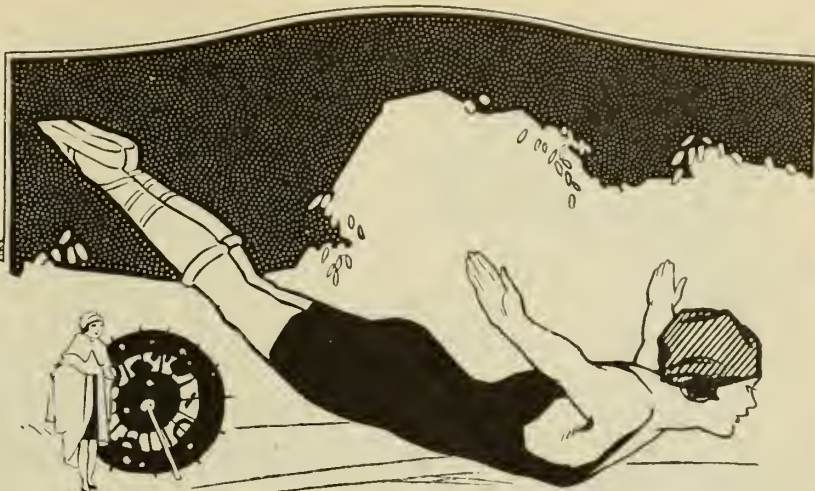
Ella shut the door and went into the tiny, combination bath and dressing room.

"What 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 negligee, as the saying goes, but I can stand it if you can. I was so doggone tired tonight my teeth ached. That guy Vanatta is terrible. I had to remind him today that I was an alleged actress, not a



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pack mule. My God, he had me climbing up and down hills, carrying a sack on my back, like I was a dog team. Of course they'd pick a New York chorus girl for the heroine of a wild west drama. Anyway, pictures have broke me of the wild life I used to lead. When I remember how that old alarm clock sounds at six-fifteen, I want to go to bed before dinner."

She fluttered her pretty fingers in front of her face, in a gesture she had.

"It's a shame they work you so hard, Ray," said Cleveland Brown comfortably.

Ray Connable shot him a quick and searching glance.

THIS was not the Cleveland Brown she knew. She had never seen him look so well. There was a negligent air about him that was new to her. There he sat, perfectly at ease on her sofa, smiling a dreamy, expectant smile, and the last word mentioned between them had been a quarter of a million dollar breach of promise suit.

He hadn't even batted an eye over the sleeveless red pajamas she wore.

"Oh, everybody's got some crab about work," she said pertly. "Did you ever know anybody that wasn't burdened with either too much or too little work? I can stand it if they can. I told him today when he started to yell and rave and chew a lot of rocks out of the side of a mountain, I said, 'I hope you'll remember, Mr. Vanatta, that this is just as tough for me as it is for you. I may hurt your artistic sense, but you've ruined my eardrums.'"

She giggled, but her eyes were fixed on him alertly.

Something was up. She was more than ever sure of it when he took from his pocket a long, flat box of white velvet and held it out to her.

"What's this, dynamite?" she asked suspiciously. "Do I open it?"

"Of course. It's just a little present I bought you."

"You bought me a present? Why, you poor fish."

She opened the box and looked long and hard at the bracelet of emeralds, deep and green and devilish, that lay gleaming within.

Her gray eyes narrowed appraisingly, like those of a pawnbroker, and then grew strange with suspicion.

She handed the box back to him.

"What's all that for?" she asked coldly.

He remembered that once, when he was working near the Macy Street school, where only one child in seven can speak English when it enters the kindergarten, he had tried to give a dollar to a very small, very dirty urchin who stood on the curb watching the proceeding with open mouth.

There had been the same suspicion, the same pitiful expectance of evil, in those child eyes as they looked upon his innocent dollar that now lay in Ray Connable's face.

The little memory softened his heart to Ray Connable.

She was what life had made her, was Ray Connable. Leda O'Neil was what she was—she would have been that anywhere. But this girl before him, with her bobbed curls and her childish hands and her cold eyes, was different. If she had married some decent chap, instead of going to New York, she might even have been rather like Gertie Morrison. He saw that. It was only the difference in their experience.

"You can take it, Ray," he said gently. "I wanted you to have it. I saw it in a jeweler's and I thought emeralds would suit you, somehow."

Her hand reached out and reclaimed the box. This time she took the bracelet and laid it across her palm.

"It's—beautiful," she said, with a choke in her voice.

In the farther room he heard the deep, melodious voice of the tall, colored woman singing a negro spirituelle. It had a deep, quivering note, her song, the note that you hear sometimes at a revival and that sends the sinners to the sawdust trail.

"Joshua fit de battle of Jericho,
A-men, so-o-o glad, a-den
Joshua fit de battle of Jericho,
An' de walls come tumblin' down.
T-oo-oo tru-uue."

The emeralds had a fresh green, the color of the spring leaves in the hillside woodlands where Ray Connable had played as a ragged and barefoot child.

"Look here," she said suddenly, "I can't go through with this thing, Clevie. I'm no black-mailer. 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, childish figure in the frivolous little, gay little scarlet pajamas.

"I'm sort of superstitious," she said, gallantly, "and—I feel funny about it. You don't love me and I don't love you and you got a right to something better. It's all right to do some folks, Clevie, 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 shown him that night in the car.

"Doggone it," she said, and she gave an impudent, gallant laugh, "I'm a white-livered young pirate, I am. The old sob stuff got me. Anyway, that was too close to blackmail to suit me."

"Ray," said Cleveland Brown dreamily, "how'd you like a real good job, maybe a five year contract?"

"Do you know any more funny jokes?"

"I've got one for you."

"Sweet mama," said Ray Connable, "maybe honesty is the best policy. Oh, what a joke that'd be on a lot of eggs, wouldn't it, huh?"

AS he went through the starlit darkness he was conscious of a new and terrible fear.

The exaltation that had been singing through his veins, died: The boldness, the daring, that had winged his feet, evaporated.

Everything dropped away from him, leaving him alone with all the old, unexplainable emotions of childhood. He wasn't a great lover. He had no complex emotions, no perverse desires. He was what he had always been, a rather simple and very kindly and somehow very fine young man from the Middle West.

It was a Queen Anne house, of severe outline, totally unlike any other house in Hollywood. A small house, but with immense personality and tremendous dignity and a sweet reserve. A house you would never dream of entering familiarly or rudely.

There were two tall cottonwood trees on either side of it, and a gravel path ran through the neat little lawns to the small ravine of garden behind.

Even as he stood before her own front door he could not seem to find Janice. A terrible confusion was upon him. Janice had always been so fixed in his consciousness, almost a part of himself. Now she had vanished like a face in the mist. He could not picture her. The sound of her voice eluded him.

"Janice. Janice." He said it over to himself, softly. A lovely name, Janice. How it suited her, as a beautiful binding suits a well-loved book! As a certain vase suits a spray of lilies-of-the-valley.

Janice—what was Janice?

The darkness and the silence and the closed, white door clouded her in impenetrable mystery.

Yet she loved him.

Did she love him? They had told him so, but he had thought about it as belonging to Janice. It had been something connected with Anabelle and Janice's mother.

Now it belonged to Janice, and it filled him with sweet, hot imaginings.

He had learned about women this night from Leda and from Ray Connable, from Gertie Morrison, and most of all from Paula Swayne.

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 rumped, 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 the story and the mood of it touched him with soft fingers, like a moonbeam.

He liked the little brown library that was hers. A boyish room, he had always thought it. The books 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-worn books in that little room.

"Hello," 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?"

"Uh-huh."

"In this room?"

"U-mm."

"Oh my! Is it nice? Did you think just about me 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. Excitedly, she tucked her pretty feet beneath the skirt of her blue linen dress.

"Book?"

"Nope."

"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.

"W-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 then suddenly he found himself held by 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



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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, tan hand, 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—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 cocoon, when she said that "you—you."

It meant so much. It was himself—just himself—and 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 cameraman struggling 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 him. They belonged.

They two. They two.

Strangely enough, he had forgotten all about the test. He had forgotten that there had ever been a ruby bracelet, and an emerald bracelet, 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 desire.

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, standing as straight and regal as a young ilex 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 a poor old simpleton and 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 if you were the last man on earth. And now take your old bracelet and get right out of here. I don't need bracelets that bad."

"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 unclear, or sorrowful, or unfaithful, like you do. I think it's the noblest, 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 cheap jokes 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 way—a perfect, faithful, complete union."

"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 the man I marry is going to come to me 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—then I'm going to cast everything else away, and follow him."

"So—you know how I feel. You've fulfilled your obligations and eased your conscience and you can go. I'll tell mother and Anabelle and 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 or of trouble or of the hard spots 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 rough seas it must steer, 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 almost come true.

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 boldness 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, wide world, and I'd walk right through hell to kiss you."

He kissed her.

And he knew, even with that first kiss, that the passion of Leda O'Neil had been a tinsel fire that burned but did not warm, beside the passion that lay behind Janice Reed's cool, young lips. That the merriment of Ray Connable had been the merest rickery 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 knew it 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 any more?"

"No," said Cleveland Brown, from the depths of a re-born soul within him, "I'm not afraid of anything in this world any more."

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 chatting 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 to 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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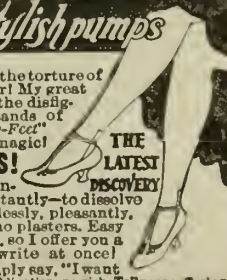
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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HALL"—UNITED ARTISTS.—Story by Charles Major. Adapted by Waldemar Young. Directed by Marshall Neilan. The cast: *Dorothy Vernon*, Mary Pickford; *Sir George Vernon*, Anders Randolph; *Sir Malcolm Vernon*, Marc McDermott; *Lady Vernon*, Mme. Daumery; *Sir John Manners*, Allan Forrest; *Earl of Rutland*, Wilfred Lucas; *Queen Elizabeth*, Clare Eames; *Mary*, *Queen of Scots*, Estelle Taylor; *Earl of Leicester*, Courtenay Foote; *Jennie Faxton*, Lottie Pickford Forrest; *Dawson*, Colin Kenny.

"CYTHEREA"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Story by Joseph Hergesheimer. Scenario by Frances Marion. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: *Fanny Randon*, Irene Rich; *Lee Randon*, Lewis Stone; *Peyton Morris*, Norman Kerry; *Claire Morris*, Betty Bouton; *Savina Grove*, Alma Rubens; *William Grove*, Charles Wellesley; *Mina*, Constance Bennett; *Randon Children*, Peaches Jackson, Mickey Moore.

"THE GOLDFISH"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Adapted from the stage play, "The Goldfish." Directed by Jerome Storm. The cast: *Jennie Wetherby*, Constance Talmadge; *Jimmy Wetherby*, Jack Mulhall; *Duke of Middlesex*, Frank Elliott; *Herman Krauss*, Jean Hersholt; *Amelia Pugsley*, ZaSu Pitts; *Count Newski*, Edward Connelly; *J. Hamilton Powers*, William Conklin; *Casmir*, Leo White; *Ellen*, Nellie Baker.

"THE REJECTED WOMAN"—DISTINCTIVE.—Story by John Lynch. Directed by Albert Parker. Photography by Roy Hunt. The cast: *Diane DuPrez*, Alma Rubens; *John Leslie*, Conrad Nagel; *James Dunbar*, Wyndham Standing; *Samuel DuPrez*, George MacQuarrie; *Jean Gagnon*, Bela Lugosi; *Craig Burnett*, Antonio D'Algy; *Lucille Van Tuyl*, Leonora Hughes; *Madame Rosa*, Mme. LaViolette; *Peter Leslie*, Aubrey Smith; *Leyton Carter*, Fred Burton.

"THE LONE WOLF"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Louis Joseph Vance. Scenario by S. E. V. Taylor. Directed by S. E. V. Taylor. The cast: *Lucy Shannon*, Dorothy Dalton; *Michael Lanyard*, Jack Holt; *William Burroughs*, Wilton Lackaye; *Bannon*, Tyrone Power; *Clare Henshaw*, Charlotte Walker; *Annette Dupre*, Lucy Fox; *Popinot*, Edouard Durant; *Solon*, Robert T. Haines; *Wertheimer*, Gustav Von Seyffertitz; *Eckstrom*, Alphonse Ethier; *U. S. Ambassador*, William Tooker; *Count de Morbihan*, Paul McAllister.

"MEN"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Dimitri Buchowetzki. Scenario by Paul Bern. Directed by Dimitri Buchowetzki. Photography by Alvin Wyckoff. The cast: *Cleo*, Pola Negri; *Georges Kleber*, Robert W. Frazer; *Henri Duval*, Robert Edson; *Cleo's Father*, Joseph Swickard; *Francois*, Monti Collins; *The Stranger*, Gino Corrado; *The Baron*, Edgar Norton.

"THE DANGER LINE"—F. B. O.—Story by Claude Farrere. Adapted by Margaret Turnbull. Directed by E. E. Violet. Photography by Asselin, Dubais and Quintin. The cast: *Marquis Yorikaka*, Sessue Hayakawa; *Marquise Yorikaka*, Tsuri Aoki; *Mrs. Hockey*, Ginn Palerme; *Miss Vane*, Cady Winter; *Captain Herbert Fegan*, Felix Ford.

"SHERLOCK, JR."—METRO.—Story by Clyde Bruckman. Jean Havez, Joe Mitchell. Directed by Buster Keaton. Photography by Byron Houck and Elgin Lessley. The cast: Buster Keaton, Jane Connelly, Kathryn

McGuire, Erwin Connelly, Ward Crane, Ford West, Joseph Keaton, George Davis, Horace Morgan, John Patrick, Ruth Holley.

"THE WOMAN WHO SINNED"—F. B. O.—Story by Finis Fox. Directed by Finis Fox. Photography by Hal Mohr and Jean Smith. The cast: *A Wall Street Operator*, Morgan Wallace; *His Wife*, Irene Rich; *A Minister*, Lucien Littlefield; *His Wife*, Mae Busch; *Their Son*, Dicky Brandon; *An Evangelist*, Rex Lease; *A Queen of Burlesque*, Cissy Fitzgerald; *Mitzi*, Ethel Teare; *Tutu*, 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: *Marcheta*, Derelys Perdue; *Robert Ardis*, Lloyd Hughes; *Joe Ardis*, Ralph Lewis; *Emily Ardis*, Emily Fitzroy; *Pietro*, Joseph Swickard; *Rev. Loranger*, Joseph Dowling; *Jim Larson*, Tom O'Brien; *Ralph*, Micky McBarr.

"THE TROUBLE SHOOTER"—FOX.—Story and scenario by Frederick and Fanny Hatton. Directed by John Conway. The cast: *Tom Steele*, Tom Mix; *Nancy Brewster*, Kathleen Key; *Francis Earle*, Earl Fox; *Pete Highley*, J. Gunnis Davis; *Jim Howe*, Howard Truesdale; *Benjamin Brewster*, Frank Currier; *Chet Connors*, Mike Donlin; *Chiquita*, Dolores Rouse; *Scotly 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: *Elnora Comstock*, Gloria Grey; *Kate Comstock*, her mother, Emily Fitzroy; *Robert Comstock*, her father, Arthur Currier; *Philip Ammon*, Raymond McKee; *Philip Ammon, Sr.*, Arthur Millet; *Hart Henderson*, Cullen Landis; *Edith Carr*, Gertrude Olmstead; *Wesley Sinton*, Alfred Allen; *Margaret Sinton*, Virginia Boardman; *Elvira Carney*, Myrtle Vane; *Freckles*, Jack Daugherty; *Freckles' Wife*, Ruth Stonehouse; *Freckles' Baby*, Baby "Pat" O'Malley; *Billy*, aged 5 years, Buck Black; *Billy*, aged 9 years, Newton Hall; *The Bird-Woman*, Lisamae Grey.

"LISTEN LESTER"—F. B. O.—From the stage play by George E. Stoddard, Harry L. Cort and Harold Orlob. Directed by William A. Seiter. The cast: *Listen Lester*, Harry Myers; *Arbutus Quilly*, Louise Fazenda; *Col. Dodge*, Alec Francis; *Mary Dodge*, Eva Novak; *Jack Griffin*, George O'Hara; *W. Penn*, Lee Moran; *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: *Betty Hallowell*, Agnes Ayres; *Robert Fitzmaurice*, Antonio Moreno; *Norton Conroy*, E. H. Calvert; *Waldo Blakely*, Clarence Burton; *Mr. Kitchell*, Fred Butler; *Dr. Curtiss*, Jack Gardner; *Fifine*, Pauline Parquette; *Jack Hallowell*, Roscoe Karns; *Algy Henderson*, Arthur Hoyt.

"THE CHECHAHCOS"—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS.—Written by Lewis H. Moomaw. Directed by Lewis H. Moomaw. The cast: *"Horseshoe" Riley*, William Dills; *Bob Dexter*, Albert Van Antwerp; *Mrs. Stanlaw*, Eva Gordon; *Prof. Stanlaw*, Howard Webster; *Richard "Cold" Steele*, Alexis B. Luce; *Baby Stanlaw*, Baby Margie; *Ruth Stanlaw*, Gladys Johnston; *Pierre*, Guernsey Hays; *Engineer*, H. Miles.

"FORTY-HORSE HAWKINS" — UNIVERSAL.—Story by Edward Sedgwick and R. L. Schrock. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The cast: *Bud Hawkins*, Hoot Gibson; *Mary Darling*, Anne Cornwall; *Rudolph Catalina*, Richard Tucker; *Sylvia Dean*, Helen Holmes; *Johnny*, Jack Gordon Edwards; *Sheriff*, Ed Burns; *Stage Manager*, Edward Sedgwick.

"MILLE. MIDNIGHT"—METRO.—Story by John Russell and Carl Harbaugh. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. Photography by Oliver T. Marsh. The cast: *Prologue—Renee De Gontran*, Mae Murray; *Colonel de Gontran*, John Sainpolis; *Napoleon III*, Paul Weigel; *Eugenie*, Clarissa Selwynne; *Maximilian*, Earl Schenck; *Duc de Moing*, J. Farrell MacDonald. *Story—Renee De Quiros*, Mae Murray; *Owen Burke*, Monte Blue; *Joao*, a bandit, Robert McKim; *Don Pedro de Quiros*, Robert Edeson; *Don Jose de Quiros*, Nick de Ruiz; *Dr. Sanchez*, Nigel de Brulier; *Carlos de Quiros*, Johnny Arthur; *Padre Francisco*, Otis Harlan; *Chiquita*, a maid, Evelyn Selbie; *Duenna*, 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 Tracey.

"THE CIRCUS COWBOY"—Fox.—Story by Louis Sherwin. Scenario by Doty Hobart. Directed by William Wellman. The cast: *Buck Saxton*, Charles Jones; *Bird Taylor*, Marian Nixon; *Era Bagley*, Jack McDonald; *Norma Wallace*, Marguerite Clayton; *Slovini*, George Romann.

"THE TELEPHONE GIRL"—F. B. O.—Story by H. C. Witwer. Adapted by George Marion, Jr. Directed by Mal St. Clair. Photography by Lee Garmes. The cast: *Gladys*, Alberta Vaughn; *Hazel*, Gertrude Short; *Jerry*, Albert Cooke; *Jimmy*, Kit Guard; *Tower*, Douglas Gerrard.

"RIDGEWAY OF MONTANA"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by MacLeod Raine. Scenario by E. R. Schayer. Directed by Griffith Smith. Photography by Harry Neumann. The cast: *Buck Ridgeway*, Jack Hoxie; *Aline Hanley*, Olive Hasbrouck; *Simon Hanley*, Herbert Portier; *Steve Pelton*, Lou Meehan; *Rev. McNabb*, C. E. Thurston; *Pete Shagmire*, Pat Harmon.

"THE DANGEROUS BLONDE" — UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Hulbert Footner. Adapted by Hugh Hoffman. Directed by Robert F. Hill. Photography by Jackson Rose. The cast: *Diana Faraday*, Laura La Plante; *Royall Randall*, Edward Hearn; *Mr. Faraday*, Arthur Hoyt; *Gerald Skinner*, Philo McCullough; *Henry*, Rolfe Sedan; *Yvette*, Eve Southern; *Mrs. Faraday*, Margaret Campbell; *The Cop*, Dick Sutherland; *Roger*, Frederick Cole.

"DARING YOUTH"—PRINCIPAL.—Story by Dorothy Farnum. Scenario by Alexander Neal. Directed by William Beaudine. Photography by Charles Van Enger. The cast: *Miss Alita Allen*, Bebe Daniels; *John J. Campbell*, Norman Kerry; *Arthur James*, Lee Moran; *Winston Howell*, Arthur Hoyt; *Mrs. Allen*, Lillian Langdon; *Mr. Allen*, George Pearce.

"WANTED BY THE LAW"—AYWON.—Story by Robert North Bradbury. Directed by Robert North Bradbury. The cast: *Jim Lorraine*, J. B. Warner; *Bill Baxter*, J. Morley; *Bush McGraw*, Bill McCall; *Jerry Hawkins*, Frank Rice; *Hart Mallock*, Tom Lingham; *Jessie Walton*, Dorothy Walton; *Sandy Walton*, T. Hunt; *Mrs. Lorraine*, Billie Bennett.



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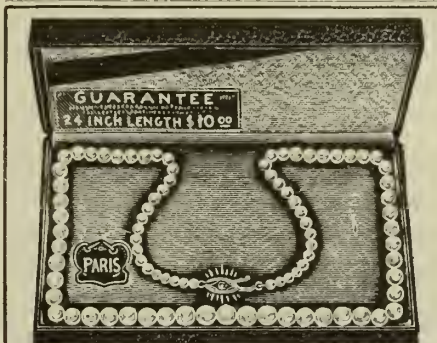
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Mae Murray

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

in the game. Her sport clothes were white, that was the thing. A glowing sort of white, under a jacquette of white Persian lamb, and her yellow hair gleamed gloriously against an audacious white silk sport hat with some sort of a motor veil draped over it. She was a picture that took your eye because she was so different.

On the golf links at Del Monte. She is quietly attentive to her game. She wears tan linen knickers and a gay sleeveless sweater and a white knit sport hat. Her woolen stockings and her white sport shoes cannot hide the shapeliness of her; otherwise they are commonplace enough. Only—somehow her sport garb doesn't give her the faintest hint of boyishness or masculinity, or even the usual look of sporting form. She is as eternally feminine as she would be in a negligee in a rose-colored bouidoir.

She has that precious instinct for dramatizing herself, her personality, her beauty, and it is second nature to her, that's all.

Why, she showed it the very first time anybody ever heard of her, when she went on in a Ziegfeld 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 among the stars. That 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. Her pictures 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 moment I sat down in that big, high-ceilinged room, I felt cooler. The air of space and formality, the profusion of green ferns and soft flowers, the veiled windows, lowered my temperature ten degrees.

And when Mae Murray came in, I felt positively ashamed that I had let the heat affect my appearance and my disposition. She looked so cool and dainty and collected—so completely mistress of herself, the weather, the situation—any situation. That is one of her outstanding characteristics—that serene and cheerful poise.

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 costumes that she has worn 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 petticoat in the lobby of the Ritz."

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 showed me a sense of 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!



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RALPH BARTON, whose work decorates PHOTOPLAY every month, has drawn and written a book that should not be read by any chronic grouch unless he is ready to change his habits and laugh. It's called "Science in Rhyme Without Reason." At that, there is a lot more sense to it than hundreds of the half-baked books on popular science that are flooding the market, and it's a darned sight easier to read. You'll get your

money's worth if you like to laugh. If you don't, go down to the public library and finish reading the encyclopedia. Probably you'd be happier there. It doesn't tell you how to be the life of the party, but it does give you a recipe for making near-liquor that is safe—if you read the last line.

Here is one of these highly scientific treatises, reproduced by courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Astronomy

*Astronomy (from astron, star,
And nemo, to arrange)
Examines what is passing far
And more than passing strange.*

*It deals with Martian polar frost,
And inter-stellar space,
And wonders why the moon has lost
The sets from out its face.*

*Astronomers of gentle mien
Can give particulars
About the distances between
Three thousand million stars.*

*But, if you asked the distance to
The nearest movie-show,
It's likely one would answer you:
"I really do not know."*

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

THE CIRCUS COWBOY—Fox

ENTER Louis Sherwin—erstwhile dramatic critic, now a scenario writer, presenting none other than Charles Jones. Now you either are a Charles Jones devotee or you consider him less than the dust, so you will have to judge for yourself. At any rate everybody enjoys a circus, and this particular circus takes us away from the usual Western story. Jones certainly rides like a streak, and inasmuch as this is an improvement on the average Western, being neatly contrived, it is worthwhile.

THE DANGEROUS BLONDE—Universal

THE second starring vehicle of Laura La Plante has speed as its chief attribute. A beautiful daughter rescues silly love letters written by a foolish father to a vamp. Football hero aids in getting letters and placating battleship wife. Lots of action, some fun and plenty of love-making in which Miss La Plante is bewitching instead of dangerous. Picture is of champagne class—light and bubbly, with a headache if taken seriously.

THE TELEPHONE GIRL—Film Booking Offices

THIS one is called "The Square Sex." The story is crazier than the title, but both, happily, are forgotten in the constant expectation that something funny will happen, though very little does. Nevertheless, one laughs unconsciously at the foolishness, which is what the picture was made for. It is far better to miss this picture than to miss your dinner.

DARING YOUTH—Principal

A LITTLE bit racy with its modern heroine and advanced ideas on love and marriage. It's a farce, and well enough done with a popular cast headed by Bebe Daniels and Norman Kerry. Bebe, as you know, is getting bigger and better all the time. If you are not too squeamish you'll find this good entertainment of a fair order.

RIDGEWAY OF MONTANA—Universal

THIS is a typical Western, with the stereotyped hero and equally stereotyped villain, but for variety there is a flappish leading woman in the attractive person of Olive Hasbrouck. Hoxie rides a mean steed, and no one can fail to take pleasure in his equestrian ship.

WANTED BY THE LAW—Aywon

J. B. WARNER makes Sydney Carton look like a second-rater when it comes to chivalry. But then you know what these Western men are. The open spaces make them too noble for words. Here is a plethora of shooting, riding, cliff climbing and the like—in fact it possesses all the tried and true methods of Western drama. Neither worse nor better than hundreds of others.



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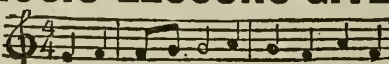
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AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 67 Lakeside Bldg., Chicago

**The Romantic History of the Motion Picture**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

They were Tucker, Herbert Brenon, King Baggot, Jack Cohn and Bob Daly.

Luck played into their hands. Julius Stern, the Imp studio manager, was called away to Europe to settle a dispute between Baggot and Brenon, who had 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, Mark M. Dintenfass, owner of the Champion brand pictures on the Universal program, was brought across the river from New Jersey to take charge of the Imp studio. Now, as has been indicated in early chapters, Dintenfass 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 Dintenfass was busy concentrating his attention on the affairs of the Powers-Laemmle war, the boys at the studio were merrily engaged in photographing "Traffic in Souls," a scene at a time in odd moments when opportunity permitted, keeping up meanwhile the continuous grind of one and two-reel pictures. "Traffic in Souls" was cast by Jack Cohn and directed by Tucker.

In four weeks the picture was photographed. It was ten reels long, without titles. By this time Dintenfass had begun to spare 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 sailed with a final admonition shouted at Cohn at the steamer dock not to cut the picture below seven reels in length.

Cohn was left alone with the ten reels of negative and Laemmle to face. He hid the 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 home office was all agog with the latest shower of bricks in the Powers-Laemmle fight. Carl Laemmle and one of his lieutenants sat through the picture in angry whispered discourse about their new line of action.

Cohn left downhearted. It looked as though he was going to be liable for his share of the guaranty of the five underwriting plotters of the project. It also looked very much like he was going to be the goat in a most dismal failure.

Late that night Cohn reached the desperation 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. Nobody can look at a picture and talk business all the time. Won't you come down now and really see it?"

Laemmle promised to see it the next night.

Laemmle Approves "Traffic in Souls"

The film fared better on its next showing. It was admitted to be a picture. But there was a big question as to what might be done with it. The Universal program was made up of one and two-reel subjects. This was a six-reeler. No motion picture theater of the day considered

such a monstrosity. The few long pictures that had been shown before, such as the "Fall of Troy," "Quo Vadis?" "Queen Elizabeth" and the like had gone into legitimate theaters and town opera houses. The situation was further complicated by the internal politics of Universal. The opponents of Laemmle were charging him with having squandered the company's money on a fool director's fool idea. Investigation proved that "Traffic in Souls" had cost \$5,700.

It became the text of a violent meeting of the board of directors.

"All right, I'll take the picture off the company's hands and pay \$10,000 for it," Laemmle shouted.

Then came a lull, a whispering in conference. Dire suspicion arose in the opposition.

"If you'll put up ten thousand it must be worth a million," taunted the opposition, crying a bid of \$25,000.

This of course resulted in the picture remaining the property of the Universal.

Reaching for a channel of distribution, a representative of the Shubert theater system was called in to see the production. The Shuberts bought a third interest in the picture for \$33,000 and took on its exploitation.

Universal now had a profit of \$27,300 on an investment of \$5,700, and retained a two-third interest in the production.

"Traffic in Souls" opened at Joe Weber's theater on Monday afternoon, November 24, 1913. The announcing advertisement read:

TRAFFIC IN SOULS.—The sensational motion picture dramatization based on the Rockefeller White Slavery Report and on the investigation of the Vice Trust by District Attorney Whitman—A \$200,000 spectacle in 700 scenes with 800 players, showing the traps cunningly laid for young girls by vice agents—Don't miss the most thrilling scene ever staged, the smashing of the Vice Trust.

Tucker's Picture a Big Success

The picture played to thirty thousand spectators in the first week. There were four showings daily and five on Sunday. The admission price was a flat 25 cents all over the house. In a short time the picture was playing a total of twenty-eight theaters in Greater New York. Its gross receipts totaled approximately \$450,000.

The cast included Jane Gail, Matt Moore, Ethel Grandin, William Welsh, Howard Crampton, William Turner, Arthur Hunter and Laura Huntley.

Some curious incidental results grew out of the fame that came to some of those concerned in the making of "Traffic in Souls." In his desperate editorial struggles to reduce the footage of the film, Jack Cohn discovered that he had credited the authorship of the picture to Tucker and McNamara, while Tucker was also mentioned on the main title as the director. Walter McNamara had, it is true, collaborated somewhat with Tucker and Cohn in the making of the story, as many others had, but his name was inserted by Cohn chiefly because he wanted to dignify the production with an authorship. Now gunning for footage, Cohn eliminated Tucker's name from the titles as co-author and thereby handed that glory exclusively to the unsuspecting McNamara. This saved three feet of film, or about two and three-quarters seconds of screen time. It also made McNamara immediately famous and in wide demand as a writer of scenarios.

A Tidal Wave of "White Slave" Films

George Loane Tucker, meanwhile, was in England with the London Film Company. He never saw "Traffic in Souls" in 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 screen, 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 Inside 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 Columbus 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. Inez Milholland Boissevain, and Frederick H. Robinson, President of the So-ciological 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 field. Building on this beginning, press 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 Ritz-Carlton—anything to rub the film 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 curse theme, opened at the Grand Theater in New York, December 21, 1913, with Richard Bennett in the leading rôle. This play became the vehicle of the last important motion picture of this type, issued 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 prayer and a lecture on social diseases, 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 had begun to give way to 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 parlor discussion and birth control was taking its place, in parlor and screen, only to yield during the excitements of the war period to psycho-analysis and to the new assertiveness of youth and the now continuing discussions of lobbed hair, the flapper and her friends, with such screen derivatives as "Flaming Youth," etc., etc. The whole sequence being the while merely successive excuses for the fondling 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 unctuous subject of sex could, with propriety, be discussed only for medicinal and scientific social purposes. To enjoy sex fully it was necessary to be either an unmitigated reformer or an unrepentant 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 millions, bedecked with a new general sanction. This has undoubtedly reduced the rush to careers of



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A SLAP IN THE FACE WITH A CREAM PUFF

is not a man's way of fighting. Neither can you do a man's job with balls of mush on your arms where muscle ought to be. How long are you going to drag along this way? Don't try to kid yourself by saying: "Oh, I'll start regular exercise next week." I know a lot of fellows who kept doing that until—Zowie—it was too late. They couldn't make a come-back no matter how they tried.

This Is a Big Day for You

Don't put this off another second. If you want to make the best of your life, you'll have to start right now. Come on, let's go—you and me—and you're going to bless the day you read this message. I'm going to make you work—you can bet your old shirt on that. But you'll thank me for it, 'cause—oh boy!—what a different looking chap you're going to be. Just for a starter I'm going to put one full inch on those arms of yours in exactly 30 days—and two inches on your chest in the same length of time. But that's nothing. Then comes the real work. I'm going to build out that neck of yours and put a pair of shoulders on you that will bulge right out of your old coat sleeves. I'm going to fill out your chest with a perfect pair of lunks that will pump real oxygen into your blood, shooting a thrill over your entire body and sending a quiver up your old spinal column. I'm going to put a ripple of muscle up and down your stomach instead of that roll of fat that is now hanging over your belt line. And while I'm doing this, I am also going to build muscle in and around every vital organ. You will have a spring to your step and a flash to your eye. In fact, you will say to yourself: "What a terrible oil-can I was turning out to be; why didn't I start this long ago?"

LET'S GO

Why waste time over these things? You want muscle. 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 chance with me. Come on now and get on the job. Be the man you have always wanted to be.

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Don't peel or blister at the seaside this year.

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is a simple—harmless—easily-used device that produces fascinating dimples quickly. Many film stars get their dimples the Dolly Dimpler way. Recommended by facial specialists. Absolutely harmless. Results are guaranteed.

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Herewith find \$1 for the famous Dolly Dimpler, with full instructions for use.

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Davis Chin Strap

and in the morning when you take it off, apply a little Davis Astringent. See the improvement after the first night. Money back guarantee. All three articles for \$4.00 or Chin Strap alone for \$2.00. For sale at all drug or department stores or order direct from Gora M. Davis, Dept. 201, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.



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reform on one end and the plunge into vice on the other. The middle ground is just as pleasant, thanks to the screen's interpretations to the multitude. The blue of Puritan propriety and the scarlet of sin have blended into an all-pervading public pink—a peach pink.

The motion picture's assistance in this is appreciated in many unsuspected ramifications of the social and commercial life of the day. One of the largest makers of hosiery and silk underclothes recently pointed out that it was the motion picture with its bathing beauties and its bedrooms that has made it possible for the department stores to make Fifth Avenue, Michigan Boulevard and Main Street glad with window displays of what Godey's Lady Book called "unmentionables."

While "Traffic in Souls" and its contemporary sensations were widening the way for the longer and more pretentious pictures of the dawning feature era, the development, which began to be conspicuously visible with Adolph Zukor's famous players in famous plays idea, was now consciously organizing.

The Dawn of New Business Methods

A new sort of revolutionary evolution was about to upset the motion picture industry into new orders and alignments. The law of a new economic discipline was beginning to work. The distribution system which had arisen sporadically, disorderly, into a jumble of film renters, beginning with the remote day of the Miles Brothers' little front room film exchange in Turk Street, San Francisco, had been whipped into just a semblance of a beginning of order in 1907-8 by the Edison licensee system. And we have seen in detail how that, in turn, was further formed into a clear and orderly distribution machine under the lash of Jeremiah J. Kennedy with the organization of General Film Company in 1910. Each subsequent competitor was another General Film Company in general design. Now in 1914 the progressive evolution of the art of the motion picture was about to disrupt and reorganize the business of the motion picture. The General Film Company, with its set release dates, schedules of locked reel shows and system of selling film in bulk as mere merchandise, could survive only so long as quality of the product was of no consequence. With the inevitable development of favorite players or stars, with the growth of pictorial technique and the evolution of a language of the screen which could really express, it is inescapable that better pictures would occur and that there would be a better demand for them. The feature picture, so slowly arisen, as we have traced it, was that expression of the growth of a better screen idea. Immediately the old selling method which by reason of its routine inelasticity took no measure of relative merits between pictures, was found destructively inadequate.

It is probably no mere coincidence that the man who was to become the leading exponent of the new idea and new order was one of those who had most effectively applied the disciplines of the General Film Company.

The Advent of W. W. Hodkinson

One day in January, 1914, W. W. Hodkinson of Los Angeles, San Francisco and the Pacific coast in general, got off the Twentieth Century Limited and registered at the Knickerbocker Hotel in Times Square, New York. He came to stay a few weeks, but the weeks stretched into years.

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 done, if you understand. 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 a gloomy, but just a brass tacks, fact.

Hodkinson differs so widely from the typical personalities of the motion picture that it is

even difficult to describe his important place in the world of motion picture affairs. For one thing he is a fisherman. Mostly the people of the motion picture follow other diversions.

Hodkinson is the kind of a fisherman with a large respect for superlative tackle. He is the kind of 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 disappointment visible or invisible 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 motion picture, his beginnings were much earlier, and because of the large developments that came through institutions of his founding it is important to trace back for a way the outlines of the experience that made up his background.

In 1900 Hodkinson was a night telegraph operator in the offices of the Denver & Rio Grande Railway at Pueblo, Colorado. He had come into that post from a job in a signal tower. There are two kinds of telegraph operators—those who say that Edison was a lucky fellow 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 promotion to chief 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 perhaps quite as much a teacher as a salesman. To keep his customers sold he labored to make their studies intelligible to them. The system worked. In 1907 Hodkinson was established in Ogden, Utah, still representing the I. C. S. and with a selling organization built up about him covering a wide territory. This year of 1907 was a panic year—"stringency" was the Wall Street euphemism for it then. Industries shut down and there was a national unemployment situation, which presently reached the mining belt and Utah. It became hard to sell correspondence school courses to fit men for better jobs when there were no jobs at all.

Hodkinson redoubled his efforts in vain, and set to wondering what might be next. He was 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, Pa. On the floor above the postoffice was a dance hall, ever at this hour gay with music and the merriment of careless crowds.

The solemn Hodkinson, gripped in the fervors of his work, was given to reflection 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 gave that city its first motion picture theater, "The Dreamland." Then competition appeared with "The Electric," both shows typical of the time, simple nickelodeons. "The Electric" drew its patronage off 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 sordid 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 possibilities that might carry as well some of the lure 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 dissatisfied 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 like home," and increased the admission price to ten cents. This was revolutionary. Not all of Utah had ever heard of 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 Optiscope Company of Chicago, R. G. Bachman, proprietor.

The policy made special 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 dates and precedence and a lot of factors that he had not suspected. He found also that there were such curious things as "dupes," 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 stepping into the magnificent headquarters of this interesting business. What he stepped into was a typical Chicago film exchange of '08.

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 exchangemen in to hear the reading of the riot act and the 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 and the stealing of customers. All the old unfair cutthroat methods which were the standard practice of film exchanges were to be abolished. The experience-wise exchangemen listened in pious manner and laughed outside. But Hodkinson was impressed. He took it at par.

As the new manager of the Twentieth Century Optiscope Company he set about at once 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 fight it out alone.

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—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.

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If the eventualities of the years had not brought him some final vindication his position would have been well near pitiable—this slim, serious eyed stranger from the sage brush of Utah, with his absurd ideals of conscience and laws and rules and things like that, thrown in among the bickering, scheming, conniving sharpsters of the Chicago film trade of 1908. He was ripe and due for such a trimming as a pacifist might have got at Donnybrook Fair.

Because of the withering fire of the Kleine-Biograph fight, the Edison Licensees system could not exert much pressure behind the new discipline idea. The rules and release dates were broken before they were made—by everyone but the Twentieth Century Optiscope Company under Hodgkinson.

Hodgkinson Receives a Set-back

In the offices of the Chicago attorneys for the Edison interests, Hodgkinson was finally told one day that "the Edison company needs the business and it is not going to cancel anybody's license for breaking the rules."

"Then," observed Hodgkinson, "I can go ahead and compete with these fellows on their own terms."

"No," came the answer, because the Twentieth Century Optiscope Company had been slated as an in-bad.

Some way Hodgkinson struggled through the situation and meanwhile gave Chicago one of its first ten cent motion picture shows, with the Lincoln Park Theater. When Bachman returned to Chicago, Hodgkinson bought from him the control of the branch in Ogden and returned to operate it, now equipped with a new knowledge. When 1910 came and the Motion Picture Patents Company, with the launching of the General Film Company, was buying up exchanges to put into effect the disciplines that the Edison Licensee system had attempted, Hodgkinson observed from afar in Utah the handwriting across the dawn of destiny. He recognized the penmanship as that of Jeremiah J. Kennedy of 52 Broadway and 10 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Equipped with due authority from his associates, Hodgkinson came East and reported at 52 Broadway. He had come to sell. Kennedy consulted the little black book of the mystic schedule, his Doomsday List, and quoted the schedule price for the Ogden exchange. It was close to Hodgkinson's estimate. They agreed and closed the deal.

Hodgkinson Steps Out Into Field Work

For the next three years Hodgkinson was a field officer of the Kennedy administration of the General, covering the territory from Denver west to the Pacific. Out there General's rules were enforced to the hilt. Also Hodgkinson applied certain notions of his own about maximum returns by classification of film service on a quality basis and higher prices. He fought for ten cent admissions and longer runs, against the old routine of daily changes in nickelodeons. Somehow he seems to have won for General something like twenty per cent of its gross revenue in a territory occupied by about ten per cent of the population.

When J. J. Kennedy parted company with the General and went out with his lieutenant, Percy Waters, to make war on General with the mysteriously licensed Kinetograph Company, Hodgkinson was asked by the new General administration to go into the South to fight his old chief. It looked like a good fight to let alone.

The feature picture was beginning to appear. Hodgkinson wanted the General to do things with it. The thought of General was all for the old program idea.

Presently Hodgkinson went back to the Pacific coast, secretly financed by Samuel Long and Frank Marion of the Kalem Company, to launch an independent exchange system under the name of Progressive. It seems to have been mostly a token of personal confidence and

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interest. The licensed Kalem Company was committed with unqualified fervor to the standpoint idea of General Film.

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 creating on the Pacific coast. Slightly in advance of Hodkinson came J. D. Williams, employed by Hodkinson in a project to market the first of the Hobart Bosworth productions, Jack London's story "The Sea Wolf."

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 newly 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 so, with an expatriate white race hungry for the arts of its kind, numerically too weak to create them, and off in the Antipodes beyond the commercial reach of ordinary traveling dramatic companies. Australia had to make the most of what it got. It got the motion picture. Geography here built destiny for the motion picture in the person of Williams.

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 interesting and sometimes bitter drama.

Hodkinson represented and personified the machinery of motion picture distribution. His major ambition seems to have been to make that machine work. He does not seem by 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, represented for the moment the most significant single element in the making of pictures. His ambitions seem to have been Napoleonic.

It was distribution against production. And in some degree it was impersonal principle against personal ambition. It was not so sharply defined as that—these are merely major aspects. The results were in intense personal drama, far hidden behind the screen.

There was endless negotiation, conference and counsel.

One night in this period Adolph Zukor, beset by his problems, his fear that 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. Twice that night he and the man who walked beside him saw the Battery and once One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street.

Let every little hopeful, ambitious clerk and hireling see that picture of the man who epitomizes the "big boss." Adolph Zukor pacing the big dark canyons of the skyscrapers through the small hours while the little people slept. Through his dreams, fears, hopes, schemes, plans, worries, he was earning success—and he was not sure he was ever going to be paid for it all.

One day came what was to be the final conference, a session at the office of Elek J. Ludvigh, Zukor's lawyer. Hodkinson and Zukor were to sign their contract.

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 a wire 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 joust. Hodkinson, Hiram Abrams of Boston, W. L. Sherry of New York, Raymond Pawley of Philadelphia, and James Steele of Pittsburgh.

Hiram Abrams, today the executive head of United Artists, was then the partner 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 followed the frequent pattern, with 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 that began in his school days 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. The milk route led to a 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 contact with song slides and singers appearing in the motion picture theaters. Abrams and Greene met through the Greene Theater 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 drama of chance in the great human ant hill of Manhattan. 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.

It was a "blind" advertisement inserted by Al Lichtman, the new sales manager of the new Famous Players, trying this despairing last expedient to find a buyer for the first of their features, the historic "Queen Elizabeth," with Sarah Bernhardt. Sherry answered the advertisement, and was swiftly on the road to riches. In a few years he had amassed more than a million dollars in motion picture profits. Later ventures were not so successful.

The season of 1923-24 found Lichtman in charge of Universal's special picture campaigns, and Sherry in charge of one of the road showings of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

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 we had them 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 an understanding based on their common interest.

It had already begun with a message from Zukor to Lasky congratulating him on his feature picture efforts. It began when they shook hands for the first time at Delmonico's and sat down for lunch.

Today their separate corporations are

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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."

At 110 West Fortieth Street the new five-part distributor combine was under way, with several projected names.

Hodkinson was reaching after a name that should express the quality idea, a superiority 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 lawyer waited on the long distance phone in Albany for the filing of the papers the decision was made. On the blue face of an advertising blotter Hodkinson struggled with sketchy ideas of a trademark. He drew at last a "paramountain," the mountain or volcano as it may be, of the Paramount trade mark. A lithographic artist added the circle of stars from the old Porter-Swanson Rex design and it was complete. Millions have gone into establishing that trademark symbol, born of Hodkinson's Rocky Mountain country and a New York apartment house.

Paramount entered into a deal with the producers, Lasky, Zukor and Garbutt. An advance of \$25,000 per picture was to be made. The producer was to receive 65 per cent of the earnings while the distributor took 35 per cent. This ratio, evolved out of Hodkinson's exchange experience with the General Film, has been a curious constant 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 concern. 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 California to make "Tess of the Storm Country," for its period the greatest of her pictures. Mary Pickford was now earning \$1,000 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 of superior quality and the current grind of program output, were apparent even as Mutual began to function. Adhering for Mutual to the program idea, H. E. Aitken launched the Continental Features Corporation to sell the bigger pictures rather independently but linked in some degree with Mutual. D. W. Griffith, whom Aitken had acquired for Reliance-Majestic, and Thomas Ince of Baumann & Kessel's New York Motion Picture Corporation, were making the best of these features, among them "The Battle of the Sexes," from Griffith, "The Battle of Gettysburg," from Ince. There were many other features and other corporate names than Continental, the Sappho Feature Film Company for one example. It was a tangle, futile to unravel for history.

D. 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 Aitken banner, was now rather secretly on the road to his greater effort. On February 14, 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 horses, sundry 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's attention by Frank Woods, head of the Mutual's newly formed scenario department. It was in the form of a script for the speaking stage. Griffith's first casual attention had grown into a deep interest.

Griffith was deliberately out to make the world's greatest motion picture. The proclaiming advertisement in the *Dramatic Mirror*, quoted in an earlier chapter, has shown the Griffith hunger for recognition, the force which made him depart from Biograph.

It would require the space of a large volume to tell all of the romance of ambition, politics, and finance involved in the making of "The Clansman." A half a dozen times the completion of the project was threatened when backers, terrified by Griffith's expenditures, refused to continue support. Griffith reached everywhere for money. His struggles are reminiscent of Bernard Palissy, the sixteenth century ceramic artist, burning his very home 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 thought, of course, the money was gone. It was. But it came back, bringing a profit of \$14,000.

The Mutual Film Corporation, through H. E. Aitken the president, became an investor in 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 Aitken had acted without authority and that he must relieve the Mutual of this wild venture. He did. The ensuing profits of that block of stock amounted, Aitken 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.

Hodkinson with his various west coast feature exchanges and various exchange affiliations in Paramount was considered.

Famous Players then also had a big picture in work, "The Eternal City," with Pauline Frederick in the leading rôle, under production by Porter in Rome. It involved some financial problems and many conferences with Paramount. Paramount was rapidly becoming what it 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 sums, possibly \$100,000 in total, and it was going 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 formation of 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 which in 1924 was being met by the special roadshow 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 to discuss distribution of "The Clansman." 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 nigger picture." So does gossip shape the course of history. It was an erroneous judgment, but understandable.

"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 that 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.'"

March 3, 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 motion 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 rôle 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, if 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" must 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 class. 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 \$15,000,000, according to the estimate of J. P. McCarthy, who has put 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]

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Pictures That Talk

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]

asked by exhibitors. And the answer is always ready for them.

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Dr. De Forest's first experiments with recording sounds on film with 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 saxophone. His cheeks puff 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 steers 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 dancer 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, that "The Covered Wagon" may be seen in any theater, no matter how small, with the same musical program that was played with it for more than a year in New York.

Polas, Barbaras and Glorias

[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 in a story must 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 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 it is more subtle. An average girl pictures herself in the place of the alluring heroine on the screen. She wishes that she were that beautiful creature whose career she follows to the usually glorified and idealized conclusion of the story. And what is the result? Imitation."

With this friendly form of envy, the celebrated Spaniard accounts for the prevalence all over the world of the influence of the American picture star. There are as many decided interpretations of her, as there are nations she amuses.

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Etiquette and Fashions of the Film World

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75]

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, at the front door. And the uniformed butler 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 who is anyone 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 member 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 stag 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 pictures made by the star you mentioned aren't 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, sister. Neither Katherine MacDonald nor Mildred Davis has ever been in the Follies. 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 has been engaged in administering motherly care to June Caprice Millarde. Theda Bara retired from the screen and stage. Object, matrimony. 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 spat 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. SUMMERVILLE, 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.

CURIOUS, ALTOONA, PENN.—Ye-es, Miss Curious. At least, well enough. Anna Q. Nilsson's husband is John M. Gunnerson. Shirley Mason's eyes are the color of the sea on a cloudy day in winter. Right. Gray. Hair, like chestnuts in autumn. Shining brown. Right again. You are clever.

LON CHANEY FAN, CHICAGO, ILL.—The actor who has been so fortunate as to win your unqualified admiration, Lon Chaney, has played in "Fires of Rebellion," "The Miracle Man," "The Penalty," "While Paris Sleeps," "All the Brothers Were Valiant," "Quincy Adams Sawyer," "A Blind Bargain," "The Shock," "Shadows," and "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." The stars who appeared in "The Affairs of Anatol" were Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson, Elliott Dexter, Bebe Daniels, Monte Blue, Wanda Hawley, Theodore Roberts, Agnes Ayres, Theodore Kosloff, Raymond Hatton, Julia Faye, Thurston Hall.

R. S., MOBILE, ALA.—The first important event of Hoot Gibson's life was his birth. That occurred at Tekamah, 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 more 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.



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Polo—and the fashionable throngs at Cannes

A. H. S.
30, 1924

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R QUIRK, EDITOR

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WESTERN EDITOR

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No. 3

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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, beginning 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.

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in Advance*

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



Maybe you don't believe this —then try it yourself



As a perspiration deodorant simply douse on clear Listerine with a towel or washcloth. It evaporates quickly and does what you desire.

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).

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**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. To be played at legitimate theatres during season 1924-25.

"MANHANDLED"

Starring GLORIA SWANSON, ALLAN DWAN Production. By Arthur Stringer. Adapted by Frank Tuttle.

ZANE GREY'S

"Wanderer of the Wasteland"

IRVIN WILLAT Production. Jack Holt, Kathryn Williams, Noah Beery, Billie Dove. Adapted by G. C. Hull and Victor Irvin.

"CHANGING HUSBANDS"

With LEATRICE JOY. From "Roles" by Elizabeth Alexander. Directed by Frank Urson and Paul Iribé. Supervised by CECIL B. DE MILLE. Adapted by Sada Cowan and Howard Higgin.

"Monsieur Beaucaire"

Starring RUDOLPH VALENTINO. SIDNEY OLCOTT Production. With Bebe Daniels, Lois Wilson, Doris Kenyon, Lowell Sherman. From Booth Tarkington's novel and the play by Booth Tarkington and E. G. Sutherland. Screen play by Forrest Halsey.

"WORLDLY GOODS"

Starring AGNES AYRES. By Sophie Kerr. Directed by Paul Bern.

"THE ENEMY SEX"

JAMES CRUZE Production. With Betty Compson. Owen Johnson's novel. Adapted by Walter Woods and Harvey Thew.

"The Passionate Journey"

Starring POLA NEGRI. DIMITRI BUCHOWETZKI Production. From a story by Suderman and play by Edward Sheldon. Adapted by Paul Bern.

"THE SIDE-SHOW OF LIFE"

HERBERT BRENON Production. Ernest Torrence, Anna O. Nilsson. From Wm. J. Locke's novel. "The Mountebank" and the play by Ernest Denny. Adapted by Willis Goldbeck and Julie Herne.

"The COVERED WAGON"

JAMES CRUZE Production. By Emerson Hough. Adapted by Jack Cunningham.

"SINNERS IN HEAVEN"

ALAN CROSLAND Production. Bebe Daniels, Richard Dix, by Clive Arden. Screen play by James Creel-man.

REX BEACH'S

"A SAINTED DEVIL"

Starring RUDOLPH VALENTINO with Nita Naldi. JOSEPH HENABERY Production. From "Rope's End." Screen play by Forrest Halsey

"The Man Who Fights Alone"

Starring WILLIAM FARNUM. WALLACE WORSLEY Production. With Lois Wilson. By Wm. Blacke and J. S. Hamilton. Screen play by Jack Cunningham.

"FEET OF CLAY"

CECIL B. DE MILLE Production. Rod LaRocque, Vera Reynolds, Victor Varconi, Julia Faye, Ricardo Cortez, Theodore Roberts. By Margareta Tuttle. Adapted by Beulah Marie Dix and Bertram Milhauser.

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD'S

"The ALASKAN"

Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN. HERBERT BRENON Production. Screen play by Willis Goldbeck.

"OPEN ALL NIGHT"

Viola Dana, Adolphe Menjou, Raymond Griffith, Jetta Goudal. By Willis Goldbeck. From Paul Morand's stories. Directed by Paul Bern.

"HER LOVE STORY"

Starring GLORIA SWANSON, ALLAN DWAN Production. From "Her Majesty, The Queen" by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Adapted by Frank Tuttle.

"EMPTY HANDS"

VICTOR FLEMING Production with Jack Holt. Supported by Norma Shearer. By Arthur Stringer. Scenario by Carey Wilson.

"THE FEMALE"

Starring BETTY COMPSON, SAM WOOD Production. From "Dalla, The Lion Cub." by Cynthia Stockley. Adapted by Agnes Christine Johnston.

"THE FAST SET"

WILLIAM DE MILLE Production. Betty Compson, Adolphe Menjou, Milton Sills, Zasu Pitts, Elliott Dexter. Screen play by Clara Beranger from Frederick Lonsdale's play. "Spring Cleaning."

"DANGEROUS MONEY"

Starring BEBE DANIELS. Adapted from "Clark's Field," by Robert Herrick.

"The Story Without a Name"

IRVIN WILLAT Production. Agnes Ayres, Antonio Moreno. By Arthur Stringer. Adapted by Victor Irvin.

"FORBIDDEN PARADISE"

Starring POLA NEGRI with Rod LaRocque. LUBITSCH Production. From "The Catarina" by Melchior Lengyel and Lagos Biro.

"Merton of the Movies"

Starring GLENN HUNTER. JAMES CRUZE Production. With Viola Dana. From the novel by Harry Leon Wilson and the play by Kaufman and Connelly. Adapted by Walter Woods.

"WHISPERING MEN"

Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN. By Booth Tarkington. Adapted by Paul Sloane.

"UNGUARDED WOMEN"

ALAN CROSLAND Production. Bebe Daniels, Richard Dix, Mary Astor. Story by Lucy S. Terrill. Screen play by James Creel-man.

"THE GOLDEN BED"

CECIL B. DE MILLE Production. Rod LaRocque, Vera Reynolds, Victor Varconi. Screen play by Jeanie Macpherson. From Wallace Irwin's novel.

"MANHATTAN"

Starring RICHARD DIX. R. H. BURNSIDE Production. From "The Definite Object," by Jeffrey Farnol.

"ARGENTINE LOVE"

ALLAN DWAN Production. Bebe Daniels, Ricardo Cortez. By Vicente Blasco Ibanez.

"The Cafe of Fallen Angels"

JAMES CRUZE Production. By Leroy Scott. Adapted by Anthony Cold-eway and Walter Woods.

"The Beautiful Adventurers"

A JAMES CRUZE Production. Star- ring BETTY COMPSON.

"HEADLINES"

Starring RICHARD DIX. Directed by Paul Sloane. Supervised by For- rest Halsey. From "The Jungle Law," by I. A. K. Wylie.

"PETER PAN"

HERBERT BRENON Production. Assisted by Roy Pomeroy. From Sir J. M. Barrie's famous story.

ZANE GREY'S

"THE BORDER LEGION"

VICTOR FLEMING Production with Antonio Moreno.

"TONGUES OF FLAME"

Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN. By Peter Clark Macfarlane. Directed by Victor Fleming.

"NORTH OF 36"

IRVIN WILLAT Production. Jack Holt, Ernest Torrence, Noah Beery, Tully Marshall. By Emerson Hough.

"MISS BLUEBEARD"

Starring BEBE DANIELS. From the play "Little Miss Bluebeard," by Avery Hopwood and Gabriel Dregely. Directed by Frank Tuttle.

"A WOMAN SCORNED"

Starring POLA NEGRI. DIMITRI BUCHOWETZKI Production. From "Those Who Walk in Darkness," by Percy P. Sheehan and the play by Owen Davis.

"PLAYTHINGS OF FIRE"

Starring AGNES AYRES. Directed by Frank Urson and Paul Iribé. By Forrest Halsey.

"WAGES OF VIRTUE"

By Percival Wren. Starring GLORIA SWANSON, ALLAN DWAN Pro- duction. Adapted by Forrest Halsey.

"A BROADWAY BUTTERFLY"

WILLIAM DE MILLE Production. By Clara Beranger.

TRADE MARK



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ADOLPH ZUKOR—PRESIDENT
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—Rockett-Lincoln.—One of the finest and most appealing 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 bull pup and a wonderful horse. Well worth while. (March.)

ARIZONA EXPRESS, THE—Fox.—Whizzing melodrama. Thieves, gunplay, fast trains, 'n' everything. (June.)

AROUND THE WORLD IN THE SPEEJACKS—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 flapper, as typified 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 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. (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. (March.)

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 semi-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.)

CHECHAHCOS—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 breath-taking 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.)

COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH, THE—Asso. 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 father's letters 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, A—First National.—Good story and entertainment, but not worthy of Constance Talmadge's powers. (February.)

DARING YOUTH—Prinicipal.—A racy farce, well enough done, with Bebe Daniels and Norman Kerry. (July.)

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

DAUGHTERS OF TODAY—Selznick.—Another preaching against the flapper, with a few digs about parents who are inclined to flap. (May.)

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—Selznick.—Full of incidents, but just ordinarily good, except for Irene Rich. (March.)

DISCONTENTED 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.)

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—Tuart.—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 May McAvoy. (June.)

ENEMIES OF CHILDREN—Mammoth.—Conventional story of a waif, tiresomely told. (Feb.)

EXCITEMENT—Universal.—One of those wives-who-can't-stay-home films. (June.)

EXTRA GIRL, THE—Sennett.—Chiefly notable because Mabel Normand heads the cast and her pictures are always worth while. (February.)

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

FASHION ROW—Metro.—The best Mae Murray 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 satire on the fire-eating Southerner of the ante-bellum days, remarkably well done. (June.)

FLAMING BARRIERS—Paramount.—An interesting comedy, with a tragic 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.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]

As a special service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE inaugurated this department of tabloid reviews, presenting in brief form critical comments upon all photoplays of the preceding six months.

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

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

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

CUPID'S FIREMAN—Fox.—Charles Jones heroically dashes through flames, saving imperiled women. (February.)

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

DADDIES—Warner Brothers.—A good version of the clever stage play, with Mae Marsh 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.)

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

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Name

Street

City State

"Hokum"

Hazleton, Penn.

Please print this letter in your magazine to let the movie directors know that they are positively overlooking the drama in one respect. Why do they insist upon having pictures broken in a crash as a sign of death upon the screen? To see a photo of the patient drop off the wall for no good reason is silly. That great director, Victor Seastrom, certainly went the limit in "Name the Man." To convey the idea of the old man's death, he spoiled a good piece of stationery with a splotch of ink; then for no reason whatever, had a vase of flowers fall over and finally an old portrait that had hung on the wall for twenty years without accident, fell to the floor.

I was waiting for the chairs to fall apart.

CARL L. KRAUS.

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 perilous 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 newsstand and they always save it for me. I have always been an ardent defender of movie people when anyone intimated that they were not as good as other folks. 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 on 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 and 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

Brickbats & Bouquets

LETTERS FROM READERS

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe 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.

Anna Q. Nilsson, Myrtle Stedman, Enid Bennett, Mary Alden, Huntly Gordon, Lew Cody, Alec Francis, David Powell and several others.

And won't someone give George Hackathorne a chance to do a romantic leading rôle? Speaking of "dependables," that boy certainly deserves the best a producer and a director can give him. I like your terse criticisms in your reviews. They help immensely

GLADYCE 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 beautifully striking, another that she is dashing 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 way 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

Keyesed, 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 please the fans.

Permit me to bring to the attention of the readers of this magazine that excellent and little known actor, Rockliffe Fellowes. In my personal opinion Mr. Fellowes 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. SOUTHMAYD.

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 overstepped "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 *revue*. And next is the press. Some magazines I have read, print stories that should not be allowed to go through the mails. They, 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 No. 4 of January, 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 occasions this letter, because the production is fully Danish, directed and got up by the Danish stage manager, Mr. H. W. Laudberg, and performed by Danish actors, with exception of 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 extravagant modernism. The other stars may do tiresome 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 these actresses have been unjustly criticized and all but condemned, yet they continue to reign supreme among their fans.

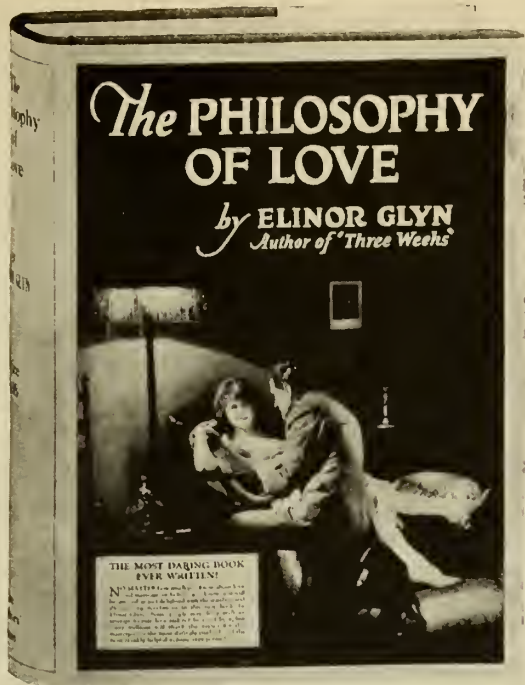
TRIX MACKENZIE.

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 book?

MRS. LOIS W. BROWN.



What Every Man and Woman Should Know

- how to win the man you love.
- how to win the girl you want.
- how to hold your husband's love.
- 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 home nights.
- things that turn men against you.
- how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon.
- the "danger year" of married life.
- how to ignite love—how to keep it flaming—how to rekindle it if burnt out.
- how to cope with the "hunting instinct" in men.
- how to attract people you like.
- why some men and women are always lovable, regardless of age.
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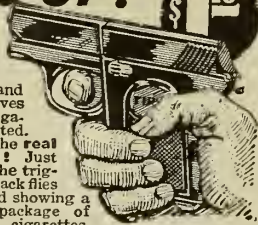
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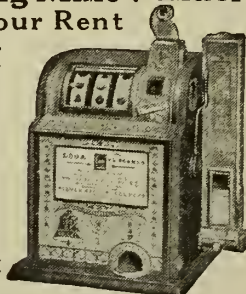
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

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

FOOL'S HIGHWAY—Universal.—A story of the Bowery, excellently done. Characters well drawn and played, with Mary Philbin heading the list. Good entertainment. (May.)

FORTY-HORSE HAWKINS—Universal.—A good comedy well handled, starring Hoot Gibson as a village jack-of-all-trades. (July.)

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. Slapstick, but funny. (June.)

GALLOPING GALLAGHER—F. B. O.—An amateurish Western, Fred Thomson being the redeeming feature. Comedy is awful. (June.)

GAMBLING WIVES—Arrow.—An amazing conglomeration of fast house parties, cabarets and gambling rooms. Just-usual. (June.)

GIRL SHY—Pathe.—All the laughs and all the thrills that one expects in a Harold Lloyd picture. Fun fast and furious from start. (June.)

GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST—F. B. O.—Interesting and human. The novel transferred to the screen by the author herself. (July.)

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

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

GREAT WHITE WAY, THE—Cosmopolitan.—Well worth the money. A personally conducted tour 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 waif adopted by a sea captain. (February.)

HAPPINESS—Metro.—A very thin story, adapted from J. Hartley Manners' play, with Laurette Taylor as the saving grace. For the family. (May.)

HEART BANDIT, THE—Metro.—Viola Dana is good as a tough little crook who is later redeemed by mother love. (March.)

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

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

HERITAGE OF THE DESERT, THE—Paramount.—A Zane Grey story, as good as all his Westerns arc. 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. (June.)

HIS DARKER SELF—Hodkinson.—Framed originally for 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 prize pictures, and up to the standard of the others. The war is in this one. (June.)


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

HOODMAN BLIND—Fox.—An old stage favorite made into a most entertaining picture. Melodrama 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 picture 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 months. (April.)



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ICEBOUND—Paramount.—Another William de Mille etching. Restraint is the keynote. Handled by a less able director, it might have been drab, but he makes it live. (May.)

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

IN THE PALACE OF THE KING—Goldwyn.—A good story, beautifully mounted but carelessly told. 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 Palmer School's prize photoplay, 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" trimmings. Just fair. (May.)

KING OF WILD HORSES—Pathe.—A remarkable picture because of the work of the camera man. Shots of wild horses never equalled. *The Black* a worthy star. (June.)

LADIES TO BOARD—A Tom Mix comedy, with Tony added. Mix pulls a lot of his best stunts. (April.)

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

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 comedy, which is amusing and innocuous. Boarding school scenes 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, excellently acted. (February.)

LILIES OF THE FIELD—First National.—A story of the sisterhood that "toil not, neither do they spin," with Corinne Griffith as the feature. For adults. (May.)

LISTEN LESTER—Principal.—Adapted from a musical comedy popular some years ago and modernized to include bootleggers. Fast and full of tricks. (July.)

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

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 troubles on paper. Two sisters get into all sorts of woes, but few care. (May.)

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

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 Monte Blue and Evelyn Brent. (April.)

LUCRETIA LOMBARD—Warner Brothers.—A good story, but the picture seems flat. Irene Rich scores, as does a forest fire. (March.)

LULLABY, THE—F. B. O.—Jane Novak's best picture. She plays three roles and is excellent in each. (March.)

MAILMAN, THE—F. B. O.—More propaganda for the letter carrier. 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 Adoree 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.)

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—Monogram.—Another Western of the usual type. (February.)

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

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 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 as entertaining. (June.)

MIRACLE MAKERS, THE—Asso. Exhibitors.—The pure-heroine-and-Chinese-den formula. (Feb.)

MILE. MIDNIGHT—Metro.—Mae Murray in a black wig which somehow detracts from her usual allure. Mexican locale and mix-ups. Fair. (July.)

MORAL SINNER, THE—Paramount.—Screen version of "Leah Kleschna" 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, 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 Caine story with the long arm of coincidence stretched out of shape. (February.)

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

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 might see this one. (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 a Western drama with plenty of plot and riding. (June.)

NIGHT MESSAGE, THE—Universal.—Melodrama based on a Southern family feud. Also, pretty well done. (June.)

NO MORE WOMEN—Allied 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 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 crook story. (March.)

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

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

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.)

PIANTOM 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 kind that has made him popular. His riding is worth the price. A very good Western. (May.)

PIED PIPER MALONE—Paramount.—Tom Meighan's new one and as likable as Tom himself Simple and charming. (April.)

PIONEER TRAILS—Vitagraph.—Imitation of "The Covered Wagon" without the virtues of that record-breaker. (February.)

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.)

PREPARED TO DIE—Johnnie Walker.—A good idea gone wrong, except for Eddie Polo. (March.)

PRINCE OF A KING, A—Selznick.—Little Dinky Dean is the star and all children and most grown-ups will like it. (March.)



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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

PURE GRIT—Universal.—The Western formula, with Roy Stewart heading the cast. (March.)

RED WARNING, THE—Universal.—Even Jack Hoxie gets out of breath keeping up with the story in this thriller. (February.)

RENDEZVOUS, THE—Neilan-Goldwyn.—The love story of an American soldier and a Russian princess, delightfully produced by Marshall Neilan. (March.)

RENO—Goldwyn.—Rupert Hughes' argument for a uniform divorce law. For adults. (March.)

RESTLESS WIVES—Commonwealth.—Hard-working husbands, bridge-playing wives and other conventionalities. (March.)

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

RIDGEWAY OF MONTANA—Universal.—Typical Western thriller with hero and virtue winning out. As usual, great riding by Jack Hoxie. (July.)

RIDERS UP—Universal.—An old favorite, Creighton Hale, in a good role. That of a racetrack wastrel whose family thinks he is a good boy. The girl knows he isn't and loves him anyway. Good picture. (July.)

RIDE FOR YOUR LIFE—Universal.—And Hoot Gibson does—for his own and other lives. There's little else to it. (May.)

ROUGH RIDIN'—Approved.—Just a regular Western with lots of action and little novelty. (June.)

ROULETTE—Selznick.—The perils of the gaming table again, but with a good cast. Nothing to get excited about. (May.)

SATIN GIRL, THE—Apollo.—Lady crook fools the whole police force, as usual. (February.)

SECRETS—First National.—A charming picture, with Norma Talmadge as star. Don't miss it. (April.)

SECOND YOUTH—Goldwyn.—A comedy that, instead of being funny, is ludicrous. Just bad, that's all. (June.)

SHADOWS OF PARIS—Paramount.—Pola Negri as an Apache—one of the types she does so well. Well directed. Worth seeing. (May.)

SHEPHERD KING, THE—Fox.—An interesting story of David the Psalmist, done by a capable Italian company. (February.)

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.)

SHOOTING OF DAN MCGREW, THE—Metro.—Only fair, and it should have been excellent, with such a theme and cast. (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.)

SIX-CYLINDER LOVE—Fox.—A light and amusing comedy, well handled, with Ernest Truex doing excellent work. (February.)

SLAVE OF DESIRE—Goldwyn.—Balzac's "The Magic Skin" in celluloid. Rather vague, but Bessie Love and Carmel Myers are good. (February.)

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.)

SONG OF LOVE, THE—First National.—Norma Talmadge as an Arab dancing girl and very much worth while seeing. (March.)

SOUTH SEA LOVE—Fox.—Shirley Mason is good in a mediocre and unconvincing story. (Feb.)

SPORTING YOUTH—Universal.—An auto racing picture of the type Wally Reid used to do, with Reginald Denny as hero. Good. (April.)

STEADFAST HEART, THE—Goldwyn.—Although the story is rather improbable, the capital acting of little Joseph Depew makes it worth while. (March.)

STEPHEN STEPS OUT—Paramount.—The first and only picture of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., for Paramount. And pretty good at that. (February.)

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

STORM DAUGHTER, THE—Universal.—Priscilla 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 feller makes good. (June.)

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

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

TELEPHONE GIRL, THE—F. B. O.—A screen version of the slangy Witwer story, with Alberta Vaughn, a clever comedienne, as the fresh telephone operator. Amusing. (May.)

TELEPHONE GIRL, THE—F. B. O.—Another of the series of hilarious comedies from the short stories of H. C. Witwer, called "The Square Sex." Only fair. (July.)

TEN COMMANDMENTS, THE—Paramount.—One of the greatest pictures ever made. A wonderful entertainment and a marvelous sermon. The color prologue wondrously fine. (February.)

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.)

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 rum pirates provide plenty of laughs. Good entertainment. (March.)

THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING—C. C. Burr.—Unconvincing story, with Constance Binney as a jazz-mad girl who dances beautifully. (May.)

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

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

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

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

THY NAME 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 successive hit. (February.)

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 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.)

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 model of Richard Barthelme in an interesting, but not great, picture. (February.)

TWO WAGGERS, BOTH COVERED—Pathe.—One of Will Rogers' burlesques and a clever one. Great, if you've seen "The Covered Wagon." (April.)

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

UNKNOWN PURPLE, THE—Truett.—Less thrilling than the stage version but nevertheless worth seeing if you like suspense. (February.)

UNTAMED YOUTH—F. B. O.—A pretty good story of a gypsy (Derelys 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 brawn of Buck Jones conquers all wickedness. (May.)

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

WANTED BY THE LAW—Aywon.—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.)

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 Bell Wright story, well made. You will like it if you favor Westerns. (April.)

WHEN ODDS ARE EVEN—Fox.—William Russell wins the mine and the pretty girl again. (Feb.)

WHICH SHALL IT BE—Hoffman.—A picturization of an old poem with real sentiment and heart appeal in it. Very much worth while. (June.)

WHIPPING BOSS, THE—Monogram.—Based on the peonage system. Tells brutal truths but is unpleasant. (February.)

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

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.)

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

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

WILD BILL HICKOK—Paramount. W. S. Hart's return to the screen in a picture filled with gunplay and other stunts his admirers like. (Feb.)

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

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 *Jekyll-and-Hyde* sort of role. A bit gruesome at times, but with redemption at the end. (May.)

WOMAN WHO SINNED, THE—F. B. O.—Melodrama with the hackneyed moral that if a woman leaves her good, faithful husband and chee-ild for a ne'er-do-well, she's bound to be sorry eventually. (July.)

WOMAN TO WOMAN—Selznick.—Betty Compson, always charming, in a picture that grown-ups will like. (February.)

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

YANKEE CONSUL, THE—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—Apollo.—Conventional triangle story with nothing new. (February.)

YOLANDA—Cosmopolitan.—A gorgeous spectacle, beautifully staged, but with a weak story. Worth regular prices, but no more. (May.)

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*.

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*

What particular skin problem are you facing?



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:—

Have you an oily skin?
Blackheads?
A dull, sallow color?



A sallow skin can be roused to color and life by the special Woodbury steam treatment given below.

A sallow skin is a skin that is asleep. Rouse it with this treatment:—

ONCE or twice a week, 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 lather 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.

Complete treatments for each different skin need are given in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today! A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks.

Tear out the coupon at the left, and send for a trial-size set of these three famous Woodbury skin preparations!

We want you to see how much good even a week of the right Woodbury treatment will do your skin. Therefore, for ten cents and the coupon at the left we will send you—

A trial-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.
A sample tube of Woodbury's Facial Cream.
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder.
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch".

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 508 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.
English address: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.

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THE
ANDREW
JERGENS CO.
508 Spring Grove Ave.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

I enclose ten cents for a trial-size set of the famous Woodbury skin preparations.

Name
Street
City
State

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.



Edward Thayer Monroe

New Pictures

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"



Edwin Bower Hesser

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



Russell Ball

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



Edward Bower Hesser

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"



Wm. Eglinton

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



Apeda

"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



Pach Bros.

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"



"She is gloriously paintable, Mrs. Jollyco. I've never seen a more beautiful complexion!"

Let this simple truth guide you to natural beauty

EVERY woman should rightly make a special effort to maintain a beautiful complexion. But this effort may cause you to overlook one simple truth—soap's function is to *cleanse*, not to cure or to transform.

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 Soap is pure—that it contains no medicaments, no coloring matter, no strong perfumes. If we had felt that any additional 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 washing 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, lovely, natural color. For unusually dry skins, the use of a small amount of pure cold cream is recommended. This simple treatment is effective, safe and economical.



IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% PURE

IT FLOATS

The millions of friends of Ivory and the multitude 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.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

PHOTOPLAY

August, 1924



Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

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 sensationally out from the Sahara she stopped traffic everywhere. Francis X. Bushman arose at such the sky-rocket rate of Valentino. Both Theda and Francis are now in eclipse, while Lillian 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, decrepit 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 stacomb 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, bleats and bungles off. And the Tillies down front resume their chewing gum with a mumbled, "For Gossakes, I never knew he was like that, didcha 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 blandly 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 Jacques 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 Wootsie.

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 pointed yellow on white to match the yellow flannel sleeveless jacket and skirt. The hat is yellow milan



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



The Enchanted Cottage of Dick,



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 beach close to "D. W.'s" famous studio

Photographs by Russell Ball



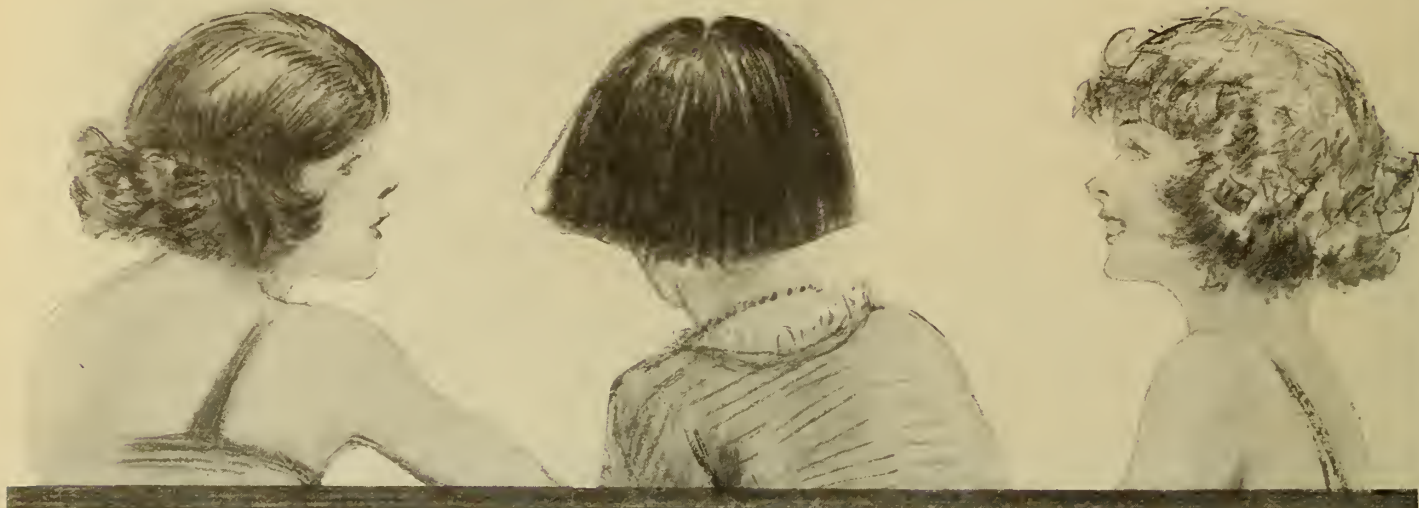
Mary, and Mary II Barthelmess

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 to good purpose in the enjoyable task of putting the estate in shape

Photographs by Russell Ball



It Isn't the Original Cost of



Bobbed Hair Adds a New Item of

IF it costs a man \$25 a year to maintain a \$5 derby, how much does it cost a woman to support a \$5 bob?

The answer is anywhere from \$2 a week up, mostly "up." Estimates vary, but film stars and beauty experts agree that bobbed hair has introduced the item of "overhead" into the feminine budget.

But while a few, like Billie Burke, are sorry they did it, most of them wouldn't go back to long hair, in spite of the trouble and expense. Even those who bobbed in haste and are repenting at leisure aren't letting it grow. Anita Stewart is, but she is one of the rare exceptions.

Seven million American women had bobbed hair when this was written. The number will be nearer eight million by the time it is printed, so fast is the vogue spreading. Expert hairdressers who specialize in the fashionable bobs are booked for days or weeks ahead; women are shunning the ordinary barber's clumsy efforts and seeking the specialists. Some of the famous New York artists have customers come from as far as Chicago, to be sure that they get the particular kind of bob, Dutch, boyish or clubbed, which will set off their individuality to best advantage.

Whoever does the bobbing, that is only the first cost. When it comes to maintenance, even the girl with naturally curly hair finds that she has to spend either time or money, or usually both, every week or two, to look her best. And the straight-haired girl—O, pity her! Especially at the seashore in the summer, when heat and humidity combine to make the daily marcel imperative and twice-a-day desirable.

Lucky is the straight-haired girl whose face is best set off by the simple Dutch bob. She merely has to have the ends trimmed every week or two. But few have this type of features, fewer still have curly hair. With the



Fifteen dollars a day—that's the penalty Norma Talmadge must pay for her bobbed hair charm



Anita Stewart is letting it grow again. She has not found freedom from hair bondage, she intimates

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 re-curled 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,



Gloria Swanson is one of the lucky ones who look their best in the straight boyish bob as here depicted



Billie Burke wishes she'd never done it. Dressing shorn locks takes too much of her time, she says

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 water-waved, 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 can charge just as high prices." Whether a missionary should have bobbed hair was 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 100]



"I have gambled with life and lost," said the hero of Photoplay's short story—and here is Percy Marmont in this moment of the film version—ZaSu Pitts on the right



"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.



Photo taken by Gene Kornman especially for PHOTOPLAY

Presenting Mildred Gloria Lloyd

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.



A synopsis of preceding chapters of "The Story Without a Name" will be found at the end of this instalment

The Story Without a Name

By Arthur Stringer *Author of "Phantom Wires," "The Wire Tappers," "Empty Hands," "Manhandled" and other stories.*

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

Chapter III

ALAN HOLT lay back in the plane cock-pit, 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 flight, 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



Alan catapulted his pinioned body against Drakma, who sent him falling backward with a blow to the jaw. Drakma caught the girl and sent her reeling into the corner, where she lay stunned

\$5,000 in Cash for a Title

Read the conditions on the following page

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 cock-pit, 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.

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

Rules for the Great Cash-Radio Contest

Do you want \$2,500? 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 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 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.

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

second prize will be \$1,000; the third \$500; \$100 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 best 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 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 installments 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 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.

Conditions of Contest

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE wants a title for a story written by Arthur Stringer, which started last month in 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

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 August Installment.....

Name of Contestant.....

Street Number.....

City.....State.....

Reason for selecting title and sub-title.....

.....

.....

.....

.....



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, canting 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

"It can't be for long, Alan," said the girl, "and we're doing it for a flag that these men daren't even fly"

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

rough hands on his body before he could recover himself and fend off his assailants. He found himself jerked and dragged about the narrow deck of the boat and thrust into the low-roofed cabin, where two burly seamen held him against the wall while a third man bound him hand and foot with a coil of ship rope. Nor did it add to Alan's peace of mind to discern the water-soaked pilot from the wrecked sea-plane come and stand above him with a smile of triumph on his face. He could ask for nothing but violence, he knew, from the uncouth quartette confronting him. But he was touched with perplexity, as the launch backed away and took up her course across the dusky water, by both their silence and their passivity. They let him lie in his cushioned seat-corner, without so much as a spoken word to him. And as they searched the twilight water and sped on their way a sense of still darker things impending took possession of the helpless man in the cabin-corner.

He did not, however, remain long in doubt as to the nature of those eventualities. For, after half an hour's speeding over an oily swell, he found the power suddenly shut off and the craft in which he rode nosing up beside a sea-going yacht that lay low in the water, as sleek and long and narrow as an otter.

Alan could hear the exchange of muttered greetings as they drifted alongside, the thump of a thrown rope-end, the authoritative call of a deeper voice from the yacht deck. He was seized bodily, the next moment, and thrust unceremoniously up over the burnished deck-rail, where still other hands grasped him and half-hauled and half-carried him into a spacious enough cabin where he stood blinking under the brilliance of the clustered electric lights.

The first thing that impressed him was the luxuriousness of his surroundings. And the second thing that came home to him, as one of the seamen cut away the ropes binding his legs, was the knowledge that he was being studied by a thick-shouldered man seated behind a highly polished hardwood table. Alan, as he heard the cabin door close behind him, turned and inspected this man,

inspected him with a stare as his own. He saw a swarthy and black-bearded face in which were set a pair of equally dark and slightly reptilious eyes. These eyes, during the silence that ensued, continued to study the newcomer, to study him with a slight but sustained air of mockery.

"You don't remember me?" finally said the deep voiced man behind the table. His position behind the table, oddly enough, tended to give him a juridical air, like that of a magistrate on his bench.

"Quite well," retorted his prisoner, a flash of defiance on his fatigue-hollowed face.

"Go on!" prompted the other, with his curtly ironic laugh.

"You're Mark Drakma, the spy who slinks about Washington posing as a wealthy planter," cried out Alan Holt, burning with the indignities to which he had that day been subjected, "the spy who's ready to traffic in the military secrets of my country or any other country."

"Go on!" again prompted the man at the table.

"And if I'm not greatly mistaken you're the head of one of the widest and rottenest aggregations of rum-runners along all our Atlantic coast."

"I can't deny the soft impeachment," assented the man with the one-sided smile. "And I find it a very profitable occupation, as you may judge by the comfort of this craft which you are honoring with your presence."

"It will be a very brief visit," asserted Alan.

"On the contrary, I'm afraid it may prove a very prolonged one. For we may as well get down to cases, Alan Holt, and find out how we stand here. You are not so thick-headed, I assume, as not to have an inkling of why I have arranged this little meeting."

The suavity went out of his face as his narrowed gaze met and locked with the gaze of the other man.

"I know why I was brought here, just as I know, now, you were the man who stole my first triangulator model," was Alan's deliberated retort. "But before we go into that, I want to know just what you have done with Mary Walsworth."

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 converger which you proposed 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 that instrument 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.

Drakma's face darkened at that, but he still held himself in.

"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 trifle 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 will make it their business 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 of the thievery out of 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 swarther 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.

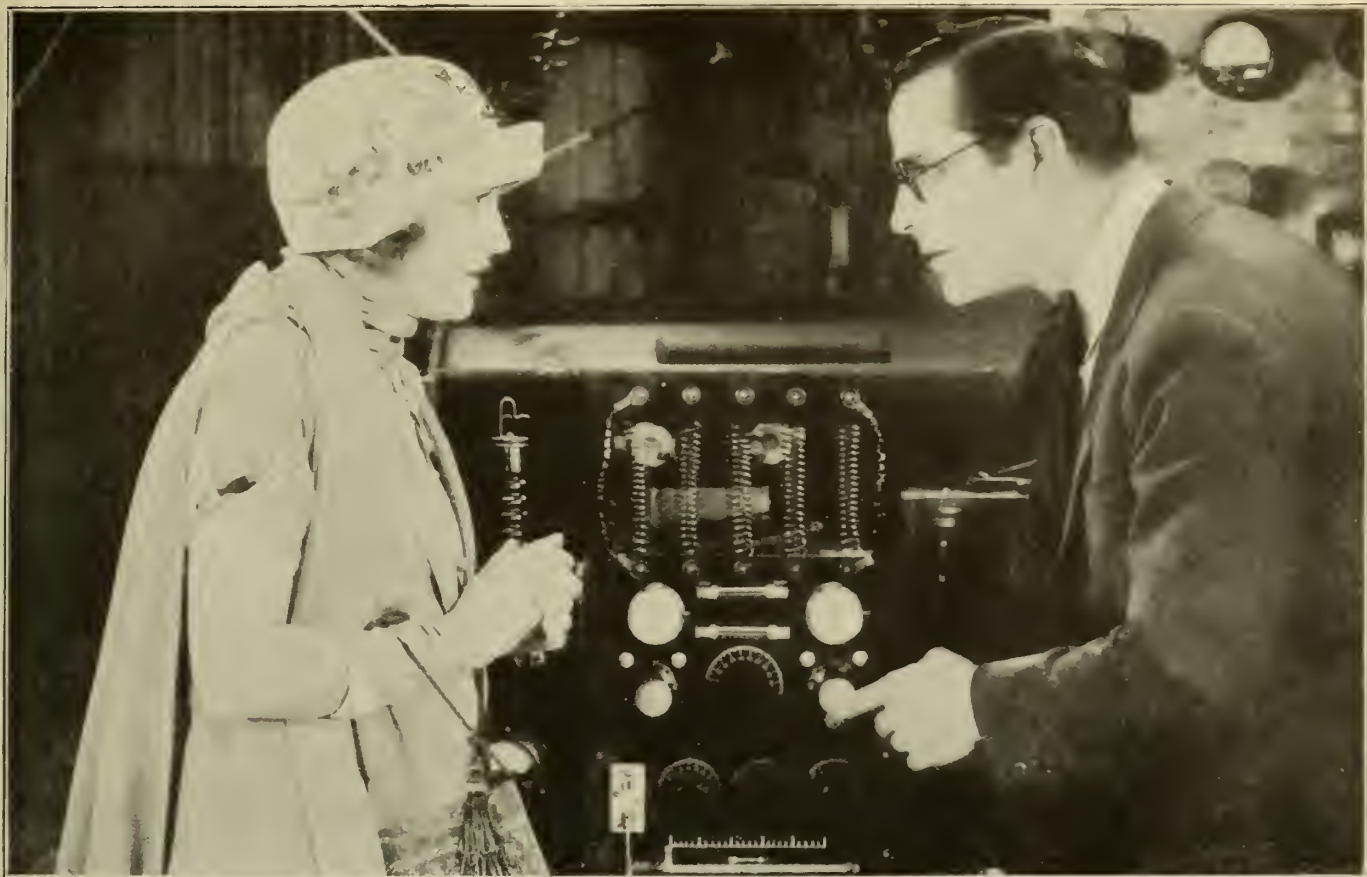
"Can't I?" thundered the other, with a sudden eruption of anger. "Can't I?" he repeated as his great fist struck the defiant white face. Then he seized his pinioned prisoner and thrust him back until he held him by the throat, skewered against the cabin-wall. There the huge fist again drew back and descended on the helpless face, leaving a small trickle of blood along the clenched jaw. Then in an increasing ecstasy of rage he flailed the trussed 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's master of this situation. I may [CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]

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 Walsworth (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"



Gertrude Olmsted's evening slippers — simple sandal lines, cut low at arch, high French heels, simplicity and comfort



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



Colleen Moore's favorite "comfort" shoe—brown suede sandal with medium heels



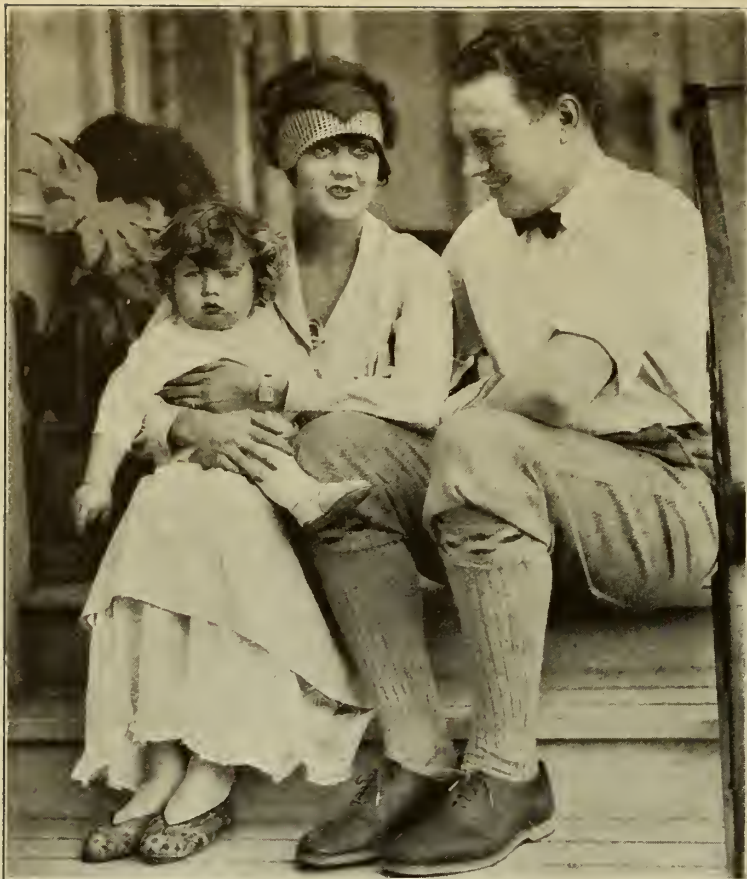
French walking slippers for Lois Wilson: beige kid, trimmed with straps of coffee kid



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



Russell Ball

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

Odds & Ends the Camera Caught

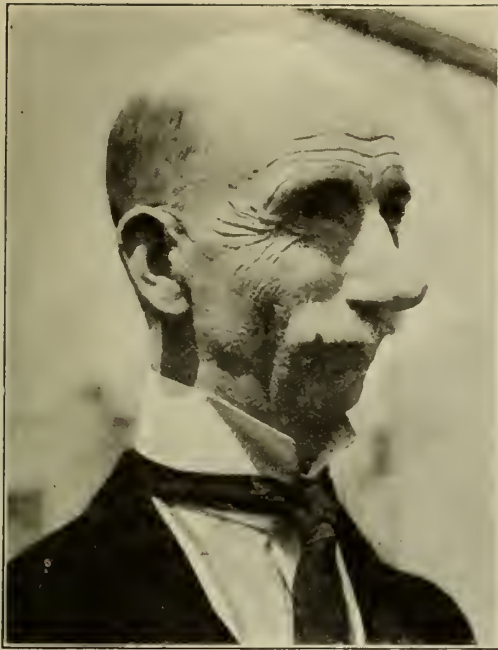
It's a busy life and a varied one for the man who turns the crank. If his brain registers all the impressions the lens does it must be a veritable museum of the unusual and the bizarre, with some nooks of beauty and sentiment, also. These photographs show some of the cameraman's recent observations in Hollywood's Curiosity Shop.



Here we have Jacqueline Logan completely baffled. She has "May" the baby camel born on the Lasky 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"

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





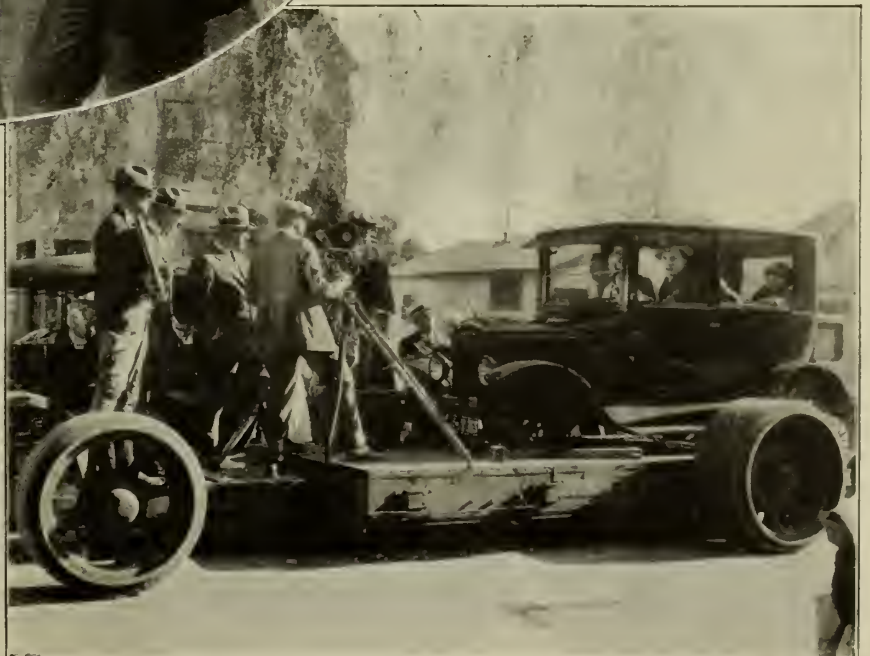
The chinless wonder, Mr. Andrew Gump, transferred to the screen in the person of Joe Murphy. Think of having to model that putty nose every morning!



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 Madge 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

By Herbert Howe

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 Buchowetski 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.

Buchowetski 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, necessitous to the great artist, combined with the most brilliant technique of any American actress. "No: versatile—but sublime in her *genre*."

IREALIZED 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 actress 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 sleeps 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 thrumming laboriously. Central cut in every little while to ask Miss Terry if she had her party. Alice, becoming indignant, demanded to know if [CONTINUED ON PAGE 103]

What Tom's Pal Thinks of Him



George Ade was once heard to say, "If I was in a tight place I'd rather have Tommie Meighan by my side than any man alive," and John McCormack chipped in and said, "He's my favorite audience. God bless him." There is no man in pictures who has so many men friends. Statesmen, bankers, novelists, world-famous artists, waiters—all swear by him—and his loyalty to them is so deep and unswerving that it is a tribute to human nature

Above—Booth Tarkington, one of his most intimate friends, and Tom. Taken just before a golf battle. At right—A sketch of Tom in "The Alaskan," his next and, from reports, one of his best pictures, drawn from life by James Montgomery Flagg—THE EDITOR

By Booth Tarkington

NOT long ago I walked across the exercise ground in Sing Sing prison with the warden and Thomas 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.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



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.



THOSE WHO DANCE—First National

HERE is a compelling topical melodrama, moving through a maze of bootleggers, hijackers, police pursuit, gats and jazz. George Kibbe Turner's story has been developed into a thriller that holds, being well directed and admirably played, with almost the best cast of the year. It is the story of a young girl who sets out to save her young brother from the electric chair. He has been "framed" by bootleggers and the girl masquerades as a woman of the underworld to get the real evidence. Director Lambert Hillyer has developed his melodrama with consistency and a regard for the probabilities. Blanche Sweet is emotionally excellent as the girl who poses as a denizen of the half world. Even better is Bessie Love in a superb characterization of the bootlegging gang leader's flapper wife.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



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 Tressilian* 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 does as well as any one in the films 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.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

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"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 121



WANDERER OF THE WASTELAND—Paramount

THIS visualization of Zane Grey's romance, filmed in natural colors in and about Death Valley, is of unusual significance. Not that the making of photoplays in colors has arrived—yet. But "Wanderer of the Wasteland" is the most interesting step away from the black-and-white.

This film, done by the Technicolor process, catches the remarkable natural colorings of the arid American desert in a way that is, at times, breath taking in its beauty. There are scores of dazzling camera shots, notably one of the characters with a background of drifting sands and blue skies. Color photography—if it is perfected—is likely to bring about a complete readjustment of values, in photography, in make-up, and so on.

This story of Zane Grey is more or less indifferent. *Adam Larey*, a young pioneer prospector, becomes involved in a fight with his ne'er-do-well brother and accidentally kills him, or so it seems at the moment. *Larey* flees into the desert, has many narrow escapes and finally comes to live with an old miner. Still believing himself a hunted man, he pushes on to California. There *Larey* finds the girl he has loved and decides to go back to face the authorities. But a return discloses the fact that the old settlement has passed away. Then, too, his brother is still alive. So *Larey* pushes on again to California—and the girl.

"Wanderer of the Wasteland" is directed in a workmanlike way by Irvin Willat, who deserves great credit. It is well played, particularly by Noah Beery, who makes the figure of the happy-go-lucky old prospector a graphic one. Here is a pioneer to take his place beside Ernest Torrence's famous old guide of the plains. It is a fine performance in every way. Jack Holt is excellent, too.



BROADWAY AFTER DARK—Warner

ANOTHER 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 gay society. 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-stenog. 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, licker on the hip and playful philandering with the villain. Betty Compton 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 Compton's work isn't particularly good.



THE FIRE PATROL—Chadwick

CALCULATED to stampede the smaller theaters where Chokum 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 hoi polloi. 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 unknissed bride—all are here.



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.



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.



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 every one. 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]



Though she doesn't know who Hedda Gabler is, and would like to get a glimpse of Pola Negri, Jobyna Ralston has certainly arrived in pictures



"Not good for little girls," says the physical instructor of the above exercise. But Jobyna isn't deterred by that

The Discovery of Jobyna Ralston

Out of the Tennessee hills,
the direct lineal descendant
of an Easter rabbit, says—

Herbert Howe

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 matinees.

"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 Tennessean 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 Ga—a-bler—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! Wern'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]

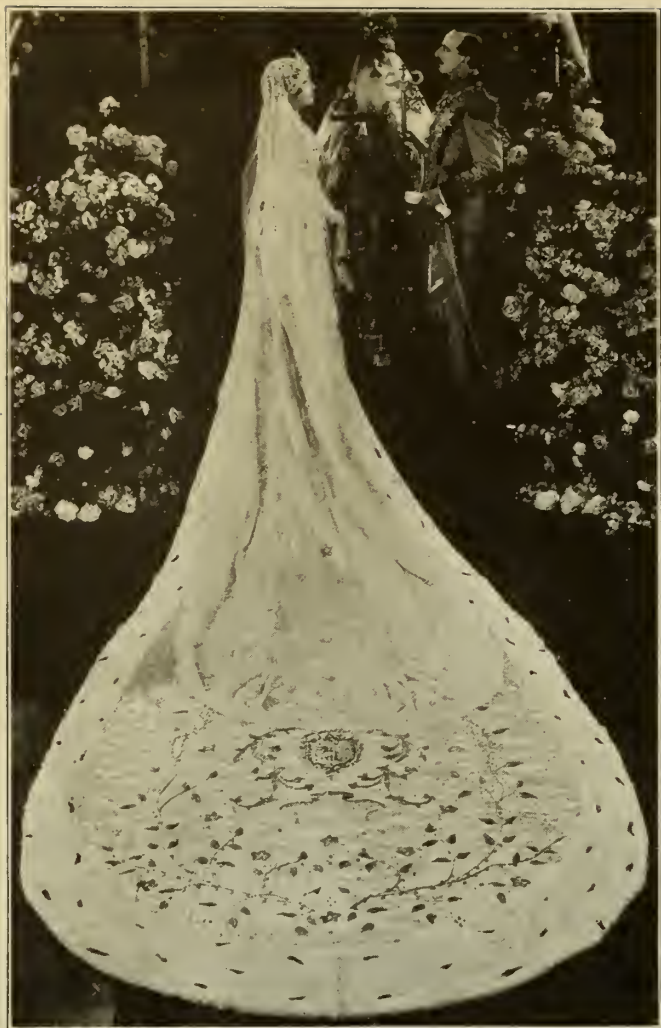


A PPEARANCES are often deceiving, but if Doug isn't saying something sweet right in Mary's ear, what in the world is she smiling for? Looks as if the perennial honeymooners are still honeymooning. And just think! They've been married more than five years. Who said matrimony is the end of romance! The photograph was posed especially for PHOTOPLAY.

Studio News

By Cal York

Written from the inside of
the Hollywood and New York Studios.
If you read it here it's so



When a queen marries. Gloria Swanson wears this \$100,000 wedding outfit—gold, jewels, coronet—in "Her Love Story"

THE first day that Agnes Ayres appeared at the Famous Players-Lasky studio on Long Island to play her part in "The Story Without a Name," which is running serially in PHOToplay, she created a sensation. It was her first appearance in New York after a long sojourn in California and never had any seen her look so radiantly beautiful. The little leading woman of the great radio romance at once became the center of interest. Word passed from set to set, in the mysterious way that words do pass around in a huge studio, that "Agnes looks simply stunning." Everybody had to "have a look," and "everybody" included all in the studio from messenger boys to stars of the first magnitude. Those who know her rushed up to welcome her and express their admiration. Others simply revealed their good wishes by admiring glances cast in her direction. It was a triumph for the dainty beauty and a tribute that could be expected from movie people to one of their own. All of which goes to prove that they are a pretty human, kindly lot of individuals after all.

HERE is a secret that will surprise the "hard-boiled." Antonio Moreno suffers from stage fright. The leading man of "The Story Without a Name," the \$5,000 PHOToplay radio romance, was the unhappiest man on the entire Atlantic Coast the first day of filming the picture at the Famous Players-

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



All the privacy of a goldfish! Enid Bennett penning a few words to husband Fred Niblo between the scenes of "The Sea Hawk." Milton Sills and Wallace Beery have a few suggestions to offer

and Gossip East and West

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 delightful 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 carking 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.



A married looking picture! However, they're not, but Matt Moore and Patsy Ruth Miller are reported engaged



"You wretch!" says Merton Pettigill—otherwise Glenn Hunter—registering scorn for the dummy "villain." He now steps from his stage triumph, "Merton of the Movies," to the screen version

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 more amazing and more heart-breaking than any ever conceived by the world-famous playwrights who sat in the audience.

On the stage, Frank Keenan, great character 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 disturbance 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 manager, 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-faced 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



This happy picture of Percy Marmont is offered as a novelty. Since he played the tragedy of Mark Sabre in "If Winter Comes" the photographers have kept him brooding and sad



What motor cop could do his duty here? Miss Anita Stewart, from a scene in "Celebrityes," the new picture series showing "Famous People as You Seldom See Them"

performance of her husband's little play. She had gone to the club, attended a dinner party, and sat through the comedies that preceded her husband's act in the best of spirits. The audience was a brilliant and elegantly dressed one. Norma Talmadge and her mother, with a party of guests, were there. Jeanie MacPherson, a special friend of the Keenans, had a party which included a number of well known authors. Mary O'Connor was entertaining a party of celebrities. When Mrs. Keenan, feeling suddenly faint, asked her escort to help her out, she did it quietly, not to disturb anyone. As they walked along the aisle, she suddenly collapsed. Death was due to cerebral hemorrhage.

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 office, in the same chair, 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 Taafe 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 Taafe 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 vying 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



Is there anybody in this world who, at some time in his life, never stuck his tongue out in derisive fashion? Farina is doing a mighty good job of this ancient pastime

CHARLIE CHAPLIN has been sued for \$50,000 by Leo Loeb, a soldier in the marine barracks at Fort Misslin, Pennsylvania, on the grounds that Chaplin's great comedy, "Shoulder Arms," was based upon [CONTINUED ON PAGE 90]



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

Eight years ago she deliberately disappeared. Photoplay found her living in seclusion, and now she's coming back to the screen

By Frederick James Smith

IT 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 important 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 con-

siderable size, overlooks the city reservoir ravine.

I knocked at the door and a woman of middle age responded. When I saw her I knew my search was ended. She resembled Mary Fuller remarkably. Across, on a small table, I noted a velvet tam, such as Miss Fuller used to wear in motion pictures.

I stated my errand—that PHOTOPLAY was seeking Mary Fuller—and Mrs. Fuller admitted that she was the ex-star's mother.

"How did you find us?" she asked in amazement. "Mary has been so careful to cover every avenue of search. Even her bankers and lawyers, in New York, were instructed to keep her address a secret."

I was ushered into the living room, where two portraits of Miss Fuller, taken in the Edison days, alone revealed the fact of the presence of the actress.

Still, even the telling of my three months' search failed to move Mrs. Fuller. It would be impossible to see Miss Fuller that night. She had not revealed her identity to anyone in years. Tomorrow, maybe. Would I telephone at 9:30 in the morning?

Fearing that Miss Fuller would probably decline to see me, I taxied to the house the next morning.

"That wasn't fair," Mrs. Fuller expostulated in greeting me. "Mary was going to talk to you over the 'phone. Still, you've earned an interview. I'll find out if she will see you."

While I waited I gazed about. Gardeners were at work in the big yard. The old house, with its big rose trellised porch, was a quaint haven of seclusion. It seemed cruel to tear Miss Fuller away from all this.

After what seemed an interminable delay, I heard someone coming down stairs. Turning, I saw

Mary Fuller for the first time in ten years, for the first time since I had interviewed her at the old Edison studios.

She was very little changed. I felt that time had passed her by, until I stopped to realize that she is still in her early thirties, thirty-three to be exact.

Ten years had passed—and yet there she was before me almost exactly as I had last seen her. She was even wearing a wide ribbon about her hair just as I last remembered her. Exactly as before, too, it accentuated her brown eyes—large and untroubled. Somehow she seemed to fit the strangely old fashioned room. Even the roses outside the windows oddly fitted the picture.

"I should be angry with you," she began. "You have destroyed the barrier I have built up so carefully."

"When I left pictures, back in 1916, I felt that I had gone as far as I could, with my knowledge and viewpoint of that time. I didn't want to go backward—so I quit! I never intended it as a definite withdrawal. I have always planned to come back and, now that you have found me, I can tell you that my return to films will be soon."

"Why did you hide yourself away so carefully?" I asked.

"I wanted to rest, forget and study. I was very fortunate in the old days. Salaries were not like those of today, but I invested all my money—and invested it carefully. I am comfortably fixed—financially, at least—for the rest of my life. I never need worry on that score."

"I have made several trips about [CONTINUED ON PAGE 125]



Campbell

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"



Waxman

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



Waxman

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?

A YEAR ago Florence Vidor was a wallflower beauty. Today she is the toast of Hollywood.

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

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

And everybody wants to know how it happened. Is it because of some deep, vital change in Florence herself? Is it because she has freed herself from an incompatible husband? Or is it that the day of the sensuous vamp and the pert flapper is waning and the womanly woman is coming into her own again?

Personally, I think it is a little of all three.

Be that as it may, the most talked of event in Hollywood today, and one of its greatest surprises, is the transformation of placid, reserved Florence Vidor into the most sought after beauty in the film colony.

It had become part of Hollywood tradition that Florence Vidor had none of the so-called screen sex appeal. A nice, lovely, fine little woman — which in this day and age is the acme of damning with faint praise. The men admitted her beauty, in a luke-warm, half-hearted sort of way. But there was no real enthusiasm back of it. It was the same kind of admiration they admitted for Dickens' novels. Yes, she was exquisite. Yes, she was awfully sweet. Yes, she was extremely intelligent. Whereupon they disappeared on the trail of someone who was neither exquisite, nor sweet, nor intelligent.

Her reputation was a credit to the industry. Everybody liked her. You never heard a word against her. She was looked up to, respected, admired. She had a circle of friends, mostly women and their husbands, who swore by her. A great many people agreed that she was actually the greatest beauty in pictures. But—but—well, you just couldn't imagine the men raving over her as they raved over Corinne Griffith, or Bebe Daniels, or Connie Talmadge. Nobody ever switched place cards to sit next to her at dinner. Nobody ever compromised her by a misplaced madness of devotion. She didn't even collect that adoring circle of younger girls that worships at the feet of Mary Pickford and Norma Talmadge.

On the screen it was the same story. Her great beauty, her consistently fine acting, her rare good breeding, her taste and intelligence, won her a quiet measure of appreciation and security. But she never caught the popular fancy. Women with so much less swept by her to hectic acclaim from the multitudes.

When Jim Abbe, one of the greatest of modern photographers, came to Hollywood, I took him to photograph Mrs. Vidor. As we drove up before her stately house, I told him that I considered her the most beautiful woman I knew.

I remember how she looked, too, in a frock of apricot pink satin, with her madonna coiffure of shining brown hair, and her gardenia skin.

As we drove away, I said, "Well, isn't she perfectly beautiful?"

Jim Abbe finished lighting a cigarette, and then with great indifference, he answered, "Yes, but what of it?"

That remark crystallized the general feeling of men about Florence Vidor.

She just had no lure, that was all.

Now for Minnie Smith or Susie Jones, here, there, and everywhere about these United States, that may not matter so much.

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 buttonholed 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 telegraph poles to catch 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 adored 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 lilies 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?"

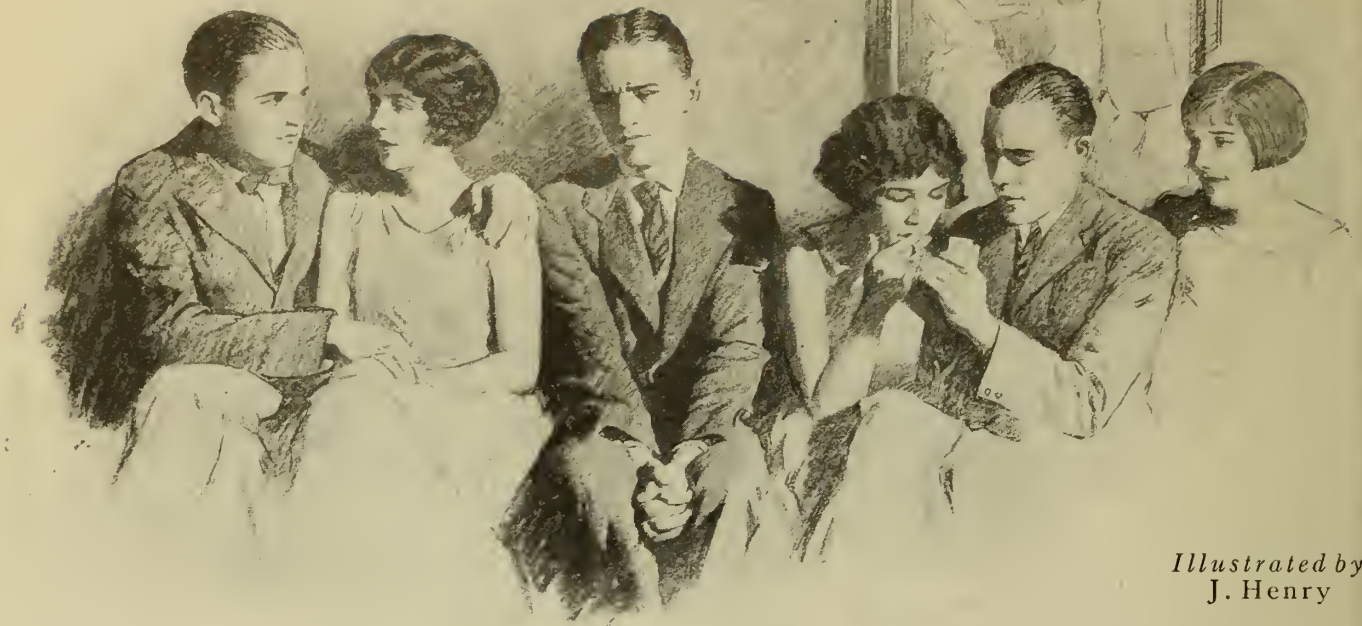
That isn't the answer. Mrs. Vidor's popularity is general. Her name is never connected with any man's. She has managed to become the most sought after woman in Hollywood, and still maintain an unassailable reputation. Only women don't leave her alone with their husbands in the confident way they used 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

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 105]

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)

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 silvering 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 confoundedly 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 staggering 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 it 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 ribald diversion; it was there that he learned she had muscles of steel, a quick eye and perfect coordination. She trounced him soundly—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—

"Thank you so much for a delightful afternoon, Mr. Sims. I do hope I shall see you later."

He groaned. His fleeting glimpse of the unreserve 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 rôle of in-between—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 gulf 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 jellybean 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."

Before his eyes a metamorphosis occurred: the flapper fled and a woman supplanted her: a clear-eyed, radiantly happy woman, who put her arms around his neck and offered him her lips



"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 reasons . . . well, anyway . . . Miss Mason, do you trust me?"

"Why, yes."

"You believe that I am a gentleman?"

"I don't believe anything else."

"Miss Mason . . . I wonder if you . . . that is . . . Miss Mason, will you take me with you on a petting party?"

The girl blinked—her first thought was that the man had gone suddenly insane. "A petting party!" she exclaimed. "With you?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"But—" her eyes twinkled—"you couldn't pet."

"Hmph! Try me. Really, this isn't idle curiosity. I have a very valid reason for this—er—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," judiciously, "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—"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 109]

Announcing GRACE CORSON, Fashion



Suit from ROMEO DE LALLA

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 pinseal 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



Fur from JAECKEL

This view of the beige tailleur shows the unusual revers, the nipped-in waistline, satin vest and crystal buttons

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 concocting 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, well 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]

Authority



Grace
Corson

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 shippers and a total lack of jewelry



Cloak from JAECKEL

Smart black satin and ermine afternoon cloak with novel close-fitting hip lines and loose back. Long hip sash



Informal evening gown of gold crepe; metal gardenias at shoulder. A smart costume for the supper club



Fur from JAECKEL

Black alpaca suit. Mannish waistcoat, crystal buttons. Jacket lining, waistcoat and Japanese marten fur of vivid yellow

Most Complete and Authoritative

The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

By Terry Ramsaye



© Underwood & Underwood

Pancho Villa insisted that he always be shown riding at the head of a column of soldiers—his idea of glory in the movies

Chapter XXIX

PANCHO VILLA, Mexico's "man on horseback," bandit, rebel and patriot, was riding, silver spurred and merry with conquest and sin, at the head of his tatterdemalion legions on to Juarez.

There was a hint of the coming of the Mexican springtime in the air. The yuccas were greening in promise of the spires of white bell blossoms that would soon dance above the bayonet leaves of the thickets of La Mula Pass.

The dream of glory that ever rides ahead of the "man on horseback" rode with the bold, brave Pancho, friend of the people, military heir-apparent to the kingdom of oil and gold and tobacco.

"Viva, Viva Panchito!"

It was a day of triumph, drunk with the ardor of the Mexican sun and—*aguardiente*.

With Villa rode Ortega and Rodriguez, he that was known as "the butcher." Natera and Monclovio Herrera were on the way. Wondrous names of romance, these, the lieutenants and compatriots of Pancho, the rebel chief.



Louis and Auguste Lumiere, two Frenchmen, gave their name to the film of their invention, and it has long been a dominating one throughout the motion picture world



At right—a strip of the first Lumiere film ever taken—M. and M. me. Auguste Lumiere and their little girl

Story of Pictures Ever Written

HERE is a chapter of revelations, telling now 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 gravely 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 proscenium 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



Lottie Pickford took the lead in "The Diamond from the Sky," which Sister Mary turned down. But Mary rightly figured that serial stunts weren't conducive to enduring film fame. Besides, she got a big raise by refusing



Samuel Rothafel made motion picture theaters a place for flowers, music and art instead of an auditorium with a screen and rows of seats

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 hand, 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 interested, 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

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 Americanese. The cameraman was put over the border with a blessing and advice that afternoon.

It probably would have been pleasanter 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 Torreón 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]

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 laughs, 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 Sangster

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 123½ 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

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

221 W. 57th Street, New York City

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

NAME OF PICTURE

Name _____

Address _____

Abraham Lincoln
Acquittal
Anna Christie
Ashes of Vengeance
Bad Man
Big Brother
Bright Shawl
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
Hottentot
Human Wreckage
Lunchback of Notre Dame
If Winter Comes
Light that Failed
Little Old New York
Long Live the King
Merry-Go-Round
Only 38
Penrod and Sam
Potash and Perlmutter
Richard the Lion-Hearted
Rosita
Ruggles of Red Gap
Scaramouche

Spanish Dancer
Spoilers
The Ten Commandments
To the Ladies
To the Last Man
Trilby
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 poise 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





It gives the nails a lovely rose brilliance

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 smooth 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.

THE COMPLETE MANICURE —

Send 12c for Introductory Set

First shape the nails with the Cutex emeryboard. 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.

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 _____

A Leading Man whose Ambition is to have Long Pants



He's only thirteen, is Ben Alexander, but "Boy of Mine" proved that age alone does not make an actor. At left, with Henry Walthall in a scene from that picture.

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 rôles 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, 'sfar as I could see. Had long, yellow hair

By Ivan St. Johns

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

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 sky-rocket 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 but 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 subtle charm of complexion

Do you use the wrong shade of powder?

By MME. JEANNETTE

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 shade 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

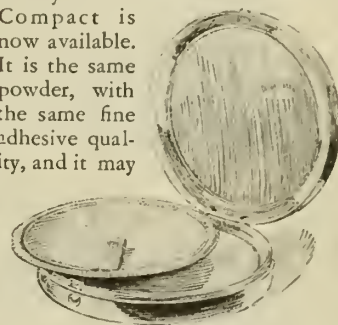
Also Made in Canada

POMPEIAN
Beauty Powder



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.

Mme. Jeannette

Specialiste en Beauté

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 _____

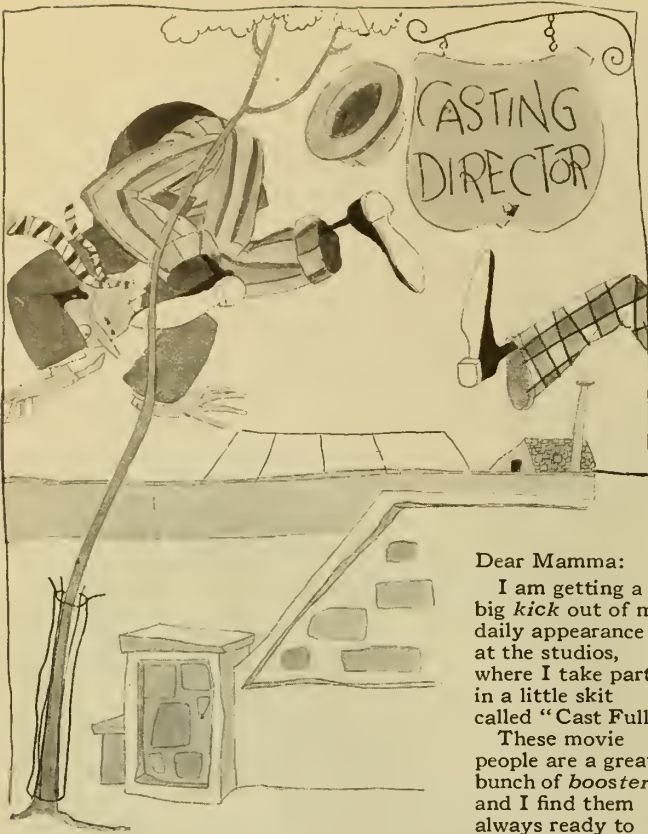
Please check the two shades desired for test

Naturelle Rachel Flesh White

Hollywood Writes Home

Old folks get reports
of progress from rising stars
on movie frontier!

By H. W. Haenigsen



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 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 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 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.

"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 just to see what a single week will do

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 gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. *Then repeat both the washing and rinsing.* If your skin is inclined to dryness, apply just a touch of good cold cream—that is all.

The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 360 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago

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 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 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.

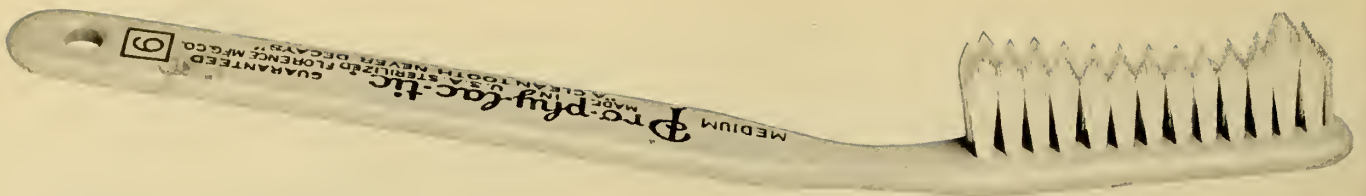
Palm and olive oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for only

10c

Note carefully the name and wrapper. Palmolive Soap is never sold unwrapped.





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 50c;
Pro-phy-lac-tic Small 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby 25c.

The name-world known

Pro-phy-lac-tic

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Tooth Brush

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of *PHOTOPLAY* to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. As a further aid, a complete list of studio addresses is printed elsewhere in this Magazine every month. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, *PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE*, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

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 "Deburau." 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 conquests for your favorite, 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 Arab" under Rex Ingram's direction, but because of the director's illness, is now working under Fred Niblo in "The Red Lily."

"CONNIE TALMADGE FAN," SUNDERLAND, ENGLAND.—Glad you like us, Britannia. And we accept without comment your guess that we are a topping young editor—not the old man that most of our correspondents think us. Well, after all, a hundred years isn't long to have lived if your heart's young. Constance 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, with enthusiasm! Corinne Griffith was married a few months ago to Walter Morosco, son of the theatrical producer. And I'm 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 his daughter is thirteen years old. I am sure he's quite as "nice and sensible" in real life as he seems on the screen.

CHI LAMBDA ZETA, WEST CHESTER, PA.—The picture you refer to was "Saturday Night." Don't you remember the bathing scene? Conrad Nagel and Leatrice Joy played leading rôles.

POLLYANNA, WILKESBARRE, PA.—When some pictures come along, 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's ever, ever played in." His next picture will be "The Red Lily." George Hackathorne is twenty-eight and American. Ivor Novello is an Englishman and twenty-nine years old. Mae Marsh and Ivor Novello played in "The White Rose."

"BLONDIE," 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 Renee Adoree adorable? Her height is five feet, two inches, her weight one hundred and five pounds. Her eyes are gray, her hair black. Conway Tearle's height is five feet, eleven inches. His hair and eyes are dark, matching each other in color, 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 Tourneur. His height is five feet, eleven inches. His weight the scales 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, 1886. His height is five feet, eleven inches, his weight 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 while a child and lived in Zanesville, Ohio. He was on the stage several years before appearing in pictures.

A. F. B., YAKIMA, WASH.—Pleased 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, featurally, to most of our stars. If they want to be actresses at three and five you will have to tie them 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 height 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, OHIO.—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 at seventeen has joined his company in musical comedy, once made an excursion into movie-land. He figures largely in "The Duke of Chimney Butte," "Billy Jim" and "The Goat."

NAT, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Tell me something, Nat. I suspect that the reason you girls 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 Davis, five feet, four and one-half inches.

WALTER, AKRON, 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 twenty-six, Lillian Gish's 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 only 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 112]



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, whiter teeth, I say "Pepsodent"—one never knows what pretty teeth she has until she attacks the film.

Colleen Moore



TOM MIX says:

White teeth?—in my profession they must be so. Nothing can spoil a film smile like unattractive teeth. Using Pepsodent before "going on," as well as several other times during the day, is an important part of my make-up. Gloria Swanson first told me about it. I know of no other method that has so remarkable an effect.

Tom Mix



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.

Bebe Daniels

Those \$100,000 a year

How motion pictures' famous stars gain the gleaming, pearly teeth that make smiles worth fortunes—how you can clear your own teeth in the same way. A simple test that reveals the most amazing of tooth methods—a new method urged by leading dental authorities of the world.

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 viscous 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.

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 that cloudy film, which, before strong lights and a camera shows up so unkindly. 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.

10-day test FREE
Mail the coupon

Ramon Novarro



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 responsible.

*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, 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. For it does more than combat the film.

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.

*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 become whiter after a short time.

You will note a difference. Your friends 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. You'll thank yourself many times in years to come for the new conception of the more beautiful and healthier teeth it will bring.



MAE MURRAY says:

In the silent drama small details are more essential, I believe, 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 important as, if not more so, than any other part of "make-up." There is no doubt that it gives a delightful glisten to one's teeth. How much so, one never knows till using it after ordinary, old-fashioned methods.

Mae Murray

1699

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Pictures?

Oh, Pshaw!
said O. SHAW

But Oscar has been converted and, being a good actor, a lover of stunts and an athlete, is making good on the screen as he did on the stage

By Sally Benson



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?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120



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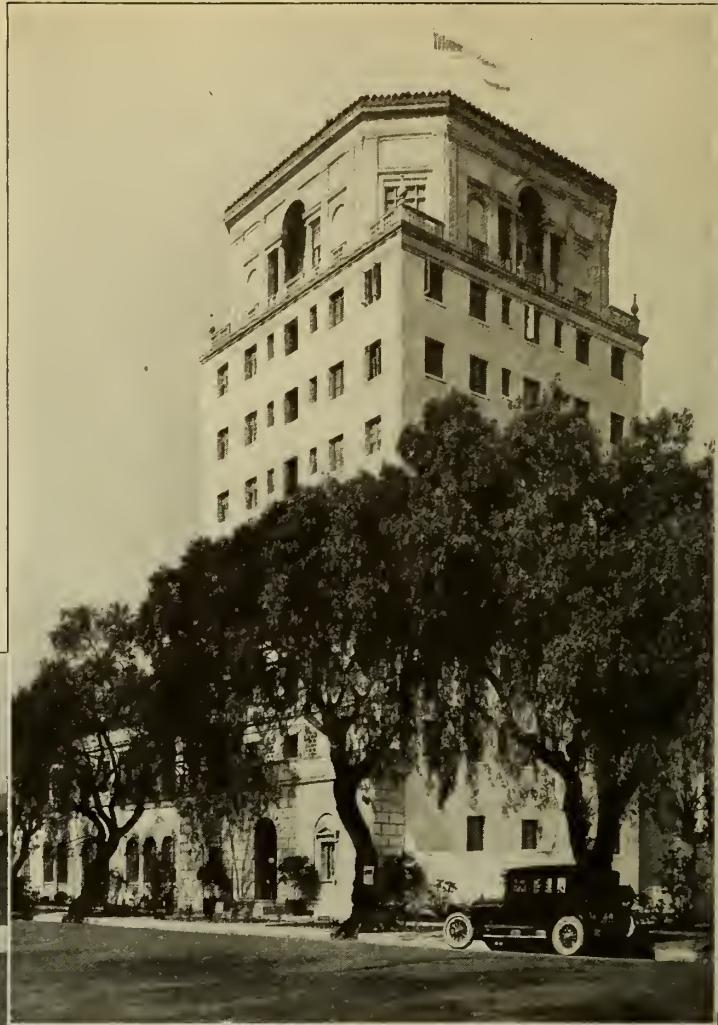
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Where the Screen Stars Train

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.



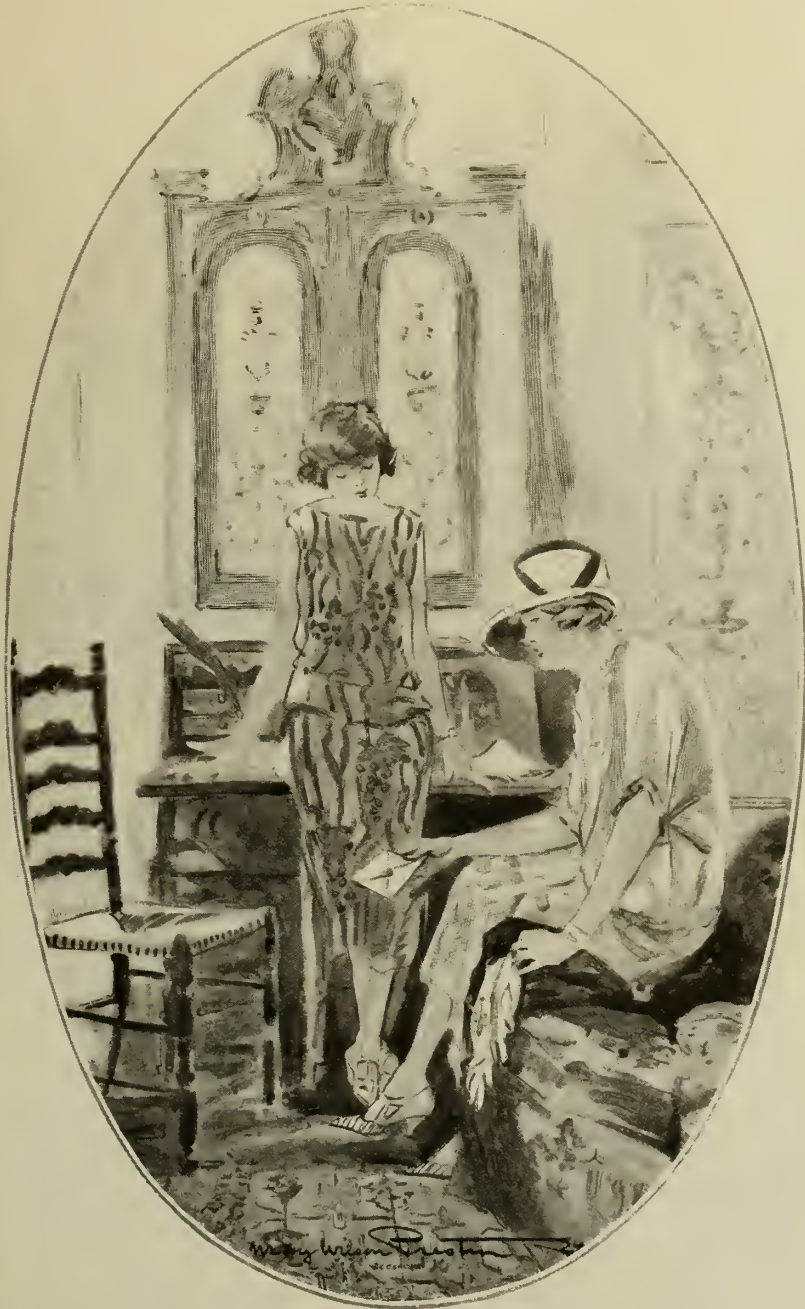
The beautiful building of the Hollywood Athletic Club is one of the best appointed on the Pacific Coast. It is an imposing structure and contains every accessory for social as well as athletic affairs. It has spacious banquet rooms, a fine gymnasium, an enormous swimming pool, private dining rooms and fifty-five bedrooms



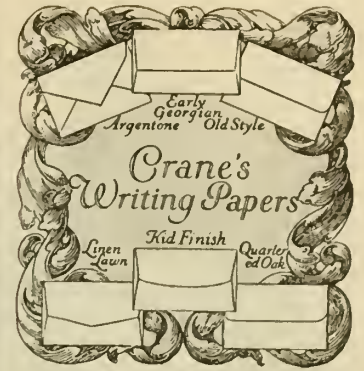
One of the favorite hang-outs in the club is the billiard room, which has both billiard and pool tables. At the time this photograph was taken William S. Hart and Tony Moreno were playing at the table in the foreground



Here is the card room, with its walls and carpets of restful shade and its deep, comfortable armchairs. The participants in the engrossing game going on are—from left to right—Wallace MacDonald, Emory Johnson, Malcolm MacGregor and Sidney Chaplin



*She wrote a letter of introduction
for a friend and sealed it!*



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.

If, on the other hand, you wrote such a letter on a cheap, shoddy paper or used a misfit envelope, wouldn't your friend think the same of you?

Undoubtedly—and rightly.

The letter paper you use reflects your good taste or lack of it as surely as do your manners.

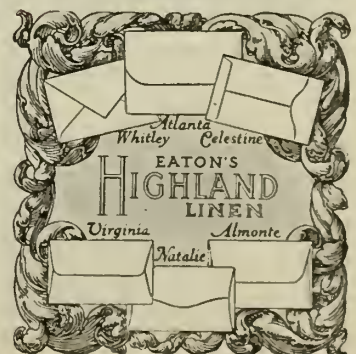
It is worth any girl's effort to be paper conscious—to realize what smart, stylish, modern stationery means—the standing it gives her and the even greater feeling of self satisfaction.

The selection of stationery is as important as the selection of a hat or a gown—and much simpler. At any store where good stationery is sold you will find Crane's Writing Papers, known everywhere for their quality, smartness and authoritative style, and Eaton's Highland Linen, less in price, but none the less correct in shapes, sizes and colorings.

I've a little desk book which answers all questions in regard to social correspondence which I will send you, together with usable samples of Crane's Writing Papers or Eaton's Highland Linen, for FIFTY CENTS.

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The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

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 normal English girl. Latter finally dies, and as she passes away her soul—the white shadow—passes into her sister, transforming her to normalcy. 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 rôle, that of the athlete who loves the bank president's daughter. Rawlinson is always debonaire and likeable, and Carmelita Geraghty makes a heroine worth fighting for. There's a fight thrown into the proceedings for good measure, so there is one portion of an audience which will be pleased.

BETWEEN FRIENDS—Vitagraph

AREMADE version of an old Robert Chambers triangle story once done with Alice Joyce in the lead. 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 pretty ordinary fashion. Anna Q. Nilsson and Norman Kerry 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. Cabarets, bathing beaches and airplanes furnish the thrills. Four pretty girls, Eva Novak, Eileen Percy, Pauline Starke and Claire Adams, form an unusual cast in commendable manner. Rockcliffe Fellowes 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—but then 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.

PAL O' MINE—C. B. C.

AHUMAN 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 lullabies are preferable to operatic arias after all. There is a pleasing blend of human interest and comedy. Irene Rich, Pauline Garon, Willard Louis and Joseph Swickard 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 falls for the assiduous attentions of a jazzy will o' the wisp. Many of the situations are mawkish and over sentimental, 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 riot! It is guaranteed to put a confirmed cynic in good humor. Banks is a born comedian and this sympathetic and hilarious tale suits him to a "T."

WHAT THREE MEN WANTED—Apollo

ANOTHER 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 on the actors nor on any one else connected with the picture.

DON'T DOUBT YOUR HUSBAND—Metro

JEALOUSY threatens for 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 feats, which she does with her accustomed grace and skill.

THE SWORD OF VALOR—Capitol

ANOTHER one of those interfering fathers who prolong our tamest 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—Aywon

RUSSIA is responsible for this story of a Cossack's trick will. It is all rather intricate and amazing, and scarcely worth a reserved seat. Kenneth McDonald is the star of a series of unimportant happenings and he pilots the love motif to its satisfactory climax. Ruth Dwyer is the object of his celluloid affections, and if you can follow the ramifications of their romance you are smarter than we are.

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 Boy Scouts to bring it 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 smelling 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 maimed 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.

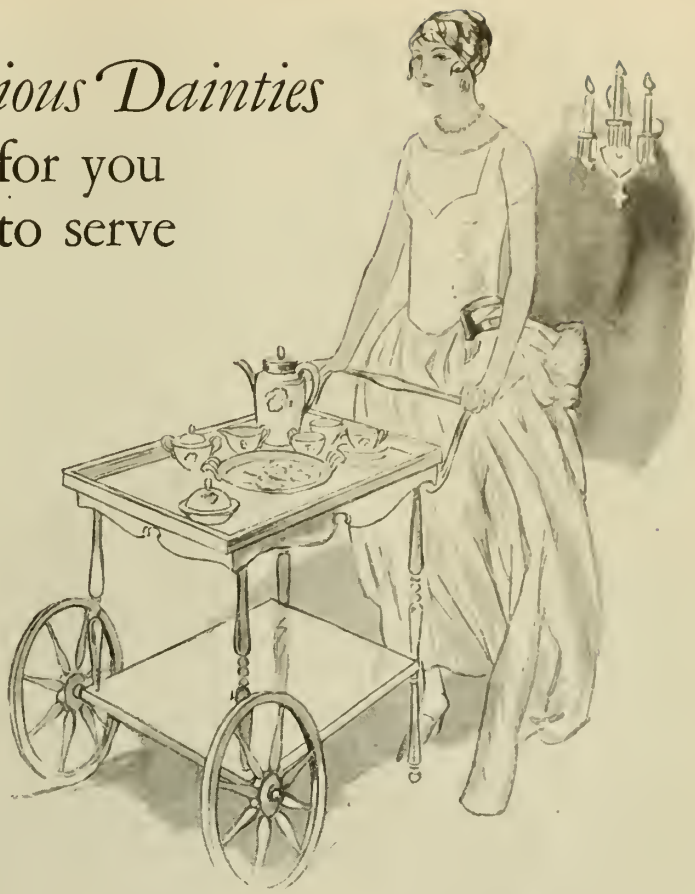
SON OF THE SAHARA—First National

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 her Sealyham 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]

a story written by Loeb and submitted to Chaplin.

Loeb's suit, filed in the United States District Court of New York, asks \$50,000 damages and an accounting of the profits of "Shoulder Arms." According to his complaint, he wrote in 1918 a story called "The Rookie." He alleges that he submitted this story to Chaplin and that it was returned by Melville Brown, with the explanation that Chaplin would produce nothing that ridiculed the American army.

Later on, however, Loeb claims that he recognized much of his story in "Shoulder Arms."

Chaplin's defense is that a motion-picture star and director who never uses a scenario can't steal one. He and his brother, Sidney, and his leading woman, Edna Purviance, and others who worked on the story state that it was unfolded day by day as they worked, and that Chaplin was inspired overnight with the things they did the next day.

"I never use a scenario," says Chaplin. "I am inspired overnight and the next morning I put that idea into the picture. I never saw Loeb's scenario."

Chaplin isn't the only person who works without a scenario. Harold Lloyd never uses one, and on occasion Mickey Neilan has worked minus a script.

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 rôle of "Spring Cleaning," a comedy still playing in New York with Violet Heming in the same rôle.

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."

ELINOR GLYN, who wrote "Three Weeks," "Six Days," and many other successful novels, has incorporated herself. The famous authoress is now Elinor Glyn, Ltd., with offices at 19 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 Wilfred 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 Gough, 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.

If 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 Geraghty—the most fascinating of the 1924 baby stars—to openings, dines and dances with Esther Ralston 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 runaway 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 rôle of a matinee 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 consistent 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— Your teeth get no vacation!

So guard them by the "Wash—Don't Scour" method

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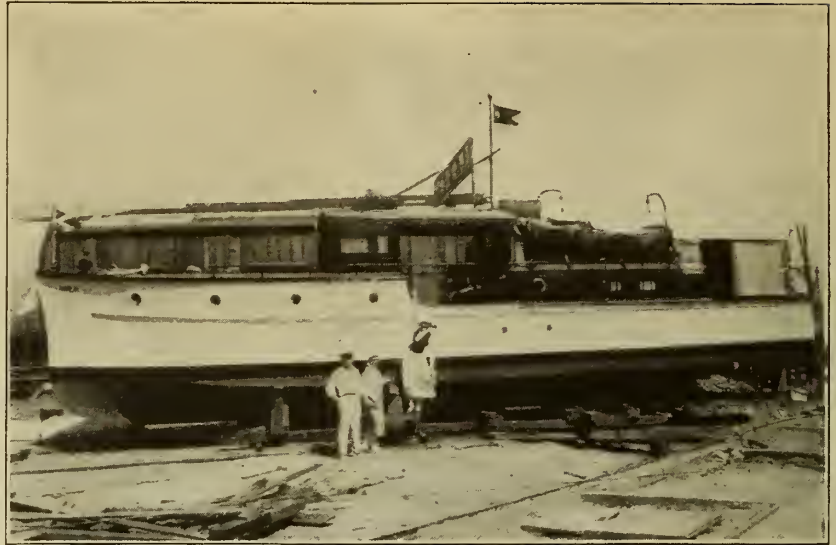
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This natty cruiser, the "Apache," is the joint handiwork of Al Christie and Bobby Vernon. Here we have a picture of Bobby and his wife and Vera Stedman about ready for the ceremony of launching the craft

HOLLYWOOD has a new thrill. She is Jetta 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." Jetta admits she is just "craze" 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. Jetta 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—is the 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 rest of the world.

Gloria certainly started life with a royal trousseau. Never was there a baby with such adorable and dainty wardrobe received from Storkland. 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 such 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 "Declasse," in which Ethel Barrymore played upon the stage for more than two years.

"Declasse," 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 rôles 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 wiser heads of the organization 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 atone for the fancied wrong.

THE "Casiana," the world's largest yacht and known in almost every civilized port, has been loaned by its owner, E. L. Doheney, 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 Wrigley'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 tiniest—only five feet and weighing less than one 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 wig 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 Viola 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 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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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"

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Mothers teach your children—girls over 12 teach themselves

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.

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 it—serially—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:

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NEW TWO TUBE SET MODEL 51 REGENERATIVE 18⁵⁰

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 (accompanied 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 his reasons don't seem to justify 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. "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" 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—who 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.

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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.

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Hard was the way of 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. Notes sometimes had to be "faked", or produced artificially; "wolf" tones were common, technic had to be sacrificed for tone, or tone for technic.



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A casting director with his hands full! These young citizens were applicants for roles in Frank E. Woods' "What Shall I do?" featuring Dorothy Mackaill. 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 wonderful new contract for a series of Western starring pictures for F. B. O. His popularity has been increasing 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.

IS Charlie Chaplin nursing some secret sorrow? Does he regret the fiery 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 gleaming 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. More than anything else, even stories and new faces, the game needs scenario writers with a talent for screen adaptation of famous stories.

The two who shine so promisingly 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 "Peter 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 sculpturing 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-

ized a season ago by Alice Brady. After that will probably come Barrie's "Quality Street." It is likely that Sidney Olcott will return to direct the Barrie play but the director for "Zander the Great" has not been chosen yet. Incidentally, we hear that Anita Stewart will soon start work at the New York Cosmopolitan studios in "Never the Twain Shall Meet," Peter B. Kyne's story of the South Seas.

D. W. GRIFFITH'S plans are still indefinite. Representatives of the Italian capitalists recently visited by Griffith in Rome have been in this country, discussing further details with the director. They want D. W. to come to Rome for two years and make several pictures, which would practically be government backed. The Italian government wants to bring the motion picture back to its old position of importance in Italy and they think Griffith is the man to do the regenerating.

Griffith, however, is undecided. Meanwhile, his huge studio at Mamaroneck lies idle save for a few caretakers. We strolled about the grounds with Dick Barthelmess recently and the place looked desolate. Here and there were storm-battered remains of Lexington, Paris, and the old farm of "Way Down East," reminders of the past glories of the Griffith regime. But the huge plant lay silent and desolate.

JOHN ROBERTSON, the director, thinks that it is only a matter of time before the motion picture and radio are linked.

"Think of the possibilities," remarks Robertson. "Imagine the universal appeal of a title like 'The Hunchback of Neutrodyne!'"

A GROUP of "insiders" of the industry were discussing the relative financial returns now enjoyed by film stars. Harold Lloyd, it is said, is getting between thirty and fifty thousand dollars a week from his pictures. He is unquestionably making the most of anyone in the industry. Mary and Doug have invested such terrific amounts in their pictures that they cannot reap a great gain. Chaplin is taking his time and not worrying particularly about immediate profit. But, just the same, "The Woman of Paris," which was supposed to lack popular appeal, has already brought in close to seven hundred thousand and will easily go the million mark. It was an inexpensive production, as the players worked for much under their usual salaries in order to get the opportunity with Chaplin. Menjou was the highest-salaried, and he only took five hundred a week. Chaplin voluntarily gave Edna Purviance a percentage of the profits in recognition of her long service as his leading woman.

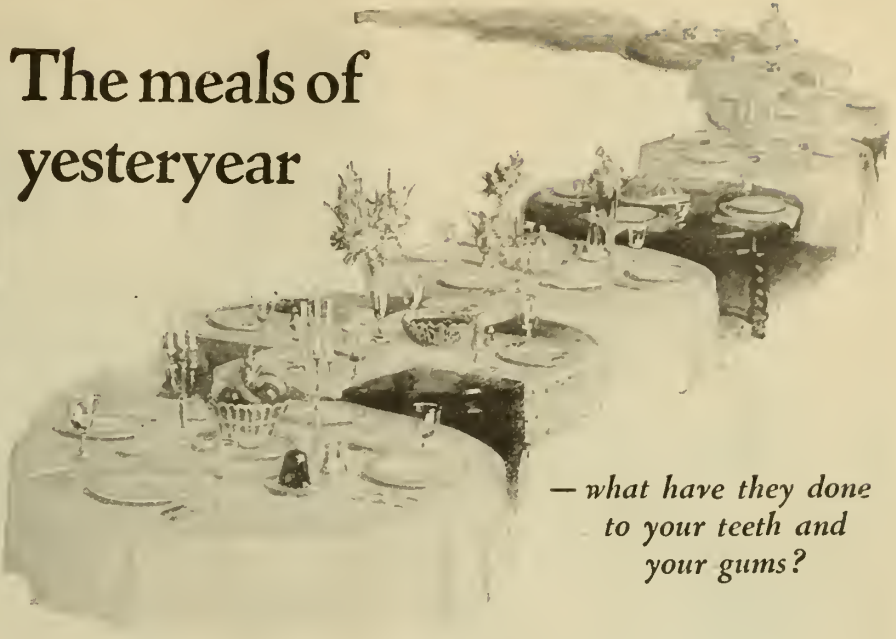
MARSHALL NEILAN was looking for a story. Gerald Beaumont submitted one with the action laid in Deauville, Biarritz, Monte Carlo and Paris—in the height of the season for each place. Mickey made a leaping acceptance of it, and is now off for Europe with wife, Blanche Sweet. Here's a tip to ambitious authors—plot your story on holiday locales. Incidentally, it looks as though Mickey had wrought a great masterpiece in "Tess of the d'Ubervilles."

THE fact that \$100,000 was paid for the Southern rights of "Abraham Lincoln" indicates that all trace of feeling has died between North and South. Were a picture to be made of that gallant general and gentleman, General Robert E. Lee, it would be just as popular, no doubt, with all of us.

CORINNE GRIFFITH has had a new song written in her honor. The boys of the orchestra at the *Mortmaine* are the composers, and it was sung there the other evening, when Miss Griffith was present. Later in the evening Corinne judged a dancing contest and presented the cup, which was won by Lew Cody and May McAvoy.

Corinne looked unusually lovely in a white silk suit, on rather severe lines, and a big, black

The meals of yesteryear



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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.

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restore to the gums their normal tonicity. 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.

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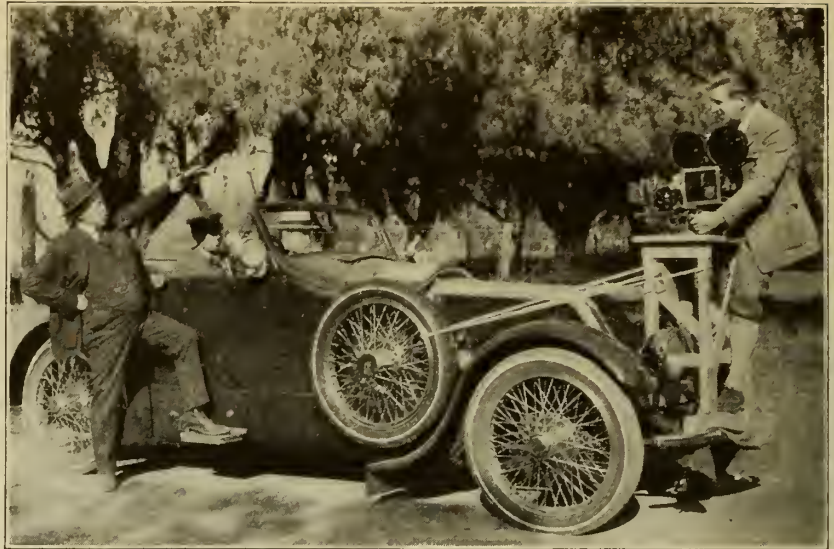
If you want plenty of thick beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

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



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

maline hat with a sweeping brim. Her new husband, Walter Morosco, was in attendance.

By the way, we would like to know whether there is anything serious in Lew Cody's attentions to a pretty blonde widow who is not in the picture business. They've been seen together in public enough so that it seems fair to make inquiries into the matter.

THOMAS H. INCE has become so busy with his big productions that he doesn't often have time for personal direction of scenes. But he hasn't lost any of the old fire and dramatic appeal that once made him a great director.

The other day he was consulting with a director and scenario writer over a difficult ending to a story. He began to tell them his idea of the ending, and as he got enthused about it, he acted out the most dramatic scene. When he was through both the director and the author were wiping away tears, and there wasn't any more question about the ending.

Mr. Ince was responsible for a lot of the direction of "Anna Christie," for he took the megaphone himself on many of the big scenes.

THE motion picture future of Rodolph Valentino is still a matter of conjecture as this issue of PHOTOPLAY goes to press. The terms of Rudy's readjustment with Famous called for the making of two productions. Now, with the second, "The Sainted Devil," based upon a Rex Beach story, nearly completed, everyone is wondering who will release his future pictures and where they will be made.

Rudy's next production, and his first independent release, will be a Spanish story with Valentino as a gay Castillian. The title and the name of the author are a secret. Nita Naldi, by the way, has been back playing with Valentino again in "The Sainted Devil." Also in the cast are Helena D'Algy, the young Spanish girl who first was seen in "The Rejected Woman," and her brother, Antonio D'Algy.

SPEAKING of Nita Naldi reminds us that that picturesque actress has at last defeated avoirdupois in open battle. Nita is again close to 130 pounds. Which will please Miss Naldi's many screen admirers. Nita says she is going to take her art seriously again and all that sort of thing. The diet? Well, Nita is rather reticent. She says it's mostly lack of diet. That is, the complete elimination of eating—almost. But she does admit that lamb chops and pineapple form a large part of the food she has allowed herself. Try this at your own risk, however.

YOU may be interested to know that Valentino and his wife, Natacha Rambova, have their luncheons sent by motor car to the Astoria, Long Island, Famous Players studios from an Italian restaurant in West 51st Street, close to the Capitol Theater. Rudy loves his native cooking. And in the same small and unknown restaurant you will find the Valentinos 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 Brabin, the director, and June Mathis have been at work upon the production of the late General Lew Wallace's famous story in and about Rome. George Walsh and other members of the cast have been hard at work. But the production appears to have encountered various vicissitudes. Bad weather held up work, for one thing. The limitations of technical equipment in the Italian studios has been another handicap, too.

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 Neilan and Fred Niblo. It is probable that Charles Brabin 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. Neilan, 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, pro and con, Alice Terry clapped her blond wig over her elegantly bobbed

tresses. "I'm taking no chances!" said Alice. "In 'The Arab' I had bobbed hair, in 'The Great Divide' I'm going back to the longest of long hair. I aim to please."

That reminds me of a remark Agnes Smith made when I met her after I had visited the tailor.

"What kind of suits are you having made?" asked Agnes.

"A blue and a grey," I replied.

"You're not taking sides, are you?" said Agnes.

THE New York Astor Theater premier of "The Sea Hawk" was the one recent event of screen importance in the metropolis. The opening drew a representative audience, including such celluloid notables as Richard Barthelmess, Mary Hay, Claire Windsor, Barbara La Marr, Agness Ayres, Bert Lytell, Carmel Meyers, Allan Dwan, John Robertson, Josephine Lovett, George Melford, Irvin Willat, Billie Dove, Emmett J. Flynn, Lloyd Hamilton, Joseph Hergesheimer, Marcus Loew, Jesse Lasky, Nicholas Schenck, F. J. Godsol, Elmer Clifton, Helene Chadwick, Cullen Landis and Edmund Loew. Incidentally, Frank Lloyd, the director of "The Sea Hawk," watched his production from a top gallery, unobserved by the famous folk of the audience. Hence, he missed a curtain speech.

FOR the first time the big William Fox studio in New York is inactive, at least as far as the Fox interests are concerned. Space is being rented to other companies and George Melford is at work there on "Sandra," with Barbara La Marr in the stellar rôle. The script is by Ouida Bergere and Peter Milne and is a sort of feminine variation of the "Cythera" theme. Miss La Marr will play the wife who becomes bored with home life.

MARSHALL NEILAN was an interesting New York visitor recently, when he came to town en route to the other side. Neilan is to see a prominent London surgeon regarding stomach trouble which has been giving him serious annoyance recently, and he will likely

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 126]

Announcing Grace Corson, Fashion Authority

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66]

Grace Corson, whose fashion drawings and designs have adorned the pages of Harper's Bazar for several years.

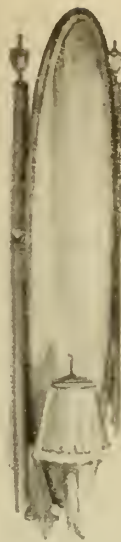
Beginning next month, Miss Corson will illustrate and edit a department of new clothes worn in current releases of motion pictures.

Her work will be of tremendous value to motion pictures as well as to the readers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. The screen being a great influence for good taste, it can be equally guilty of exerting the opposite influence, for it is natural for women to feel that with the large sums of money that prominent actresses are spending on their clothes, they should be the last word on what is proper and up-to-date.

This month Miss Corson has taken two examples of poor taste from current pictures, for she believes that she can be of service in this way as well as to point out the good things shown on the screen.

She is not by any means a severe critic, but she believes that the motion picture producers and stars should realize their responsibility, and will let no glaring example of poor taste go without challenge. No woman in the country is in a better position to keep in touch with everything that is new in clothes than Miss Corson, and she, herself, is considered one of the best dressed women in New York City.

So that you may know her, PHOTOPLAY requested her to show you some of her own wardrobe and she graciously consented. All of the photographs on pages sixty-six and sixty-seven were posed by her just before this issue of PHOTOPLAY went to press.



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A slight coarsening of texture—
An oiliness that demands every day more and more powder.



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It Isn't the Original Cost of "Bobbed Hair"—

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]



After Sun, Wind and Dust—Murine

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If used night and morning, Murine keeps the EYES in a clear, bright and healthy condition. Contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients.

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run the cost of maintaining her bob up to \$150 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, whose beautiful hair is 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. Since she has had it bobbed, an expert man hairdresser comes to the studio to marcel her hair before she starts work, and he "stands by" all day to restore any disarrangement. This costs from \$15 to \$18 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 waterwaved and netted, and the upkeep was enormous. It looked 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 or ten 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 fun-maker," was the way Miss Talmadge expressed her sentiments to PHOTOPLAY. It's easy to agree with her that a shake of a short-haired head gives more emphasis to a comedy point than would the shake of three feet of permanently waved hair! Constance's hair is very 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 that to me," she said, "though 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 confession 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 variable expense," she said. "A becoming bandeau is another solution." The

time it takes to keep bobbed hair just so is what Miss Burke objects to 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 a big house and little daughter to look 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. Obviously somebody is paying 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 bob, 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. Your bob need only cost you the fifty 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 bob 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 wear the boyish cut and get away with it. The most becoming bob is the conservative one with the hair shaped so as to give the effect of a flat hairdress, loosely waved and with the hair fluffed softly.

"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, fortunately. 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 to look 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 your bobbed hair is an expense, 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. If this seems 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 makes a good-sized hole 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 as 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, shampoos and an occasional wave," said Mary. "I thought the bob would relieve me of the nets and 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 mere waving won't do; it has to be curled. The straight bob doesn't fit my type of face at all. Bobbed hair.

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For now you can do as thousands of other
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actually about half a cent. It is a new
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This new way to keep your hair beauti-
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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 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 Gold Seal
does what no “curling iron” could
ever do.

First of all, it uses less heat. So cannot pos-
sibly 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 per-
fectly charming wave to any hair. Not a
round curl, but a real, professional-
looking Marcel wave!

In five minutes your hair is beau-
tifully 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 hair-
dressers' appoint-
ments and
waiting!



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et Cie.**

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**Buy several \$20 hats
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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 de-
fective workmanship or material, you know.
Remember, too, that you take no risk at all in
testing it for ten days.

Then, too, it saves you a great deal of money! More
than ten times enough to pay for itself, in twelve
months. The cost for electric current, each time you
use it, is less than **half of a penny.**

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 deter-
mined 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:

Keep and use the Waver for ten 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 slight-
est questioning, we will mail back your \$4.97.
Isn't that fair?

Just think what a pleasure it's going to be,
having your hair freshly and beautifully
waved all the time! And with enough money
saved to pay for several very lovely hats, a
new suit, or frock! Clip your coupon now.
Mail it today, sure.

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Please send Gold Seal Marcel Waver. I will deposit
\$4.97 with postman when he brings it. You are to return
this \$4.97 to me if, after 10-day trial, I do not care to keep
the waver.

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Address.....

City.....State.....



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H. H. Andersen

—all the difference
between just an ordinary cigarette
and—FATIMA, the most skillful
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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 cost 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 some 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.

“All 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 no 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. Nestle estimates the upkeep cost 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.”

“To bob or not to bob?” 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."

Rex apparently has lost interest in the screen. He wants to broadcast.

RUPERT HUGHES assumed the rôle 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, also quite conquered me."

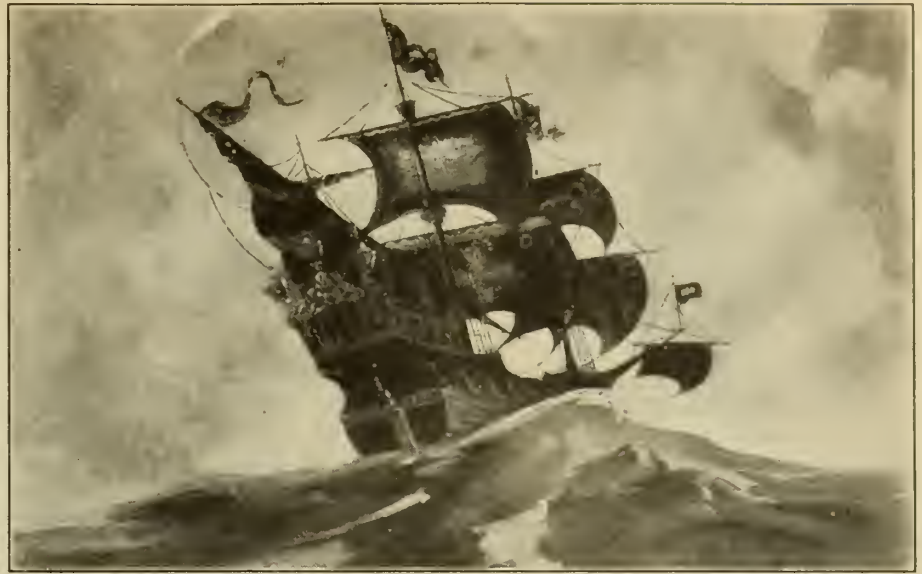
It is bruited that the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer concern wishes Mr. Hughes to abandon his directorial duties and confine himself to writing. Personally I feel his feature is his versatility, just as it is Gertrude Hoffman's. I have been a regular patron of Gertie's acts for many years without being able to 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 petunia bed, and the undertaker in his 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 the rôle of *Ben Hur*. By following my tip the new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization has qualified as a power 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. Jackie Coogan. I refuse to make a prediction because the colored sleuth 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 rôles in Papini's "The Life of Christ," which Monte Bell is to direct for them. I assign Conrad Nagel the rôle of The Christ, Florence Vidor the rôle of Mary (presuming, of course, that that Sanzio Madonna, Lillian Gish, is not available), and Pauline Frederick for Mary Magdalene.

RAPHAEL SANZIO painted Lillian Gish when he painted his madonnas, so did 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 Gish'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.

Increased capacity for service has been the result. Instead of rudimentary telephones connecting two rooms in 1876, to-day finds 15,000,000 telephones serving a whole people. Instead of speech through a partition, there is speech across a continent. Instead of a few subscribers who regarded the telephone as an uncertain toy, a nation recognizes it as a vital force in the business of living.

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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The regular price is \$15.00 an ounce, but for 20c you can obtain a miniature bottle of this perfume, the most precious in the world. When the sample comes you will 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.

Sample 20¢

Send 20c (stamps or silver) with the coupon below and we will send you a sample vial 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!

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Bottle of Flower Drops with long glass stopper, containing 80 drops—a supply for 80 weeks;
Lilac, Crabapple, \$1.50
Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, \$2.00
Romanza, \$2.50
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Souvenir Box
Extra special box of five 20c bottles of five different perfumes, \$1.00

If any perfume does not exactly suit your taste, do not hesitate to return and money will be refunded cheerfully.

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Remember, if not pleased your money will be returned.



FRIENDLY ADVICE

From
Carolyn Van Wyck

CORINNE L. A., CAL.

You are so young and you are so busy, with your school work and your music, that I can see your parents' point of view in forbidding you to have callers. There is plenty of time for that sort of thing later, when the school work is done, and you have progressed 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's 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 typing to be done—if one is a good typist. 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 *naturelle*. I prefer *naturelle*, myself, for the blonde—unless her skin is very pink, indeed.

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 so sure that no advice is necessary. That is the safe way.

MARGARETHE, 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. Try to go without starchy 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.

MRS. L. 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 will 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 brunette shade. Then you should use powder in the shade *naturelle*—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

"BEWILDERED," BAHAMAS.

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*. But 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 girl—she is experienced enough to give sound advice to those in need of it; be they flappers, business women, or wives and mothers. She invites your confidences—she will respect them—on any subject. Clothes, charm and beauty, love, 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

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. to weigh. 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.

"GYPSIE," 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 hang 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.

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 been dancing with her and was in a speechless haze of glory, what it was all about.

"She's not shopworn," he said brutally, "she hasn't that paved-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 his 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 horri ly fed up with vamps and flappers. I hate chickens. As for women who sling 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



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Dental statistics tell the story. Four out of five over forty years of age—and thousands younger—are victims of Pyorrhoea.

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.

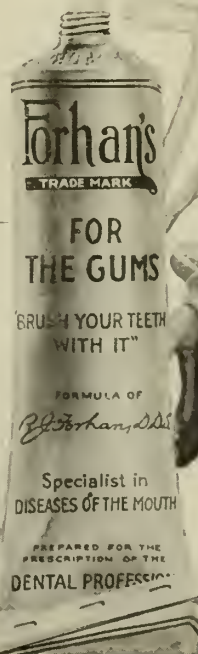
If used in time and used consistently, this safe, efficient, pleasant-tasting dentifrice will help prevent Pyorrhoea or check its progress. It will keep your mouth clean and fresh, preserve your teeth and safeguard your health. Ask your dentist.

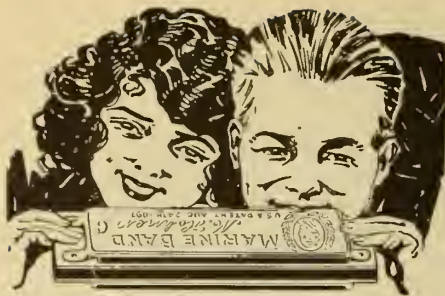
There is only one tooth paste of proved efficacy in the treatment of Pyorrhoea. It is the one that many thousands have found beneficial for years. For your own sake, make sure that you get it. Ask for, and insist upon, Forhan's For the Gums. At all druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes

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More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhoea

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things, her appreciation of gifts. She is eager for friendliness, for human contact, for fun and enjoyment, and her capacity for them is not dulled.

And she has practically no competition. Men are growing woefully tired of chickens and flappers, and woefully satiated with vampires.

For the ten years of her marriage, she was a wife who deliberately closed the door upon her own personality. Her charm lay dormant. Nothing was done to develop it or to bring it forth. It was a contented sort of marriage, but I'm afraid it may have been a very dull one. The poetry of life, the romance of existence, the praise and encouragement and admiration that every woman needs so terribly, weren't there. Like a lovely mirror, Florence Vidor reflected what lay about her. Her heritage from that grandmother who had been a famous belle and beauty down South, was stifled, smothered.

Yet all the time she was developing a tremendously forceful and definite personality. One thing about the new Florence Vidor who has so conquered Hollywood, is that she has lost that saccharine sweetness that practically always denies character. Florence is very much herself now, a very strong and vital woman, not obnoxiously intellectual, but capable of sustained and interesting conversation.

All the Southern-ness of her has come out, too. It's an odd coincidence that she and

Corinne Griffith and Bebe Daniels were all born in Texas. Her voice is—it is really—the loveliest thing I have ever heard. And she can be vivacious without losing one iota of that tantalizing aloofness.

A lot of Florence's charm lies in the things she doesn't do.

She doesn't make wise cracks—and Hollywood is so tired of women who make wise cracks all the time.

She doesn't talk about herself and the parts she's going to play.

She doesn't continually use a lipstick and a vanity case in public.

She doesn't talk all the time.

She isn't always thinking about the effect she is producing.

And her beauty has taken on a new flame-like quality, a white fire, burning very brightly, but very purely in the muggy atmosphere of our day.

Balzac says somewhere that a virtuous woman has in her heart a fibre more or a fibre less than other women—she is either stupid or sublime.

The thing that has made Florence Vidor the toast of Hollywood is that she has awakened in the hearts of men ideals they thought they had forgotten, dreams they thought would never come again. And when a woman can do that, Cleopatra herself can't compete with her.

The Story Without a Name

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

have had my disappointments, but this, after all, hasn't proved such a bad night for me."

Alan gave little thought to that boast, for the door opened, the next moment, and his startled eyes fell on Mary Walsworth. She was thrust into the room by two seamen, who, at a sign from their master, withdrew and closed the door after them.

The first thing he noticed about her was the disquieting pallor of her face. But her mouth was resolute as she stood, with her arms pinioned to her side, facing her tormentor. That tormentor seemed to expect some outburst of emotion from her as her gaze fell on Alan. But after one quick yet comprehensive glance at the man she loved she stood with her luminous eyes fixed only on her captor, who laughed raucously and uneasily, out of the silence that ensued.

"You two young people don't seem overjoyed at getting together again!" he said with venomous mirth. Then his face hardened, at a gasp of defiance from the girl, as he swung back to the man against the wall. "Well, if you want to stay together, you know the answer. If you want to go back to your own country, a free man, and carry this girl out of harm's way, all you have to do is fit out that little instrument for me. That's my final offer, and I want your final answer."

"SO you include helpless women in your swiftness!" was the cry from the man with the pinioned arms.

"I'm ready to include anything, until I get what I'm after," was the other's equally passionate cry. "And death'll probably seem sweet to this girl, when she wakes up to what's ahead of her, if you're fool enough to force my hand. I've some sweet specimens in my working crews off the islands out there. You'd rather see her thrown into a cage of tigers, I fancy, than passed on to one of those gangs of rum-swilling cut-throats. But as sure as you're standing there I'll put her aboard the foulest schooner I own and leave her there until even you wouldn't want what's left of her!"

A dewing of moisture showed on Alan Holt's blood-streaked face.

"You wouldn't, you couldn't do a thing like that!" he cried with a gasp of horror.

"I'll do it," proclaimed the other, "and when you see it done you'll sweat harder than you're doing at this moment. So take your choice."

The helpless youth raised his stricken eyes to the face of the woman he loved. In that face he saw pride and purity. She impressed him as something flowerlike and fragile, something to be sheltered and cherished and kept inviolate, something to die for, if need be, before gross hands should reach grossly out for her.

"All right," panted the prisoner. "I give up. There's a price I can't pay."

"And I get a completed triangulator?" demanded Drakma, taking a deep breath.

But the answer to that question did not come from Alan Holt. It came, low-toned and unexpected, from the white-faced girl on the other side of the room.

"You do not," she said, in a voice slightly tremulous with passion. "I'll die before I'll see that surrendered to you or to any other enemy of my country. Don't you see, Alan, what this beast is trying to do? He's trying to club your secret out of you with threats he daren't carry out. He's trying to torture you into being a traitor—for my sake. He's asking you to betray your country, to give away something that no longer belongs to you, but to the land you love. He thinks he can force you into that because of our love for each other, but I wouldn't let love be used for an end like that. And I won't be a part in any such bargaining—no matter what it costs."

ALAN'S drawn face seemed to catch fire from her words. He stared at her with widened eyes, moving forward a step or two. His shoulders were back and his head erect as he next spoke.

"You're right," he said with a newer ring in his voice. "I carry that secret, thank God, shut up in my own head. And it will stay in my head. And in the end this man who is as low as an animal will prove that he has only the mind of an animal. He can boast as he likes and try what he likes, but before he goes far with this he'll find himself defeated by his own evil."

His swarthy-faced enemy did not seem to hear him. That enemy's narrowed gaze, in fact, was centered only on the white-faced girl directly in front of him. He continued to study her as he rose, with mottled face, and crossed slowly over to where she stood.

"So this is your second trump!" he said with a hiss of hate in his voice as he suddenly caught at her shoulder and twisted her about. "Well,

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, but before 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, strode 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, before this game's played out!"

CHAPTER FOUR

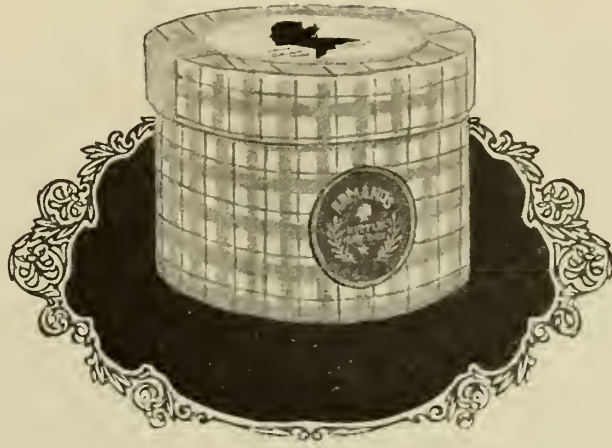
MARK DRAKMA was in a much better position to carry out his threats than his two prisoners imagined. And once he stood convinced of the fixed opposition of those prisoners he went on with his plans, without scruple and without hesitation. Too much was at stake, he knew, to have a failure. A king's ransom 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-mind among the Atlantic Coast rum-runners, maintained along the fringe of the Bahamas an unsavory organization that was as efficient as it was lawless. Under him, in an unkempt fleet of luggers and sloops and power-boats, worked a drunken and care-free army 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 copra-carrier from the lower Windwards, he maintained a second sending-station for communication with his stealthy units as they dodged their coast-patrol enemies 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-appearing 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 the tune.

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 sloop-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 master of the craft from his chart-room, with a revolver at his belt and a marlinspike in his

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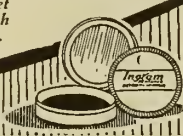
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HOW TO BANISH THEM



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hand, a lank and ungainly giant with a crooked nose and a stubble of russet hair along his tobacco-stained jaw. He scattered the fighting group and sent the last defier of his authority reeling across the unclean deck-boards, proclaiming that the next yellow dog who broached a keg of his rum would be thrown into the briny. Then, taking a chew from his plug of black-jack, he turned and spat into the sea.

As he did so he caught sight of the yacht alongside. He stood regarding it, swaying slightly in his tracks, his pale eyes squinting against the strong light that beat on his face. And over that face crept a slow smile as he beheld the white-skinned girl in the torn waist, standing within a biscuit-toss of him, studying him as closely as he in turn was studying her. He must have noticed the shudder that passed through the slender figure of the girl, for the loose lips over the yellow teeth broadened into a laugh and the bony big hand made an uncouth gesture of appreciation to Drakma, who stood at the burnished rail with a quiet smile on his own saturnine face.

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, but I'm giving it to you," announced Drakma, grim of face. "Do I get my 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 drink resolution as the thirsty drink from a cup.

"You've had our answer," was the younger man's quiet-noted reply.

Drakma stood silent a moment. Then he swung about with a gesture of finality.

"All right," he said, laughing his sinister laugh. "You two love-birds will do your cooing in a different way. You're going to have three weeks 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 Kurder over there will take care of your Mary. 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, are coming on with me to Jack 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

[END OF SECOND INSTALLMENT]

SYNOPSIS OF JULY INSTALMENT

ALAN HOLT has just perfected his triangulator, or death ray machine, while experimenting for the government at a federal reservation in Virginia. While chatting with his fiancée, Mary Walsworth, daughter of Admiral Walsworth, an attempt is made by an international spy, Mark Drakma, and his cohorts to steal the radio machine which is so zealously guarded.

A few minutes before, Alan had demonstrated the wonderful and deadly instrument to his chum, Don Powell, by dropping a hen-hawk, hovering over the chicken yard of Sam Carter just as the farmer is about to shoot it. His daughter Ruth, who is Don's sweetheart, joins her father in amazement at the uncanny death of the bird. It is inexplicable to them.

To Drakma and his crowd of spies and kidnapers, however, the fact that the government possesses such an instrument is known. They have centered their search for it on the old tower in which Alan and Don have worked secretly for weeks. To distract the attention of the guards, they set fire to an auxiliary tower, several hundred feet distant.

As the fire rages, two of Drakma aides force their way into the tower where Alan has already packed the instrument to forward it to Washington. He hides the enflaming key, without which the instrument is impotent, in his cigarette case.

Alan is overcome and carried away, bound and unconscious, in an airplane. Mary, who makes a valiant fight, is also taken captive by the invaders who carry her off in an automobile while her father is basking under the seductive charms of Claire Lacasse.

The Cookie-Pusher

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

"You can sure get that with our crowd," she chuckled.

"I—I don't mean just that way. I plead ignorance of everything, particularly your—er—code. 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 girlish 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 hers—and told him quite frankly that if he 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 two-score 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?"

He did as bidden. 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—I don't know how."

"You are a dumbbell. Haven't you ever made love to a girl before?"

"Why, yes . . . but . . ."

"You're not in love with me, eh?"

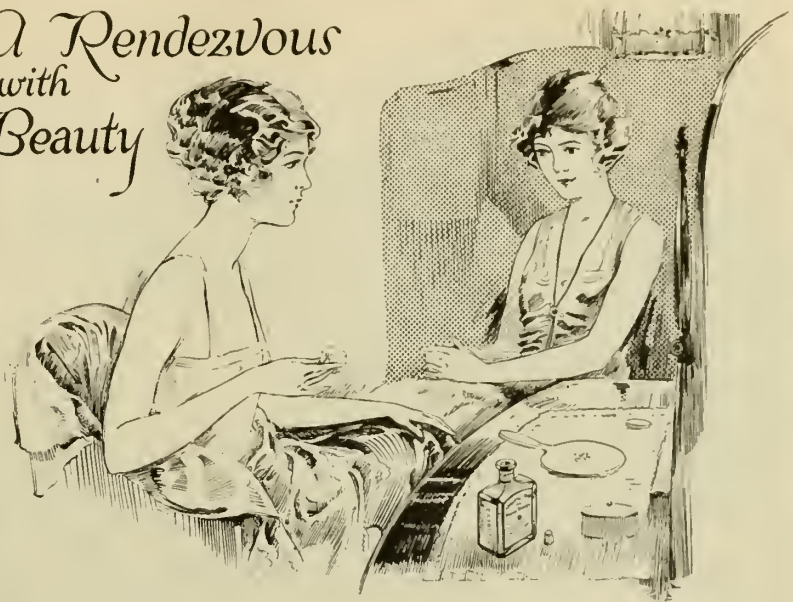
"No. That is—"

"You're positively delicious! When you made love to a girl, what did you usually do?"

"I—I suppose I held her hand."

"Hmm! That'll do for a starter." A warm, firm little hand slipped into his, and he was

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amazed at the queer thrill which swept over him.

"And then?" It was Dot speaking.

"I—er—put my arm about her."

"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 pines he saw her delicate, flushed 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 his lips to hers . . . 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 promulgated 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 the following night, and when 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 nearly at an end 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 rather glad of that, because his thoughts during that day had been vaguely disturbing . . . he was afraid that she interested him 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 his opportunity. 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 don't know your generation—and I liked you and thought you'd help me . . ."

"Help you! Kiss Mama!" He did. "I'll help you. Isn't it splendid?" Working on 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 you're J. Warrington Sims? I'll say I won't. That's a seacrab between you and me. You can pet these other girls—and sort of compare notes—and you can watch the wild jellybean in action . . ."

He did all of that, and found that he liked it. The younger generation 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 an ineluctable code. They were unashamed in their enjoyment of caresses, but

demanding that these caresses be impersonal—which was why, perhaps, that he saw the young girls responding to striplings 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. Enormous potentialities were unfolded before him—the picture would be freedom propaganda: an epic explaining the flapper rather than exhorting her. He studied her in all her phases—on joy rides, petting parties, dances, at dinners, moonlight picnics, bathing parties and even at unsavory roadhouses. He found her—as a type—independent, wise in the way of the world, well able to take care of herself and freer and healthier for the emancipation from the veil of false modesty with which young womanhood has for generations been clothed.

Two weeks sped past. John Sims tasted deeply of experience in his chosen subject—he felt that 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 Dot Mason or any other girl. But 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 at sight of youngsters with their arms around the waist of the girl when they went on their woodland picnics; he resented the brevity of the bathing suit which exposed her exquisite little figure to the laudities of the score of youths 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 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 hazel eyes followed reproachfully.

Besides, he was quite convinced that Dot was utterly different from these other girls. She was livelier and prettier and sweeter and more 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 become serious. He could not penetrate the armor of her continual bantering. He wondered how in the world he would ever make her believe that he was serious when she had labored to teach him the art of love-making; how could she know he was pleading love when he was using the very language which she had taught him was innocuous?

Yet the day of their separation could not be postponed forever—much as he would have liked to continue this blissful relationship. Hollywood and work 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 glad, for he knew that 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 brilliant night he took her out on the Valley Road with him in a long, low high-powered car which he had rented for the occasion. A gentle breeze sighed softly through the trees as they turned in 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 imprisoned 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. I—I—Oh! darn it! I just can't tell you . . ."

"Then don't."
 He moved closer to her. His arm went out and 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.

Their lips met—and clung. And then she tore herself away and pillowed 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, unaccountable phenomena . . . "Won't you kiss me, Dot?"

"No!"
 "Why?"
 "I won't—that's why."
 "There must be a reason," he persisted.

She nodded. "Yes . . ."
 "What is it?"
 "You kissed me just now." She flung around and faced him defiantly. "That kiss was different!"

"Wh—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. "You love me?"

"Yes."
 "Really truly love?"
 "I want to marry you."

Before his eyes a metamorphosis occurred—the flapper fled and a woman supplanted her: a 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-nuff kiss was like."

A long silence, and then—
 "Oh . . ."
 "Will you marry me, Dot?"
 "When?"

"Now. Tomorrow. And you'll go to Hollywood 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."



Within the Curve of a Woman's Arm

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 apparent 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 bathing they cannot offend with the disagreeable 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 teeth and fingernails. And 3,000,000 of them have found their one sure dependence in Odorono, the Underarm 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 constant use of it in hospitals.

Twice a week is often enough to use Odorono. Each application assures perfect freedom from unsightly, uncomfortable moisture and from that repellent 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 immaculate 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
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If you do not need a corrective for perspiration moisture but simply a safeguard against odor, try Creme 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, 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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The Odorono Company
908 Blair Avenue Cincinnati, Ohio

RUTH MILLER
908 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio
Enclosed 10c. Send me, please, samples of Odorono, Creme Odorono and Odorono Depilatory. Also booklet.

Name.....
 Address.....
 (Note: For sample of any one of above send 5c and cross out ones not wanted.)



Delightful freedom from superfluous hair—

Del-a-tone will free you from unwanted hair—in a few minutes. It is perfectly harmless; a reliable, scientific preparation used by hundreds of thousands of fastidious women.

Just apply in soft paste, wash off, and marvel at the difference a smooth, hairless skin makes.

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Removes Hair

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536 Lake Shore Drive,
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A Waterproof Cream!

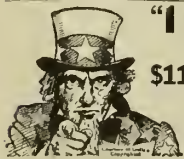
ELIZABETH ARDEN announces a new cream—her Waterproof Cream. Smooth it on the face, neck, arms and hands under powder. It gives the skin a lovely silken finish—a waterproof finish! It keeps the skin fresh and attractive for hours of swimming and sports. Prevents sunburn, roughness, peeling, freckles. Also gives the skin a superb finish for evening. \$3.

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Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 81]

TRIXIE 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.

CATHRINE, LANCASTER, N. Y.—Congratulations on your clear as print chirography, Cathrine. Mary Pickford was born April 8, 1893. She is five feet tall. Madge Evans' birthday 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 still with the 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 Dean, 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-seven pounds. Vera Reynolds, five feet, three inches, one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Pola Negri, five feet, six and a half inches, one hundred and twenty-eight pounds.

BROWN EYES, ORANGEBURG, S. C.—Ah ha! They're brown this month. A few months ago I had a run of blue-eyed, inquiring maids in this department. The heights and weights you wish to know follow: Jacqueline Logan, five feet, four inches, one hundred and twenty-two 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 and a half inches, one hundred and thirty pounds. Natacha Rambova (Mrs. Rodolph Valentino), five feet, five and a half inches, one hundred and twenty pounds. 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 your rag doll after you used to wring it out of hot water." No, I won't tell her. You are a discriminating little miss, for you have discovered that Florence 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 so 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's age is twenty-eight. It was Mabel Ballin who played *Becky Sharp*.

VERA, PITTSBURGH, 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 wig 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.



Eyes as Bright as the Flashing Spray

EVEN when you swim, you owe it to yourself to be beautiful. Darken your lashes with Winx—it will increase the loveliness of your eyes. Winx is waterproof and its glossy blackness will remain unmarred by the waves.

Apply Winx with the glass rod attached to the stopper of the bottle. It will make your lashes appear longer and heavier. Dries instantly, invisibly, and lasts for days. Absolutely harmless.

Winx may be had in black or brown. 75c.

Send a dime today for a sample of WINX. For another dime you will receive a sample of PERT, the waterproof rouge.

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Freckles



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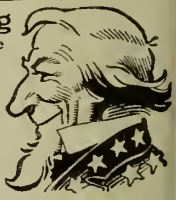
WHY allow freckles to spoil your whole appearance? Domino Freckle Cream will erase freckles quickly. Yes—almost overnight. This exquisitely perfumed cream is merely applied with the finger tips before retiring. Note how gently it dissolves each freckle, revealing a wonderfully clear, fresh, youthful skin. A \$10,000 deposit in a Philadelphia bank insures return of money by dealer if not completely satisfied. Get Domino Freckle Cream at your favorite store today. If they haven't it in stock, send \$1.00 to Domino House, Dept. F268, 269 S. 9th St., Phila., Pa.

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All men, women, boys, girls, 17 to 65, willing to accept Government Positions, \$117-\$250, stationary, at or near home, or traveling. Write. Mr. Ozment, 233, St. Louis, Mo. immediately.

The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

Los Angeles, where it could have the masterful supervision 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 drab, sodden, bloody routine. The public wants ornamental, romantic war.

"The Life of Villa" did not live into any conspicuous success on the screen. It became a mere incident in the busy affairs of Aitken and in the rapid moves of motion picture wars soon to come, it went on the shelf. Ownership of the negative fell into dispute and the picture vanished, save 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.

This same March 10, 1914, memorable for the Villa contract, is a landmark date in the final peace of the twelve-year patent war between the Rev. Hannibal Goodwin and George Eastman, maker of film. In May, 1887, Goodwin, then a minister in Newark, New Jersey, made application for a patent on his process of producing a sensitized film for photographic use. Eastman, it seems, was conducting in his laboratories of the Eastman Kodak Company, at Rochester, N. Y., experiments of a similar purpose. An interfering application was made at the Patent Office and endless disputes arose.

Goodwin's Heirs Triumph in \$3,000,000 Decision

Finally, September 13, 1898, a patent was issued to Goodwin. This was merely the beginning of litigation. Goodwin died December 31, 1900, leaving his patent and his litigation to the Goodwin Camera & Film Company, in which his heirs held shares, while the control reposed with the concern now known as the Anso Company, previously named as the owners of the motion picture projection machine patents of Woodville Latham.

Anso let the Latham patent sleep after ten thousand dollars had been spent on it, conserving resources to fight for the film claims of Goodwin.

Now on March 10, the United States Circuit Court of Appeals handed down a decision sustaining the contentions of Goodwin against Eastman. Twenty-seven years had passed since Goodwin's invention. In that period the motion picture had been born and had risen to greatness. Hundreds of thousands were spent in the legal battles. Millions had been made in the making of film. The sum that would have been involved in a retroactive accounting would have run into many, many millions. March 27, 1914, a settlement was announced. The sum of that settlement has been a secret ever since. The rumor at the time placed it at \$3,000,000.

This settlement covered the life of the patent, which was to expire the following year, September 13, 1915.

No effort has been made in connection with the present work to trace the tortuous course of the Goodwin-Eastman litigations. The final decision in court is without a careful technical consideration of the facts to be accepted merely as a court decision. Court decisions in highly technical matters are interesting speculations, often of a somewhat inexpert character.

Film Made Pictures Possible

It will be remembered from the beginning of this history that Edison sent Dickson to Rochester for a sample when he learned that Eastman was making a sensitized, flexible celluloid film. Later specimens of film from the Anso concern were tried by Edison and later by other experimenters. The election of Eastman film was a laboratory choice, uninfluenced by commercial considerations which have since come in to affect the raw film stock industry.

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. The pictures which had come to Broadway in the first twenty years of the screen were trespassers on the strongholds of the spoken drama, with screens upon a foot-worn stage.

When the Vitagraph Theater, the adopted Criterion rechristened, opened on the night of February 27, 1914, the motion picture had come to Broadway in its 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 shipping. 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 assignment to interview Edison on the marvels of the Vitascope. Now Blackton, Albert E. Smith, his prestidigitator friend from the lyceum stage, and "Pop" Rock, the billiard hall magnate of the '90s, 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 the feature era and it sought 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.

Two weeks later, April 11, 1914, 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 awaiting the liberation from the Edison peep show kinoscope. In the stained old daybook of the Kinetoscope Company, reposing in the safe of Norman C. Raff at Canton, Ohio, is an entry noting the shipment of a battery 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 arcade 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 divertissements presented by S. L. Rothafel, then Rothapfel, now famed in the cinema world as "Roxy."

Broadway has been Roxy's alley ever since. Rothafel began, as we have told, that day long before when he tired of being a footsore book agent and dropped anchor at an inn in



The Care Your Skin Needs without "time taking frills"

MANY women believe that to give their skin really adequate care they must spend hours of valuable time treating it with this preparation and with that. So they become discouraged at the start and neglect their complexions, letting dust, wind and tiredness do their damage.

While all the time, if they but knew, they could care for their skins without time-taking frills by using Daggett-Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream.

Once a day apply this cream to your face and neck with your finger tips. Leave it on a few moments to rest your skin and to collect all of the harsh dirt. Then wipe the cream off on an old towel. Dash cold water over your face to close the pores. Your skin is clean, soft and supple after this cleansing.

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Inecto Rapid, Notox, colors permanently naturally gray, faded or streaked hair to its original shade in 15 minutes; and brings back all the natural brilliancy and texture. The tint is natural and permanent. Women everywhere insist upon it in preference to all other hair colorings. It will not rub off nor be affected by sunlight, shampooing, salt water, Russian and Turkish baths, permanent waving or other hair treatments.


In New York it is used in the ultra-fashionable salons. Inecto Rapid, Notox, comes in 18 distinct shades, from raven black to golden blonde. If it is not all we claim, your money will be refunded without question. Thousands of women apply it in their own homes.

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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.



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which painlessly and harmlessly replaces the old skin with a new and removes all Surface Blemishes, Pimples, Blackheads, Discolorations, Tan, Eczema, Acne, Large Pores, etc. A non-acid, invisible liquid. Produces a healthy new skin, beautiful as a baby's. Results astounding. Booklet "The Magic of a New Skin" free in plain sealed envelope.

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Forest City, Pa., where he tended bar and presently opened an upstairs picture show Saturday nights. He had come a long, long way 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 see 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 conversation was going on in the Loew sanctum 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 meet Loew. In the street he ran most 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 Sixteenth 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. What the theater presents 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 patrons 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. To be satisfied of this one has only to view any picture, no matter how great a picture, with a typical group on a cold screen, that is, without the presentation accompaniments, including music. It is relatively similar to reading the lines of a play in your library as compared with seeing and hearing that same play performed on stage.

The presentation factors which create, supplement and intensify the emotional appeal of the picture have made the motion picture industry of today. These same factors are the guaranty 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 super-added appeal in picture presentation. His personal stamp is on every important motion picture theater on Broadway. He successively opened the Rialto, the Rivoli, and swung the giant Capitol Theater from an initial disappointment in other hands into a profitable success.

Presentation of "The Spoilers"

The Strand opened with "The Spoilers," a nine-reel production of the Rex Beach story from the Selig studios, and the Pathe news reel. "The Spoilers" has proved to be one of the significant productions of the motion picture. It was somewhat overshadowed in fame by "The Birth of a Nation," which came a few months after. The methods of theater exploitation and road showing adopted 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 "The Spoilers" would make a much stronger comparative showing than is generally suspected. "The Spoilers" has since been sold to the state's rights markets for redistribution three times, each time for large sums.

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 pro-

gram film, did not have the merchandising machinery to handle so great a picture. The control of the top of the market was swiftly passing from the men who were masters of the screen in 1908. Their art had outgrown them and now it was taking the business along with it.

The cast of "The Spoilers" includes some names of celebrity, among them William Farnum, Kathlyn Williams, Bessie Eyton, Wheeler Oakman and Thomas Santchi. It was Rex Beach who chose Farnum for the rôle of Roy Glennister. The great fight scene of "The Spoilers" conferred a screen fame on Farnum far greater than his years of stage successes. It set a fashion both in screen fights and scenarios. It was followed by a long sequence of pictures of Alaskan setting, most notable among them "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," with Edmund Breese.

Rex Beach, as Author, Gets First Film Royalties Contract

"The Spoilers" was remade by Jesse D. Hampton in 1923, with Milton Sills in the fighting rôle of Roy Glennister.

The making of "The Spoilers" must be attributed in part to Rex Beach. Beach dealt often with John Pribyl, the literary buyer for Selig. They dickered over the story for months. Beach was being most canny. He demanded \$2,500 for "The Spoilers." It was an appalling figure. Pribyl and Selig were shocked. Authors were going to get expensive. Beach was firm and insistent. Presently they compromised and gave Beach a royalty arrangement. This brought Beach something close to a fortune for his story. It is the first instance in motion picture annals 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 motion picture is an independent special product with a selling and an accounting of its own that such an arrangement is practical. The tendency toward royalty payment is making progress as the motion picture outgrows some aspects of the old program selling days. But in 1924 only a negligible number of purchases were made on a royalty basis. In old program days it was as impossible to calculate royalty on a picture as it would be for a magazine publisher to figure royalties on individual stories. Until the royalty payment is reached the author must be content to have his remuneration fixed by competitive conditions in a market which tries ever to buy at a blind but safe minimum.

This rising significance of the motion picture theater, becoming conspicuous in the early months of 1914, was accompanied by a new recognition of the motion picture in the newspapers.

Metropolitan Daily Starts Serious Reviews

The same Walter Howey, city editor of the Chicago Tribune, and Max Annenberg, circulation manager, who had in the year before become interesting agencies in the newspaper-screen development of the serial picture, were for related reasons responsible for the Tribune's beginning the first serious motion picture column in a metropolitan daily.

Jack Lawson, a re-write man on Howey's staff, was assigned to the business of starting a motion picture department. It began with a merely narrative and news treatment of the films appearing at Madison Street theaters. It soon became apparent that one person could not possibly cover the large number of pictures pouring out in the program flood. Miss Audrie Alspaugh became Lawson's assistant, and when a few months later he 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

a name likely to be accepted in homely comfort by the great common people.

But Kitty Kelly remained most insistently Audrie Alsbaugh at heart. Instead of being a mere reviewer she became an actual critic of the pictures, and one of the first acute students of the picture outside of the industry. She was incurably intelligent and independent. Her reviews out there a thousand miles from Times Square could rather make or break a picture in the second city of the nation and affect its bookings in a wide circle around Chicago with a population of perhaps forty millions.

Little Kitty Kelly became a frequently annoying fact in the consciousness of motion picture offices in New York. Bonbons and the dynamite of threats made through the advertising department of the film companies were of no avail.

The motion picture makers had been accustomed to the adulations of trade press notices. This newspaper copy with ideas and teeth in it was distressing.

A New Type of Picture Criticism Appears

After some years the Tribune discovered that the motion picture public was after all not especially interested in analytical judgments of pictures. This public was looking for printed rehearsals and gossip that would give a tinge of the same emotions enjoyed in the theater.

Whereupon Kitty Kelly resigned, to be succeeded by a much more emotional young woman writing under the name of Mae Tinee. Mae Tinee seldom let the edge of a sharp mind interrupt the flow of the pabulum that the fans desire.

The Chicago Tribune's motion picture department set a pace and pattern to be followed slowly by aggressive journals in all parts of the country. Within two years there were more than a hundred motion picture editors following the profession founded by Jack Lawson and Kitty Kelly. The list in 1924 had reached nearly four hundred.

The motion picture serial, which in this same period did so much to make the newspaper aware of the screen, operated by an interesting commercial reaction to make the newspapers slow to give the motion picture attention. The little local theaters which made up the backbone of the industry were not advertisers. Meanwhile in the promotion of serials, which came in a flood after the triumphs of "The Million Dollar Mystery" and "The Perils of Pauline," the picture makers began to make lavish expenditures in city newspapers to impress the exhibitor and to influence the newspapers toward publishing the serial stories synchronously with the screen presentation. This developed a situation in which many newspapers declined to be interested in news or critical notices of the motion picture unless it were represented in the advertising columns—at amusement rates.

The Big Dailies Go in for Screen Serials

The Chicago Tribune, which had launched the serial wave with "The Adventures of Kathlyn," followed by the sweeping success of "The Million Dollar Mystery," now in 1914 became a party to an even more ambitious serial effort.

A ten thousand dollar contest for a scenario was announced by the Tribune, open to any one who could write a sentence. The North American Film Corporation was formed for the production of the picture, with John R. Freuler and Samuel S. Hutchinson of the American and Mutual Film Corporation as the film executives. This vast serial was to have no less than thirty chapters of two reels each and a sequel of two chapters more, a grand total of sixty-eight reels.

The North American Film Corporation was out to beat the world's record for serials. Its first ambitious step was to seek negotiation with Mary Pickford to star in the production.



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 filmiest frocks with peace-of-mind. Play tennis, golf—ride horseback—dance, without worry, fear.

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.

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DIAMOND IMPORTERS
We import Diamonds direct from Europe and sell direct by mail—a great saving to you. Our Diamonds are "quality" gems, blue white, perfect-cut, personally inspected by our expert buyers.

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Over 2,000 illustrations of Diamond-set Jewelry, Watches, Pearls, Mesh Bags, Silverware, etc. Sent prepaid for your Free Examination.

TERMS: All orders delivered on first payment of one-tenth of purchase price; balance in equal amounts within eight months, as suits your convenience. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded.

NO. 27
Dazzling, Blue White perfect-cut Diamond. Solid 18-k White Gold. **\$100**
ALSO AT \$75, \$150.

NO. 16—Wrist Watch, Solid 18-k White Gold, 17 Jewels, guaranteed, \$29.75; 16 Jewels, 14-k, \$24.85.

WEDDING RINGS
All Platinum, \$25 up. With Diamonds: Three-Diamonds, \$65; five Diamonds, \$80; seven Diamonds, \$95; nine Diamonds, \$110, surrounded by Diamonds, \$225. Solid White or Green Gold, \$3 up.

Railroad Watches—Guaranteed to Pass Inspection
HAMILTON No. 992, 21 Jewels, Adjusted to 6 Positions, Gold filled 25-Year Case **\$55**
ILLINOIS "SUNN SPECIAL," 21 Jewels, Adjusted to 6 Positions, Gold filled 25-Year Case **\$50**
ELGIN'S LATEST RAYMOND, 21 Jewels, 8 Adj. **\$55**
Runs 40 hours one winding, Gold filled 20-Yr. Case

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HOW TO BEAUTIFY THE EYELASHES

Every girl can now have those long, thick, lustrous, sweeping eyelashes which add so much to beauty, if she wants them.

All she has to do is to apply a new liquid make-up which darkens them instantly, making them look nearly twice as long and heavy as they really are. This liquid is waterproof and will not rub off or smear. It is applied in an instant and is beneficial to the lashes, as it contains a natural oil which stimulates their growth. This new make-up, which is used by society women and screen favorites everywhere, is called Lashbrow Liquid.

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 Pomade, which quickly stimulates the growth of the brows and lashes. Clip this announcement, enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and shipping, and send it at once to Lashbrow Laboratories, Dept. 28, 417 Canal St., New York City. On sale at all good toilet goods counters everywhere.

Crème Damascus

prevents and removes Sunburn and Tan, Wrinkles, Rough Skin, Enlarged Pores, and improves all Skin Surfaces. Used by prominent society, theatrical and musical people throughout the country.

\$1 a jar by mail

Madame Marie Shields
162 W. 48th St., N. Y. C.



LOSE A POUND A DAY

Without Drugs, Dieting or Exercising
Yet-eat-drink-sleep—This new way. No drugs, no diet, no exercises—safe and sure. Dissolve FLO-RA-ZO-NA in warm water. Get in and relax—fat melts away like magic. Contains no alum—no Fpsom salts. Box of 14 treatments \$3.25 at your druggists or direct. (\$4 in Canada). Satisfaction guaranteed.

FLO-RA-ZO-NA CORP. Dept. R-10 100 5th Ave., N. Y.



HAY FEVER LOGIC

If pollen sets your nose on fire why not keep pollen out of your nasal filter—safe breathing—comfortable—hardly noticeable—It's being done. Postpaid \$1.00.

NASALFILTER CO., Dept. C
Saint Paul, Minn.

Wise Miss Mary knew better. The serial picture could do nothing for her. She was the famous player of Famous Players. But the serial offers gave Adolph Zukor some anxious hours and raised the salary of Miss Pickford to \$4,000 a week.

Meanwhile the serial makers were bent on having the name of Pickford for their advertising anyway. They made at last a contract with Lottie Pickford, Mary's sister.

A Successful Scenario Contest

The scenario contest brought in exactly 19,003 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 at 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 barn paint. A despairing editor seized upon it and tore it open. The script was from the volatile playwright of Roy L. McCardell, author of the Jarr Family, an interminable 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 which he offered 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. The scenario was a remarkable piece of literary endurance.

It is interesting to recall from the early chapter of this history, that back in the peep show days of 1897, this same Roy McCardell became perhaps the first scenario writer, with his contribution of plot for the little one-minute episodes produced by the American Mutoscope & Biograph Company. 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 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, California, with Irving Cummings in the hero rôle playing 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 a little. 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 victim of the great unsolved murder mystery of Hollywood in 1921.

When the World War broke August 2, 1914, this motion picture industry, just risen to the 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 motion picture was only slightly aware of the war from minor incidental

Studio Directory

For readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal active ones. The first is the business office; (s) indicates studio; in some cases both are at one address.

ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS, INC., 35 West 45th Street, New York City.

Douglas MacLean, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Mack Sennett Productions, 1712 Grendale Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

ASSOCIATED FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES, 383 Madison Ave., New York City.

Richard Barthelme Productions, Inspiration Pictures, 565 11th Ave., New York City.

Edwin Carewe Productions, Associated First Nat'l Pictures, 619 Pacific Finance Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

Samuel Goldwyn Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Thomas H. Ince Productions, Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Norma and Constance Talmadge Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Maurice Tourneur Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

DISTINCTIVE PICTURES CORP., 366 Madison Ave., New York City; (s) 807 East 175th St., New York City.

EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORPORATION, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Christie Comedies, Christie Film Co., Inc., Sunset at Gower St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Hamilton Comedies, Lloyd Hamilton Corp., 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Mermaid Comedies, Jack White Corp., 5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION (PARAMOUNT), 485 Fifth Avenue, New York.

(s) Paramount, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.

(s) Lasky, Hollywood, Calif.

British Paramount (s) Poole St., Islington, N. London, England.

Wm. S. Hart Productions, (s) 1215 Bates Street, Hollywood, Calif.

F. B. O. of AMER., INC., 723 Seventh Avenue, New York City; (s) Corner Gower and Melrose Streets, Hollywood, Calif.

FOX FILM CORPORATION, (s) 10th Ave. and 55th St., New York City. (s) 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. (s) Rome, Italy.

GOLDWYN PICTURES, 1540 Broadway, New York City; (s) Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Calif. King Vidor Productions and Hugo Ballin Productions.

International Films, Inc. (Cosmopolitan Productions), 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City; (s) Second Avenue and 127th St., New York City.

W. W. HODKINSON CORPORATION, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

METRO PICTURES 1540 Broadway, New York City; (s) Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Calif.

Tiffany Productions, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Buster Keaton Productions, Keaton Studio, 1205 Lillian Way, Hollywood, Calif.

Jackie Coogan Productions, (s) Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Calif.

PALMER PHOTOPLAY CORPORATION, Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Calif., Producing at Thos. H. Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.

PATHE EXCHANGE, Pathe Bldg., 35 West 45th Street, New York City.

Harold Lloyd Corporation, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Hal E. Roach Studios, Inc., Culver City, Calif.

Mack Sennett Comedy Productions, Los Angeles, Calif.

PREFERRED PICTURES, 1650 Broadway, New York City; (s) 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. B. P. Schulberg, Vletor Schertzinger and Louis J. Gansier Productions.

PRINCIPAL PICTURES CORPORATION, 1540 Broadway, New York City; (s) 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. Baby Peggy Productions.

ROTHACKER FILM MFG. COMPANY, 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Illinois; Rothacker-Aller Laboratories, Inc., Hollywood, Calif.

UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

George Arliss Productions, Distinctive Prod., 366 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Rex Beach Productions, United Artists Corp., 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Charlie Chaplin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

D. W. Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, and Jack Pickford.

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. COMPANY, 1600 Broadway, New York City; (s) Universal City, Calif.

Century Comedies, Circle Blvd., Hollywood.

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, (s) East 15th Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York; (s) 1703 Talmadge Street, Hollywood, Calif.

WARNER BROTHERS, 1600 Broadway, New York City; (s) Sunset Blvd. at Bronson, Los Angeles.

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 temporarily, 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 Hauff's metol, a coal tar derivative developing agent of German manufacture. Metol was an excellent developer and the laboratories had settled to a routine orthodox use of it. Other developers just as efficient in the hands of expert photo-chemists were available in ample quantities, but the price of German metol went rocketing. Some hysterical laboratories paid its weight in gold for the precious, gray-powered crystals, and sales at from \$80 to \$100 a pound were common.

The Avalanche of War Films

In August the motion picture screen had little indeed 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 Czar," "The War of Wars," "The Last Volunteer," "A Born Warrior," "The Kaiser Challenges," "The Great War of Europe," "European Armies in Action," "Kaiser Wilhelm," "Germania," "England's Menace." 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 warlords of Europe had not yet discovered the necessity of the means of making the screen a propaganda servant of Mars. 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.

Edwin F. Weigle 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, Weigle determined to go to the front, in the event there should be a front. He haunted the editors seeking an assignment. The Tribune did not take either Weigle or Mexico that seriously. But Weigle proved a person of resources. He had a large diamond ring, considerably too large for a Chicago newspaper photographer of 1913. Weigle 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



Your FRECKLES ruin your appearance

Be free this summer from their embarrassment! Don't have freckles all over your nose again. If you do—goodbye to good looks!

Stillman's Freckle Cream is guaranteed to remove every freckle—or your money refunded. It has a double action. Freckles are dissolved away by this snowy, fragrant 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 milk white, beautiful as a baby's skin.

Freckles are caused by sunlight—which beats down as fiercely in America as in Italy or Africa. Unless you do something, your skin will constantly grow worse. The longer you wait, the harder it will be to remove them. So start now!

Write for "Beauty Parlor Secrets"

Women send for Stillman's Freckle Cream from the four corners of the earth. It is the most widely used preparation in the world for this purpose. All druggists carry it in 50c and \$1 sizes.

Send for "Beauty Parlor Secrets" and let us tell you what your particular type needs to look best. Crammed with make-up hints, skin and hair treatments. If you buy \$3 worth Stillman toilet articles in 1924 we will present you with beautiful, large size bottle perfume, free. You need our many preparations daily in your home. Get our booklet.



Given free if you buy \$3 worth Stillman toilet articles in 1924.

Stillman's Freckle cream

double action Removes Freckles Whitens the Skin

STILLMAN CO., 32 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.

Please send me free copy of "Beauty Parlor Secrets" and perfume offer.

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 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 Arms, 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 Julianne 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



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. almost instantly stops the pain, the inflammation and the swelling.

At all druggists', \$1.25, or postpaid
Liberal trial bottle, 10c., postpaid

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
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Balance in easy monthly payments. The 21 Jewel

STUDEBAKER
-The Insured Watch

64 Different Art Beauty Cases. 8 adjustments. Buy direct—big savings. **FREE BOOK** Write today for Book of Studenaker Advance Watch Styles and \$1.00 down offer.

Studenaker Watch Co., Dept. 338 South Bend, Indiana

Delica
Kissproof Lipstick

- will make your lips more alluring, intriguing and lovely. The color is new and so indescribably natural it defies detection. It's
- **WATERPROOF! KISSPROOF! STAYS ON!**
- As you face your mirror and apply this latest creation, you will behold lips more beautiful than you ever knew were yours.

At all Toilet Counters or Direct 50c

.....**FREE**.....

DELICA LABORATORIES, INC.
Dept. 167, 4003 Broadway, CHICAGO

Send me a generous sample of Delica Kissproof Lipstick together with sample bottle of Delica-Brow, the original liquid dressing for darkening the lashes and brows. I enclose 10c for packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

cameramen, we must call it chance that found Weigle shipbound at Tampico while he was determinedly trying to get to Vera Cruz, on that special and particular day when the United States Marines landed on the text of an insult to the American flag. There was a bit of street skirmishing and shooting, with some casualties and one marine from Chicago killed. Weigle photographed the proceedings in his calm matter of fact way. The Mexicans shot off some of his buttons, but Weigle was not worried about buttons.

He had come to photograph a war and this seemed to be it.

Weigle cabled the Tribune that he had pictures, still and motion, of the brush at Tampico.

He was informed that he and they would be most welcome back home.

Weigle had the only pictures of the best thing in the way of a war story since the Spanish-American in '98.

Emissaries of the competition met Weigle's ship at the dock in New Orleans with large offers for his story and pictures, especially the pictures, but the only idea in his mind was to get to the Tribune office, 7 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois, with his negatives.

Weigle prospered mightily with his pictures. He had left Chicago an obscure cameraman on a wild goose chase and he came home with fame, laurels and a scoop.

Weigle's Luck Brings Him to Fall of Antwerp

When, in 1914, things began to get a bit thick in Europe, Joseph Medill Patterson, one of the editor-owners of the Tribune, set sail for the continent, taking Weigle along. Eddie Weigle had become Mr. Weigle now. The stars were with Weigle again. He was in Antwerp when the city fell before the German advance. He made pictures in the streets between shell bursts and he set up his camera on the Dutch frontier, making pictures of the mad rout of the Belgian refugees pouring into Holland.

War was his dish and he was there with a spoon.

When Weigle went to Europe the second time he went into Germany. He visited relatives in the Fatherland, living over the Rhine, and made sundry motion pictures of war activities. Meanwhile came one Donald Thompson, formerly of Topeka, Kansas, and a great deal of elsewhere, an adventurer of the camera. Thompson went into Europe for a Montreal newspaper and came back for the Chicago Tribune, bearing some pictures that he had made and a great many more that he had bought or otherwise acquired while in Germany.

From these sources the Tribune in Chicago accumulated a considerable supply of war negative. It was edited into a show by all of the members of the Tribune staff and Paul R. Kuhn, the advertising man who had had a share in the Tribune's great serial success in "The Million Dollar Mystery."

"The German Side of the War"

The picture, entitled "The German Side of the War," opened September 20, 1915, at the Forty-fourth Street theater in New York. It was an opening with a bang. No attraction before or since has the record of such a sensation in so short a time. The lines awaiting 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 renew their supply from 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.

The Germans began, somewhat belatedly, to plan for motion picture propaganda in the United States. The American Correspondent Film Co., of Bridgeport, Conn., a newly organized concern, in August of 1915 admitted a propaganda arrangement with Austria and Germany. Some few pictures were brought into America and offered for release. They were clumsily photographed and more clumsily edited. They attained no circulation of importance. They did, 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 Malitz, president, and Gustave Engler, secretary of the company, were sentenced to prison on conviction of violation of divers and sundry war laws. Other more craftily engineered projects escaped official attention, but none of them were of any important service to the German cause.

The French, with plans for the exploitation of loans on the American money market, 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 topicals, embodying no technique beyond that of the everyday news reel. They were all bumbles and makeshifts. The propaganda picture makers of the war, on every and all sides, were about as effective as Villa, but not so picturesque.

Ineffectual 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 band of Austrians raided 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 captures and sinkings of that famous seewolf. For more than three years spies, diplomatic agents and secret service men sought a print of this amazing picture. It had been made by deliberate plan of the Germans 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 and the film was hastily recalled and secreted. Late in the spring of 1920, Ariel Vargas, a cameraman extraordinary for the Hearst International News reels and also a captain in the British army, by token of his agility, got the scent of a print of the Moewe picture in an obscure corner of a European capital. The picture was in the possession of a one-time German agent. The agent 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 friend. Vargas in his blandishing way tapped this line of friendships and drove his campaign on bearings of gold with champagne lubrication. One day in May, 1920, the diplomatic pouch received at the British consulate in New York included a considerable package under seal of Captain Ariel Vargas, addressed to Edgar B. Hatrick, general manager of the International Newsreel Corporation, 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. Hearst 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 market 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 lilies of France for a German fraulein. They were wed and lived happily ever after in Germany. A son was born to them. He was christened Armand de la Perrier, French enough to be true, but reared a German on German soil. When the Austrian submarines put to sea in the Mediterranean, young Lieutenant Armand de la Perrier was in command of Unterseeboot 35.

The Grimmiest 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 backlighted. Then he sank her against the sun of the dawn, ensign flying at the forepeak as it settled into 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 complicated distribution. 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 motion 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 Levee, 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 Levee's office.

Schenck didn't appear at the appointed time and Levee found out from the gateman that he had left the studio by automobile.

Levee 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.

She caught her breath . . . thrilled through and through by his bold look of admiration as she poised her beautiful body for the next backward plunge.



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 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

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Pictures? Oh, Pshaw!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84]

"Oh, I had a string of weight guessing machines at Coney Island, and then, of course, I've tuned pianos."

"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 of the steamship Haverford. 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 line in it, so when I applied for a job in the chorus, I got it. I met her then, and we were married. We live in Great Neck."

"Oscar is your real name, isn't it? You wouldn't joke about a thing like that?"

"Not for anything in the world."

Outside of all this, Mr. Shaw has other claims to fame. He is one of the best all-round athletes on the stage. He is an excellent golfer. 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 a song 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 is a friend of Jack Holt and Thomas Meighan. He belongs.

The Discovery of Jobyna Ralston

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52]

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 Temple. Going through the 'back door, thinking it was the stage entrance, she walked right out into the pulpit where the minister was preaching. The audience gasped at Jobyna's appearance, and the amazed divine blurted, "Who are you?"

"I'm—I'm a show girl," announced Jobyna nervously. "Aren't 'Two Little Girls in Blue' rehearsal 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 Tennessee 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. Expressions flutter over it, one after another, like 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 impulse and instinct, and lives in a bungalow nest with her mother, father and brother.

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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"THE SEA HAWK"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Rafael Sabatini. Directed by Frank Lloyd. Cast: *Sir Oliver Tressilian* and *Sakr-el-Bahr*, Milton Sills; *Rosamund Godolphin, his fiancée*, Enid Bennett; *Master Lionel Tressilian*, Lloyd Hughes; *Master Peter Godolphin*, Wallace MacDonald; *Sir John Killigrew*, Rosamund's guardian, Marc MacDermott; *Jasper Leigh, a freebooter*, Wallace Beery; *Asad-ed-Din, basha of Algiers*, Frank Currier; *Fenzileh, his wife*, Mme. Medea Radzina; *Marsak, her son*, William Collier, Jr.; *Justice Baine*, Lionel Belmore; *Ali, Asad's Lieutenant*, Fred de Silva; *Tsamanni, Asad's personal aide*, Rector V. Sarno; *Yusuf, a Moorish leader*, *Spanish Prisoner*, Albert Prisco; *Spanish Commander*, George E. Romain; *Infanta of Spain*, Christine Montt; *Ayoub, Fenzileh's personal servant*, Robert Bolder; *Andalusian Slave Girl*, Kathleen Key; *Spanish Slave Girl*, Nancy Zann; *Inn Keeper*, Louis Morrison; *Inn Keeper's Wife*, Kate Price; *Captain of Asad's Guards*, Al Jennings; *Nick, Oliver's personal servant*, Bert Woodruff; *Oliver's young son*, Master Walter Wilkinson; *Bishop*, Henry Barrows; *Chief Justice of England*, Edwards Davis; *The Siren, Claire Du Brey*; *Boatswain*, Robert Spencer; *Turkish Merchant*, Theodore Lorch; *Sir Waller*, Andrew Johnston.

"WANDERER OF THE WASTELAND" —PARAMOUNT.—Story by Zane Grey. Scenario by George C. Hull and Victor Irvin. Directed by Irvin Willat. The cast: *Adam Larey*, Jack Holt; *Magdalene Virey*, Kathlyn Williams; *Mr. Virey*, George Irving; *Ruth Virey*, Billie Dove; *Dismukes*, Noah Beery; *Guerd Larey*, James Mason; *Colishaw*, Richard R. Neill; *Alex MacKay*, James Gordon; *Merryvale*, William Carroll; *Camp Doctor*, Willard Cooley.

"THE SIGNAL TOWER" — UNIVERSAL-SUPER-JEWEL.—From the story by Wadsworth Camp. Scenario by James O. Spearing. Directed by Clarence L. Brown. Photographed by Ben Reynolds. The cast: *Sally Tolliver*, Virginia Valli; *Dave Tolliver*, Rock-liffe Fellowes; *Sonny Tolliver*, Frankie Darro; *Joe Standish*, Wallace Beery; *Old Bill*, James O. Barrows; *Pete*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Gertie*, Dot Farley.

"THOSE WHO DANCE" — FIRST NATIONAL.—Story by George Kibbe Turner. Adapted by Arthur Statter. Directed by Lambert Hillyer. The cast: *Rose Karney*, Blanche Sweet; *Vida*, Bessie Love; *Bob Kane*, Warner Baxter; *Mae Karney*, Bobby Agnew; *Monahan*, John Sainpolis; *Ruth Kane*, Lucille Rickson; *Joe the Greek*, Mathew Betz; *Mrs. Kane*, Lydia Knott; *Tom Andrus*, Charles Delaney; *Bob Kane's father*, W. S. McDonough; *Frank Church*, Jack Perrin.

"BROADWAY AFTER DARK" — WARNER BROTHERS.—Story based on the play by Owen Davis. Directed by Monta Bell. The cast: *Ralph Norton*, Adolphe Menjou; *Rose Dulane*, Norma Shearer; *Helen Tremaine*, Anna Q. Nilsson; *Jack Devlin*, Edward Burns; *Lenore Vance*, Carmel Myers; *Mrs. Smith (landlady)*, Vera Lewis; *"Slim" Scott*, Willard Louis; *Carl Fisher*, Mervyn Le Roy; *Ed. Fisher*, Jimmy Quinn; *The Old Actor*, Edgar Norton; *Vera*, Gladys Tennyson; *The Chorus Girl*, Ethel Miller; *Norton's Valet*, Otto Hoffman; *Tom Devery (the detective)*, Lew Harvey; *George Vance*, Michael Dark.

"THE BEDROOM WINDOW" — PARAMOUNT.—Story and scenario by Clara Beranger. Directed by William de Mille. Photography by L. Guy Wilky. The cast: *Ruth Marlin*, May McAvoy; *Frank Armstrong*,

Malcolm McGregor; *Robert Delano*, Ricardo Cortez; *Frederick Hall*, Robert Edeson; *Silas Tueker*, George Fawcett; *Matilda Jones, alias Rufus Rome*, Ethel Wales; *Butler*, Charles Ogle; *Sonya Malisoff*, Medea Radzina; *Detective*, Guy Oliver; *Mammy*, Lillian Leighton; *Gun Salesman*, George Calliga.

"THE TURMOIL" — UNIVERSAL-JEWEL.—From the story by Booth Tarkington. Scenario by Edward T. Lowe. Directed by Hobart Henley. Photographed by Charles Stumar. The cast: *Bibbs Sheridan*, George Hackett; *James Sheridan, Sr.*, Emmet Corrigan; *Mary Vertrees*, Eleanor Boardman; *Mrs. Vertrees*, Kitty Bradbury; *Jim Sheridan, Jr.*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Roscoe Sheridan*, Edward Hearn; *Sybil Sheridan*, Eileen Percy; *Edith Sheridan*, Pauline Garon; *Mrs. Sheridan*, Victory Bateman.

"THE WHITE MOTH" — FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Izola Forrester. Adapted by Albert Shelby Le Vino. Directed by Maurice Tourneur. Photography by Arthur L. Todd. The cast: *The White Moth*, Barbara La Marr; *Robert Vantine*, Conway Tearle; *Gonzalo Montrez*, Charles de Roche; *Douglas Vantine*, Ben Lyon; *Gwen*, Edna Murphy; *Ninon*, Josie Sedgwick; *Mrs. Delaney*, Kathleen Kirkham; *Tothmes*, William Orlandom.

"MIAMI" — HODKINSON.—From story by John Lynch. Directed by Alan Crosland. The cast: *Joan Bruce*, Betty Compson; *Ransom Tate*, Lawford Davidson; *Mary Tate*, Hedda Hopper; *David Forbes*, J. Barney Sherry; *Veronica Forbes*, Lucy Fox; *Grant North*, Benjamin F. Finney, Jr.

"WHY MEN LEAVE HOME" — FIRST NATIONAL.—From the stage success by Avery Hopwood. Directed by John M. Stahl. The cast: *John Emerson*, Lewis Stone; *Irene Emerson*, Helene Chadwick; *Grandma Sutton*, Mary Carr; *Grandpa Sutton*, William V. Mong; *Jean Ralston*, Alma Bennett; *Nina Neilson*, Hedda Hopper; *Sam Neilson*, Sidney Bracy; *Betty Phillips*, Lila Leslie; *Arthur Phillips*, E. H. Calvert; *Dr. Bailey*, Howard Truesdell.

"HOLD YOUR BREATH" — W. W. HODKINSON CORP.—From the story by Frank Roland Conklin. Directed by Scott Sidney. Photographed by Gus Peterson and Alex Phillips. The cast: *The Girl*, Dorothy Devore; *Her Fiancée*, Walter Hiers; *The Eccentric Collector*, Tully Marshall; *Proprietor of Beauty Parlor*, 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 Pierce; *Oil Salesman*, Victor Rodman; *Policeman*, Budd Fine; *Detective*, Eddie Baker; *Street Merchant*, Max Davidson; *Colored Boy*, Douglas Carter.

"THE FIRE PATROL" — CHADWICK PICTURES CORPORATION.—Adapted from the stage play by Harkins and Barber. Directed by Hunt Stromberg. The cast: In the Prologue—*Mary Ferguson*, Anna Q. Nilsson; *Captain John Ferguson*, William Jeffries; *Colin Ferguson*, Dicky Brandon; *"Buteh" Anderson*, Jack Richardson. Eighteen years later—*Molly Thateher*, Madge Bellamy; *Emma Thateher*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Captain John Ferguson*, Spottiswoode Aitken; *Colin Ferguson*, Johnny Harron; *"Butch" Anderson*, Jack Richardson; *Alice Masters*, Gale Henry; *The Village Belle*, Frances Ross; *Members of the Fire Patrol*, Charles Murray, Chester Conklin, Bull Montana, Hank Mann, Bill Franey.



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"THE GAITY GIRL"—UNIVERSAL— JEWEL.—From the novel by I. A. R. Wylie. Scenario by Frank Beresford. Directed by King Baggot. Photographed by Charles Stumar. The cast: *Eirein Rudul-Tudor*, Mary Philbin; *William Tudor* (Earl of Pencarreg), Joseph H. Dowling; *Owen Tudor*, William Haines; *Ewan Evans*, Otto Hoffman; *Juckins*, James O. Barrows; *John Kershaw*, De Witt Jennings; *Christopher "Kit" Kershaw*, Freeman S. Wood; *Sammy Samuels*, George B. Williams; *The Duke*, Tom Ricketts; *Rayburn* (stage manager), Roy Laidlaw.

"THE RECKLESS AGE"—UNIVERSAL— From the story by Earl Derr Biggers. Directed by Harry Pollard. The cast: *Richard Minot*, Reginald Denny; *Cynthia Meyrick*, Ruth Dwyer; *Manuel Gonzalen*, Fred Malatesta; *Henry Timmers*, Hayden Stevenson; *Martin Wall*, Tom McGuire; *Lord Harrowby*, William Austin; *Spencer Meyrick*, John Stepping; *George Jenken*, Frank Leigh.

"THE FIGHTING AMERICAN"—UN- VERSAL.—Story by William Elwell Oliver. Scenario by Harvey Gates. Directed by Tom Foreman. Photographed by Harry Perry. The cast: *Bill Pendleton*, Pat O'Malley; *Mary O'Mallory*, Mary Astor; *Danny Daynes*, Raymond Hatton; *Fu Shing*, Warner Oland; *Quig Morley*, Edwin J. Brady; *W. F. Pendleton*, Taylor Carroll; *Wm. A. Pendleton*, Clarence Geldbert; *Mr. O'Mallory*, Alfred Fisher; *Alfred Rulland*, Jack Byron; *Lee Yong*, James Wang; *College Professor*, Emmett King; *Lizzie*, Jane Starr; *Harry March*, Frank Kingsley.

"THE PRINTER'S DEVIL"—WARNER BROS.—Scenario by Julien Josephson. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: *Brick Hubbard*, Wesley Barry; *Sidney Fletcher*, Harry Myers; *Vivian Gates*, Katherine McGuire; *Lem Kirk*, Louis King; *Ira Gates*, George Pearce; *Alec Sperry*, Ray Cannon; *Dora Kirk*, Mary Halter; *Chet Quimby*, Harry Rottenburg.

"DAUGHTERS OF PLEASURE"—PRIN- CIPAL.—From the story by Caleb Proctor. Scenario by Eve Unsell. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: *Marjory Hadley*, Marie Prevost; *Kent Merrill*, Monte Blue; *Lilla Millas*, Clara Bow; *Mrs. Hadley*, Edyth Chapman; *Mark Hadley*, Wilfred Lucas.


"THE WOMAN ON THE JURY"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From stage play by Bernard K. Burns. Directed by Harry O. Hoyt. The cast: *Betty Brown*, Sylvia Breamer; *Fred Masters*, Frank Mayo; *George Wayne* and *George Montgomery*, Lew Cody; *Grace Pierce*, Bessie Love; *Mrs. Pierce*, Mary Carr; *Judge Davis*, Hobart Bosworth; *Marion Masters*, Myrtle Stedman; *Prosecuting Attorney*, Henry B. Walthall; *Defense Attorney*, Roy Stewart.

"THE WHITE SHADOW"—SELZNICK— Story by Michael Morton. Directed by Graham Cutts. Photography by Claude L. McDonnell. The cast: *Nancy Brent*, Betty Compton; *Georgina Brent*, Betty Compton; *Robin Field*, Olive Brook; *Maurice Brent*, A. B. Imeson; *Elizabeth Brent*, Daisy Campbell; *Louis Chadwick*, Henry Victor.


"HIGH SPEED"—UNIVERSAL— Story by Fred Jackson. Scenario by Helen Broderick. Directed by Herbert Blache. Photography by Merritt Gersted. The cast: *Hi Morland*, Herbert Rawlinson; *Marjory Holbrook*, Carmelita Geraghty; *Dick Farrell*, Bert Roach; *Daniel Holbrook*, Otto Hoffman; *Rev. Humphries*, Percy Challenger; *Burglar*, Jules Cowles; *Taxi Driver*, J. B. Russell.

"BETWEEN FRIENDS"—VITAGRAPH— From the novel by Robert W. Chambers. Directed by J. Stuart Blackton. The cast: *David Drene*, Lou Tellegen; *Jessica Drene*, Anna Q. Nilsson; *Jack Greylock*, Norman Kerry; *Cecile White*, Alice Calhoun; *Quair*, Stuart Holmes; *Guilder*, Henry Barrows.

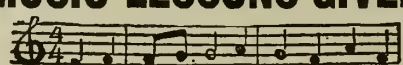
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"MISSING DAUGHTERS"—SELZNICK.—Story by William H. Clifford. Scenario by Charles F. Cochard. Directed by William H. Clifford. Photography by Ray June. The cast: *Eva Rivers, Eva Novak; Eileen Allen, Eileen Percy; Pauline Histon, Pauline Starke; Claire Mathers, Claire Adams; John Rogers, Rockcliffe Fellowes; Chief of U. S. Secret Service, Robert Edeson; Hawks, Sheldon Lewis; Guy Benson, Walter Long; The Hermit, Walt Whitman; Anthony Roche, Chester Bishop; Carl Linke, Frank Ridge; Office Boy, True Boardman.*

"WHEN A GIRL LOVES"—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS.—Author and director, Victor Hugo Halperin. The cast: *Sasha Boroff, Agnes Ayres; Count Michael, Percy Marmont; Dr. Godfrey Luke, Robert McKim; Helen, Kathlyn Williams; The Czarina, Mary Alden; Rogojin, George Seigman; Grishka, John George; Fania, Ynez Seabury; Alexis, William Orlamond; Ferdova, Rosa Rosanova; Yussoff, Leo White; Peter, Otto Lederer.*

"PAL O' MINE"—C. B. C.—Story by Edith Kennedy. Directed by Edward J. Le Saint. The cast: *Madame Montfort, Irene Rich; Sam Herman, Willard Louis; Mrs. Herman, Pauline Garon; Frank Travers, Albert Roscoe; Mondoza, Jean de Briac.*

"WANDERING HUSBANDS"—HODKINSON.—Story by C. Gardner Sullivan. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: *George Moreland, James Kirkwood; Diana Morceland, Lila Lee; Marilyn Foster, Margaret Livingston; Percy, Eugene Pallette; Rosemary Morceland, Muriel Frances Dana; Jim, Turner Savage; Bates, George Pearce; Buller, George French.*

"RACING LUCK"—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS.—Story by Gene Havez and Lex Neal. Directed by Herman C. Raymaker. The cast: *Mario Bianca, Monty Banks; Rosina, Helen Ferguson; Luigi, Lionel Belmore; Tony Mora, Francis McDonald; Mrs. Bianca, Martha Franklin; Pietro Bianca, D. Metzoras; Cafe Owner, William Blaisdell.*

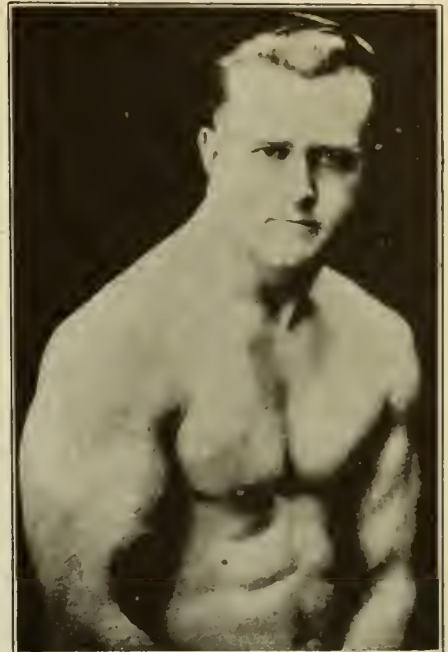
"WHAT THREE MEN WANTED"—INDEPENDENT PICTURES.—Story by G. A. Lambert. Directed by Paul Burns. The cast: *Harriet Lancaster, Miss Du Pont; Billy Lambert, Jack Livingston; Marion Fair, Catherine Murphy; Max Markham, Otto Lederer; Maurice Markham, J. Parks Jones; Landis Dugan, Frank Jonnason; Hackett, Albert McQuarrie; Sir Oliver, Robert Boulder.*

"DON'T DOUBT YOUR HUSBAND"—METRO.—Story by Sada Cowan and Howard Higgin. Directed by Harry Beaumont. Photography by John Arnold. The cast: *Helen Blake, Viola Dana; Richard Blake, Alan Forrest; Alma Lane, Winifred Bryson; Reginald Trevor, John Patrick; Mr. Ruggles, Willard Louis; Mrs. Ruggles, Adele Watson; Mr. Clinton, Robert Dunbar.*

"VENUS OF THE SOUTH SEAS"—LEE-BRADFORD.—Directed by James R. Sullivan. The cast: *Shona Royale, Annette Kellerman; John Royale, Roland Purdie; Robert Quane, Jr., Robert Ramsay; John Drake, Norman French.*

"THE SWORD OF VALOR"—CAPITOL.—Scenario by Jefferson Moffit. Directed by Duke Worne. Photography by Roland Price. The cast: *Capt. Grant Lee Brooks, Snowy Baker; Ynez, Dorothy Revier; Don Guzman de Ruiz y Montejo, Otto Lederer; Henri di Laon, Fred Kavens; Ismid Matrouli, Edwin Cecil; Secretary, Percy Challenger; Madame Herman, Stella D'Lanti; Housekeeper, Eloise Hesse; Boomerang, by himself.*

"AFTER A MILLION"—AYWON.—Continuity by J. Inman Kane. Directed by Jack Nelson. Photography by Elmer Dyer. The cast: *Count Orloff and Gregory Maxim, Kenneth McDonald; Countess Olga, Ruth Dwyer; Alphonse Martell, Joe Girard, Stanley Bingham, J. Hunt, Ada Bell, Hal Craig.*



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WHO WILL HELP YOU?

I know you think you know all about it. Most everyone you meet tries to tell you how, but they can teach an oyster how to sing quicker than they can show you anything about muscle building. If you are in legal trouble, you seek a lawyer. If you are wise, you get the best, for they are the cheapest in the long run. Now, how about that body of yours? Do you realize it is the choicest possession you have on earth? Don't be a plain dumb Dora! Use your head. This is vital with you. Muscle building is one of the trickiest studies on earth. I've worked at it ever since the day I left College, so I ought to know. I've seen many a poor chap literally ruined by the wrong kind of guidance. On the other hand I've seen human wrecks transformed into human Hercules by being started in the right direction.

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"THE GOOD BAD BOY"—PRINCIPAL.—Scenario by Eve Unsell. Directed by Eddie Cline. The cast: *Billy Benson*, Joe Butterworth; *Judge Fawcett's Daughter*, Mary Jane Irving; *John Benson*, Forrest Robinson; *Mrs. Benson*, Lucy Beaumont; *Sidney Marvin*, Arthur Hull; *Walter Howe*, Richard Wayne; *Judge Fawcett*, Edwards Davis; *Brownie*, by himself.

"IN FAST COMPANY"—TRUART.—Story by Alfred A. Cohn. Scenario by Garrett Eldsen Fort. Directed by James W. Horne. Photography by William Marshall. The cast: *Perry Whitman, Jr.*, Richard Talmadge; *Barbara Beldon*, Mildred Harris; *Drexel Craig*, Sheldon Lewis; *Perry Whitman, Sr.*, Charles Clary; *Reginald Chichester*, Douglas Gerrard; *Big Mike*, Snitz Edwards; *The Bolivian Bull*, Jack Herrick; *The Maid*, Lydia Yeamans Titus.

"NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE"—F. B. O.—From the stage play by W. G. Wills and G. G. Collingham. Scenario by Walter Summers. Directed by Alexander Butler. The cast: *Napoleon Bonaparte*, Gwydym Evans; *Marie Louise*, Mary Dibley; *Stephanie De Beauharnais*, Lilian Hall-Davis; *Marquis de Talleyrand*, Minister of the Interior, Jerald Robertshaw; *Marquis de Beaumont*, Gerald Ames; *Old Grimaud*, Tom Reynolds; *General Augereau*, 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: *Johnnie Gains*, Johnnie Walker; *Mary Gains*, Mary Carr; *Thomas Gains*, Carl Stockdale; *Jim Fuller*, Dave Kirby; *John J. Burrows*, Mark Fenton; *Zelda Burrows*, Rosemary Cooper; *Otto Schultz*, William S. Hooser; *Gretchen Schultz*, Gloria Grey; *Silas Gains*, Cuyler Supplee; *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; *Conchita*, Lillian Adrian; *The Weazel*, Jim Corey; *David McGinn*, Andrew Arbuckle; *May McGinn*, Hazel Keener; *Red O'Hara*, David Kirby; *Battling Benson*, Al Kaufman; *Bob Trent*, Fred Thomson; *Silver King*, by himself.

"BROADWAY OR BUST"—UNIVERSAL.—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-Smythe*, Gertrude Astor; *Count Dardanela*, Fred Malatesta.

"A SON OF THE SAHARA"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by Louise Gerard. Directed by Edwin Carewe. Cast: *Barbara*, Claire Windsor; *Raoul le Breton* (*Cassim Amneh*), Bert Lytell; *Capt. Jean Duval*, Walter McGrail; *Rayma*, Rosemary Theby; *Sullan Cassim Amneh* and *Colonel Barbier*, Montagu Love; *Cassim Sr.'s Lieutenant*, *Cassim Jr.'s Lieutenant*, and *Auctioneer*, Paul Panzer; *Raoul as a boy*, Georges Chebat; *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 Roart*, Pat Hardigan; *Lem Pearson*, Tom Lingham; *"Chuck"* Campbell, J. Farrell McDonald; *Mrs. Pearson*, Edith Kennick; *Leonard Pearson*, Bruce Gordon.

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Photoplay Finds Mary Fuller

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

the world. I have studied. Particularly I have been interested in art and music. I think that I have broadened myself, at least in a measure. That's one reason why I feel that I would like to try pictures again.

"When I left the studios for the last time, I was tired. Terribly tired. Picture making then was a hard, driving thing. It wore you down and sapped your vitality. I felt I must rest—and that I would never get enough rest.

"Now that I have built up a reserve of vitality the old lure of the studios has returned to me. I know I shall miss the pioneer experimenting, the feeling out of a new entertainment, but I want to see what they hold for me now that I know something of the world. I may be disillusioned but I want to try."

Miss Fuller has never married. "I haven't found the right man yet," she explained.

Miss Fuller has kept in touch with pictures. She reads PHOTOPLAY and the various motion picture magazines and has laughed over many a reference to her strange disappearance. She goes steadily to the film theaters in Washington. Little did the capital fans know that a genuine film pioneer—an actress whose popularity rated with Mary Pickford's—was seated beside them.

MISS FULLER is serious about her plans for a celluloid return. *She is coming back.* That is positive. More definite details will follow very shortly.

There is no reason why Miss Fuller cannot achieve a successful come-back. She is younger than many of the popular stars of today. Her eyes are as striking as ever and her face is quite as youthful in its lines.

I can still recall the Mary Fuller of the old Edison days as a quiet, silent person who never seemed to talk. She joined the old Edison stock company in the late part of 1909 and remained there, one of screenland's most popular stars, until 1914. It was during this time that she appeared in the famous series, "What Happened to Mary." A prophetic title, indeed, considering the mystery that later grew up around the actress.

In those days there were no doubles and the stars did their own daring stunts. In making the "What Happened to Mary" series, for instance, I can remember how Miss Fuller slid down a rope from a seventh story window, badly blistering her hands.

From Edison, Miss Fuller went to Universal. She retired in 1916, only to return for a single Lasky production, "The Long Trail," in which Lou Tellegen appeared. Then she dropped from sight.

I asked Miss Fuller what she thought of the photoplay of today. "It is coming to me that audiences do not take their films as seriously as in the old days," she replied. "And I put the blame for that to the picture folk themselves. They take their work lightly. You can't expect the public to take your work any more seriously than you yourself do.

"Much of the old mystery is gone," she went on. "A lot of that was inevitable. But here again the picture folk have been at fault. Players have paraded their personal lives, even their indiscretions, in the newspapers. Actresses pose for portraits with practically no attire save a smile. My, how things have changed! And personal appearances have been destructive to the *nth* degree.

"I always felt it was well to consider what the little girl in Concordia, Kansas, would think of you. Maybe she believes differently about her film idol's morals now. Maybe I'm old fashioned. Perhaps I shall have to develop some moral lapses and erect a lavender-hued reputation."

Somehow, however, I think that audiences will want the Mary Fuller of old.

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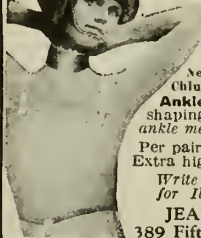
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Under which Zodiac Sign you were born? What significance it has in shaping your life?

dress and exact date of birth in own handwriting and receive your astrological interpretation in plain sealed envelope, postpaid. A great surprise awaits you. Enclose 12c to cover cost of this notice and mailing. Address me personally—DHASSI.

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Does not interfere with permanent waving. Eau de Henna is two liquids, one application. It colors at once. No mess. No pack. Does not shade off reddish as with many powdered Hennas.

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Wonderful For Touching Up

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Eau de Henna comes in colors; Black, dark brown, medium brown, light brown, drab, blond, auburn. Price postpaid \$2.50 or C. O. D. \$2.60.

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Dept. 19, 112 East 23rd St., New York

Men as well as women can use Eau de Henna to advantage.

Studio News and Gossip

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99]

go on to Rome with Marcus Loew to consult upon the further "shooting" of "Ben-Hur."

Blanche Sweet preceded Mr. Neilan to New York and will accompany her husband-director abroad. While in New York Miss 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 through all the 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 countess looked at him 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. They are seldom, if ever, seen out together these days, and the filing of divorce proceedings by either would cause little surprise among their friends. Neither Wheeler or Priscilla is communicative on the subject, and both point out that they are still living under the same roof. Still, their home in Beverly Hills is big, very big, and they might 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 invisible power" in motion pictures. He is 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 predicts tremendous activity during the immediate months. Louis B. Mayer, head of the new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer combine, states that his company will spend over \$15,000,000 during the coming year in productions. This new organization has four stars: Ramon Novarro, Mae Murray, Jackie Coogan and Laurette Taylor. The directors under contract are: Rex Ingram, Frank Borzage, 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.

THE VALUE of CHARCOAL

Few People Know How Useful It Is In Preserving Health and Beauty

Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when properly prepared and taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose.

Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better; it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, and after eating onions and other odorous vegetables.

Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges; they are composed of the finest quality Willow charcoal powdered to extreme fineness, then compressed in tablet form or rather in the form of large, pleasant tasting lozenges, the charcoal being sweetened to be smooth and palatable.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much improved condition of the general health, better complexion, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but on the contrary, great benefit.

Many physicians advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat. They are also believed to greatly benefit the liver. These lozenges cost but thirty cents a box at drug stores.

You get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets.

For a free trial send your name and address to

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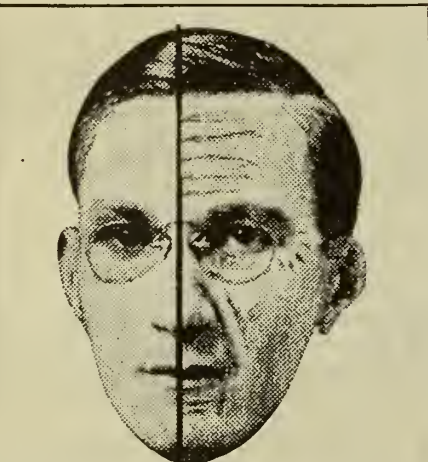
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Parisian beauty doctors remove crowfeet, wrinkles, frown and mouth lines, moles, hair, scars, tattoo and powder marks, freckles and smallpox pits without the knife. This method has been introduced in America by a nationally famous plastic surgeon and dermatologist and can now be secured in the form of Home Treatments only through us. No exercises, cutting, electricity, massage, astringent lotions or clays. A perfect home treatment that takes from 10 to 40 years from the appearance of your face to STAY OFF.

THE SOCIAL AND DOLLAR VALUE OF A FACE—a new booklet just out—is a worthwhile story for every man and woman. It contains photographic proof showing how people up to 85 years of age have been restored to look 20 to 40 years younger. This booklet will be sent to those interested on request by the Gordon Co., 770 Tramway Bldg., Denver, Col.

WILL ROGERS "covered" the Republican National Convention in Cleveland for the New York Times. According to the 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!"

It was Rogers, by the way, who wired the

now famous line back to his newspaper. It was: "This is the first vice-presidential convention ever held in the history of politics."

AN ambitious amateur sleuth and zealous dry squad chief poked their noses around Beverly Hills one day and found a "still" in Charlie Chaplin's home. Then they went away and went snooping some place else.

The amateur was really to blame. He saw a number of bottles of distilled water being delivered to Chaplin's home. He at once suspected something was wrong. Something usually is wrong when an amateur is around. He snooped about the premises until he got into the basement, where he saw the "still." Then he sat down and wrote a letter to the district attorney. The letter was turned over to the head of the district attorney's dry squad.

The latter went to the Chaplin home. Charlie was out but the Japanese boy showed them all over the house, including the "still." It turned out to be a device to soften water. The distilled water, the Japanese boy explained, was used to wash Chaplin's automobile. The machine had been repainted recently and required that kind of water. No booze was found. Good boy, Charlie!

POLA NEGRI and Rod La Rocque!
This is the latest Hollywood engagement to be rumored and then denied by both parties. "Pola love Rod?"

Maybe. In fact all women admire Rod, the screen actor, declared Pola Negri, when questioned about their rumored engagement, but the actress emphatically denied that she and the handsome leading man are to be married.

"Sure, we're together a great deal—but engaged? No! Never! Of course Mr. La Rocque is a wonderful man and I'm not the only woman who thinks that. But why should I have to marry him just because we like to go out and dance together? It is too ridiculous!"

And La Rocque also denied the engagement. "I have great respect for Pola's beauty, intelligence and charm. And she is frightfully fascinating—so traveled and everything. But—" "Marriage is a business and I have a lot of work to do on the screen. You can't hope to succeed in two businesses at the same time, so I'll have to forego the marriage thing for a while. No, it's all a mistake."

BEN TURPIN is scared—just plain scared. Recently, while the comedian and his wife were on a vacation in Canada, they attended church in St. Anne de Beaupre and Mrs. Turpin's hearing was restored.

They knelt for prayer and, arising, Mrs. Turpin declared she had regained her hearing. Now Ben is more than a trifle worried. He is afraid someone will have faith enough to set his eyes straight and that would never do.

JACK HOXIE, the harem-scarem, "ride 'em cowboy" star, has picked up a protegee. Her name is Little Genevieve and she is making a decided hit in the pictures.

But all of the sylph-like stars of the screen should worry. Little Genevieve doesn't want their jobs. They need not fear her rivalry and she certainly doesn't fear theirs.

Little Genevieve—the last name is Knapp—tips the scales at a scant 320 pounds and is proud of it. And she can kick higher than her head.

Jack Hoxie, who "found" Genevieve up at Lone Pine, where he and his director, Cliff Smith, were on location, took one look at her and declared he'd have her in his next picture if it took an entire baggage car to get her to Hollywood.

In spite of her 320 pounds, Little Genevieve is mighty active. She can—

Ride horse-back. That is, if the horse is good and strong.

Dance, swim, sing, skip rope, coon shout, cook, do housework, play the piano, make a flying dismount from her horse and run a hundred yards in 14 seconds.

She used to do all these little parlor tricks up

in the village of Lone Pine, where she was the life of the party, but she's doing them now for the Universal gang, where her audiences number such hardened first-nighters as Jack Hoxie, Mary Philbin, Reggie Denny, Norman Kerry, Shannon Day, Hoot Gibson, Jack Dempsey and Carmelita Geraghty.

THERE are many ways in which the picture folk differ from those of the theater. One of the most pronounced is in the matter of superstition. Superstition is traditional of the theater, but most of the movie celebrities deny they are superstitious. However—

Colleen Moore would walk a mile out of her way rather than pass under a ladder.

Pola Negri would turn right around and go home if a black cat crossed her path.

And if you want to hear Richard Dix holler just marvel him a two dollar bill in his change.

Maurice Tourneur would rather eat ice cream at the north pole than start a production on Friday.

If some friend tried to give Eddie Horton a diamond scarf pin he would flatly decline it unless the friend allowed him to "buy" it for a dime or so.

Viola Dana would not think of returning for a forgotten article without first counting ten.

If you want to see Eddie Phillips turn into a maniac just whistle in his studio dressing room.

Conway Tearle would go without smoking rather than light three cigarettes from one match.

If you should happen to be directly behind Estelle Taylor when she spills salt, look out, for she is liable to throw it in your eyes. Her first act is to throw the salt over her left shoulder.

Certainly the picture folk aren't superstitious.

THE picture world will be happy to learn that the grand old actor, Theodore Roberts, is again strong enough to resume his screen work and that the public will see him in C. B. DeMille's next production, "Feet of Clay." Roberts, whose last appearance on the screen was in "The Ten Commandments," was given the part in the new DeMille production because he asked it as a special favor. He said he was tired of resting.

All Hollywood, artists and producers alike, recently united in a tribute to Roberts when he made his first public appearance since his illness in Pittsburgh. It was a testimonial performance for the great character actor at Grauman's Hollywood Egyptian Theater, where "The Ten Commandments" is playing.

Roberts was transported from his home in Hollywood to the theater in an ambulance and was wheeled on the stage in an invalid chair. He looked tired and sad as he sat back stage for a half hour and waited for his turn.

As he was wheeled on the stage, one caught the words—"Glad to be back—always thinking of friends here, no matter where I was, on the road or sick in Pittsburgh—" and then Roberts' voice was drowned by the cheers of his friends.

COLLEEN MOORE'S kid brother, Cleve Morrison, has quit the screen cold to seek fame as a fancy diver.

Cleve, who recently captured the Southern California championship for fancy diving, will not be in the cast of Colleen's next picture, as had been expected, but will spend all his time training for the Olympic tryouts.

Young Morrison has a big following in the film colony and there are always a few picture celebrities on hand at the Ambassador pool, where he is working out daily.

THE announcement of the engagement of Frank Keenan to Miss Margaret White, a music teacher of Los Angeles, has been made by Mr. Keenan's secretary, and Miss White confirms the statement, on the eve of sailing for Honolulu to join her fiance there. The marriage is to take place, it is understood, immediately upon her arrival in the Hawaiian capital. Miss White is twenty-four years old.



IT'S OFF
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Superfluous Hair GONE!

Out in the open, in the bright sunlight where every blemish is noticeable, you can be at ease in knowing that you haven't even a suggestion of objectionable hair. With ZIP, you do not merely remove surface hair, leaving the roots to thrive. ZIP devitalizes the roots, thus treating the cause and attacking the elements which produce the hair. The time for experimenting is past, and you should by all means avail yourself of my eighteen years experience in giving ZIP treatments. You will be delighted with its effectiveness and feel ten years younger.

Don't delay. If you have never used ZIP you will marvel in its magic. Fragrant, painless, harmless and easy to use at home, it is pronounced by experts as the ideal method.

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Please send me FREE samples of your Massage Cream and Face Powder and your Free Book, "Beauty's Greatest Secret" in which leading actresses tell how to be beautiful by using ZIP.

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Please send me a copy of your free book of facts, explaining bargain offer.

Have You Wondered Why Some Toilet Goods Clerks So Persistently Push One Line?



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.

LUCKY STRIKE

"IT'S TOASTED"



Will Your Hair Stand Close Inspection?

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 coconut 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 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



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The National Guide to Motion Pictures

PHOTOPLAY

September

25 cents



COLLEEN MOORE

How They Keep Girlish Figures



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Why? Because we use only highest quality materials. Because we have had more than a

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The very newest shades and colors are being shown now at all good stores: Peach, Rose Beige, Airedale, Orchid, Sunburn, Silver—and many others. Silk, silk-faced and lusterized lisle. Styles also for men and children. Holeproof is sold only through retail stores. If not available locally, write for booklet and prices.

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NOW COMES THE GREATEST OF ALL
Al and Ray Rockett's

"Abraham Lincoln"

POSSESSING so many elements of entertainment that everybody finds something different in it to admire and applaud and remember long afterward.

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 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 William Wile, (International correspondent).*

Thrills "Full of thrills and pathos, it engages your attention throughout with keen anticipation."—*S. F. Glatfelter, (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 Spellbound "From beginning to end, the 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. Hearn, (A Southerner).*

Its Beauty will Captivate You!

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Sweet Love Story "I was very glad you brought 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 F. 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 Drinkwater "Gripping from first to last. It is infinitely better than Drinkwater's play."—*W. H. Crawford, (Attorney).*

Makes People Think "An absorbing, stirring picture. It will make people think. We need more like it."—*Edna M. Colman, (National President League American Penwomen).*

Wonderful Impersonation "I never expected to see Abraham Lincoln—living, walking and talking, as he seemed in your picture."—*Dr. Nellie Hooper Barrett.*

Its Realism will Startle You!

Ask your theatre manager right away—When he will show "Abraham Lincoln"

A First National Picture

Scenario by
FRANCES MARION

Directed by
PHILIP ROSEN



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GREATER MOVIE SEASON!

Paramount's schedule of new pictures for fall and winter out-ranks, picture for picture, any other program ever released anywhere. It combines the greatest picture-making talent and materials of the age!

If ever you wanted a Memorandum for the Season that if it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town, the program below is it!

**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. To be played at legitimate theatres during season 1924-25.

"Manhandled"
Starring GLORIA SWANSON. ALLAN DWAN Production. By Arthur Stringer. Adapted by Frank Tuttle. ZANE GREY'S

"Wanderer of the Wasteland"
IRVIN WILLAT Production. Jack Holt, Kathlyn Williams, Noah Beery, Billie Dove. Adapted by G. C. Hull and Victor Irvin. Filmed in color.

"Changing Husbands"
With LEATRICE JOY. From "Roles" by Elizabeth Alexander. Directed by Frank Urson and Paul Iribe. Supervised by CECIL B. DE MILLE. Adapted by Sada Cowan and Howard Higgin.

"Monsieur Beaucaire"
Starring RUDOLPH VALENTINO. SIDNEY GILCOTT Production. With Bebe Daniels, Lois Wilson, Doris Kenyon, Lowell Sherman. From Booth Tarkington's novel and the play by Booth Tarkington and E. G. Sutherland. Screen play by Forrest Halsey.

"Worldly Goods"
Starring AGNES AYRES. By Sophie Kerr. Directed by Paul Bern.

"The Enemy Sex"
JAMES CRUZE Production. With Betty Compson. Owen Johnson's novel. Adapted by Walter Woods and Harvey Thev.

"Lily of the Dust"
Starring POLA NEGRI. DIMITRI BUCHOWETZKI Production. From a story by Sudermann and play by Edward Sheldon. Adapted by Paul Bern.

"The Side-Show of Life"
HERBERT BRENON Production. Ernest Torrence, Anna Q. Nilsson. From Wm. J. Locke's novel, "The Mountebank" and the play by Ernest Denny. Adapted by Willis Goldbeck and Julie Herne.

"The Covered Wagon"
JAMES CRUZE Production. By Emerson Hough. Adapted by Jack Cunningham.

"Sinners in Heaven"
ALAN CROSLAND Production. With Bebe Daniels, Richard Dix, By Clive Arden. Screen play by James Creelman.

REX BEACH'S
"A Sainted Devil"
Starring RUDOLPH VALENTINO with Nita Naldi. JOSEPH HENABERY Production. From "Rope's End." Screen play by Forrest Halsey.

"The Man Who Fights Alone"
Starring WILLIAM FARNUM. WALLACE WORSLEY Production. With Lois Wilson. By Wm. Blacke and J. S. Hamilton. Screen play by Jack Cunningham.

"Feet of Clay"

CECIL B. DE MILLE Production. Rod LaRocque, Vera Reynolds, Victor Varconi, Julia Faye, Ricardo Cortez, Theodore Roberts. By Margaretta Tuttle. Adapted by Beulah Marie Dix and Bertram Milhauser.

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD'S

"The Alaskan"

Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN. HERBERT BRENON Production. Screen play by Willis Goldbeck.

"Open All Night"

Viola Dana, Adolphe Menjou, Raymond Griffith, Jetta Goudal. By Willis Goldbeck. From Paul Morand's stories. Directed by Paul Bern.

"Her Love Story"

Starring GLORIA SWANSON. ALLAN DWAN Production. From "Her Majesty, The Queen" by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Adapted by Frank Tuttle.

"Empty Hands"

VICTOR FLEMING Production with Jack Holt. Supported by Norma Shearer. By Arthur Stringer. Scenario by Carey Wilson.

"The Female"

Starring BETTY COMPSON. SAM WOOD Production. From "Dalla, The Lion Cub." by Cynthia Stockley. Adapted by Agnes Christine Johnston.

"The Fast Set"

WILLIAM DE MILLE Production. Betty Compson, Adolphe Menjou, Zasu Pitts, Elliott Dexter. Screen play by Clara Beranger from Frederick Lonsdale's play, "Spring Cleaning."

"Dangerous Money"

Starring BEBE DANIELS. Adapted from "Clark's Field," by Robert Herrick. Screen play by Julie Herne.

"The Story Without a Name"

IRVIN WILLAT Production. Agnes Ayres, Antonio Moreno. By Arthur Stringer. Adapted by Victor Irvin.

"Forbidden Paradise"

Starring POLA NEGRI with Rod LaRocque. LUBITSCH Production. From "The Czarina" by Melchior Lengyel and Lagos Biro.

"Merton of the Movies"

Starring GLENN HUNTER. JAMES CRUZE Production. With Viola Dana. From the novel by Harry Leon Wilson and the play by Kaufman and Connelly. Adapted by Walter Woods.

"Whispering Men"

Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN. By Booth Tarkington.

"Unguarded Women"

ALAN CROSLAND Production. Bebe Daniels, Richard Dix, Mary Astor. Story by Lucy S. Terrill. Screen play by James Creelman.

"The Golden Bed"

CECIL B. DE MILLE Production. Rod LaRocque, Vera Reynolds, Victor Varconi. Screen play by Jeanie Macpherson. From Wallace Irwin's novel.

"Manhattan"

Starring RICHARD DIX. R. H. BURNSIDE Production. From "The Definite Object," by Jeffrey Farnol

"Argentine Love"

ALLAN DWAN Production. Bebe Daniels, Ricardo Cortez. By Vicente Blasco Ibanez.

"A Drama of the Night"

JAMES CRUZE Production. By LeRoy Scott. Adapted by Anthony Coldeway and Walter Woods.

"The Beautiful Adventuress"

A JAMES CRUZE Production. Starring BETTY COMPSON.

"Headlines"

Starring RICHARD DIX. Directed by Paul Sloane. Supervised by Forrest Halsey. From "The Jungle Law," by I. A. R. Wylie.

"Peter Pan"

HERBERT BRENON Production. Assisted by Roy Pomeroy. From Sir J. M. Barrie's famous story. Screen play by Willis Goldbeck.

ZANE GREY'S

"The Border Legion"

With Antonio Moreno. Directed by William K. Howard.

"Tongues of Flame"

Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN. By Peter Clark Macfarlane.

"North of 36"

IRVIN WILLAT Production. Jack Holt, Ernest Torrence, Noah Beery, Tully Marshall. By Emerson Hough.

"Miss Bluebeard"

Starring BEBE DANIELS. From the play "Little Miss Bluebeard," by Avery Hopwood and Gabriel Dregeley. Directed by Frank Tuttle.

"A Woman Scorned"

Starring POLA NEGRI. DIMITRI BUCHOWETZKI Production.

"Playthings of Fire"

Starring AGNES AYRES. Directed by Frank Urson and Paul Iribe. By Forrest Halsey.

"Wages of Virtue"

By Percival Wren. Starring GLORIA SWANSON. ALLAN DWAN Production. Adapted by Forrest Halsey.

"A Broadway Butterfly"

WILLIAM DE MILLE Production. By Clara Beranger.



IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN!



The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

IVAN ST. JOHNS
WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXVI

No. 4

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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*



Drink
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**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 . . .



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—Rockett-Lincoln.—One of the finest and most appealing pictures ever made, with Lincoln treated truthfully and reverently. Everyone should see it. (March.)

AFTER A MILLION—Aywon.—Story of Russian coo-ck with a trick will. Plot too involved for tired business man. (August.)

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 bull pup and a wonderful horse. Well worth while. (March.)

ARIZONA EXPRESS, THE—Fox.—Whizzing melodrama. Thieves, gunplay, fast trains, 'n' everything. (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 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.)

BEDROOM WINDOW, THE—Paramount.—A mystery story hinging about the murder of a wealthy old man. Interestingly told. (August.)

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

BETWEEN FRIENDS—Vitagraph.—A remade version of an old Robert Chambers triangle story. A sordid tale told in ordinary fashion. (August.)

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. (March.)

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 AFTER DARK—Warner.—A humanized melodrama well-directed, cast and played. (August.)

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

BROADWAY OR BUST—Universal.—A Hoot Gibson vehicle below his average. Both director and scenario writer overlooked much in producing picture. (August.)

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

CHECHAHCOS—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 breath-taking 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.)

AS a special service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE inaugurated this department of tabloid reviews, presenting in brief form critical comments upon all photoplays of the preceding six months.

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

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

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

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

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

DADDIES—Warner Brothers.—A good version of the clever stage play, with Mae Marsh 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.)

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

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

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

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 preaching against the flapper, with a few digs about parents who are inclined to flap. (May.)

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

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

DISCONTENTED 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.)

DON'T DOUBT 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 Pickford and Marshall Neilan and the historic novel by Charles Major. Don't miss it by any means. (July.)

DRUMS OF JEOPARDY—Triart.—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 hand ed, with a most appealing story, enacted by Richard Barthelmess and May McAvoy. (June.)

EXCITEMENT—Universal.—One of those wives-who-can't-stay-home films. (June.)

FAST EXPRESS, THE—Universal.—Old-fashioned melodrama, with wrecks, robberies and other sure-fire 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—Chadwick.—An old-time melodrama with every old film thrill worked in. (August.)

FLAMING BARRIERS—Paramount.—An interesting comedy, with a tragic 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.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 13]

First National Pictures



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 and the story by vamping father. May McAvoy and Ronald Colman play the leading roles and supply the romance. It's a picture for everyone who enjoys strong drama and wholesomeroomance



"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, Bessie Love 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 Watterson R. Rothacker.

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., 383 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 indulge 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, Irene 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 live. Clothes are the merest accessories with her.

And a word for a rising star. Watch that dainty little baby twinkler, Lucille Rickson. Watch her, I say.

JANE 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 girls who ask me to express their wrath as well as my own.

ELLA CANNON.

Fragrance for "Rodie"

Philadelphia, Pa.

I think "Rodie" gives the best answer he could to all Valentino "successors" and their advocates by bringing from France a young man who looks more like him than do 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, lovable 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

Brickbats & Bouquets

LETTERS FROM READERS

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe 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.

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 wedded 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 Wallie 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 older rôles. Gloria Swanson, Blanche Sweet, the Gishes, Barbara La Marr and Leatrice Joy are immensely popular.

Of the men, John Barrymore ranks first. Then poor Wallie 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.

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 spouses, 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 Bowers with anything. So would 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 sane, quiet workers in the vineyard. I pay a small fraction of it.

CAROLYN ASHE.

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 that she proved her 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 "Zaza" as being 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"

Philadelphia, Pa.

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 rankers.

MILLENT JAMES.

Another Griffith

Parkersburg, 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 highwayman 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 declare she can—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.

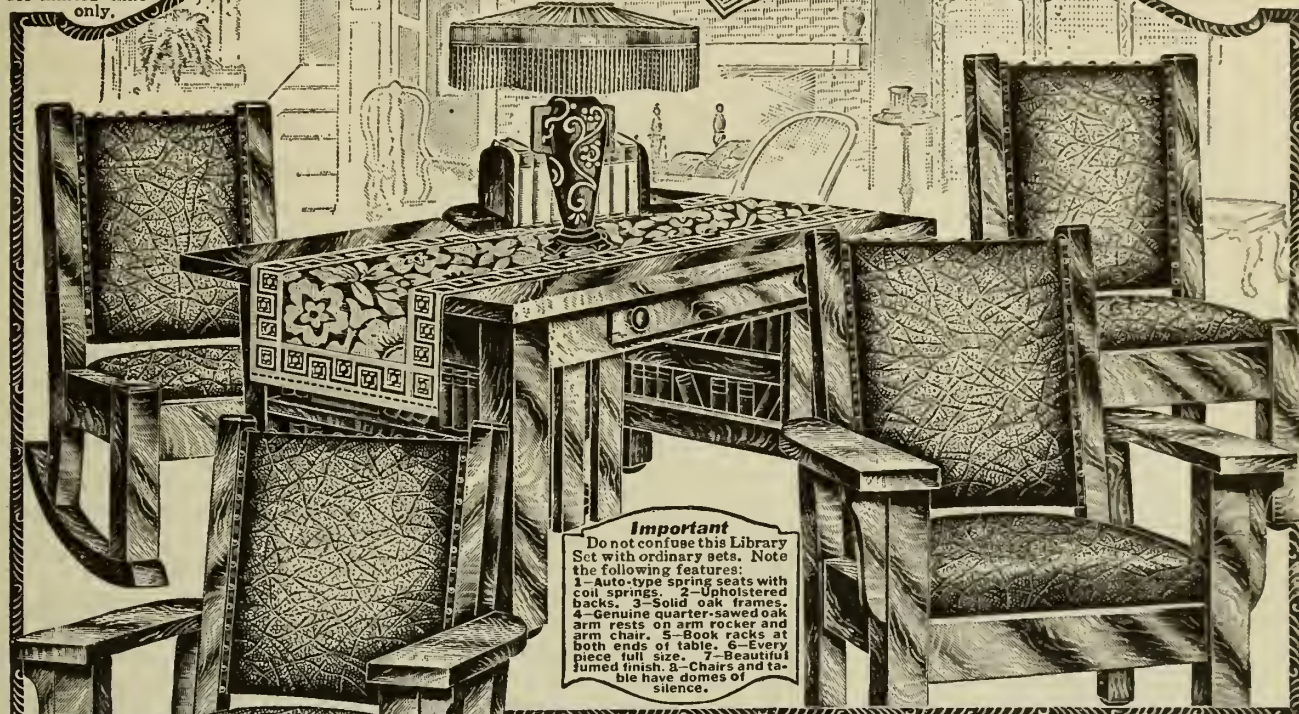
Romco and Juliet! Richard Dix and Mary Philbin! Can you find two personalities more suited to play these immortal lovers? Richard the lovable—Mary the shy—the budding flower, so sweet, yet with a depth unsounded.

ONE WHO KNOWS.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 12]

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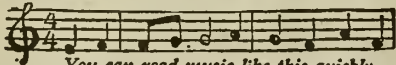
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Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

Meet the Wife

Charleston, W. Va.

I am a great lover of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and want to say that no other screen magazine can equal it for giving us intimate glimpses of the actors and actresses. Naturally, fans are interested to know about the home life of their favorites and you certainly know how to write them up.

I like very much the Answer Man's column and the "Studio Gossip—East and West."

Please let us have some more pictures of actors' wives.

Mrs. MABEL WILSON.

No Press Agent

Seattle, Wash.

Will you please publish an interview with John Gilbert some time in the near future? Personally I consider him one of the finest screen actors of the day but apparently very few editors share my opinion, or else he has no press agent.

GERTRUDE WESTENBERG.

Convincing and Unrestricted

Baltimore, Md.

Lytell is, I believe, one of the most convincing actors on the screen. He is not restricted to a particular type, but has the ability to portray successfully many and varied rôles. I, for one, would like to see him in another part similar to the one he played in "To Have and To Hold."

HELEN CLAYTON.

For the Young, Old and Indifferent

Washington, D. C.

I gave up a very good dance, to be held in my honor, to see "Daddies" with my husband—who hates dances! I must say I do not regret the dance.

I never enjoyed any picture so much as "Daddies," and I think every one on earth should see it, young, old and indifferent.

Mrs. KATHRYN BENNETT TRACY.

A Most Wonderful Person

Minneapolis, Minn.

I wish to say that all the available bouquets in the world are due Marion Davies. She is simply wonderful. I saw "Little Old New York" last night, and the "grouchiest" man in town sat next to me. Would you believe it—he actually cried with her, laughed at her, and went out with misty eyes proclaiming her "a most wonderful person!"

Miss GAIL J. LAWRENCE.

Gripping and Vivid

Cincinnati, Ohio.

I have just seen "West of the Water Tower," and I think it one of the best pictures of its kind.

Despite the editing of Homer Croy's novel, this is an entertaining picture. I will admit that Glenn Hunter's portrayal of *Guy Plummer* was Mertonized, but the narrative was gripping and vivid.

Charlotte SHEPLER.

A Plea for New Faces

New York City.

Why can't we see more of the very new players? George O'Hara, for instance, who scored such a success in the clever "Fighting Blood" and Alberta Vaughn, who plays the telephone operator in Witwer's "The Telephone Girl," another of those clever series. Why don't you give the new faces a little more space in the columns of PHOTOPLAY?

FLORENCE STENBERG

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

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

FOOL'S HIGHWAY—Universal.—A story of the Bowery, excellently done. Characters well drawn and played, with Mary Philbin heading the list. Good entertainment. (May.)

FORTY-HORSE HAWKINS—Universal.—A good comedy well handled, starring Hoot Gibson as a village jack-of-all-trades. (July.)

GAIETY 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 FISU, THE—First National.—Trained seal supported by Louise Fazenda and Sydney Chaplin. Slapstick, but funny. (June.)

GALLOPING GALLAGHER—F. B. O.—An amateurish Western, Fred Thomson being the redeeming feature. Comedy is awful. (June.)

GAMBLING WIVES—Arrow.—An amazing conglomeration of fast house parties, cabarets and gambling rooms. Just usual. (June.)

GIRL SHY—Pathe.—All the laughs and all the thrills that one expects in a Harold Lloyd picture. Fun fast and furious from start. (June.)

GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST—F. B. O.—Interesting and human. The novel transferred to the screen by the author herself. (July.)

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

GOOD BAD BOY, THE—Principal.—Story of the worst boy in village who is really good at heart. Worth while. (August.)

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

GREAT WHITE WAY, THE—Cosmopolitan.—Well worth the money. A personally conducted tour of New York, well acted. (March.)

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

IIAPPINESS—Metro.—A very thin story, adapted from J. Hartley Manners' play, with Laurette Taylor as the saving grace. For the family. (May.)

HEART BANDIT, THE—Metro.—Viola Dana is good as a tough little crook who is later redeemed by mother love. (March.)

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

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.)

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 DARKER SELF—Hodkinson.—Framed originally for 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 prize pictures, and up to the standard of the others. The war is in this one. (June.)

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

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

HOODMAN BLIND—Fox.—An old stage favorite made into a most entertaining picture. Melodrama with ideas. (March.)

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

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]



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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER, THE—Hodkinson.—A worthy effort to picture 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 months. (April.)

ICEBOUND—Paramount.—Another William de Mille etching. Restraint is the keynote. Handled by a less able director, it might have been drab, but he makes it live. (May.)

IN FAST COMPANY—Truart.—Incongruous. Comedy falls down. Good prize fight scene. (August.)

INNOCENCE—Apollo.—An ineffective melodrama with Anna Q. Nilsson ever has done. (March.)

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 Palmer School's prize photoplay, 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" trimmings. Just fair. (May.)

KING OF WILD HORSES—Pathe.—A remarkable picture because of the work of the camera man. Shots of wild horses never equalled. *The Black* a worthy star. (June.)

LADIES TO BOARD—A Tom Mix comedy, with Tony added. Mix pulls a lot of his best stunts. (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 comedy, which is amusing and innocuous. Boarding school scenes are good. (May.)

LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER—Vitagraph.—One of the worst ever made. (April.)

LILIES OF THE FIELD—First National.—A story of the sisterhood that "toil not, neither do they spin," with Corinne Griffith as the feature. For adults. (May.)

LISTEN LESTER—Principal.—Adapted from a musical comedy popular some years ago and modernized to include bootleggers. Fast and full of tricks. (July.)

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

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 troubles on paper. Two sisters get into all sorts of woes, but few care. (May.)

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

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 Monte Blue and Evelyn Brent. (April.)

LUCRETIA LOMBARD—Warner Brothers.—A good story, but the picture seems flat. Irene Rich scores, as does a forest fire. (March.)

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 roaring Western, with Jack Hoxie as the blustering hero. (April.)

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

MAN'S MATE, A—Fox.—John Gilbert and Renee Adoree 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.)

MARTYR TRAIL, THE—Capital.—What one brutal man can't do to two poor females! But regeneration of the wicked and sunshine follow. (June.)

MAYTIME—Preferred.—The camera doesn't help this dainty 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 flapper story with Betty Compson not up to her best. Yarn is weak in spots. (August.)

MILE-A-MINUTE MORGAN—Sanford.—"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 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.)

MLLE. MIDNIGHT—Metro.—Mae Murray in a black wig which somehow detracts from her usual allure. Mexican locale and mix-ups. Fair. (July.)

MORAL SINNER, THE—Paramount.—Screen version of "Leah Kleschna" 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, who is in it. (May.)

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

NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE—F. B. O.—Story too well-known to be told here. Picture lacks vitality despite several great situations. (August.)

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 might see this one. (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 a Western drama with plenty of plot and riding. (June.)

NIGHT MESSAGE, THE—Universal.—Melodrama based on a Southern family feud. Also, pretty well done. (June.)

NO MORE WOMEN—Allied 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 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 crook story. (March.)

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

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

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.)

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.)

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 kind that has made him popular. His riding is worth the price. A very good Western. (May.)

PIED PIPER MALONE—Paramount.—Tom Meighan's new one and as likable 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.)

PREPARED TO DIE—Johnnie Walker.—A good idea gone wrong, except for Eddie Polo. (*March.*)

PRINCE OF A KING, A—Selznick.—Little Dinky Dean is the star and all children and most grown-ups will like it. (*March.*)

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.*)

PURE GRIT—Universal.—The Western formula, with Roy Stewart heading the cast. (*March.*)

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

RECKLESS AGE, THE—Universal.—Slapstick. Impossible situations but amusing despite that fact. Not for highbrows. (*August.*)

RENDEZVOUS, THE—Neilan-Goldwyn. — The love story of an American soldier and a Russian princess, delightfully produced by Marshall Neilan. (*March.*)

RENO—Goldwyn.—Rupert Hughes' argument for a uniform divorce law. For adults. (*March.*)

RESTLESS WIVES — Commonwealth. — Hard-working husbands, bridge-playing wives and other conventionalities. (*March.*)

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

RIDGEWAY OF MONTANA — Universal. — Typical Western thriller with hero and virtue winning out. As usual, great riding by Jack Hoxie. (*July.*)

RIDERS UP — Universal. — An old favorite, Creighton Hale, in a good role. That of a racetrack wastrel whose family thinks he is a good boy. The girl knows he isn't and loves him anyway. Good picture. (*July.*)

RIDE FOR YOUR LIFE—Universal.—And Hoot Gibson does—for his own and other lives. There's little else to it. (*May.*)

ROUGH RIDIN'—Approved.—Just a regular Western with lots of action and little novelty. (*June.*)

ROULETTE—Selznick.—The perils of the gaming table again, but with a good cast. Nothing to get excited about. (*May.*)

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

SECRETS—First National.—A charming picture, with Norma Talmadge as star. Don't miss it. (*April.*)

SECOND YOUTH—Goldwyn.—A comedy that, instead of being funny, is ludicrous. Just bad, that's all. (*June.*)

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 with a new bag of tricks. Don't miss it if you like Buster. This time he is an amateur sleuth. (*July.*)

SHOOTING OF DAN MCGREW, THE—Metro.—Only fair, and it should have been excellent, with such a theme and cast. (*June.*)

SIGNAL TOWER, THE—Universal.—A compelling story of an isolated mountain railroad signal station. (*August.*)

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.*)

SONG OF LOVE, THE—First National.—Norma Talmadge as an Arab dancing girl and very much worth while seeing. (*March.*)

SON OF THE SAHARA—First National.—Good picture of "The Sheik" 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 to use the flag to get your money. (*August.*)

SPORTING YOUTH—Universal.—An auto racing picture of the type Wally Reid used to do, with Reginald Denny as hero. Good. (*April.*)

STEADFAST HEART, THE—Goldwyn. — Although the story is rather improbable, the capital acting of little Joseph Depew makes it worth while. (*March.*)

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[CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]

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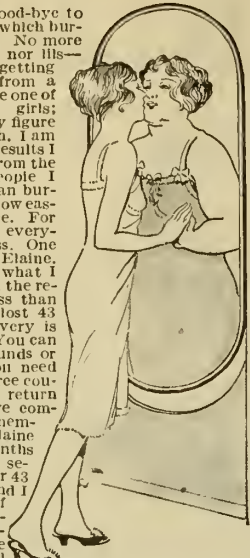
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

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

STORM DAUGHTER, THE—Universal.—Priscilla 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 feller makes good. (June.)

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

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

SWORD OF VALOR, THE—Capitol.—Contains one of those interfering fathers and provs a clean-cut American can win in anything he tries in any clime. (August.)

TELEPHONE GIRL, THE—F. B. O.—A screen version of the slangy Witwer story, with Alberta Vaughn, a clever comedienne, as the fresh telephone operator. Amusing. (May.)

TELEPHONE GIRL, THE—F. B. O.—Another of the series of hilarious comedies from the short stories of H. C. Witwer, called "The Square Sex" Only fair. (July.)

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, hijackers, police pursuits, pistols and jazz. (August.)

THREE MILES OUT—Kenna.—Madge Kennedy and a lot of rum pirates provide plenty of laughs. Good entertainment. (March.)

THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING—C. C. Burr.—Unconvincing story, with Constance Binney as a jazz-mad girl who dances beautifully. (May.)

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

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

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

THY NAME IS WOMAN—Metro.—A tragedy, told simply and effectively, with some beautiful sets and 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 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.)

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 farce. (June.)

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

UNTAMED YOUTH—F. B. O.—A pretty good story of a gypsy (Dereyls 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 brawn 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 LIARS—Vitagraph.—Good cast, but a conventional story and not very exciting. (June.)

WANDERER OF THE WASTELAND—Paramount.—Filmed in natural colors this picture wins by sheer beauty, acting and directing. (August.)

WANDERING HUSBANDS—Hodkinson.—Lithesome Lila Lee wins in this picture with many situations mawkish and over-sentimental. (August.)

WANTED BY THE LAW—Aywon.—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.)

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.)

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, 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.)

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—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.)

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

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 *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 philanderer and a jury containing one of his victims. Hardly for the family. (August.)

WOMAN WHO SINNED, THE—F. B. O.—Melodrama with the hackneyed moral that if a woman leaves her good, faithful husband and chee-ild for a ne'er-do-well, 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 CONSUL, THE—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.)

YOLANDA—Cosmopolitan.—A gorgeous spectacle, beautifully staged, but with a weak story. Worth regular prices, but no more. (May.)

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JULANNE 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



Seely

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



Russell Ball

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



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I V O R Y

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, Lois 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



Simply by eating lamb chops and pineapples, Nita Naldi has lost twenty pounds. Instead of eating and growing fat she eats and grows thin. The lamb chop and pineapple diet is urged by its disciples as the safest, surest, sanest way to keep slender



Wanda Hawley has always waged a fight against unnecessary tissue. Recently she found herself growing too heavy, so she took up a system of exercising which cut off the excess poundage as the picture in the bathing suit shows

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 tragedy, because in this day of the "boyish" figure fixed by fashion as femininity's final form, it is too, too often true.

Grand-dad 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 stouter 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 sister stars tell her in this article how to do it by diet and exercise

What Every Woman Wants To Know—



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

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 dietitian 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 boring. There is little variety in it. It seems to me endless



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.

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]



Agnes Ayres, slender and beautiful, proved a sensation upon her arrival in New York. Those who remembered the famous actress before she left for the Pacific coast recalled her growing stoutness. When she returned she was as slender as a miss of fifteen. Hard work and a simple diet reduced her fifteen pounds

I have no system of exercise, I don't care for sweets. It has never been a hardship to abstain from them.

I do not vary from year to year more than three pounds because I am one of the mortals who are indifferent to food. So all my friends say, and I do agree with them. I believe that fat is a glandular disease. I think eating has little to do with it. Treatment of the glands removes excess fat. Starvation only drives it away for the time.

Elsie Ferguson Eats Three a Day

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,



Sixteen pounds lost in three weeks is the proud record of Bebe Daniels. She never diets but resorts to exercising when she is not working. She has four favorite exercises and they have never failed her, she says

"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



*James Cruze
today*



Jimmy Cruze as he looked at nineteen, when he became juvenile for Luke Cosgrave in the latter's little stock company, Boise City, Idaho. His surname was really Bosen, and that's the name he went under at that time



At the age of thirteen. He started his business career early—he was driving a milk wagon then, in Ogden, Utah. This was Jimmy's first pair of long pants. He bought the necktie especially to have this photograph taken

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 blackhaired 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 head. I know, and you just stay here and let me tell you why I know. It's worth 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 wires 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 bells 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 good 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 wires 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.



Luke Cosgrave (right) who tells this story—in a scene from the picture "Hollywood"



Left: His career has been romantic and now, in his prime, Cruze finds another great romance—that of love, with Betty Compson and himself playing the stellar—and only—rôles in the picture

He decides to open the new theater, the Utonah, with "Thelma," and selects Elsie Gresham for the title rôle. 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 106]

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 cafeteria 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



Pity the poor little tent peg. A ruthless hand is driving it into the sand with a beach die. The peg is one of the many novelties used by C. B. De Mille in making "Feet of Clay"



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

Without a Name



Antonio Moreno, who plays the part of the hero, Alan Holt, in the film version of "The Story Without a Name," being made by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation



Agnes Ayres makes a beautiful and winning Mary Walsworth in the great radio romance. As the heroine she shows all the daring and all the courage of a typical American girl

What has gone before

IF Robert Louis Stevenson were alive today he would be reading "The Story Without a Name." It is just the kind of adventurous tale that would delight the nimble mind of the author of "Treasure Island." Imagine how he would revel in the following exciting situations and then you will realize how he, like you, would pursue the story to its finish.

Alan Holt has just perfected for the War Department a strange radio device by which he is enabled to bring down airplanes, wipe out armies and destroy battleships. Drakma, an international spy, kidnaps the young inventor and his sweetheart, Mary Walsworth, just as Alan is about to turn his death-ray machine over to Uncle Sam.

Drakma and his gang of spies and rum smugglers takes the pair to a lonely ocean island. There he devises a fiendish scheme to force Alan to surrender the secret of his invention. He offers Alan the choice of giving up his instrument or seeing his sweetheart turned over to a merciless crew of thugs, smugglers and murderers.

Mary, true daughter of an American admiral, refuses to allow Alan to yield. They are torn apart and Alan is placed on the island while Mary is sequestered on the schooner under the watchful eyes of the world's lowest riff-raff. To make the torture more exquisite Drakma supplies the pair with radio sets so they can communicate with each other daily. Then he sails away in his yacht.

If you want to know what Mary and Alan said to each other over the radio read the following installment and then enter the contest.

Chapter V

ALAN, 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 cay shone on by a bald and scorching sun. Midway between the two points of the cay, 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 meagre 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 a 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 "spaghetti," 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

where 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

A Most Exciting Romance that



He saw the leather-clad body of the pilot half rise in his

"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 pellucidly 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 over the Atlantic, from heaven knew where. He heard an official call to the scout-cruiser *Cincinnati*, 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 fall back against the fusilage

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 her 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!

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 109]

\$500 extra. See page 111 for additional prize offer in the great Radio Contest

CLOSE-UPS & LONG SHOTS

By Herbert Howe

THE 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 histrionic triumphs. PHOTOPLAY recently listed the performance of Rex, the horse, ahead of Jack Pickford and other estimable face flexers.

THESE 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 door 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.

DUMB 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.

LET 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 starring the whole barnyard in "The Dippy Do Dads," and has bought himself a Rolls-Royce off the earnings of Suzie, 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 Laemmle to gamble and lose fortunes on inferior human stock. Mr. Martin wires that he is returning to the silversheet 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.

SERIOUSLY, it is a momentous menace for all of us. As an interviewer I'm as worried as any actor. When I'm invited out to lunch with a star I don't want to have to eat bailed 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.

GENIUS 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

good are his millions, his estates and his fame," replied Jim, "if his girl breaks a date with him?"

Come to think of it, genius is human, I suppose.

COMMENTING 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!

JAMES 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 sycamores 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.

IT IS becoming more and more difficult for a director to select a male 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 rôles. 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!"

DOWN 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 turned 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.

LATEST 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' "Declassé," which Ethel Barrymore did 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.



BEING RESPECTABLE—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 *declassé*; 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 PERFECT FLAPPER—First National

IT was inevitable that, after her boxoffice hit as the irrepressible 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 co-respondent as well. And she wins an old fashioned young lawyer, giving up her jazz flapperisms. 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.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



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 foibles 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 escapade 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.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

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"
IRENE RICH in "Being Respectable"
HOLMES HERBERT in "Swords and the Woman"
LUCILLE RICKSEN in "Behind the Curtain"
BETTY COMPSON in "The Enemy Sex"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 131



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 sweet-heart 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 awhile, 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.



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 dragoon, *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 picturesqueness in the rôle of the dragoon, *Jamil*, who has politely lied 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 Alexander, a vivid Russian actress, makes her film debut in the colorful rôle of an Oulad Nile.



CAPTAIN JANUARY—Principal

MILD and sentimental is this tale of a waif 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 questionable 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.

AN 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 halftone 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, undefinable 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 studios 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



The Jeanne he had married had been a child; unworldly and effer-

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 wakened 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



resent; this was a woman of experience, breadth, culture

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 solid citizen; she was a 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 grouchy 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, staring, 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. . . ."

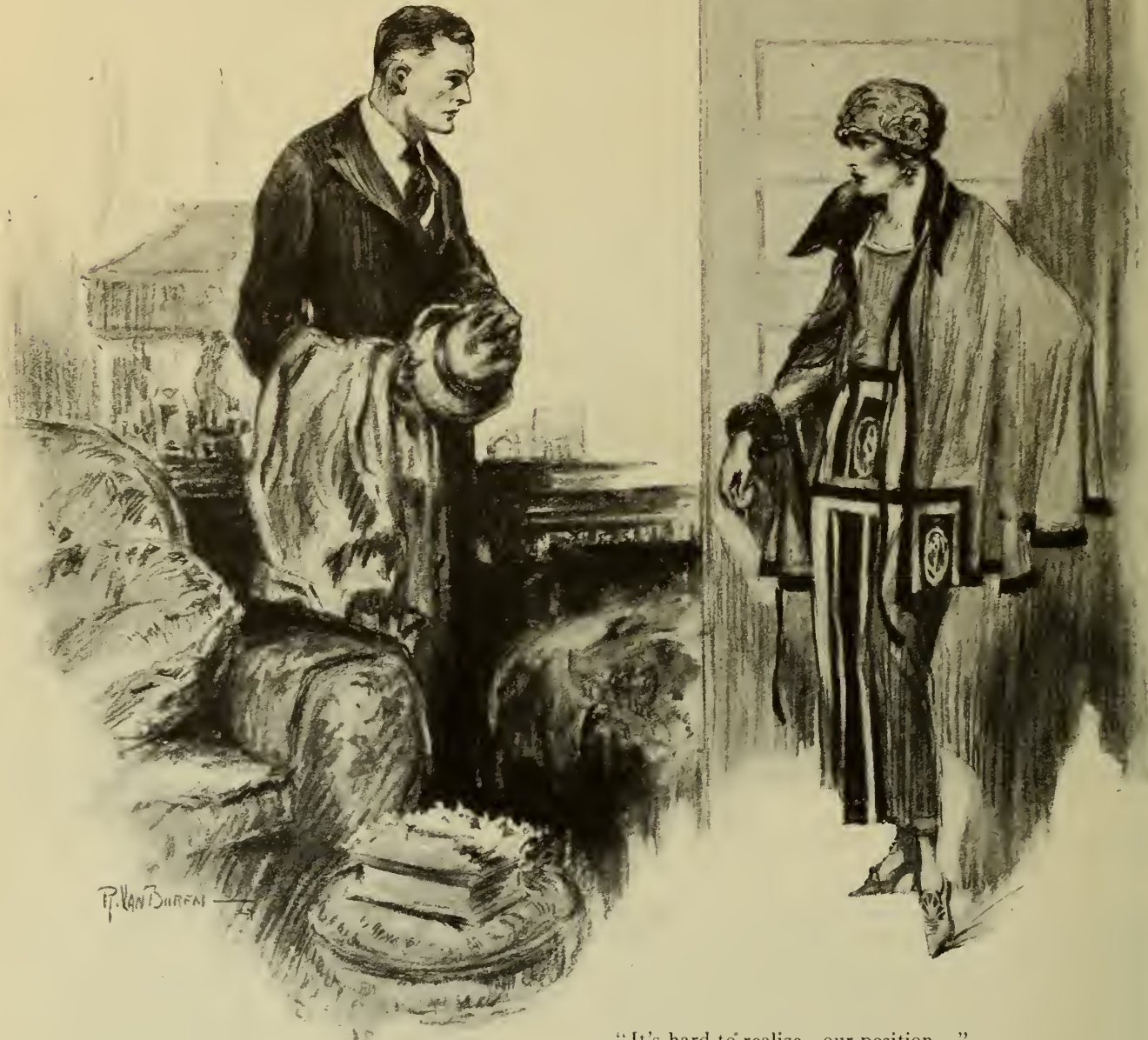
Her warm little hand touched his. "I am delighted to meet Mr. Mason. . . ."

Assurance. Personality. Self-control. How securely they were hers!

"Miss Armstrong . . . I'm glad to welcome you. . ."

And then they were seated side by side while other members of the organization made excuses to speak with Roger and thus were introduced to the visiting celebrity. Her cool, even voice was soothing to his ears—he could not reconcile himself to the fact that

"Come?" he echoed—"Where?"
"With me," she invited softly, and now there was a smile on her lips



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 non-plussed. 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 tomorrow." Her eyes sparkled. "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 mocking 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



Max, Moritz, and Pep, three comedy stars of the Fox West Coast Studios, are here presented in a pleasing little tableau, illustrating the Chinese proverb, "Hear no evil, see no evil, and speak no evil." Mr. Howe says some of the humans in their profession would do well to emulate them.

Little People of the Films

By Herbert Howe

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 clique 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 salaamed 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 loud laugh. Gentlemen of renowned sex appeal sometimes appeal to one's sense of humor.

As I say, the panning of Pola [CONTINUED ON PAGE 120]

Studio News

By Cal York

Written from the inside of
the Hollywood and New York Studios.
If you read it here it's so



Ben Turpin's next Sennett picture will be his own conception of his favorite actor—Eric von Stroheim—although he will use a burlesque on Mme. Glyn's "Three Weeks" rather than "Foolish Wives," in which Von vamped the ladies.

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

HEARD on the Boulevard:
Bob Frazer: "If you have enough money, Huntly, come and see me in 'Bread.'"

Huntly Gordon: "You've got a lot of crust saying that. I hear it's a crumby picture and you loafed all the way through it. I don't see why you took the part. You must have kneaded the dough terribly."

THE whole world of motion picture fans will be grateful for the marvelous escape Norma Talmadge had the other day when a huge cable on the set where she was working broke and struck her on the head.

Norma herself doesn't think it was so much of an escape because she ended up with six stitches in her head and a lot of her lovely hair shaved off, but eyewitnesses declare that if the cable had struck an inch further forward it would have marred her beauty for life, or if it had struck harder it undoubtedly would have killed her.

The cable, which was on a ship set at the Goldwyn studio where Miss Talmadge was working, snapped, and the end grazed Norma's head, making a deep flesh wound. She refused to take anything while they sewed it up, and the following day, when her friends tiptoed to the door expecting to find her attended by a bevy of nurses, she was sitting up receiving as usual.

But work has been discontinued until the wound has a chance to heal properly, and Norma is rejoicing that it will not even leave a scar.

IT isn't a bit nice to go away on a vacation and have \$40,000 worth of jewels taken from your safe while you're gone.



This picture might be called "The Taming of the Sheik" but isn't. It is just one of the tender love scenes portrayed by Rodolph 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 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.



What every mother dreams her baby will have. This beautiful bassinet, 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



Who would ever have dreamed of Nazimova consenting to play anything but solo star parts? Yet here we have the great little actress co-featuring with Milton Sills in "Madonna of the Streets." Temperament, or what?

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 (Leatrice 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.



Ramon Novarro is now playing "Ben Hur." Even after George Walsh had been selected, Novarro felt so sure he eventually would be called that he made up for the part and had his picture taken



Here is the latest Follies girl to be drafted into the movies. She is Jane Winton, who was recently signed up by Paramount for a long-term contract just to see what she could do if given a chance

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 gaities 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



How Irving Hartley used to make his living. Dorothy Gish discovered him when he took a news picture of her

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



You might think that Ann Cornwall had her back up about something, but she hasn't. She's just taking this way to announce that she has renounced the drama to become Bobby Vernon's leading woman in Christie comedies

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.

EVERYONE 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]



Hello, Pauline! Glad to see you back on the screen. This is Miss Frederick and Lew Cody as they appear in "Three Women," her first venture in filmland for, lo, these many days. Looks as if Pauline is giving Lew orders



Unable to walk after his illness, Theodore Roberts planned to play in "Feet of Clay" in his wheel chair. Here he is with Cecil B. De Mille going over his part. But he decided he wasn't strong enough, so the role was assigned to Victor Varconi



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

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* temperament 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 lowliest 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 type-

writer 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 scenarists 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 vogue in Manhattan," she asserts. "Actually, New York means nothing 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."

Hollywood's Champion Radio Bug

By Herbert Howe



*He has played *The Christ* a hundred times, and Pola Negri calls him "the perfect lover"*



He tinkers on a thousand a week. He's a chemist, photographer, inventor and paints in oil, does Robert Frazer

HE'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 Julia 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 cafe 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"

MISS CORSON Selects



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 hesitancy in adopting them. The two costumes at left above are worn by Constance Bennett in "Cylthera." 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

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 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 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 heroics.

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 frills in the summer sunshine—when its tremendous menace lifts great, dark, sullen passionate waves in green and purple darkness—I am fascinated. I cannot bear to leave it for fear I shall miss some new sheen or shine of it.

Probably there is no finer artist in motion pictures today than Blanche Sweet. In the early days, with Griffith, when she scored great personal triumphs in "Judith" and "The Escape" and "The Avenging Conscience" she was rated by public and critics alike as a screen actress of the greatest power and finesse. I think most of us looked to see her keep her place

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

beside Mary Pickford and develop into the first dramatic actress of the silversheet.

Then came the years of absence from the screen—the long illness. Some day, per-

haps, 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.

From it 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 arrogant, 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, "Well, how about it?"

"I had 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. Rippling 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]



Henry Waxman

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



Abbe—Paris

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



Abbe—Paris

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



Richee

"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 saw Vera Reynolds on the street—and found she had been in films all her life



Vera is a fearless flapper, too. Here she is doing some maritime broncho busting with Julia Faye. The flag is flying from the speed boat towing the two

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 jazzmania 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 devilry and mischief, her lips curled in the perpetual bored sneer of the flapper.

She swaggered across the sidewalk, leaped into a flivver 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 121]

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

The Prettiest Princess

By Allan Dwan

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.

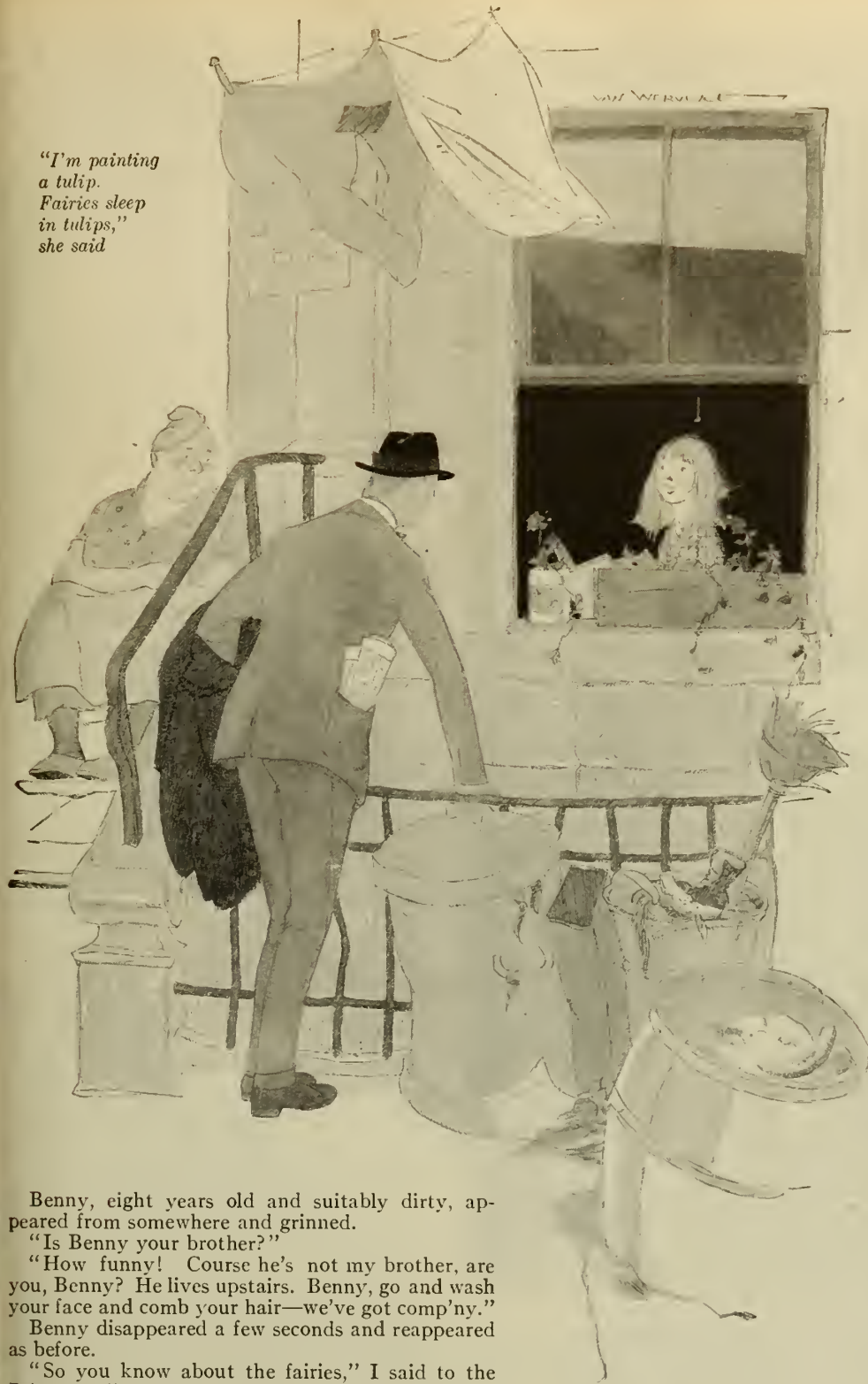
"What are you painting, little Princess?" I asked. To be addressed as "Princess" was the most natural thing in the world, it seemed, for she replied without hesitation:

"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?"

"I'm painting a tulip. Fairies sleep in tulips," she said



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-an'-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 onct, 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 though, 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 130]

Chaplin's New Find

A rare beauty
who has blossomed from
a skinny youngster
of a few years ago

By Ivan St. Johns



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 rôle for seven years

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.

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.



Charlie Chaplin in his first picture for Essanay entitled "His New Job," made in 1915. Ben Turpin started crossing his eyes for the screen in that picture

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, purveying the genius of Chaplin, were among the vital components of the program distributed by the Mutual Film Cor-

The Romantic Motion

By Terry Ramsaye

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,



Bill Hart entered pictures ten years ago at \$75 a week. Four months later found him \$540 behind. So he quit—to return to Hollywood a few months later at \$125 a week

History of the Picture

FOR so many years that many of the patrons of the 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.



Marie Dressler, in "Tillie's Punctured Romance," Mack Sennett's first ambitious effort beyond the one-reel Keystones. Chaplin, co-featured with her, sprang into the big money class, and began to draw \$1,250 a week

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. Chap-

lin 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]



Mary Pickford in one of her first Famous Players pictures, "Such a Little Queen," 1914. About then her salary, \$52,000 a year, was doubled. Carlyle Blackwell was her leading man

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

The finished product. Murder, rum and pieces of eight—this piratical countenance suggests them all! Notice, especially, the subtle wrinkles, and the de tail of the teeth



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

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



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Photo by Stagg

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 unfortunates 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*

Mme. Jeannette

Specialiste en Beauté

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 ruddy 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



Beautiful women accentuate their beauty by the artistic way they apply their Pompeian Bloom. They select the right shade of this rouge for their own color tone and blend it to duplicate nature's own coloring.

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. There 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 brilliancy 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.

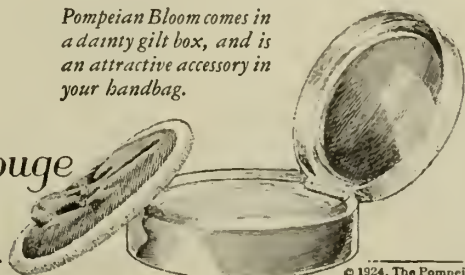
Pompeian Bloom, 60c. (In Canada, 65c)

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 JEANNETTE

Pompeian Bloom—a rouge

Pompeian Bloom comes in a dainty gilt box, and is an attractive accessory in your handbag.



© 1924, The Pompeian Co.

MADAME JEANNETTE, Pompeian Laboratories
Dept. 621 Cleveland, Ohio
Dear Madame: Not being entirely certain which tone of Pompeian Bloom 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
 Medium Dark Light Orange Tint



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 bathing beauties by a mile.
You'd oughter 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 t' make her way,
She's got t' leave th' pikers 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
Onc way, an' some of us he sent another;
His look was high an' cold. I seen I meant
No more t' him than if he was my brother.
I tried to catch his eye, but all he said
Was, "Hurry—dressin' room's first door ahead!"*

IV

*I guess he wasn't such a much, although
He had the old D. Griffith haughty 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 hooks 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—hissself!*

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 t' say how he was dressed!
I stopped right short, an' looked up in his face.
Big-eyed, I guess, as any yearlin' calf—
An' he looked down at me, an' all the place
Rang with his shouts—as he begun t' laff!*

*The little d'rector guy took me away,
An' I could see that he was pretty sore,
He says, as cross as cross, "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
Has 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' actin' . . . let th' movies be!"*

*An' so I wandered out of th' same gate,
Where I come in—all filled with hope an' prid—
An' I was thinkin' 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

f.o.b. Toledo

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 \$523; all prices f. o. b. Toledo. We reserve the right to change specifications or prices without notice.

Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, O. Willys-Overland Sales Co. Ltd., Toronto, Can.

Overland

When Movies are Thoroughly Censored



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-winks. 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



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



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



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 risqué a scene. And even then, it barely slid by the censors



Still the thrill of courtship

Is your skin fresh, lovely, attractive? Or have you allowed it to become sallow, oily? Women who do not protect their complexions age unnecessarily. Here is the simple secret all may know.

THE supreme test of a wife's charm, a famous novelist recently was 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.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), 360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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*





Always Look
for This
Gold Seal



Above is
shown Gold-Seal
Pattern No. 516.

**For a spotless nursery—
a sanitary Congoleum Rug!**



Pattern
No. 532



Pattern
No. 323



Pattern No. 386

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

6 ft. x 9 ft. \$ 9.00	9 ft. x 9 ft. \$13.50
7½ ft. x 9 ft. 11.25	9 ft. x 10½ ft. 15.75
	9 ft. x 12 ft. \$18.00

Pattern No. 386 (shown below) is made in all sizes. The other patterns illustrated are made in the five large sizes only.

1½ ft. x 3 ft. \$.60	3 ft. x 4½ ft. \$1.95
3 ft. x 3 ft. 1.40	3 ft. x 6 ft. 2.50

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

**CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED**

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago San Francisco
Kansas City Minneapolis Atlanta Dallas Pittsburgh
New Orleans London Paris Rio de Janeiro
CONGOLEUM CO. OF CANADA, Ltd. Montreal

Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
ART-RUGS

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]

*There is
a sweetness,
a shadowed
sweetness,
about little
Philippe de
Lacy.
His face has
the softness,
and the
wistful smile
of a pansy
flower*



With Jane Novak, in "Thelma." A little king of the Vikings
—who takes his responsibility seriously



He played in support of Mary, in "Rosita." With him, in this
picture, is Edythe de Lacy—his foster mother

Rules for the Great Cash-Radio Contest

Do you want \$2,500? 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 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. Its inventors and designers have left nothing undone to make it the finest of the instruments on the market.

Irvir 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 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 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.

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

second prize will be \$1,000; the third \$500; \$100 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 best 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 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 installments 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 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.

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

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.....State.....

Reason for selecting title and sub-title.....



All out-doors invites your Kodak

Autographic Kodaks \$6.50 up

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. *The Kodak City*



© Russell Ball

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 forthearing appearance in "Classmates," an old time play by William de Mille and Margaret Turnbull, 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

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 rubes 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 keen for the pleats in the vests and trousers and the flare 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?" [CONTINUED ON PAGE 86]

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 BARTHELMESS 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 filer 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 rôle 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 Bradbury, 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



Ian Keith seems about ready to slip a ring on the fair hand of the fairer Gloria in "Her Love Story." He also seems to hesitate. Maybe he is thinking about his divorce suit with Blanche Yurka, who accused Marjorie Rambeau of being too friendly with the leading man. Miss Rambeau denied the charge



ADOLPH MENJOU, *Famous Players Star*

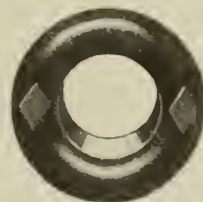
Beloved Villain!

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.

Look for  the Diamond Mark



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



Ask for shoes with visible eyelets!

UNITED FAST COLOR EYELET COMPANY

Manufacturers of

DIAMOND BRAND (VISIBLE) FAST COLOR EYELETS



Girls, take your choice. Here is a cave man and a twentieth century type. Maurice Flynn does the stone age stuff as the French champion bicycle rider, while Adolphe Menjou gazes at him in "Open All Night"

out declaring that "Greed" is "the greatest motion picture I ever saw." We shall see!

IF what one newspaper said Ramon Novarro said 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—ah, she will be my companion. When I go out of an evening she will go with me. The first—she must have nobody up-stairs—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 newspapers had to give extra space to the achievement of the rotund one. That extra

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 and "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, 5½ 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 Hiers' 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 so 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 production the equipment necessary had not been provided, and that a general condition of "chaos and futility" existed.

A NUMBER of Metro-Goldwyn officials "sat in" 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



Betty Blythe is singing one of the latest songs she heard in Paris while the studio musicians improvise an accompaniment. The fiddler seems to like the song immensely. Why shouldn't he?



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 cleanness that lasts!

THE VAUV CO. (for Jane Morgan)
249 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

"Worth 10 times its cost!"

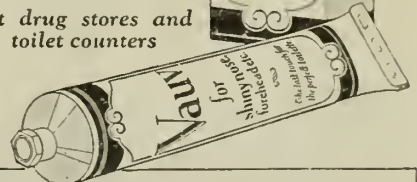
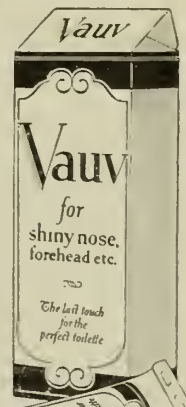
"I have found that Vauv is invaluable to me, because my skin was so shiny, that even constant and bothersome powdering would not relieve it. I have found that Vauv applied in the morning quickly removes all trace of this and my face is never shiny, throughout the entire day. I hope that the money enclosed 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 50c 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



Keeps the shine off and the powder on!

Vauv

PRONOUNCED VÖVE

THE VAUV CO. (for Jane Morgan)
249 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.....
.....



Ben Alexander seems worried about his freckles in the first picture. But glance at the other one and see how he expresses gratitude to the make-up man who gave him "that schoolgirl complexion" in "A Self-made Failure"

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 De Wolf 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 house 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 it 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 furnished the excitement. Aroused from peaceful slumbers, 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.

B. De Mille, 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 unmannerly 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. Courses in the luncheon at the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 90]

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



This only shows to what depths a great artist can descend. Ramon Navarro is shown as the crook in "The Red Lily" and the scene is a duplication of the sewers of Paris made at Culver City, California

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**

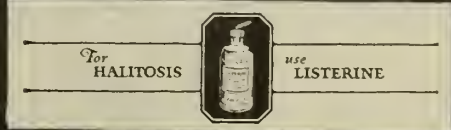


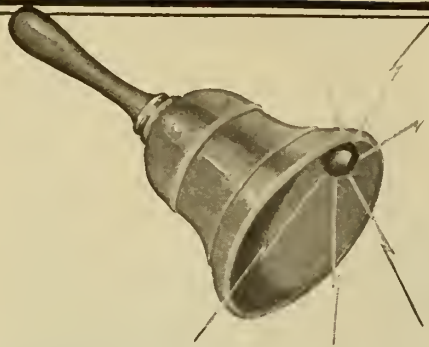
**“I’m going to quit!”
 —if he’s that way again today**

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—

nately—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 Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U.S.A.





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.

Dept. I-9
42 Rector St.
New York,
N.Y.

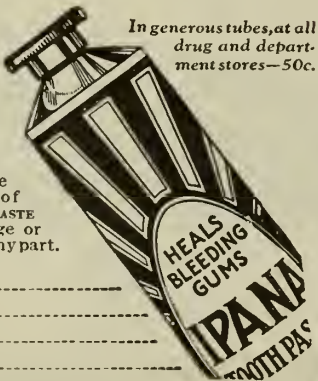
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

Name

Address

City

State



In generous tubes, at all drug and department stores—50c.



© Strauss-Peyton

Orange blossoms and wedding bells are going to mean a whole lot to these two screen favorites one of these days. Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan admit they are going to be married, but when and where they refuse to divulge to their closest intimates. Maybe by the time this picture is published they will be receiving the congratulations of their legion of friends

Studio News and Gossip

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]

Majestic which Miss Gray gave for the home-sick simian 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 rôle. 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.

LUBITSCH, 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 what 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]



Porter M. Farrell
New President of Philipsborn's

750,000 new customers since January 1st!

That's what superior styles, wonderful values and extra prompt service have accomplished so far this year. And Mr. Farrell, Philipsborn's new president, said: "I want our New Style Book to be so full of bargains that it will double that record before the end of the year!" *Here it is!—a book full of surprises—see coupon.*



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*.

PHILPSBORN'S

Porter M. Farrell, President

Bargains!

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 Style 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 \$19.98
- Sweaters, .49 to 8.98
- Furs, .1.98 to 24.50
- Women's
 - Hats, .79 to 4.98
 - Shoes, .43 to 6.48
 - Hosiery, .10 to 2.25
 - Corsets, .69 to 6.44
 - Knit Underwear, .10 to 5.59
- Children's
 - Coats, 2.98 to 18.98
- Boy's
 - Suits, 2.98 to 12.90
- Men's
 - Suits, 11.95 to 24.85
 - Men's Dress Shirts, .89 to 4.48

Complete Supplies for the Baby, Dry Goods, Toilet Goods, Novelties, and hundreds of other items for all the family. Send coupon!

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.



Philipsborn's, Dept. 1726, Chicago, Ill.

Absolutely free and without obligation, send me your new Fall and Winter Style Book showing latest New York styles and great bargains in women's, men's and children's wearing apparel.

Name.....
Address.....
Town.....
State.....



"Patent Pending"

1 After moistening hair with Spanish Curling Liquid, furnished free with every Curling Cap, place cap over the head and pull the hair forward through the rubberized cross pieces with the fingers.

2 The hair is held in "waves" by the cross pieces and allowed to dry in this position. Meanwhile you can read or finish dressing.



3 After 15 minutes the hair is dry, the cap is removed and your mirror reflects as beautiful a Marcelle as you ever had in your life.

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 scraggly—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 Marcelles 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 Marcelles 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 your hair curling outfit, which includes your newly invented Curling Cap and a bottle of Spanish Curling Liquid. I agree to deposit \$2.87 (plus postage) with the postman upon its delivery. If I am not satisfied with results in every way I will return the outfit to you and you are to refund my money.
Name.....
Address.....
Note: If you expect to be out when the postman calls, enclose \$3 with your order and the McGowan Curling Outfit will be sent postpaid.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of PHOTOPLAY to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. As a further aid, a complete list of studio addresses is printed elsewhere in this Magazine every month. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

W. B., ALCO, GA.—If Agnes Ayers is about to be married she has deceived the poor old Answer Man. In conversation with him these words passed her lips: "I have no intention of marrying for a long time, if ever." Gloria Swanson is divorced.

LILLIAN, MARINE BARRACKS, QUANTICO, VA.—Lois Wilson certainly has stirred your admiration. She has brown hair and hazel 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-fourth inches. She lives at Hollywood.

KATHERINE, CHICAGO, ILL.—Certainly. The thirteen baby stars named in 1923, in a published list, were Develys Perdue, Betty Francisco, Virginia Brown Faire, Evelyn Brent, Eleanor Boardman, Helen Lynch, Jobyna Ralston, Dorothy Devoe, Kathleen Key, Laura la Plante, Ethel Shannon, Pauline Garon, Margaret Leahy.

NORMAN, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—How you girls and boys admire a tall man! Ever read the list of the great little men, Napoleon, Alexander, Hamilton, 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., CHICO, CAL.—Marion Davies' chief lovermaker 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, BLOMINGDALE, N. J.—Theodore Kosloff was a Russian dancer of distinction when he was brought to 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 Marguerite 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, OHIO.—It's clubby of you to call me "Our Answer Friend." Reaches the sub-cellar of my experienced heart. The other Reginald (Denny) 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.

T. O. B., SCRANTON, PA.—Lloyd Hughes is married. No children. Your other favorite, Ben Lyon, is single. Mr. Lyon's recent work was in "The White Moth," with Barbara La Marr, and "Compromised," with Pola Negri. Lloyd Hughes was seen in "The Heritage of the Desert," with Bebe Daniels and in "The Sea Hawk," with Enid Bennett.

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 522 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

CONNIE, NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—Minneapolis, 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.

THELMA, KEARNEY, NEB.—Jack Hope is married to Marin Sais. 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.—Warren Kerrigan is a "darling even if he is married." That's generous of you, Betty. Louisville, Ky., is his birthplace. He has reached the age at which a famous author said, men 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 cuddlesome height of five feet, two inches and the also cuddlesome 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 the pictures produced by mine. 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 in weight, one hundred and ninety 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. Marguerite de la Motte is engaged in the Vitagraph production "Behold the Woman." Simply call you. "Ramon Novarro's favorite." Do you mean that, Miss Hilda?

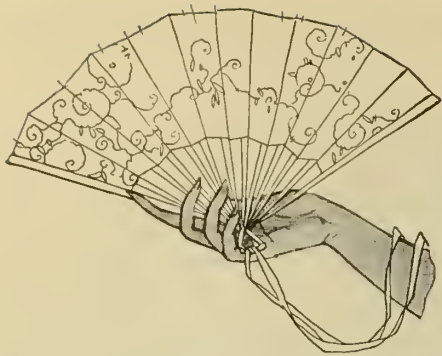
T. M. B., ST. LOUIS, MO.—Thomas Meighan was born April 4, 1879. His eyes are blue. His hair is three shades this side of black.

ELEANOR, 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 expenses. Richard Dix's new play is "Sinners in Heaven." Corinne Griffith is a wife.

GRACE, TULSA, OKLAHOMA.—Busy? 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 *nom de plume*? Many brave actors 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 Barry has shot up to five feet, six inches. Claire Adams is five feet, five inches tall. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 120]



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The Glazo Co., 28 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, O.



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"

Studio News and Gossip

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90]

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 show places 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 hem to 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 Archinbaud 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 rôle 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 dislodged 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, Mae 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.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 96]

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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.

WILDROOT COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO



Peter the Great signs his contract with his footprint. The great rival of Strongheart is to star in "The Silent Accuser" under the direction of Chester Franklin

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.

LOUISE DRESSER, musical comedy and stage star who is now rapidly winning herself an important place in pictures, decided to reduce a little. Miss Dresser is of the statuesque blonde type and of the old school that didn't regard hips as a crime.

While she was waiting to begin work with Jimmy Cruze in "The Cafe of Fallen Angels," in which she has a great rôle, she decided that she ought to follow the fashion and take off a little weight.

She did. Fifteen pounds. When she came on the set Cruze looked at her and said, "What's the matter with you? You look funny. You've been reducing."

Miss Dresser admitted it frankly.

"All right," said Cruze, "you go and put back every pound of that weight before we start a scene. I liked you the way you were or I wouldn't have cast you."

So poor Louise, after her struggles to get thin, is now eating pounds of chocolates and drinking quarts of cream in an endeavor to replace the fallen pounds.

NOBODY in the film colony seems to know just what the Jack White-Anne Luther litigation now proceeding in the Los Angeles courts is all about. There is a great deal of curiosity about the whole affair.

The facts seem to be that Miss Luther is suing Jack White, a comedy producer, for \$100,000 because of his failure to carry out a verbal contract for her appearance in his productions, for which appearances she claimed she was to be paid \$100,000. Miss Luther has been on the screen in the past.

White has summoned a number of prominent film stars, but for just what purpose isn't known.

The feeling in Hollywood is that the whole affair is unnecessary and that the industry will be made to suffer for the actions of irresponsible people venting a personal grudge through the courts.

THE world-famous trial of Horace Greer for the shooting of a young Denver clubman, Courtland Dines, 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 Miss 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

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.

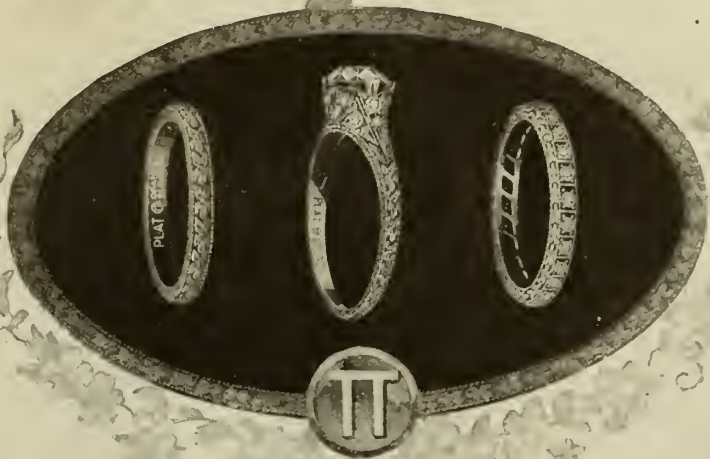
It is understood that Chevalier Du Brac, a Spanish dancer, is to be Miss Harris' dancing partner on the tour.

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



Irvin Cobb once facetiously wrote that New Yorkers were all front and no back. That's where Madeline Hurlock differs from New Yorkers. Mack Sennett says she has the most perfect back on stage or screen.

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her sketch, "Movie Mad," Miss Harris will be a featured attraction at the Embassy Club, famed high spot in London night life. Other engagements will take her to Monte Carlo, Deauville, Bourdeaux and Berlin.

"All my life I have wanted to dance and sing," says Miss Harris, "but this will be only a sort of a long vacation, for I do not intend to desert pictures permanently. After all, there is only one Hollywood and it is always going to be my home town."

JUST to prove that villains on the stage and screen are usually the best sort of guys and not at all hard to get along with—also that some marriages last, even in Hollywood, I want to tell you about Allan Hale, the hateful heavy in "The Covered Wagon" and many other pictures.

Allan has the cutest kind of a little wife (formerly Gretchen Hartman), two youngsters (boy and girl), a police dog and a bull pup, and when I dropped over to see him in their charming little California bungalow home the other day none of them bore scars of battle—not even the dogs.

The Hales have just celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary and from the way things looked to me they're a cinch for a golden wedding anniversary if their luck holds.

CAN you imagine a bunch of stars—Adolphe Menjou, Colleen Moore, Sidney Chaplin and Frank Mayo—playing extras—just so much atmosphere—in a picture? We couldn't until we saw a pre-view of First National's great cattle picture, "Sundown," and sure enough there they were standing around as background for a Hollywood sequence. John Francis Dillon, who directed "Flaming Youth," was also part of the "mob." "Sundown," which has for its theme the passing of the cattle barons and cowboys, those picturesque figures who wrested the West from the wilderness and the Indians and brought law and order, is without a doubt a screen classic. It's **BIG**—they don't have to tell you so in the subtitles—you feel it, and when the picture is over you feel as if you had lived through something tremendous and still more than a little sad.



This looks as if the bull fighter were "throwing 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



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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 Pomade, which quickly stimulates the growth of the brows and lashes. Clip this announcement, enclose 10c to cover cost of packing, shipping and send it at once to **LASHBROW LABORATORIES, Inc., Dept. 29, 417 Canal St., New York City**

C. P. (CHICK) MORRISON, veteran horse-man 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 Inceville 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. Paramor," in which she has the title rôle. Others in the cast include Mae Busch, Conrad Nagel, Huntly Gordon and Frank Elliott.

The reason we say Pauline is showing a dash of temperament is that the other day when we were at the studio the set was entirely shut off and everyone barred.

Who 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 Banff 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 piteous 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's desperately homesick.

We might lay a little bet, however—risk just a tiny wager—that if the Champ were in Banff 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 Wembley, 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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Address.....

held there. The motion picture industry had arranged, as the feature of their part of the exposition, a cinematographic garden party, and they desired to have an American star present in person. So they consulted Mr. Lasky and he cabled the New York office of his company.

Lois Wilson had just completed "The Man Who Fights Alone" with William Farnum and had nothing to do for a few days. "Send her over," said Mr. Lasky. "She'll do fine." So all Lois had to do was to make the long train trip from Hollywood to New York, board a steamer for England, appear at the garden party and charm all the English, as she does the Americans, and come home.

FROM Nevada comes word that Dustin Farnum, who established a residence there six months ago, has filed suit for divorce from Mary Conwell Farnum on the grounds of desertion. Farnum and his wife have lived apart for many years, "Dusty" most of the time in Hollywood picture-making and Mrs. Farnum at her New York home, so the news of the suit is no surprise to their friends.

Farnum's first wife divorced him in 1904, and a year later he married Mary Conwell and the separation took place some ten years ago.

It is expected that if he is successful in gaining his freedom, Dustin Farnum will marry Winifred Kingston, well known English stage star who has appeared with him in a number of his pictures and who now resides in Hollywood, where she is a popular member of the most exclusive screen and social circles.

THE old Metro studios, where some of the greatest stars of the industry have worked and some even have started their careers as extras, are now almost as deserted as one of the ghost cities of the West. I say almost, because there is still one company working there and by some strange trick of fate it is the youngest star of the screen—Jackie Coogan—who is making the final picture at that landmark of the industry.

And speaking of Jackie reminds me of one I overheard the other day—never mind where.

A well known director and scenario writer were discussing the tour Jackie is about to make for the Near-East Relief.

"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 still 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 picture 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 outshines 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 an actor—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.



This jazz orchestra gets \$10,000 a week—not for playing jazz but for playing before the camera. Conway Tearle, who plays the piano, isn't in the picture, but the other five are, left to right, Gil Pratt, director; Creighton Hale, John Miljan and Raymond McKee. Earl Metcalfe is sitting on the floor. They are mighty popular at Hollywood social affairs

"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 taken 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 stepped on the gas.

"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 today, 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 title man, he produced a little picture called "Not One to Spare." It broke all motion picture traditions—there was no hero or heroine—no villain or love story—and yet the public liked it—was crazy about it.

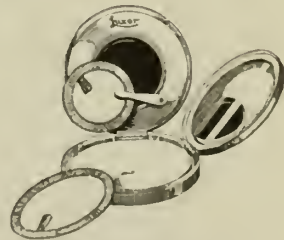
Now Hoffman has followed this first effort with a picturization of Frank Condon's "Legend of Hollywood" which appeared in PHOTOPLAY. It is a dramatic story of the heart-break side of Hollywood life and critics are unanimous in their unstinted praise of this picture. They declare the atmosphere is true and highly interesting and are hailing it as the first picture to tell the true story of most of the

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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 talking 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, Bessie Love, Mr. and Mrs. John Francis Dillon, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hartley Manners (Laurette Taylor), George Fitzmaurice, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Torrence, Mr. and Mrs. Robert MacIntyre, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Chadwick, Charles Coleman, Frank Mayo, Louis Payne, Florence Vidor, Mr. and Mrs. George Archainbaud, June Elvidge, Cyril Keightley, Vivian Martin, Donald Brian, Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Ballin, Edwin Brophay and Mrs. Blanche Flynn.

“I COULD dance all night to that orchestra,” I 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 current production, “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 he might spoil a good auditor to make a poor actor.

But Miss Talmadge had her way and her protegee'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

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old friend Dorothy Gish has done a little "discovering" on her own, with the result that a perfectly good newspaperman has "gone wrong."

He is Irving Hartley, once popular along Park Row, where he handled a graflex for a big daily, but who has given up his honest toil to become a juvenile with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Miss Gish first saw Hartley when he photographed her at the pier as she was sailing for Europe. Later Hartley was in Hollywood and Miss Gish wrote Irving Thalberg about him. After an interview, the boy producer signed the graflex man to a three-year contract.

POOR Laurette Taylor must feel like a rank outsider, socially speaking, in her latest picture, "One Night in Rome," which she is now making. For they have almost completely surrounded her with titled aristocracy in the minor roles.

In this adaptation of J. Hartley Manners' stage play there is a real princess, a countess and a baron. They are:

Princess Thais Valdemar, widow of a Russian general and former political prisoner in Petrograd.

Countess Lola Marianna Noya Devcich, who has the part of a court lady in the Italian episodes.

Baron William von Bricken, who is seen as an ambassador to the Italian court.

Dimitri Buchowetzki still has the Hollywood record for employing needy nobility, however. One day, during the filming of the Russian's first picture with Pola Negri, "Men," there were ten men on the set with Pola and only one, Bob Frazer, the leading man, was an American.

The other nine included a Russian and Spanish prince, a German baron, two counts, a titled Roumanian and an English remittance man who had served with the Canadian Mounted. They were all good types and needed work, so Buchowetzki hired them.

Nowhere can titles be rented cheaper than in Hollywood, it would seem.

GEORGE MARION, JR., son of the veteran actor who gave the unforgettable performance of *Chris*, *Anna Christie's father*, in Blanche Sweet's great triumph, has established himself in the Hollywood colony as a fabricator of two-reel comedies. Another scion of a celebrated sire who is also a comedy maker in Hollywood is Bryan Foy. His father is Eddie Foy, the well known comedian, and to Bryan is given the credit for having written the words to the celebrated song "Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Sheehan."

WHEN Lew Cody left Hollywood for Europe, where he will work with Blanche Sweet in Marshall Neilan's picture, there was a smile on his face that reminded me of a kid when school is over and the summer vacation just started.

But Lew declared it was not going to be a vacation at all. You see it's his first trip abroad and he expects it to be a liberal education.

"Mickey Neilan has been over before—knows his Paris and everything," confided Lew. "I've been well coached by Mickey and we'll start in just where he left off before. Of course Blanche being along may cramp Mickey's style, but I have no wife to worry about."

And I'll let you in on another little secret. Lew has a system which he plans to try out at Monte Carlo. It's the same one that Fred Niblo and George Fitzmaurice worked out before Niblo started on his mysterious European mission, which later, it developed, was to relieve Charles Brabin as the director of "Ben Hur."

Niblo, Fitz and Lew have been trying it out on every wheel they could find in Hollywood and so far it has worked—their paper profits are enormous.

"If the system works I don't," was Lew's parting promise. "My only fear is that Niblo, who will beat me to Monte Carlo, will have

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Most tooth troubles today are traced to a film that forms on teeth. A viscous film that you can feel by running your tongue across your teeth.

That film is the chief enemy of good teeth. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It hides the natural luster of your teeth. If your present dentifrice doesn't combat it successfully, it's inadequate.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. In contact with teeth, this acid invites decay. Millions of germs breed in it. *And they, with tartar, based on film, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.*

Now new methods fight it

For years men of science have given their best in seeking an effective combatant of that film.

Ordinary tooth pastes do not cope with it adequately. Harsh, gritty substances were discarded as dangerous to enamel. Soap and chalk were judged inadequate. Numerous methods have been tested and found wanting.

Now modern dental science has found

two new combatants and embodied them in the modern tooth paste called Pepsodent.

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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.

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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.

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With a swimming pool in nearly every backyard in Hollywood, Hobart Henley was too busy to leave the studio to visit any of them. So he had one built on the stage where he was making "Free Love." It contained eight feet of water and gave no end of trouble to the cameramen because of the lighting effects

busted the bank or will have the system barred before I can get there."

We hope you won't win so much, Lew, that you will leave the screen flat.

J. K. McDONALD, a producer whose greatest success, so far, was "Penrod and Sam," found himself in need of an office manager, so he advertised.

The next day he appeared at the Hollywood studios, where he makes his pictures, and found eighteen candidates for the job waiting for him.

"What's your name?" he asked the first man in the line.

"Penrod," was the applicant's answer.

"You're hired," said McDonald. "The rest of you can go home."

Yet some people say there's no superstition in the motion picture business.

PATSY RUTH MILLER and Matt Moore are now seen together off the screen almost as much as they are on. And the same goes for John Bowers and Marguerite De La Motte, for this pair is almost inseparable.

GIRLS who have won beauty contests in various cities and who have come to Hollywood to raise the standard of pulchritude on the screen, and there are many of them, have taken to calling themselves after the names of the cities in which the contests have been won.

And Hollywood just now is full of Misses This and Misses That.

At a party a group of these were being introduced under their geographical names.

From the corner came in dulcet tones the voice of a girl who had never won a beauty contest and who, perhaps for that reason or some other, has not been any too successful in getting jobs.

"Now that we've heard the time-table," spoke up the hard-boiled one, "you can all come over and meet me. My name's Miss Fit."

UP a tree, mates! Up a tree! Barbara La Marr is threatened with matrimony again. Still possessing a perfectly good husband (number three) in the person of one Jack Daugherty, the movie vamp is rarin' for to go and get a divorce so she can marry Ben Lyon. It's all report, however, because the fair Barbara, aside from saying "What's the use of being married anyhow?" or words to that effect, according to one newspaper, called the whole thing ridiculous. Never again will she be interviewed, she added, intimating that all newspaper people are not liars but that some liars are newspaper people. Ben Lyon accused a press agent of starting the rumor. However, such things are usually denied and if Barbara gets a divorce and marries Ben it won't be news when it happens. The newspapers beat them to that, or did they? [CONTINUED ON PAGE 133]

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 rôle and T. Roy Barnes is the young man with the idea.

THE TELEPHONE GIRL—F. B. O.

FURTHER adventures of Gladys Murgatroy, 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 hosiery advertisement. Slapstick comedy built upon the theory developed by Mack Sennett, that a comely pedal extremity covers 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-shooting with Bebe Daniels doing great work as a *declassé* 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 fiancée. 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 fretful wife, the fascinating roue 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 frank trash 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 hoke-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 want 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 the hero marries the daughter of the dishonest relative and burns the paper that would give him 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 wildly interesting. A fine enough picture, but unavial 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, frightened by the seriousness of selecting a husband from among her suitors, decides to take two of them to a mountain camp on a trial honeymoon. This precipitates horror and trouble at home, of course. But things come right in the end. The cast is exceptionally heavy with stars.



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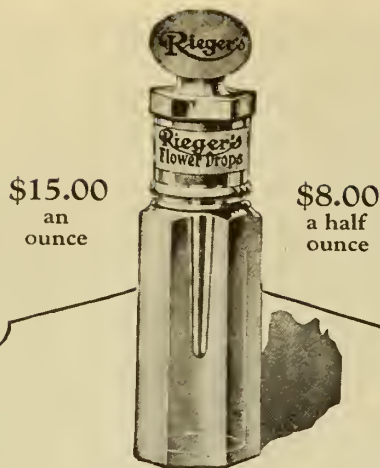
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Remember, if not pleased your money will be returned.

"I Knew Him When—"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

As he passes the box office, he says to Jimmy: "Damn good show. 'Stoo bad business 'srotten."

Then Jim knows where the dollar comes from he found at the box office window.

When the Park City Loom lets up, my kid partner and me moves on to Provo, Utah, and things is 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 tells him better men than him 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 lands with Belasco before he's clear starved out and makes a hit in a piece 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 'til he made "The Covered Wagon" back in his native 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 in "wagon stock," as we call it. A couple of flivvers 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.

Me and my partner was playing in Phoenix early in 1923 when some vaudeville performers from Los Angeles gets to talkin' about pictures and the conversation drifts around to James Cruze, the great director, and what a czar 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 Cosgrave was partners and that he not only 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 darn 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. Sure I'm working in "Merton of the Movies," and I worked in lots of other pictures since the telegram came from Jim.

An' that ain't all. The first thing my partner did for me was to make my dear dream come true.

When I arrives in Los Angeles Jimmy meets me at the train. An' it wasn't the great Cruze but Jimmy Bosen himself. A little older and a little heavier but still my same old partner. Now I'm only an old ham actor of the small of small time, but the way the year's greatest director grabs me when I steps off the Pullman you'd think I was Booth and Barrett all in one.

And almost his first words were: "Luke, how would you like to see New York and Broadway?"

Says I: "Don't kid me, son. Hollywood almost too good to be true. I'm an old man now and my heart ain't none too strong."

"Well, you're going," says Jim. And he did.

He gives me a fine part in "Hollywood" as takes me and that little Drown girl to New York with him. We're the only members of the cast that goes East.

And while we're in New York working I get my first and probably last chance to set foot on "the boards of Broadway." And now I'm content.

It was like this. We was in New York at the opening of "The Covered Wagon" and there was to be some special showing of charity.

They want Jim to give 'em a little talk before the picture goes on, but he says:

"No! Luke Cosgrave's the man. He knows the West before I was born."

And that's how I got my chance to get up and speak my little piece on Broadway.

It's been like a fairy godfather waving wand, though there was a time at first when I thinks Jimmy had let me in for a pretty big season.

YOU see it was like this. For six weeks I works both in New York and Hollywood and don't get no pay.

Finally I goes to Jim and asks him to stand me to a hundred bucks.

"What d'you want \$100 for, Luke?" says Jim. "Been gambling or blowing your cash on the girls?"

So I explains to Jim I didn't have none of much surplus when I hit Hollywood and that has all been used up. An' that I wants the hundred so's I could get back home to the wagon show.

"You old fool," shrieks Jim, "ain't you got no pay?" An' he grabs me and hustles me to the cashier's window where I finds six checks waiting for me. It's more money 'a ever had at one time in my life.

You see in my show days the boss always come around and paid us off each week—that is if he had the dough—and I'd been expectin' Jim to hand me my pay. I thought I was workin' for him personal and that we'd hit a bad season an' he couldn't pay. I'd made up my mind it was about time to quit the movie.

Say—don't let anyone tell you that James Cruze is a czar—he's a prince if there ever was one.

* * * * *

Luke was still clutching my lapels when finished, but he didn't need to. You could have driven me away once he was well started, for, while Hollywood is as full of stories as O. Henry's "City of the Four Million," it's more of them are as fine and as human and as touching as the one this old actor so longed to tell.

Now it is easier for me to understand why James Cruze made "The Covered Wagon."

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 men 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 what'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 heights or in the depths. There would be no smooth and peaceful meadows. 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*.

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FRIENDLY ADVICE

From
Carolyn Van Wyck

MODES and individuality. Show me a girl or woman who gives an impression of an equal mingling of these and I shall see an attractive type.

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 is so she does not adapt herself to the mode but the mode to herself. Probably she wears the bob, for the bob is sanitary, strengthens the hair and is generally becoming. She does 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 hers.

Notice, dear friends, that I said, "Makes the most of her personality." She may have a squint. The intelligent girl or woman, and all highly individualized persons are intelligent, does not accept her squint as a visitation 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 squint 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 frowning 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 harsh she softens it by exercise. As a great Greek orator, once a weak-voiced stammerer, strengthened his by exercise. She wears the colors in which she looks the best, and the shades of those 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 heeded.

Write me your problems. It will be my pleasure to help you as much as I can.

BABY BLONDE, SHREVEPORT, LA.

Persistent application of lemon cream, lightly spread upon the affected surface, should dull the brown of your 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 lash darkener that you mention is not harmful—and it will certainly 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.

"JOPE," 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.

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 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

PERPLEXED, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

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 do. 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 39]

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 sloop 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 Kurder'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 was startled 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 came closer he waved and shouted and signalled. 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 fusilage with an armwave of mockery as he went on.

The lone exile anchored to his island took that winged messenger to be a sea-scout of Drakma'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 soar 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"—

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the next morning, Alan stood at his shack door and again heard the familiar far-off drone, as the sunlit wings bore down on his cay. His eye fell on his triangulator—and a sudden tremor sped through his body. It would exhaust his batteries, it would leave him without power enough to send a call beyond his coral reef, but if his instrument worked right he could bring down those needed wings within his lagoon. Then he could possess his enemy's plane and fly straight to the sloop and the woman who needed him. It was his last throw with chance—but it was worth the risk.

He remembered, as he linked up his triangulator and adjusted the auxiliary finder, that this venture would leave him silent, would cut his voice off from the girl so eagerly awaiting every word from him. But it was too late for half measures, he told himself, as he fitted the enflading-key into his instrument. And instead of his voice, if luck was with him, his own body would go winging towards the woman he loved.

He looked up, studiously, as the plane circled about his cay, insolently low, tilting like a hawk's body as it banked and swooped carelessly back over the lagoon edge. And it was then that Alan, bringing his dial-needles to rest in unison, gave the triangulator its last ounce of "juice."

HE saw, as he watched, the leather-clad body of the pilot half rise in his seat, throw up his hands, and fall back against the fusilage. The plane, out of control, dipped like a settling mallard into the lagoon water, lashed on through the shallows, and came crashing and plowing up on the cay sand. It shattered a wing as it came, snapping the seat-belt and flinging the pilot over its broken propeller, where he lay stunned and helpless in the sand.

Alan's heart sank as he saw that shattered wing and propeller, for he knew that his plan had failed. But he did not altogether give up. For already, out of that wreck, a new hope had been born.

He saw, as he ran to the stunned man turning painfully over in the sand, that it was the same reckless-faced pilot who had carried him out to the power-boat. And he made it a point, before anything else, to unbuckle the pistol holster about the newcomer's body and adjust it around his own waist.

"Now, get up," he commanded, noticing that the other's eyes were open.

"I'm afraid I can't," was the muttered retort. "My leg seems to be broken."

Alan guardedly examined the limb in question and found a clear enough fracture. He tore enough linen and brace-bars away from the shattered plane wing to make splints, binding the hurt leg up as best he could. He waited for a whimper, as he strained to reduce the fracture. But his former enemy lay silent, merely gritting his teeth and asking for a cigarette when it was over.

"You've at least got nerve," admitted Alan as he carried the leather-clad figure up to his shack bunk and gave him tepid water to drink. "And if you've got as good judgment you'll not make another move to meddle with me. For I'm on my last move of this game. And that means, remember, I couldn't stop to argue about treachery."

He tapped the pistol at his belt as he spoke. "I guess I've played about my last card," admitted the man on the bunk, smiling, nevertheless, as his dimmed eyes watched Alan.

But Alan's thoughts were already on other things. He stooped and studied a sprocket chain lying in the dunnage box. Then he stared at the black-metalled generator in the shack corner. Then he returned to the wrecked plane, almost on a run. He saw, as he looked it over, that it would never fly again, that it would never fly, at any rate, from that island. But he also saw that its engine was still intact. And when he inspected the tank and saw it held a respectable supply of fuel, his hopes suddenly rose. He had power here, power at his very threshold. That plane engine, he knew, could never be moved up to

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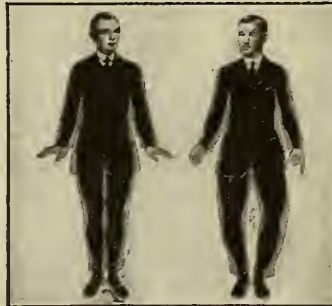
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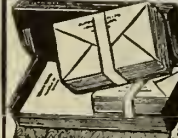
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\$500 in Cash Extra!

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 on his coupon the fact that he first heard about it over the 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.

Dr. John R. Brinkley of the Brinkley-Jones Hospital Association, Milford, Kan., is another enthusiast about the contest. The association operates Station KFKB, 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, KFKB has regular reception in Honolulu and the Bermuda 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 526 meters. It is one of the favorite stations 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 more than 5,000 miles.

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 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 skids and pole it down beside the stalled plane. From the shaft of the plane he could remove the broken propeller and replace it with the belt pulley from the shack shelf, 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 with that belt 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 good atmospheric conditions, 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 runnels of sweat running down his body. He carried and pried and tugged until even the man on the bunk smiled at his madness. When that man stopped him, to ask for a drink of brandy, Alan retorted that he had no brandy and had no time to spare.

"You may not have the time," smiled the man on the bunk, "but I happen to know that if you dug two feet down in the sand on the east 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. He soaped and adjusted his belt, started his engine, and heard the soul-satisfying hum of the machinery that sang hope to his heart.

"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 tested the sand on the eastern cay tip and returned with a bottle 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 strained feed-pipe, wetting the sand at his feet.

He staggered back, passing a dirt-stained hand over a dirt-stained brow. He was defeated, on the very brink 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 the man 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, once 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 Walsworth. 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 haven't the time. Some day we awaken to find that it is too late.

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Take the first step today, by sending us the coupon below. A dainty little Get-Acquainted Tube of "D & R" will come to you free.

Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream is on sale everywhere. Regular prices in tubes, 10c, 25c, 50c. In jars, 35c, 50c, 85c and \$1.50

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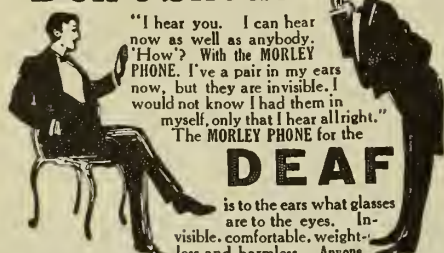
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silence had been imposed upon all stations, and this order was not to be violated. “From WEAF,” proceeded the clear-cut and authoritative voice, “our President’s words will be relayed by land wires to twelve different broadcasting stations throughout 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 wave-lengths to be used. But Alan did not listen in to more of that message. He refueled his tank and reoiled his bearings and worked his engine until darkness closed about him. He verified his mounting battery power and stood by gobbling a supper of hard-tack and water. He returned to his engine and speeded it up, in his impatience, speeded it up until his grotesquely-laced belt threatened 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 tired draught horses 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 everything in life depended on that message, 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 the official announcer had just proclaimed that the President of the United States was speaking. He stood ignorant of the fact that an etheric silence had fallen across the continent, from coast to coast. He remembered 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 uncouth apparatus was to send arrowing through the night to his homeland.

And on a hundred thousand instruments, instruments in coal mines and touring cars, in crowded city halls and lonely prairie shacks, in silenced theaters and narrow flat parlors, in softly lighted living rooms and gaily lighted cabarets, in the iron-walled rooms of ship commanders and the dark-tabled 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 Ketch Cay. Relay to the Navy Department and advise Admiral Walsworth his daughter is still alive. But help must come soon—”

The white-faced man, clad in little more than rags, who sat gasping back on the lagoon sand, knew nothing of the result of those words that went winging through the night. He knew nothing of startled 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, of the equally hurried conference at the Navy Department, of the verifying of data and distances and the sudden despatch of orders—

orders that resulted in a keen-nosed torpedo boat destroyer heading out into the Atlantic from the shore mists that hung over Charleston harbor at the same time that aviators with flashlights suddenly swarmed about the pontoons of a seaplane that was fueled and provisioned and finally rose 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 plane, hurrying on from the Marine Corps Flying Field at Quantico, overtook the armored greyhound of the deep and dropped a determined-eyed Don Powell on its deck as the race towards the Bahamas was resumed.

Alan, on his desolate sandspit, knew nothing of this as he crawled wearily towards his receiving set, swept by a craving for a companioning voice he had failed to hear that night. He stood very alone in the world, oddly 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 phantasmal voice was imploring, in a tone so faltering that her words seemed without the power to rise 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 orders—his orders that I was only to be held here. But I can’t face 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.”

ALAN, with an animal-like small cry, tore the head-set from 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 triangulator, 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, where he could hear the outer surf’s slow booming on the reef.

Somewhere in that outer darkness, he knew, beyond the reach of his vision, lay the sloop which he had to reach, which he must not fail 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, in which he was facing the 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 winging its way across the low, long swell, where the swish of a dorsal-fin in his wake reminded him that he was not alone on the deep. “I’m coming!” he repeated, wielding his uncouth paddle with all his strength.

[END OF THIRD INSTALLMENT]

“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.

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; unworldly 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 handclapping filled the ball-room.

"You're wonderful!" he congratulated dazedly.

"Pff! 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 indifferent had he bothered 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 American beauties, 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 she 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 further by her poise, her assurance, her striking appearance. He sent his card to her with a note scribbled on the back that he would have his 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 provincial; 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 seems quite remarkable to me that 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



83
Ashes of Roses* Rouge (dark and rich) or Rouge Mandarin* (light and bright). The finest rouges made. They resist moisture and take added loveliness from Summer sunshine. Also: Rouge Currant-Rose*, Rouge Coral Rose*, Rouge Velvet-of-Peaches*.



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Bourjois MANON LESCAUT Face Powder beautifies, protects, refreshes. In the following tints: White, Rose, Flesh, Brunette—also in Peaches* Powder and Peaches-and-Cream* Powder. The same perfume used in MANON LESCAUT TALCUM, Toilet Water, Extract.

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AUGUST sunshine is no friend to daintiness—but is easily combatted with the cunningly compounded luxuries from Bourjois of Paris. Fine, fragrant, MANON LESCAUT* Face Powder bestows cool beauty at every touch of the powder puff—moisture will not cake it—and under its impalpable protection the skin is soothed and kept from harm.

This marked *refreshingness* of all Bourjois creations accounts for the myriad of women who insist upon them—in Summer as in all other seasons.

For a sample of MANON LESCAUT Face Powder and a copy of Bourjois' instructive and unique little book of beauty, "What Every Woman Does NOT Know," send 18c with the coupon below.



92

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Peaches* Peaches-and-Cream* (Check powder wanted) and 1 free copy of "What Every Woman Does NOT Know."

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Pack your week-end bag, say goodbye to the hot, noisy city and set out for a day or two of real fun and healthy sport at the lake or sea. And don't forget to take along your pocket orchestra so there'll be plenty of good music for those who want to dance. If you want to be the hit of the party, be ready with a Hohner Harmonica—

The World's Best

There's nothing like good music for happiness and there's nothing like a Hohner for good music. Hohner Harmonicas are true in tone, accurate in pitch and perfect in workmanship. Get a Hohner Harmonica today and play it tonight. 50¢ up at all dealers.

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ELIZABETH ARDEN announces a new cream—her Waterproof Cream. Smooth it on the face, neck, arms and hands under powder. It gives the skin a lovely silken finish—a waterproof finish! It keeps the skin fresh and attractive for hours of swimming and sports. Prevents sunburn, roughness, peeling, freckles. Also gives the skin a superb finish for evening. \$3.

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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—long, tense silence. His voice came to her gently above the thrum of the motor:

"The pranks of circumstance. . . . Wonder what would have happened if—if—"

"—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! confound it! Jeanne. . . . I feel like a stranger with you; yet I'm your husband."

"Were," she corrected gently.

"Legally, I mean; not actually. It's queer. . . . rather sardonic. A wise 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 leaving the 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 cigar and sat down to think things over. Connected, logical thought was impossible. He was beset by a train of disconnected impressions—Jeanne as she had been at the university. . . . 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 in love with his own wife, and he was afraid. She was friendly and interested and quietly 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 seemed of no consequence to her. He was an interesting incident in a life chock-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 her precisely what it would have meant to him had he met the Jeanne from whom he had parted seven years before. . . . but this was another woman—a fine, splendid creature.

Saturday night again he was there in his car, and this time a regal picnic lunch was packed in a hamper and they rolled once again into the moonlight which filtered softly through the trees which lined the roadway. At first he was awkward and constrained, but there was a subtle undercurrent of excitement in his manner. She, on her part, was carefree and happy—apparently enjoying the freedom to the utmost and seemingly unconscious of the fierce emotion which was gripping him.

She frolicked and sang and gradually pulled

him out of his own depression. But her very buoyancy defeated his firmly intended seriousness. She turned aside his efforts at personal conversation—she was enjoying the froth 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 piled into the car and sped swiftly 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, Jeanne, that this is our last night."

"So am I, Roger." Her words were casual, friendly, un freighted by hidden meaning. "I've enjoyed it more than anything in years."

His next question surprised her. "Why?"

"Because—Oh! well, because I suppose I'm a little tired of artificiality and pose. . . . and this has been natural."

"You're tired?"

"Yes. Not physically, but mentally. It isn't pleasant to know that one has progressed as far as one is capable."

"I see. . . . 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."

His face lighted. "Why, Jeanne, I thought you were so happy. . . ."

"I was. I suppose I am."

"But if you're tired, Jeanne—why not—"

AND then he saw her smile. "Mm—mm!

Roger—don't get sentimental. It just isn't done these days between husband and wife. Besides, I had no intention of boring you with a recital of my troubles. First place, they're all imaginary, 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 they 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. . . ."

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 bent serious eyes upon her. "I hate to say goodbye this way, Jeanne."

"Yes?"

"I wonder whether you'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 expectation of interrogation, 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 not visit her husband's rooms. The trouble was that he couldn't make himself believe that she was his wife.

Flashing upward on the elevator he was nervous and fidgety. They crossed the soft-carpeted hall and 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 something in his manner 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 stooped to a silly, childish scheme to bring that 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—an engineer—president of the Rotary Club; you planned this—this raid—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?

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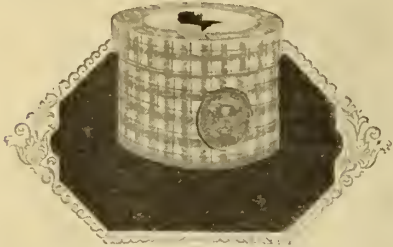
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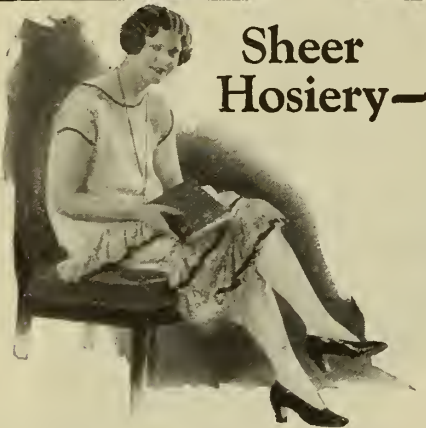


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How They Keep Those Girlish Lines

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

stockings and hats that are designed especially for them. Because the oil of flattery is always sweet to the taste, I always go. It gives me a sweet, tiny thrill to see my face 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 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. When I ask her about it she smiles and changes the subject. 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. Motoring is for those who must annihilate time or who are lazy. I start to my destination earlier than I may walk. On a normal day, that is if I am not cooped in a studio all day, I walk six or seven 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, undiluted lemon juice. Hard on the stomach, perhaps, but saving to the figure.

The desire to avoid dreaded poundage 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 dozen. Everyone of them.

Do you not think I deserve my slimness? Shades of suffering, I do.

Hike Like Sixty, Says Constance Talmadge

I deserve my slimness. Indeed, I do.

Part of its price is the long country walk. Not only long, but, what is more to the point, brisk. Sauntering never reduced anyone's weight. Better two miles so quickly covered than one's body is covered with perspiration, than a 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, Norma, 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 not opened 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 embonpoint. I "limber up" by leaning far forward with my hands raised above my head, until my body describes the letter "U" inverted. I repeat this until I feel that any "kinks" that were in my body or mind have been straightened.

Then the scythe movement, as though I were cutting hay with a scythe. This calls for a wide sweep of the arms and for the turning of the torso from one side to the other upon the axis of the waist.

Finally, swinging from the towel. I toss a strong, long towel 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 ideal 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 ease of the strain upon these cushions comes lessening of the nervous strain. The blood bounds through the veins. When circulation is stimulated fat goes.

I weigh myself every morning. One must watch the scales else she may be overtaken by a rising tide of flesh.

I keep a reasonable watch upon my diet. Occasionally I crucify 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. Everyone asked me for my secret. It was this. I did two pictures without any rest between them. My first picture called for sixteen camera days. The other twenty-one such days. Those practically thirty-seven days of nearly continuous work caused me to lose about fifteen pounds. There's a moral there, friends. Keep active.

It is natural for me to avoid the things that fatten one. I don't care for many sweets. Candies and ice cream I dislike. I will tell you after while of the one exception.

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.

With two vegetables such as carrots and spinach and a cup of tea. No desserts.

A few simple exercises I use. I vary them. Sometimes it is breathing deeply five times. Sometimes it is bending forward until my finger tips reach the floor. Sometimes lying on my back and raising my limbs till they form a right angle with my body. Rising time is the best for such exercises. One is not tired then, nor distracted by interruptions.

An active life and simple diet are my regime for avoiding too solid flesh.

My confession? It is that I like cake. The gooiest, fatteningest kind of cakes. Lady Baltimore and chocolate marshmallow and white cake with cocoanut and chocolate layers, are specimens of my tastes. At my home in California, we have a cook that is an artist in cake baking. So, perhaps once a week, I go on a cake jag. At those times I eat little else. The jags do not last longer than Sunday. One day suffices. Of course I suffer remorse and say that I really must not eat any more cake. But I do. So with our darling sins.

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.

Luncheon—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 lot of weight in the last few months. I began by taking some very drastic treatments in a rolling machine.

Then I began a 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 disapproves 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 potatoes, no white bread, no candy or desserts, no pork of any kind and no fat or other meats, no oils in salad dressings. Aside from those 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 loll 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 a 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

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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 filled 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 physician with whom you place your case of excess 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 cement court and driveway 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 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.



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I take long walks, preferably in the hills where climbing is necessary. I ride horseback, 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 setting-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]

debt \$184,000 and is working the only way he knows how to pay the friends who stood behind him during his trouble, which resulted in his acquittal in San Francisco on a charge of manslaughter.

This rather disorganized his attackers and they were stampeded. Arbuckle emphasized that he had been tried by a jury and acquitted of the crime charged and insisted that such persecution was against the great American spirit of fair play.

The majority of the Council agreed with Arbuckle and the Ministerial Association was routed.

HAS Rex 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 amateurish cook): Don't growl over your food, John! No one is going to take it away from you!

—Sketch (London).



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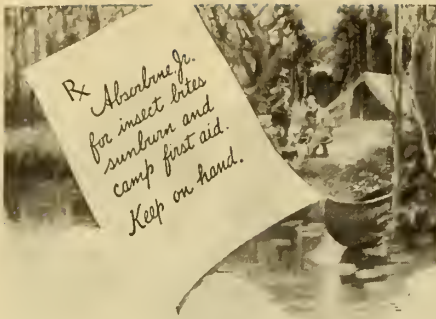
Age.....Occupation.....

(Write your address plainly in the margin)

America's Foremost School of Commercial Art

Little People of the Films

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]



Pack Absorbine, Jr. in your suit case or kit.

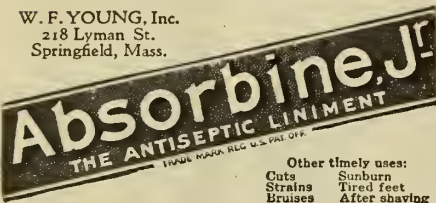
It almost instantly stops the pain, the inflammation and the swelling from insect bites. Applied beforehand, it discourages the activities of these winged pests.

It is soothing, cooling and healing to sunburned neck, shoulders and arms. You cannot afford to be without such relief!

It is first aid for cuts, bruises, burns, sprains and for other emergencies of camp life. A few drops suffice in most instances. And Absorbine, Jr. is safe and of an agreeable odor—easy and clean to use.

At all druggists', \$1.25 or postpaid.
Liberal trial bottle, 10c., postpaid.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
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GRAY HAIR IS NOT NECESSARY

You are only as old as you look!

Wm. J. Brandt's Liquid

EAU DE HENNA

Hair Color Restorer



will cover 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 uniform color.

Any One Can Put It On

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 box in English and Spanish. Colors: Black, Dark Brown, Medium Brown, Light Brown, Drab, Blond, Auburn. Price, \$2.50. C. O. D., \$2.60.

Accept no substitute for Wm. J. Brandt's Eau de Henna. Order through Druggist, Department Store, Beauty Parlor or from us.

HAIR SPECIALTY CO.

Dept. 19, 112 East 23rd St., New York
Men as well as women can use Eau de Henna to advantage.

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 hadn't 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, "He'll never come back, do you think?" To which I always feel moved to say, "Maybe not, but let's all get down on our knees and pray." It's unsocial instinct on my part, rather than any personal enthusiasm for the prodigal, that moves me to righteousness. For Natacha and Rudie are sufficiently militant to outpan the panniest, 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 conducive to photography. The host, who considers himself of incomparable 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 entertaining a handsome young actor 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, maybe, handsomer star. Tommy, bidding goodbye 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 inferiority 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. There are little 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. They are professional affairs 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 tin thing was only made by Henry.

And so my ego converts malice into Lenev-ole.

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 ancestral derivation from a jackal.

I repeat, listen to them pan and you'll know whom to praise.

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93]

EVELYN A., CHICAGO, ILL.—The leading actress in "Souls for Sale" is Eleanor Boardman. Eleanor, also, in "Three Wise Fools."

JACQUELINE OF MASSACHUSETTS.—Here's still another one who wants to know "how tall are they." Here's your list: Nita Naldi, five feet, eight inches; Pola Negri, five feet, six and a half inches; Lillian Gish, five feet, four inches; Pauline Garon, five feet, one inch; Norma Talmadge, five feet, two inches.

L., CORNELL, WISCONSIN.—I agree with your estimate of Anita Stewart and Ethel Clayton. Glad they sent you their photographs. Antonio Moreno married Mrs. Daisy Canfield Danziger of Los Angeles. Anita Stewart is twenty-six, Madge Bellamy is twenty and Rodolph Valentino is twenty-eight.

L. C., SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—Thank you "Little Aussie," for saying you "Think of Richard Dix, Thomas Meighan and me wrapped in one." Pretty big bundle that. Do you know that their combined weights aggregate over four hundred pounds? Rod La Rocque, for whom you confess a "keenness," plays opposite Gloria Swanson in "A Society Scandal." Tom Moore only temporarily deserted the screen. He came back to star in "Big Brother," a screen production. Don't miss it.

KATHERINE S., CHICAGO, ILL.—Pleased to, Kathie. Richard Dix has reached the not over ripe age of twenty-nine, Malcolm Mc-

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., CHAMPION, 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. Nazimova pronounces her name as though it were spelled "Nat-zee-mo-vah." 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 actor.

"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 "Slander the Woman" with Dorothy Phillips. Huntley Gordon played opposite Gloria Swanson in "Bluebeard'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.

A Surf Board Flapper

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

sensuous Estelle, who enthralled the senses so divinely as *Miriam* in "The Ten Commandments," and stirred the imagination so vividly as *Mary of Scotland* in "Dorothy Vernon," had been cast to play the lead 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 learn 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 and all manner of monsters. She knew if she ever went 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 wept, tried again, wept some more.

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 bathing suit and C. B. sent for her.

"Can you ride a surf board?" he asked.

"Bring on any surf board you've got, wild 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. Pacific'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 roguish 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 Ridgely.

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 "hokey" to do extras 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 left school 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 Sennett lot as an 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 "Prodigal Daughters." This was the beginning and she made good with a bang.

Today Vera Reynolds, a finished product of the "lot," is a polished little actress at the age when most girls are trying for their first chance on stage or screen.



YOU CAN HAVE A PERFECT NOSE
Beauty is within your reach! An ill-shaped nose or mouth, a sagging chin—corrected by the famous specialist at the HOUSE OF HEALTH.

Moderate Charge **Fully Guaranteed**
Services of this master of plastic surgery far less here than the usual fee. Every case of plastic surgery guaranteed satisfactory or entire fee refunded.

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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, rich blue ink, on both paper and envelopes, and sent to you postpaid for only \$1.00. (West of Denver and outside of U. S. \$1.10.) If inconvenient to send the money, we will ship C. O. D. Money returned if you are not more than satisfied. Order today. Write name and address plainly.

ELITE STATIONERY COMPANY

5080 Main Street Smethport, Pa.

Gray Hair Unnecessary

As I Have Proved

I proved it many years ago by restoring the original color to my own prematurely gray hair with the same Restorer I now offer you. This time-tested preparation never fails, as hundreds of thousands of gray haired people since have learned.



There is not space in this advertisement to tell my story. Send for Free Trial bottle and learn all.

Trial Bottle Absolutely FREE

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. No greasy sediment to make your hair sticky and stringy, nothing to wash or rub off. Application easy, restored color perfect, in any light. Faded or discolored hair just assuredly and safely restored as hair naturally gray.

MAIL COUPON TODAY for special patented Free Trial and full instructions for making the convincing test on one lock. If possible, enclose lock of your hair in your letter.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

Please print your name and address—

MARY T. GOLDMAN
176-L Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn (light red)..... blonde.....

Name.....

Street..... City.....

Crème Damascus

prevents and removes Sunburn and Tan, Wrinkles, Rough Skin, Enlarged Pores, and improves all Skin Surfaces. Used by prominent society, theatrical and musical people throughout the country.



\$1 a jar by mail

Madame Marie Shields
162 W. 48th St., N. Y. C.



“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: 25c “Mum”; 25c “Amoray” Talc, the Powder Perfume rich in rare and costly fragrance; and 75c Evans’s Depilatory 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 pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, red spots, enlarged pores, oily skin and other blemishes. I can give you a complexion soft, rosy, clear, velvety beyond your fondest dream. *And I do it in a few days. My method is different. No cosmetics, lotions, saives, soaps, ointments, plasters, bandages, masks, vapor sprays, massage, rollers or other implements. No diet, no fasting. Nothing to take. Cannot injure the most delicate skin. Send for my Free Booklet. You are not obligated. Send no money. Just get the facts.*

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GREAT PRICE SAVING Direct to you from the largest typewriter factory in the world by our money saving methods.

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City..... State.....

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 same 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, on 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 continued to the conclusion of his contract a year later. The casts at the early Chaplin-Essanay pictures all included the now famous Ben Turpin. Turpin rose in screen favor because of his charming affliction of the crassest cross eyes ever crossed. Turpin acquired his cross eyes on the stage playing the grotesque role of Happy Hooligan, and has since spent his life resisting the efforts of well meaning oculists to cure him.

Chaplin’s third Essanay picture, “The Champion,” is 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 placid as he was mercurial. Chaplin became



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* for daily use. It instantly refreshes and invigorates the EYES — keeps them free from dust and other irritating particles. *Murine* is hygienically prepared and positively does not contain harmful ingredients.

Our illustrated books on “Eye Care” or “Eye Beauty” are FREE on request.

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MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Hand Colored Photo of Yourself



With This Beautiful Foto-Pakt for \$2.85 only

FOTO-PAKT is a new idea in individuality. A beautiful gift case **Double Vanity**, with the top showing the picture of yourself, your sweetheart, relative or friend. The picture is beautifully tinted in natural colors by our own special hand process.

The **Foto-Pakt** contains genuine Boutay 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-Pakt**. (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.

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Clear Your Skin!

Your Skin Can Be Quickly Cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Barbers Itch, Eczema, Enlarged Pores and Oily or Shiny Skin.

FREE Write today for my **FREE BOOKLET**, “A CLEAR-TONE SKIN,”—telling how I cured myself after being afflicted 15 years.
E.S. GIVENS, 139 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

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Subscription rates are listed on page five, below contents.

pictorially interested. Here was a graceful feminine foil, his photographic counterpart. She was invited to meet the camera at Niles. Miss Purviance was cast for a part in the Essanay Chaplins and has remained connected with the Chaplin organization since, gaining no small share of renown by dint of her well near 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 rapid and expensive recognition. Early in 1915 one I. Presburg, manager of a project to put an elaborate and pretentious motion picture program into Madison 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 profitable contract and it would have upset the selling schedule considerably. Spoor refused. Then the rumor percolated that Presburg was about to approach Chaplin in person in California. Anderson at Niles grew nervous. This precious star presented many problems. Spoor hurried west and conferred with Anderson in Oakland. On May 14 they handed Chaplin a check on the Dearborn National Bank of Chicago for \$25,000, 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 finance and politics of the screen world grew out of these influences of Chaplin, as in time we shall observe in delicious particular. Affairs began to revolve around him.

The Big Shoes Debate

The Chaplin make-up, of big shoes, ragged baggy trousers, and bamboo cane, and his able manner, half-drunken, 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 furore about Chaplin was at its height one Billie Ritchie made a reach for publicity with a statement published in the Moving Picture World, and "in order to settle, allay and put quietus on all controversialists 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 first used the mooted make-up in a vaudeville act with his three sisters, and that he used it in the role of *Baron Near-Broke* in an English pantomime "Cinderella," and again in the part of a street musician in Karno's "Early Birds." Ritchie also announced to the wide, 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 into fame by claims of priorities pertaining to a pair of pants. All of Chaplin does not consist of merely pants and shoes. He has proven considerably bigger than both of them. "Tillie's Punctured Romance" became the most important release of the Alco Film Cor-

Is Gray Hair Marking You Old?



She Is Getting Gray



He Is Getting Gray

Q-ban Hair Color Restorer

Makes Gray Hair DARK

GRAY hair, however attractive, does denote age. Are you allowing gray hair to hold you back in social or business affairs? You know full well you are no older than others who have no gray hair. Has it ever occurred to you that they are concealing a few gray hairs? Hundreds of thousands do!

It is so easy to darken your gray hair—the Q-ban way. Q-ban Hair Color Restorer is not an instantaneous dye; it does its work so gradually that during the first week or so you wonder if it is going to work at all; but the gray disappears, your friends do not notice it, and your handicap of gray hair is gone. It is inexpensive and is easily applied in the privacy of your home. You need not have gray hair any more.

Go to your druggist today. Get from him a full size 75-cent bottle of Q-ban Hair Color Restorer; use it according to simple directions, but don't get discouraged; you may possibly have to use the entire bottle before the desired result is obtained. That is why we do not put up sample or trial size bottles of this Q-ban product, although we have many requests.



75 cents per Bottle
Try the Drug Store First

Your Druggist Guarantees Q-ban

Q-ban Hair Color Restorer is covered by the broadest kind of a guarantee. We authorize your druggist to refund your money if you are not entirely satisfied—and you are to be the judge.

Special Offer This Coupon and 10 cents

Send this coupon today for MINIATURE BOTTLES Q-ban Liquid Green Soap Shampoo and Q-ban Hair Tonic, and "Book of Seven Q-BANS." Send coupon to HESSIG-ELLIS, Chemists, 155 South Front Street, Memphis, Tenn.



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Enclosed find ten cents (stamps) for which please send me miniature bottles Q-ban Liquid Green Soap Shampoo and Q-ban Tonic and your "Book of Seven Q-bans."

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GENUINE DIAMOND RING

You are wasting enough money every day to pay for a Diamond Ring. A small first payment and 12c a day buys this wonderful ring with seven blue-white diamonds set to look like brilliant \$500 solitaire. Dainty 18 Kt. White Gold mounting. Free examination—not one penny in advance. Protective guarantee insures you 8 per cent yearly dividends—also 5 per cent bonus.

Write for full details of this offer: also Million Dollar Bargain Book. Everything sold on amazingly easy terms. Buying a diamond this way makes you save money. Diamonds are always worth more than you pay. Write for book now—Free. Address

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Thousands of stout persons have testified to the wonderful results obtained from DAINTY-FORM Fat Reducing Cream, and in view of this, we feel perfectly safe in urging every stout person, man or woman, to try



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FAT Reducing Cream
Results Guaranteed or No Pay

ANN PENNINGTON of the Ziegfeld Follies, says: "I am overjoyed with my DAINTY-FORM reducing cream. Its use has helped me to become slender."

DAINTY-FORM will be sent direct to your home in plain wrapper upon receipt of \$2 1/2c per jar or \$3.50 for double size, plus 10c. to cover parcels post and insurance charges.

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Under which Zodiac Sign you were born? What significance it has in shaping your life?

Are You Lucky?

In Love
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Send Birth Date

I have made Astrology my life's work and offer the most interesting astrological interpretations of the Zodiac sign under which you were born. Send exact name, address and exact date of birth in own handwriting and receive your astrological interpretation in plain sealed envelope, postpaid. A great surprise awaits you. Enclose 12c to cover cost of this notice and mailing. Address me personally—DHASSI.



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Juliette Crosby
of The Show-Off,
playing in New York



The New Smooth Effect— now you can get it for your hair

Says Juliette Crosby, playing in The Show-Off:

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poration, a shortlived entry into the feature picture field in 1914-15, of importance only as the ancestor of the better known Metro.

In the negotiations leading up to the formation of Paramount recounted in an earlier chapter, Alexander Lichtman, better known as "Al," parted company with both Adolph Zukor and his post as general manager of Famous Players. Lichtman was still under the pressure of his feature picture ambitions, and casting about for a new angle of attack he found the support of William Sievers of St. Louis, an exhibitor who had become a customer for the bigger pictures of Famous Players. The Alco Film Corporation was announced August 25, 1914, with Walter Hoff Seeley as president and Sievers as treasurer. Seeley had been with an electrical equipment concern known as the Atsco Company. His contact of interest was in supplying theaters with machines and accessories. This was the beginning of a rapid and eventful film career for Seeley. Petrel-like he flitted through film concerns in as many years and exited from the motion pictures to take over an interest in the magazine which rejoices under the name of "Success."

The plan of the Alco concern was to tie up with leading exhibitors in key cities all over the United States. It got into more trouble than theaters, in the twelve weeks of its active existence. It did, however, serve to bring to the light of the screen a number of personalities of public interest.

Cohen Cranks Up Interest in Picture Theaters

Harry Cohen, who as this is written is connected with Ritz-Carlton pictures, and George Cook of the Cook Lithograph Company formed Popular Plays and Players to produce pictures for Alco distribution. They produced "Michael Strogoff" with Jacob Adler, "The Ragged Earl" with Andrew Mack, and introduced Olga Petrova to the screen in "The Vampire."

Cohen is a figure of special interest to motion picture history as the man who turned the crank which started the motion picture theater wave.

The day before Thanksgiving in 1905, in Pittsburgh, Cohen, as operator, manager and master of effects, opened the first nickelodeon in the East, the Harry Davis enterprise which is now a landmark of theater history. This theater was located in Smithfield street between Fifth avenue and Diamond Alley. And to locate it more exactly it was next door to the Keystone Jewelry Company's store, presided over by Lewis J. Selznick.

Richard Rowland and James B. Clarke of Pittsburgh, who had sold their Pittsburgh Calcium Light exchanges to the General Film Company, were blithely continuing in the motion picture business with the independents, now a moment with an interest in Alco.

Al Lichtman was considerably displeased with the conduct of Alco under Walter Hoff Seeley and brought a receivership action. Meanwhile troubles multiplied. Marie Dressler in May, 1915, sued the Keystone comedy concern for an accounting and injunction with reference to her deal on the making of "Tillie's Punctured Romance." She set forth that she was to have received one-half of the profits of the picture, which at that time were alleged to amount to \$122,000, and alleged that she had not been paid a cent.

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 a thousand dollars for a musical setting for the picture and that it had been sold without his consent. At any rate this indicates that the pictures were getting musically pretentious



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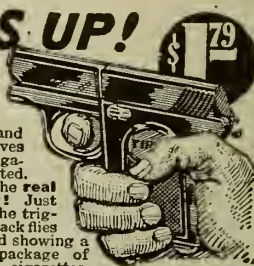


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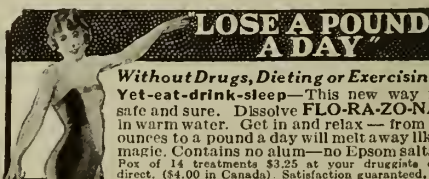


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Among the attorneys who took the stand in this complicated litigation was Job Hedges, the same who has for some years worn his name on the street cars of New York in the capacity of receiver.

Authorities differ concerning the total earnings of "Tillie's Punctured Romance," but the guesses range from three quarters of a million upwards. It added little to the luster of the fame of Miss Dressler, cast for the stellar role, but it did bring Chaplin out with the imposing distinction of a six reel success back of him. The motion picture was not yet aware that it was endowed with greater star building powers than the stage. This had to be demonstrated by experience.

Meanwhile the course of motion picture evolution was being most vitally affected by the force of star development, personified in the slight and wistful personality of Mary Pickford, the first great screen made star. Miss Pickford in 1914 was the most important personage of the screen. She stood entirely alone in her fame and importance. The next handful of years held a destiny of glorious successes for the whole army of stars-to-be, but then there was just Mary Pickford and after her merely some rather well known players.

Miss Pickford, despite all due and becoming modesty, was quite thoroughly aware of her value and position. The week of November 21, 1914, was one of the most anxious in the life of Adolph Zukor, the head of Famous Players.

Mary Pickford Holds Future of Famous Players

To a very considerable degree the life of Famous Players and the success of all of Zukor's ambitious plans for the future depended on a control of the screen efforts of this little girl. Her salary was now \$52,000 a year.

Competitors were bidding high for Mary. The North American Film Corporation of the Mutual group was offering her amazing figures to appear in their coming sixty reel serial "The Diamond from the Sky." They were promising also thunderous advertising and such publicity as never a play had before.

Zukor figured and walked the streets alone in the night figuring more.

The last bid from "The Diamond from the Sky" combination was \$4,000 a week, just four times what Famous Players had been paying Mary. This meant \$208,000 a year, and they backed it with a guaranty to pay \$50,000 down when the contract was signed.

Now indeed stars were becoming important—one star at least, the girl with a curl.

Zukor gave up the bidding game and went to persuasive talking—the coming glory of Famous Players, the elevation of the screen and the like. On November 28 he announced a contract with Miss Pickford for the coming year at a salary of \$104,000.

Famous Players was saved on that day and date. The fame of all the other famous players was nothing unless it was supported by Mary Pickford. She was the one player really famous to the motion picture exhibitors and their public.

A Contract That Made the World Sit Up

The terms of the contract with Miss Pickford were given out rather freely. This was done for a most studied purpose. Adolph Zukor was not from the beginning merely a garrulous publicity seeker.

It seems that Miss Pickford was to appear in not less than eight or more than twelve pictures in the coming year. Famous Players was to pay all the wardrobe required, from shoes to dresses. Mary was to have a voice in passing on the plays to be filmed.

The wardrobe details were thrown in for decoration. The essential fact to be borne thus gently into the mind of the exhibitors was that a well defined limit in the quantity of film from this premier star had been established.

It was announced also that Mary had been



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He plays a little better than the average. He has a host of acquaintances—but only a few friends. He is able, thru his college training and his business career, to carry on a most interesting conversation. And yet, his associates seem to hold him at a distance. If only some kind friend would tell him that his remarkable personality is imprisoned, his

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Quickly and surely they 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 money refunded. Most widely used preparation in the world for this purpose. Snowy white, delicately perfumed, a pleasure to use. Two sizes, 50c and \$1, at all druggists.

Write for "Beauty Parlor Secrets" and read what your particular type needs to look best. Full of beauty treatments, make-up hints, etc. If you buy \$3 worth of Stillman toilet articles in 1924, we will present you with beautiful large size bottle perfume free. Send for booklet now.

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over-ruled 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 admissions." This was paving the 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.

Gladys Smith of Toronto, and Adolph, the furrier's apprentice from Hungary, were getting along in the world.

Of all the thousands of screen players only two, Pickford and Chaplin, have by force of individuality exerted a formative influence on any phase of the motion picture evolution. Empowered by their public and their own ability to work in that manner which a miracle worshipping world calls genius, they have reacted upon the screen, while the rest have reacted with it. To be sure we must not lose sight of Griffith and his influences, but despite his Thespian beginnings he is hardly to be called a player of the motion picture.

For some years the public prints have been filled with the proclamations of the new ascendancy of woman in business and professional life, but it has apparently occurred to none that Mary Pickford was among the first women of the modern era to make a significant impress upon the field of commerce, by dint of her own simple commercial intelligence. It is true that perhaps several stars of the opera and concert stage before her attained for short periods an equivalent earning power, but Miss Pickford was not an imported wonder on tour but a worker on a weekly payroll. Her salary of \$104,000 a year set a world's record among the wonders of the new art.

Old Pickford Films Arouse Zukor

Meanwhile the Famous Players exploitation of Mary sent Biograph and the Imp Company into the mothballs looking up the old one reel negatives in which she appeared. Re-issues of the early Pickfords came flooding onto the market, to the considerable annoyance of Adolph Zukor.

The little exhibitor in the nickelodeon storehouse with a vintage one-reeler could fling a banner to the public gaze announcing "Mary Pickford—Today—5c."

This did not fit in with Zukor's plans for getting back his \$104,000 in the next year—or rather his plans for getting that \$104,000 and a margin. Caustic comments issued in the trade press.

Carl Laemmle, of the Universal, owner of the Imp Pickford pictures, was moved to issue a defensive statement concerning his re-issues, saying that "instead of trying to mislead the exhibitors into thinking that his were the new pictures, he has taken pains to impress on the exhibitors that they were re-issues."

All this pertained to a condition new to the motion picture, but paralleling less conspicuous experiences of publishers for many years. The immortality of the motion picture negative carries with it perils as well as profits.

Mary Pickford Buys Up Her Earlier Pictures

In 1923, to protect herself against various lines of re-issued pictures of other days, Miss Pickford purchased a large number of old negatives, including all of the Pickford Biographs for which she paid \$10,000.

The early weeks of 1915 found the motion picture industry engaged in schemes to wean the public from the "nickel show" idea of the screen. John R. Freuler of the North American Film Company issued a pretentious booklet sent broadcast to the trade setting forth the idea that it was as easy to get a dime as a nickel—this by way of getting the exhibitors ready for the expensive and endless serial "The



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Diamond from the Sky." W. W. Hodkinson of the Paramount Pictures Corporation distributing Famous Players, Lasky and Bosworth pictures, on February 6, 1915, issued a circular which was well near a sensation in the trade, announcing that "owing to the enormous salary which it has been necessary to pay Mary Pickford in order to secure her services, all future releases will be first released to big city theaters at a minimum admission price of 25 cents." This releasing plan was also announced for the ambitious "Eternal City" with Pauline Frederick, made in Rome by Edwin S. Porter.

The following week the Select Film Booking Agency was announced from 110 West Fortieth Street, the Hodkinson address, with George M. Welty, formerly of the Liebler Company as representative. That name Select was to be heard from later in much more interesting circumstances. The same week the Way-broad Film Company, Adolph Zukor, president, announced that it had leased the Broadway theater from Stanley V. Mastbaum of the Stanley Circuit in Philadelphia, as the Broadway 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. Competition 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 shouting 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 most costly pace. Every aspiring player thereafter had an itch to be mentioned in big figures. Price at once became the ticket 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 ambitiously toward higher admission prices and better theaters there was an inevitable stirring among the commercial chieftains of the speaking 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 makings of star status under Griffith at Biograph, and Edna Goodrich 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 lo-t

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 A. Brady's plays were to be produced with original casts insofar as possible.

In February, 1915, the World Special Films concern became the World Film 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. Selznick began to blossom in the trade press under the imposing title of vice president and



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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 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 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.

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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—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 loveliness of your skin, let us hear from you. Neet must absolutely please you in every way or you can remail 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.

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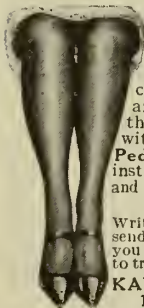
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general manager of the World. When in September of the autumn before the Peerless company, a producer for World release, announced the acquisition of Clara Kimball Young, the Vitagraph star, emphatic notice was given that credit should be given to 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 promising and short-lived Alco Film Corporation, 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 the 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 \$300,000. All of the participating members were exchange men. Rowland was president, Joseph Engle, treasurer and Louis B. Mayer of Boston was secretary. Metro started with Olga Petrova as its first important star. Not long after it re-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 producing field. 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 remote early days with Raff & Gammon and Edison, showing pictures in the West Indies in 1897 as "Thomas Edison, Jr." and conducted the film show at the Eden Musee and elsewhere in New York. 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 pictures. The Precision concern was financed by James Stillman, the New York banker who made Fred Beauvais, 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 director, 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 Klaw & Erlanger production.

When this engagement drew to a close Hart wrote to Ince, who was an old friend of stage association in years past. Hart wanted a place 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 horses and action.

Ince replied 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 spring 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

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

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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 Sherry.

Hart grew discouraged when after the end of twenty-one weeks he found himself just \$540 behind in his bankroll as the result of his Inceville sojourn. This was no auspicious beginning. He quit and went back home to the East. Some months later he returned at \$125 a week to act and direct. In the next twelve months Hart appeared in thirteen five reel features which built him a star reputation of the first rank and gave the overworked western picture a new and better status. Hart presented the idealized type of picturesque western bad-man-hero. Of his early pictures probably the most famous was "On the Night Stage," directed by 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 surtax of 60 per cent in 1918," Hart remarked 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 workers directly, so I am afraid things won't 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 Louise Glau, a Venice, California, flower girl, and Bessie Barriscale, a stage star, both of whom became important screen personalities.

The N. Y. M. P. product was continuing to go through the distribution of the Mutual 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 Artah," the negro pugilist. The motion pictures of Johnson's victory against a white man in the heavyweight championship battle of Nevada some years before had brought down on him an expression of race discrimination in the form of a federal statute forbidding interstate commerce in prize fight films.

Now in 1915 on July 4 at Havana, Cuba, Johnson went down to defeat before Jess Willard, the large and able white hope from Kansas. Motion pictures recorded that battle and went into the film commerce of the world outside of the United States. The negatives were developed and printed in a small plant in Toronto, Ontario. About ten prints sufficed for the world market, but south of the border was the great forbidden field of the United States which then as now represented about nine times as great a market for the films as all the rest of the earth.

If in some manner the fight film laws could be evaded, avoided or nullified, a fortune was waiting. Millions wanted to see just how the "White Hope" vanquished the "Big Smoke." An effort to bring in the pictures was as inevitable as a fringe of rum ships on a dry coast. Months passed with minds busy on plans.

A scheme of amazing cleverness was evolved. A method was invented to import the picture without bringing in the film. An ingenious motion picture mechanic built a device by which the picture could be projected from the Canadian side of the boundary in light rays which crossed the border and were recorded on another film under the Stars and Stripes.

On April 5, 1916, a party of motion picture experts left an automobile by the road close to the 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 with a party from the States at the international boundary stone one mile north of the Delaware & 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 stakes pegged into 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 pre-arrangement. The Canadian squad handling the negative of the fight pictures gingerly moved about placing it in the machine with careful steps that they might not 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 victory came across 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 swampy trail to the waiting motor car, without touching the United States.

No effort was made to conceal the remarkable expedient. On the contrary it was announced to the world. The promoters of the project felt entirely secure in their ingenuity.

Customs Officials Seize Fight Films

The positive film which went through the machine on the American side was 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 by similar methods it could be at least apparently so transported across each state line as the various territorial rights were sold.

Immediately the facts began to get hazy. 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 officials and that it was never 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 laboratories of the Duplex Motion Picture Corporation, 178 Fulton street, New York.

A man alleged to have a large influence in important places in Washington entered into the affair. A plan was evolved by which the picture was to be very freely handled in the normal and usual manner with the projection-importation method used as a mere publicity blind, an alibi to be used in explaining things to the Department of Justice.

The price set upon this extraordinary 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 invaded by the picture. The differences 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 a large number of men of widely varying degrees of standing. Although many were named openly and some were whispered about, the master manipulators of the scheme remained in complete obscurity, escaping all



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you would try to change 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. Get wise. Don't you know you can't keep this up? It's only a few years, and ZOWIE! It's too late. Your body is clogging up with all kinds of poisons. The only way to get rid of these poisons is to drive them out. Exercise wears off the worthless tissue, the blood carries it to the surface and then you sweat it out through your pores. That's simple enough. But if you don't—your blood will absorb all this poison and soon you're nothing but a human wreck.

I MAKE STRONG MEN

No one likes to look at a narrow-shouldered, flat-chested dyspeptic. Such a man is no good to himself or anyone else. It's 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 find 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 sure open your eyes. I'm going to push out that chest of yours, broaden your shoulders and put a pair of arms on you that will carry the kick of a mule. I'm going to build up your whole body with good, solid muscle. I'm going to strengthen every vital organ and shoot a quiver up your old spine that will make you feel like a jack rabbit.

I CAN DO IT

Just because a man is built like an ox doesn't mean he can show you how to be the same way. There are plenty of strong men today who couldn't tell you how they ever did it. I made my reputation teaching and building others. And my biggest achievements have been made during the past year—not ten years ago. My instructions are modern and up-to-date. When you come to your success, assured. I don't promise strength—I guarantee it. Are you ready? Let's go.

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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 men indicted were James J. Johnson, manager of the Madison Square Athletic club, Harold T. Edwards, a New York attorney, Lawrence M. D. McGuire, president of the Real Estate Dealers Association of New York, Samuel Scullman, manager of the Duplex Motion Picture Corporation, Harry A. Fishbeck and W. V. Brymer. The charge was the unlawful importation of prize fight pictures for exhibition purposes.

An array of lawyers, including George Gordon Battle, Abel I. Smith, former assistant U. S. district attorney, and David F. Costello appeared for the defense when the case went to trial in federal court at Syracuse, N. Y. On July 13, 1916, the jury disagreed and the case was over.

Nothing has been heard of the Johnson-Willard pictures since.

To those who have followed the testimony before a Senate investigating committee in Washington within a few months, there will appear in some respects a well defined similarity between the plans for the Willard-Johnson picture which fell through and those which succeeded so admirably in the case of the Dempsey-Carpentier fight films, shown in general defiance of the federal statute in 1923. The scenario of intrigue recited on the witness stand in Washington about the affairs of the late Jess Smith and the picture showing at McLean's "little green house" was brand new to the press, but it had been in rehearsal for almost ten years. A new director put it over in practical form.

The fight films have taken us away from the path of picture progress for a while. In the next chapter we will start again on the broad bright trail of dramatic events and high financial adventure which came with the swift growth of the features and stars in 1915.

The real motion picture excitement, now after twenty-five years of evolution, had just begun.

The war of millions was breaking.
[TO BE CONTINUED]

The Prettiest Princess

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

mother away with me. Would you like to go?"

"I don't know whether I like pretending when it keeps on like that," she said, sadly, after a little pause. "It makes me want to do it so much that I forget it's pretending. But you do it awful nice and I like you. I never heard the story of the Prettiest Princess and I'd like to hear all of it so I can tell it to mother. We pretend together all the time. It makes us forget."

"Forget what?" I asked.

"Oh, everything," she said, drooping suddenly. It was the first time that she had not raced on merrily with her chatter.

I felt in my pocket, brought out a silver dollar, and put it on the window sill.

"That's for painting the tulip for me," I said. "Now won't you tell me what it is you and your mother like to forget?"

The Princess and Benny carefully examined the coin.

"It's awful pretty," she said. "You will come again and tell me some more stories, won't you? The reason I pretend all the time is it helps me forget I can't run and play like the other children. I'm a cripple. Did you ever hear of a Prettiest Princess that was lame?"

No wonder her mother cried as she pretended.

I tried to make my departure seem not too abrupt, but I had to get away before she saw the tears in my eyes.



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Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"BABBITT"—WARNER BROS.—Story by Sinclair Lewis. Scenario by Dorothy Farnum. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: *George F. Babbitt*, Willard Louis; *Mrs. Myra Babbitt*, Mary Alden; *Tanis Judique*, Carmel Myers; *Theo. Roosevelt Babbitt*, Raymond McKee; *Verona Babbitt*, Maxine Elliott Hicks; *Tina Babbitt*, Virginia Loomis; *Paul Reising*, Robert Randell; *Mrs. Zilla Reising*, Cissy Fitzgerald; *Eunice Littlefield*, Gertrude Olmstead; *Edward Littlefield*, Lucien Littlefield; *Tillie, the maid*, Dale Fuller; *Miss McGoun*, Kathleen Key; *Mrs. Littlefield*, Frona Hale; *Michael Dark*, Chum Frink; *Virgil Gunch*, Chas. McHugh.

"THE ARAB"—METRO-GOLDWYN—From the stage play by Edgar Selwyn. Directed by Rex Ingram. Photography by John F. Seitz. The cast: *Jamil*, Ramon Novarro; *Mary Hilbert*, Alice Terry; *Dr. Hilbert*, Gerald Robertshaw; *The Governor*, Maxudian; *Hossein*, Count de Limur; *Abdullah*, Adelqui Miller; *Iphraim*, Paul Vermoyal; *Myra Justa Uribe*, *Selim*, Giuseppe de Campo; *Marmount*, Paul Francesci; *Oulad-Nile*, Alexandresco.

"BEING RESPECTABLE" — WARNER BROS.—Story by Grace H. Flandrau. Scenario by Dorothy Farnum. Directed by Phil Rosen. Photography by H. Lyman Broening. The cast: *Valeria Winship*, Marie Prevost; *Charles Carpenter*, Monte Blue; *Deborah Carpenter*, Louise Fazenda; *Susanne Schuyler-Leyden*, Irene Rich; *Stephen O'Connell*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Darius Carpenter*, Frank Currier; *Louise Carpenter*, Eulalie Jensen; *Mrs. Winship*, Lila Leslie; *Sam Beasley*, Charles French; *Philip Denby*, Sidney Bracey.

"THE PERFECT FLAPPER" — FIRST NATIONAL.—Story by Jessie Henderson. Scenario by Earl Hudson. Directed by John Francis Dillon. Photography by J. C. Van Trees. The cast: *Tommie Lou Pember*, Colleen Moore; *Dick Trayle*, Sydney Chaplin; *Gertrude Trayle*, Phyllis Haver; *Aunt Sarah*, Lydia Knott; *Reed Andrews*, Frank Mayo; *Joshua Pember*, Charles Wellesley.

"MANHANDLED"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Arthur Stringer. Scenario by Frank W. Tuttle. Directed by Allan Dwan. Photography by Hal Rosson. Cast: *Tessie McGuire*, Gloria Swanson; *Johnny Hogan*, Tom Moore; *Riccardi*, Frank Morgan; *Pinkie*, Lilyan Tashman; *Paul Garretson*, Paul McAllister; *Brandt, the sculptor*, Ian Keith; *The Salesman*, Frank Allworth; *Boarding House Keeper*, Carrie Scott; *"Chip" Thorndyke*, Arthur Housman.

"CAPTAIN JANUARY" — PRINCIPAL.—Story by Laura E. Richards. Scenario by Eve Unsell and John Gray. Directed by Edward F. Cline. The cast: *Captain January*, Baby Peggy; *Jeremiah Judkins*, Hobart Bosworth; *Isabelle Morton*, Irene Rich; *George Maxwell*, Harry T. Morey; *Bob Pete*, Lincoln Stedman; *Herbert Morton*, John Merky; *John Elliott*, Emmett King; *Lucy Tripp*, Barbara Tennant.

"BREAD" — METRO-GOLDWYN.—Based on the novel by Charles G. Norris. Continuity and adaptation by Lenore Coffey and Albert Lewyn. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: *Jeanette Sturgis*, Mae Busch; *Martin Devlin*, Robert Frazer; *Roy Beardsley*, Pat O'Malley; *Alice Sturgis*, Wanda Hawley; *Mrs. Sturgis*, Eugenie Besserer; *Mr. Corey*, Hobart Bosworth; *Mrs. Corey*, Myrtle Stedman; *Gerald Kenyon*, Ward Crane; *Ralph Beardsley*, Raymond Lee.

"THE MARRIAGE CHEAT" — FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Frank R.

Adams. Scenario by C. Gardner Sullivan. Directed by John Griffith Wray. The cast: *Helen Canfield*, Leatrice Joy; *Paul Mayne*, Percy Marmont; *Bob Canfield*, Adolphe Menjou; *Rosic*, Laska Winters; *Captain of Yacht*, Henry Barrows; *Captain of Supply Ship*, J. P. Lockney.

"REVELATION" — METRO.—From the story by Mabel Wagnall. Adapted by George D. Baker. Directed by George D. Baker. The cast: *Joline Hofer*, Viola Dana; *Paul Granville*, Monte Blue; *Mlle. Brevoort*, Marjorie Daw; *Count de Roche*, Lew Cody; *The Prior*, Frank Currier; *Augustin*, Edward Connelly; *Madonna*, Kathleen Keg; *Mme. Hofer*, Ethel Wales; *Hofer*, George Siegmann; *Du Clos*, Otto Matiesen; *Jean Hofer*, Bruce Guerin.

"DARING LOVE"—TRUART.—Story by Albert Payson Terhune. Scenario by Roland West and Willard Mack. Directed by R. G. Edwards. The cast: *Bebe*, Elaine Hammerstein; *John Stedman*, Huntly Gordon; *Red Bishop*, Walter Long; *Mrs. John Stedman*, Gertrude Astor. *"Music,"* Johnny Arthur; *Queenie*, Cissy Fitzgerald; *Jerry Hayden*, Morgan Wallace.

"TIGER LOVE" — PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Manuel Penella. Scenario by Howard Hawks. Directed by George Melford. The cast: *The Wildcat*, Antonio Moreno; *Marcheta*, Estelle Taylor; *El Pezino*, G. Raymond Nye; *Don Ramon*, Manuel Camero; *Don Victoriano*, Edgar Norton; *Don Giguel*, David Torrence; *Hunchback*, Snitz Edwards; *Father Zaspard*, Monti Collins.

"SWORDS AND THE WOMAN"—F. B. O.—From the story by Baroness Oreyz. Scenario by Kinchea Wood and Isabel Johnston. Directed by Henry Kolker. The cast: *Sir Percy Blakeney*, Holmes Herbert; *Paul Deroulede*, Pedro de Cordoba; *Juliette De Marny*, Flora Le Breton; *Due De Marny*, Georges Travielle; *Anne Mie*, Marquissette Le Bosky; *Mdme. Deroulede*, Jane Brindeau; *Merlin*, Lewis Gilbert; *Tinville*, A. B. Imeson; *Vicomte De Marny*, Ivan Samson; *Villefranche*, Robert Lang; *Petronelle*, Mrs. De Grey.

"THE ENEMY SEX" — PARAMOUNT.—Story by Owen Johnson. Scenario by Walter Woods and Harvey Thew. Directed by James Cruze. Photography by Karl Brown. The cast: *"Dodo" Baxter*, Betty Compson; *Garry Lindaberry*, Percy Marmont; *Albert Edward Sassoon*, Sheldon Lewis; *Judge Massingale*, Huntly Gordon; *Mrs. Massingale*, Kathryn Williams; *Harrigan Blood*, De Witt Jennings; *Blainey*, Will H. Turner; *Ida Summers*, Dot Farley; *Comte de Joney*, Ed Faust; *Miss Snyder*, Pauline Bush.

"CHANGING HUSBANDS" — PARAMOUNT.—Story by Elizabeth Alexander. Scenario by Sada Cowan and Howard Higgin. Directed by Frank Urson and Paul Iribe. The cast: *Gwynne Evans* and *Eva Graham*, Leatrice Joy; *Oliver Evans*, Victor Varconi; *Bob Hamilton*, Raymond Griffith; *Mitzi*, Julia Faye; *Delia*, Zasu Pitts; *Mrs. Evans, Sr.*, Helen Dunbar; *Conrad Bradshaw*, William Boyd.

"BEHIND THE CURTAIN"—UNIVERSAL. Story by William J. Flynn. Adapted by Emil Forest and Harvey Gates. Directed by Chester Franklin. The cast: *Sylvia Bailey*, Lucille Ricksen; *Hugh Belmont*, Johnny Hannon; *Laura Bailey*, Winifred Bryson; *George Belmont*, Charles Clary; *Prof. Gregorious*, Eric Mayne; *"Slug" Gorman*, George Cooper; *District Attorney*, Clarence Geldert; *"Spike,"* 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; *Breczy*, Lloyd Hamilton; *John Steele*, Matt Moore; *Alice Neal*, Patsy Ruth Miller; *Grandma Neal*; Mary Carr; *Cyrus Cruikshank*, Sam De Grasse; *Spike Malone*, Chuck Reisner; *Pokey Jones*, Victor Potel; *Dan*, Dan Mason; *The Constable* Harry Todd; *Mrs. Spike Malone*, Alta Allen; *The Goofy Waitress*, Doris Duane; *Alice Neal*, age 4, Priscilla Moran; *Verman*, Joe McCray; "Cameo," Herself.

"THERE'S MILLIONS IN IT"—F. B. O.—From the story by Roland Pertwee. Directed by Dennison Clift. The cast: *Anthony Barraclough* and *Richard Frencham Altar*, Clive Brook; *Hilbert Torrington*, Ernest A. Douglas; *Sydney Cranbourne*, E. Dagnall; *Lord Almont Frayne*, Robert English; *Doran*, James McWilliam; *Hugo Van Diest*, Norman Page; *Ezra P. Hipps*, A. B. Imeson; *Oliver Lawrence*, Ivo Dawson; *Harrison Smith*, Cameron Carr; *Camberstone*, Olaf Hytten; *Mrs. Barraclough*, Daisy Campbell; *Isobel Irish*, Irene Norman; *Flora*, Prudence Ponsonby; *Cynthia*, Jose Shannon; *Jane*, Margaret Desmond; *Auriole Craven*, Catherine Calvert.

"FOR SALE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Earl Hudson. Directed by George Archinbaud. The cast: *Eleanor Bates*, Claire Windsor; *Joseph Hudley*, Adolphe Menjou; *Allan Penfield*, Robert Ellis; *Mrs. Harrison Bates*, Mary Carr; *Harrison Bates*, Tully Marshall; *Cabot Stanton*, John Patrick; *Betty Twombly-Smith*, Vera Reynolds; *Mrs. Twombly-Smith*, Jule Power; *Mr. Twombly-Smith*, Lou Payne; *Mr. Winslow*, Phillips Smalley; *Mrs. Winslow*, Christine Mayo; *The Flapper*, Jean Vachon; *Eric Porter*, George Irving; *Sir John Geddes*, Frank Elliott; *The Butler*, Finch Smiles; *Parisian Dance Hall Girl*, Marga La Rubia.

"YOUNG IDEAS"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Sophie Kerr. Scenario by Hugh Hoffman. Directed by Robert F. Hill. The cast: *Octavia Lowden*, Laura La Plante; *Pritchett Spence*, T. Roy Barnes; *Eloise Lowden*, Lucille Ricksen; *Eph Thompson*, James Barrows; *Aunt Minnie*, Lydia Yeamans Titus; *Grandma*, Jennie Lee; *Bertie Loomis*, Rolfe Sedan; *Dr. Hiram Smith*, Hal Stevens; *Bob Lowden*, Buddy Messenger; *Brownie*, By Himself.

"LEARN TO LOVE" (THE TELEPHONE GIRL)—F. B. O.—Story by H. C. Witwer. Scenario by George Marion, Jr. Directed by Percy Pembroke. The cast: *Gladys*, Alberta Vaughn; *Harold*, Gertrude Short; *Jerry*, Al Cooke; *Jimmy*, Kit Guard; *Tom*, Arthur Rankin; *Wilbur*, Elliott Roth; *Miss Fortune*, Elsa Lorimer.

"UNGUARDED WOMEN"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Lucy Stone Terrill. Scenario by James Creelman. Directed by Alan Crosland. Photography by Henry Cronjager. The cast: *Breta Banning*; *Bebe Daniels*; *Douglas Albright*, Richard Dix; *Helen Castle*, Mary Astor; *Larry Trent*, Walter McGrail; *George Castle*, Frank Losee; *Aunt Louise*, Helen Lindroth; *Sing Woo*, Harry Mestayer; *James Craig*, Donald Hall; *Capt. Robert Banning*, Joe King.

"DARK STAIRWAYS"—UNIVERSAL.—Written by Marion Orth. Adapted by L. J. Rigny. Directed by Robert Hill. The cast: *Sheldon Polk*, Herbert Rawlinson; *Sunny Day*, Ruth Dwyer; *Frank Farnsworth*, Hayden Stevenson; *"Dippy" Blake*, Robert E. Homans; *Chris Martin*, Walter Perry; *Rita Minar*, Bonnie Hill; *Geraldine Lewis*, Kathleen O'Connor; *Madge Armstrong*, Dolores Rousse.

"THE GUILTY ONE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the stage play by Michael Morton and Peter Traill. Scenario by Anthony Coldeway. Directed by Joseph Henabery. The cast:

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"ROMANCE RANCH"—Fox.—Story by Jessie Maude Wybro. Scenario by Dorothy Yost. Directed by Howard Mitchell. The cast: *Carlos Brent*, John Gilbert; *Carmen Hendley*, Virginia Brown Faire; *Clifton Venable*, John Miljan; *Felipe Varillo*, Bernard Seigel; *Tessa*, Evelyn Selbie.

"WINE 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 Mescall. The cast: *Mary*, Eleanor Boardman; *Clinton*, James Morrison; *William*, Johnnie Walker; *Lucy*, Zasu Pitts. Episode of 1870—*Mary*, Eleanor Boardman; *Robert Niles Welch*; *Richard*, Creighton Hale. Episode of 1897—*Mary*, Eleanor Boardman; *Lynn*, Ben Lyon; *Hal*, William Haines; *Max*, William

Collier, Jr.; *Tish*, Pauline Garon; *Mother*, Eulalie Jensen; *Father*, E. J. Ratcliffe; *Granny*, Gertrude Claire; *Bobby*, Robert Agnew; *Anne*, Lucille Hutton; *Flapper*, Virginia Lee Corbin; *Flapper*, Gloria Heller; *Doctor*, Sidney De Grey.

"THE SAWDUST TRAIL"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by William Dudley Pelley. Adapted by Raymond Schrock. Scenario by E. Richard Schayer. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. Photography by Virgil Miller. Cast: *Clarence Elwood Butts*, Hoot Gibson; *"Calamity"* June Webster, Josie Sedgwick; *Jonathan Butts*, David Torrence; *Square Deal McKenzie*, Charles K. French; *Quid Jackson*, Harry Todd; *Gorilla Lawson*, G. Raymond Nye; *Red McLaren*, W. T. McCulley; *Ranch Foreman*, Pat Harmon; *Lafe Webster*, Taylor Carroll.

"BETWEEN WORLDS"—WEISS BROS.-ARTCLASS.—Written and directed by Fritz Lang. Cast: *The Girl*: Lil Dagover; *Her Sweetheart*, Walter Janssen; *Stranger*, Bernard Goetzke; *Girolamo*, Rudolf Kleine-Rogge; *Moor*, Lewis Brody; *Viceroys*, Karl Huszar; *Magician*, Paul Beinsfield; *Caliph*, Edward Von Winterstein; *Apothecary*, Karl Platen.

Studio News and Gossip

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104]

HE leaps from trains rattling a mile a minute.

He doubles for mountain-goats in breath-taking precipice jumps.

He swings from one airplane to another in mid-air.

He does a thousand other things that even a date of nine lives would shirk. Yet Charles Dare-devil Hutchison, the man who sells brills in bulk, has one lone fear. And he admits it, too!

A short time ago, after finishing several of his spine-freezing thrills at the studio, his wife led him at the door with a troubled look in her eye. "I wish you'd tell our cook we don't need any more," she requested.

"Sure," agreed the man with the cast-iron nerves. "I'll do that very thing."

Sternly and on tip-toes he started for the sacred portal of the culinary artist. Once or twice he started to knock, but he never quite did. In the end his nerves gave way.

"I guess you'll have to do it," he confessed restfully to his wife. "I'm plumb scared. Everyone was like me I guess all the chiro-ractics 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 Conway Tearle, romantic leading man and the tennis champion of the Hollywood colony. And here are his pet aversions: purple limousines (Can you blame him?); long-haired men; chewing-tobacco; affected English accents (And they're growing rather too common in Hollywood); spats; yellow shoes; straw hats.

ELAND S. RAMSDELL, president of Hollywood Photoplay Productions, now producing a series of "puppy love" two-reel comedies, has turned all traditions of the film lony topsy-turvy.

Ramsdell is a student of psychology and as a series of pictures he is now making has an American college locale, he has attempted to create a real college atmosphere on the sets.

He has furnished everybody—props, technicians, electricians, and carpenters with white uniforms and no one is allowed to work on the set unless dressed in such. Everybody in his company has four suits—all furnished by the producer—and when they become soiled, they are cleaned at his expense.

Another tradition Ramsdell has shattered 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, Ramsdell's employees are satisfied.

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 "Officier de l'Instruction Publique" because of the great pictures he has made for the public. The decoration was conferred by Minister of Beaux Arts Jouvencel 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 believes 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 sue Metro-Goldwyn for a large sum of money, something like a half-million or so. It is definite that a wholly new cast will work in "Ben Hur" and that both George Walsh and Frances Bushman are out. And rumor has it that June Mathis, no longer connected with Metro-Goldwyn, will return to Rodolph Valentino as executive advisor. Miss Mathis is was who selected Rudy for the rôle of Julio in "The Four Horsemen." There are reports, too, that Miss Mathis is to wed George Walsh. Take your choice of the rumors.

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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 of that mating, in the shadow of the guns, when the lover 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 longings. Then came the parting, the dreary days of waiting for a love letter that never came. And the short, cruel note: "*Mort pour la 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 two long, weary years of his despoiled babyhood, Philippe de Lacy 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 semblance of a 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 sprang 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, by right of sacrifice, devotion and love?

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 direction. 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 the best known are "The Riddle: Woman," "The Rubaiyat," "The Infidel," "A Doll's House," "Is Matrimony a Failure?" "Why Do We Live?" and, last but not least, with Mary Pickford in "Rosita."

Causes of Divorce

IN "The American Mercury," George Jean Nathan and H. L. Mencken, the twin editors, have listed the various theories as to the cause of the rapid decay of Christian monogamy among us. These theories, they say, are from discussions of various eminent authorities, "usually indignant."

These boys have been libelled as "high-brows" for many years. As a matter of fact they are a pair of irreverent but enjoyable low-brows with a weakness for thinking out of the rut and writing uncommonly fine English. There should be a law against them.

Here are some of their theoretical reasons for the above-mentioned rapid decay.

The movies.

The decline of belief in the literal authority of the Scriptures.

The multiplication of delicatessen stores has destroyed home cooking.

Shyster lawyers.

The steady fall in the price of Fords.

Jazz.

Yellow journals.

Ease with which women can get good husbands.

The cheap sex magazines.

Studio Directory

For readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal active ones. The first is the business office; (s) indicates studio; in some cases both are at one address.

ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS, INC., 35 West 45th Street, New York City.
 Douglas MacLean, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
 Mack Sennett Productions, 1712 Greendale Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

ASSOCIATED FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES, 383 Madison Ave., New York City.
 Richard Barthelme Productions, Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Ave., New York City.
 Edwin Carewe Productions, Associated First Nat'l Pictures, 619 Pacific Finance Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.
 Samuel Goldwyn Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
 Thomas H. Ince Productions, Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.
 Norma and Constance Talmadge Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
 Maurice Tourneur Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

DISTINCTIVE PICTURES CORP., 366 Madison Ave., New York City; (s) 807 East 175th St., New York City.

EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORPORATION, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
 Christie Comedies, Christie Film Co., Inc., Sunset at Cover St., Los Angeles, Calif.
 Hamilton Comedies, Lloyd Hamilton Corp., 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
 Mermaid Comedies, Jack White Corp., 5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION (PARAMOUNT), 485 Fifth Avenue, New York.
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F. B. O. OF AMER., INC., 723 Seventh Avenue, New York City; (s) Corner Gower and Melrose Streets, Hollywood, Calif.

FOX FILM CORPORATION, (s) 10th Ave. and 55th St., New York City. (s) 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. (s) Rome, Italy.

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METRO-GOLDWYN, 1540 B'way, New York City.
 (s) Metro, Goldwyn, Mayer, Culver City, Cal.
 Buster Keaton Prod., Keaton Studio, 1205 Lillian Way, Hollywood, Cal.
 Jackie Coogan Prod. Metro, Goldwyn, Mayer Studio, Culver City, Cal.
 International Films, Inc. (Cosmopolitan Prod.) 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.
 (s) Second Ave. & 127th St., New York City.

PALMER PHOTOPLAY CORPORATION, Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Calif., Producing at Thos. H. Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.

PATHE EXCHANGE, Pathe Bldg., 35 West 45th Street, New York City.
 Harold Lloyd Corporation, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
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PRINCIPAL PICTURES CORPORATION, 1540 Broadway, New York City; (s) 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. Baby Peggy Productions.

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 D. W. Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.
 Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood. Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, and Jack Pickford.

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 Century Comedies, Circle Blvd., Hollywood.

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, (s) East 15th Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York; (s) 1708 Talmadge Street, Hollywood, Calif.

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October

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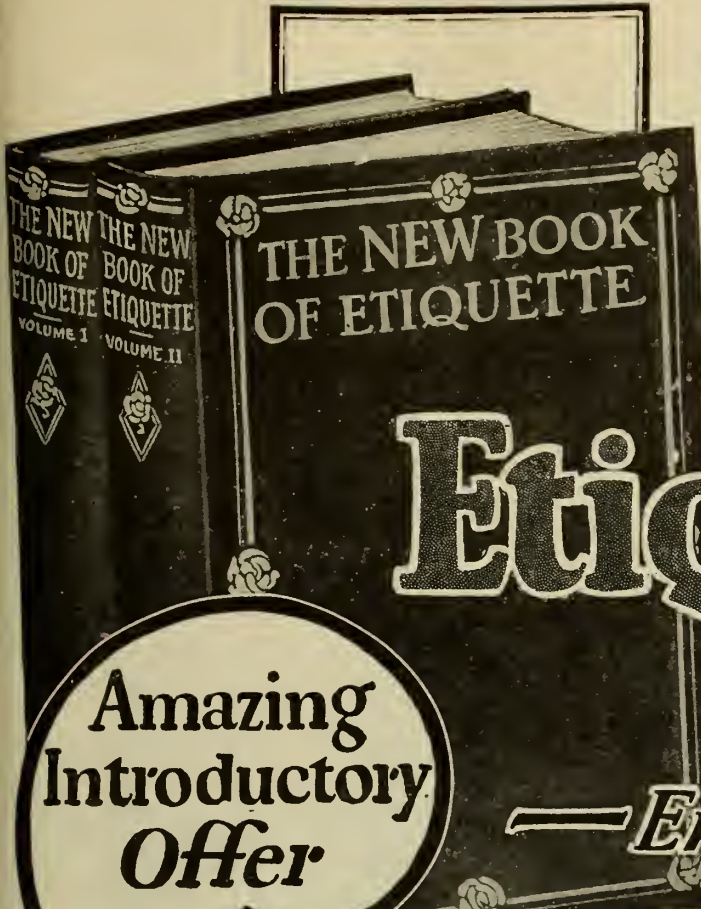
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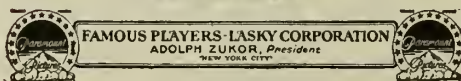
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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

IVAN ST. JOHNS
WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXVI

No. 5

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*A Tremendous Story
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of surprises*



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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

AFTER A MILLION—Aywon.—Story of Russian cossack with a trick will. Plot too involved for tired business man. (August.)

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.)

ARAB, THE—Metro.—Plot not so good, but Director Ingram has done much with his Algerian players, and Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry are good. (September.)

ARIZONA EXPRESS, THE—Fox.—Whizzing melodrama. Thieves, gunplay, fast trains, 'n' everything. (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 Garon. Melodrama, fairly well done. (June.)

BABBITT—Warner.—Not quite as the author of the book had it, but Babbitt himself retains much of his original characteristics. Interesting. (September.)

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.)

BEDROOM WINDOW, THE—Paramount.—A mystery story hinging about the murder of a wealthy old man. Interestingly told. (August.)

BEING RESPECTABLE—Warner.—Domestic triangle handled with discretion and good taste. An old love bobs up to disturb a married man's (Monte Blue's) serenity. Well done. (September.)

BEHIND THE CURTAIN—Universal.—Starts as a summertime romance and ends in fake spiritualism. Hardly worth while. (September.)

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

BETWEEN FRIENDS—Vitagraph.—A remade version of an old Robert Chambers triangle story. A sordid tale told in ordinary fashion. (August.)

BETWEEN WORLDS—Weiss Bros. Artclass.—An imported film, which features a series of allegories. Well done, but lacks the popular appeal. (September.)

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.)

BREAD—Metro.—Norris' novel brought to the screen, with a happy ending. Moral is that a woman's place is the home. Dull. (September.)

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 AFTER DARK—Warner.—A humanized melodrama well-directed, cast and played. (August.)

BROADWAY OR BUST—Universal.—A Hoot Gibson vehicle below his average. Both director and scenario writer overlooked much in producing picture. (August.)

CAPTAIN JANUARY—Principal.—The sentimental tale of an old lighthouse keeper, and his protegee, a girl washed ashore. Baby Peggy is the waif. Fair. (September.)

CAUSE FOR DIVORCE—Selznick.—A lot of troubles about which no 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 comedy. Some of the latter in this, though it falls down. (September.)

CHECHAIICOS—Associated Exhibitors.—Story of the Alaskan gold rush. Not much of a plot but wonderful scenery never before shown on the screen. (July.)

As a special service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE inaugurated this department of tabloid reviews, presenting in brief form critical comments upon all photoplays of the preceding six months.

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

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

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

CIRCUS COWBOY, THE—Fox.—Good circus story with Charles (Buck) Jones doing some breath-taking 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.)

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

DADDIES—Warner Brothers.—A good version of the clever stage play, with Mae Marsh 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.)

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

DANGEROUS BLONDE, THE—Universal.—Light and frothy but entertaining. All about foolish father's letters to vamp recovered by clever flapper 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 LOVE—Truart.—An unfaithful wife drives husband to a questionable resort, where a dancer makes him see the light and happiness. Not much. (September.)

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

DARING YOUTH—Principal.—A racy farce, well enough done, with Bebe Daniels and Norman Kerry. (July.)

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

DAUGHTERS OF PLEASURE—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 preaching against the flapper, with a few digs about parents who are inclined to flap. (May.)

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

DISCONTENTED 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 DOUBT 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 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. (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 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-stay-home films. (June.)

FAST EXPRESS, THE—Universal.—Old-fashioned melodrama, with wrecks, robberies and other sure-fire 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—Chadwick.—An old-time melodrama with every old film thrill worked in. (August.)

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

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 10]

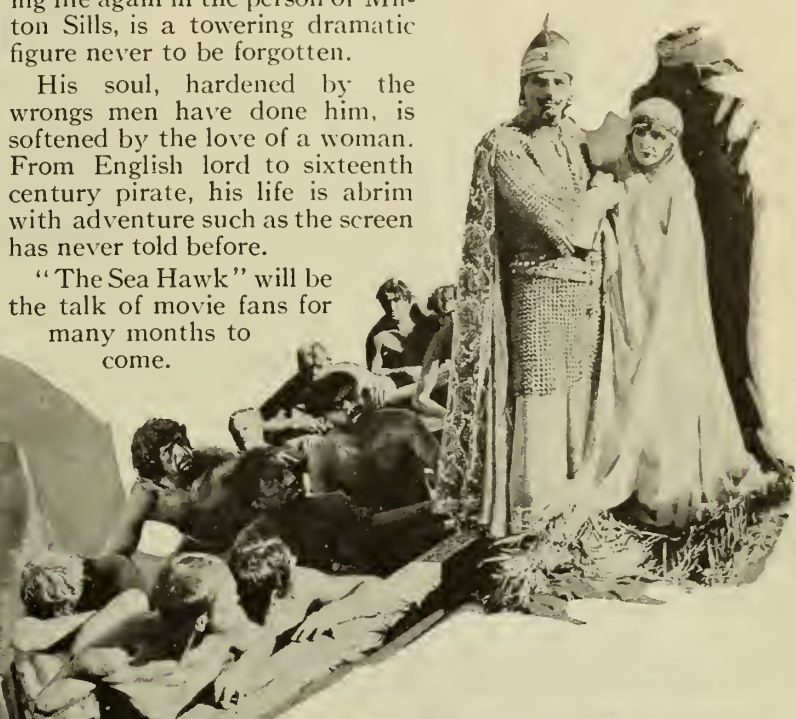
First National Pictures

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.

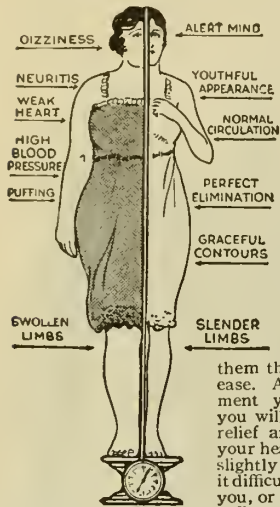


Health Commissioner Advises

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"If you want to safely and easily become slender and healthy," says Dr. Rudolph, former Health Commissioner, "ask Madame Elaine, she will gladly tell you what to do. I have thoroughly investigated her discovery, and I consider it a most remarkable and safe way to take off fat." If you have tried diets, exercises, creams, and various reducing methods without success—



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whatever your case may be, with this new French discovery you can go through such a wonderful transformation that even your friends will hardly recognize you. Not only will it reduce you, but it will take off ten years from your appearance. Mrs McConnell, of Trenton, writes to Madame Elaine on the 9th of March, 1924: "Let me express the thoughts of your discovery. It is wonderful. When I wrote you, I weighed 178 pounds; today, after five weeks, I weigh 138 pounds, which is just right for me. I cannot thank you enough for the benefit I have received." Madame Elaine herself lost 50 pounds in two months with this discovery, and today physicians, nurses, fat men and women from all over the country seek her advice if they want to safely and easily reduce.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

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.)

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

FOOL'S HIGHWAY—Universal.—A story of the Bowery, excellently done. Characters well drawn and played, with Mary Philbin heading the list. Good entertainment. (May.)

'FOR SALE—First National.—Claire Windsor's beauty goes to highest bidder, when her father (Tully Marshall) is about to shoot himself. Mediocre stuff. (September.)

FORTY-HORSE HAWKINS—Universal.—A good comedy well handled, starring Hoot Gibson as a village jack-of-all-trades. (July.)

GAIETY 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. Slapstick, but funny. (June.)

GALLOPING GALLAGHER—F. B. O.—An amateurish Western, Fred Thomson being the redeeming feature. Comedy is awful. (June.)

GAMBLING WIVES—Arrow.—An amazing conglomeration of fast house parties, cabarets and gambling rooms. Just usual. (June.)

GIRL SHY—Pathe.—All the laughs and all the thrills that one expects in a Harold Lloyd picture. Fun fast and furious from start. (June.)

GIRL OF THE LIMBERLOST—F. B. O.—Interesting and human. The novel transferred to the screen by the author herself. (July.)

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

GOOD BAD BOY, THE—Principal.—Story of the worst boy in village who 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 Laurette Taylor as the saving grace. For the family. (May.)

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.)

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 DARKER SELF—Hodkinson.—Framed originally for 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 prize pictures, and up to the standard of the others. The war is in this one. (June.)

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

HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER, THE—Hodkinson.—A worthy effort to picture 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 months. (April.)

ICEBOUND—Paramount.—Another William de Mille cthcing. Restraint is the keynote. Handled by a less able director, it might have been drab, but he makes it live. (May.)

IN FAST COMPANY—Triart.—Incongruous. Comedy falls down. Good prize fight scene. (August.)

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

JEALOUS HUSBANDS—First National.—Ordinary, with the only outstanding feature the work of Jane 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—Pathe.—A remarkable picture because of the work of the camera man. Shots of wild horses never equalled. *The Black* a worthy star. (June.)

LADIES TO BOARD—A Tom Mix comedy, with Tony added. Mix pulls a lot of his best stunts. (April.)

LAW FORBIDS, THE—Universal.—Again Baby Peggy, for whose talents the story has been subordinated. A pretty good picture, too. (May.)

LEAVE IT TO GERRY—Ben Wilson.—A mild juvenile comedy, which is amusing and innocuous. Boarding school scenes are good. (May.)

LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER—Vitagraph.—One of the worst ever made. (April.)

LILIES OF THE FIELD—First National.—A story of the sisterhood that "toil not, neither do they spin," with Corinne Griffith as the feature. For adults. (May.)

LISTEN LESTER—Principal.—Adapted from a musical comedy popular some years ago and modernized to include bootleggers. Fast and full of tricks. (July.)

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

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 troubles on paper. Two sisters get into all sorts of woes, but few care. (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 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 discovers that men will be men and an honest man's love is best. By far this star's best work. (September.)

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 Leatrice Joy, Percy Marmont, and Adolph Menjou mixed up in a triangle plot. A minor character, as native girl, helps the picture some. (September.)

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.)

MAYTIME—Preferred.—The camera doesn't help this dainty 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 flapper story with Betty Compson not up to her best. Yarn is weak in spots. (August.)

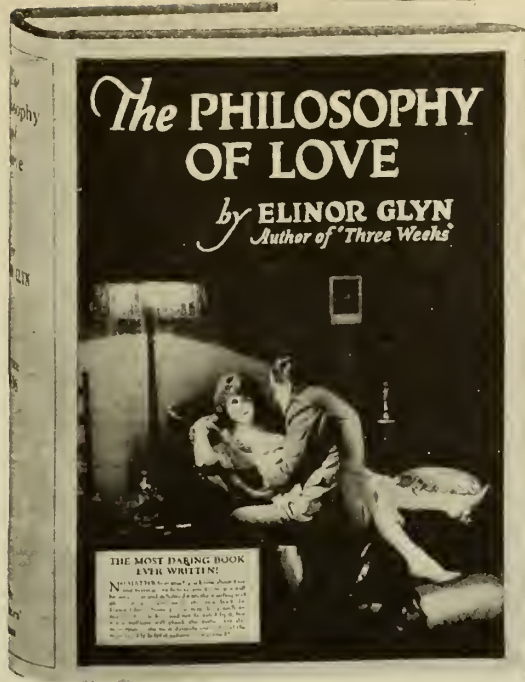
MILE-A-MINUTE MORGAN—Sanford.—"Just another movie" and about as poor as possible. (June.)

MILE-A-MINUTE ROMEO—Fox.—Tom Mix again—dauntless as ever—and, with the help of Tony, just 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 wig which somehow detracts from her usual allure. Mexican locale and mix-ups. Fair. (July.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 12]



- ### What Every Man and Woman Should Know
- how to win the man you love.
 - how to win the girl you want.
 - how to hold your husband's love.
 - 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 home nights.
 - things that turn men against you.
 - how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon.
 - the "danger year" of married life.
 - how to ignite love—
 - how to rekindle it if burnt out.
 - how to cope with the "hunting instinct" in men.
 - how to attract people you like.
 - why some men and women are always lovable, regardless of age.
 - are there any real grounds for divorce?
 - how to increase your desirability in a man's eye.
 - how to tell if someone really loves you.
 - things that make a woman "cheap" or "common."

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Will you be able to hold the love of the one you cherish—or will your marriage end in divorce?

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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?

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

MORAL SINNER, THE—Paramount.—Screen version of "Leah Kleschna" 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, who is in it. (May.)

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

NAPOLEON AND JOSEPHINE—F. B. O.—Story too well-known to be told here. Picture lacks vitality despite several great situations. (August.)

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 might see this one. (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 a Western drama with plenty of plot and riding. (June.)

NIGHT MESSAGE, THE—Universal.—Melodrama based on a Southern family feud. Also, pretty well done. (June.)

NO MORE WOMEN—Allied 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 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.)

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

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.)

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

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

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.)

PIED PIPER MALONE—Paramount.—Tom Meighan's new one and as likable 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.)

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

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

RECKLESS AGE, THE—Universal.—Slapstick. Impossible situations but amusing despite that fact. Not for highbrows. (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 study of redemption. Her talents not adequate to the role. (September.)

RIDGEWAY OF MONTANA—Universal.—Typical Western thriller with hero and virtue winning out. As usual, great riding by Jack Hoxie. (July.)

RIDERS UP—Universal.—An old favorite, Creighton Hale, in a good role. That of a racetrack waster whose family thinks he is a good boy. The girl knows he isn't and loves him anyway. Good picture. (July.)

RIDE FOR YOUR LIFE—Universal.—And Hoot Gibson does—for his own and other lives. There's little else to it. (May.)

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

ROUGH RIDIN'—Approved.—Just a regular Western with lots of action and little novelty. (June.)

ROULETTE—Selznick.—The perils of the gaming table again, but with a good cast. Nothing to get excited about. (May.)

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.)

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

SECRETS—First National.—A charming picture, with Norma Talmadge as star. Don't miss it. (April.)

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 with a new bag of tricks. Don't miss it if you like Buster. This time he is an amateur sleuth. (July.)

SHOOTING OF DAN MCGREW, THE—Metro.—Only fair, and it should have been excellent, with such a theme and cast. (June.)

SIGNAL TOWER, THE—Universal.—A compelling story of an isolated mountain railroad signaling station. (August.)

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 Sheik" 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 to use the flag to get your money. (August.)

SPORTING YOUTH—Universal.—An auto racing picture of the type Wally Reid used to do, with Reginald Denny as hero. Good. (April.)

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

STORM DAUGHTER, THE—Universal.—Priscilla 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 feller makes good. (June.)

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

SWORD OF VALOR, THE—Capitol.—Contains one of those interfering fathers and proves a clean-cut American can win in anything he tries in any clime. (August.)

SWARDS 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 slangy "Witwer" story, with Alberta Vaughn, a clever comedienne, as the fresh telephone operator. Amusing. (May.)

TELEPHONE GIRL, THE—F. B. O.—Another of the series of hilarious comedies from the short stories of H. C. Witwer, called "The Square Sex." Only fair. (July.)

TELEPHONE GIRL—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.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]

Watch 3 to 10 Inches Vanish From Hips and Waist

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(signed)
GILDA GRAY

Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

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A Sense of Humor Would Help

Manchester, England.

I was reading over Cal York's various gossip and studio news 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 "Royalty" and, to quote 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 on Mary's part.

Then, again, I read about the "Ruth Roland and Cliff Durant affair," in which Cal York refers 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 a prude by any 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 in America. Take it from me, it is 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 rôles and certainly deserve much praise.

AN INTERESTED READER.

Photographs and Missing Quarters

Missoula, Montana.

Can't something be done about this 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 and I suppose 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 Mae Murray to write her an appreciative letter containing two bits and a stamped, 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. Claire Windsor still has my quarter.

The few other favorites to whom I have written have been lovely. I have portraits of Gloria Swanson, Viola Dana, 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-

Brickbats & Bouquets

LETTERS FROM READERS

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe 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.

terious force to chant the praises of Douglas Fairbanks.

Isn't it strange that one sees so few mentions of him in the fan letters? Perhaps it is because Doug's constituency is composed of small boys and that type of manhood that never writes to any publication. Also, perhaps, it is because, to most fans, praise of Mr. Fairbanks seems like carrying coals to Newcastle.

I could see every one of his pictures again, though I have seen some of them two and three times, with almost frenzied pleasure.

And now arises a new star on the horizon, his son, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., like him as a small twin in some moments. He does not try to imitate him, which is a high point in his favor.

JANIE F. HESS.

Thanks, Dorothy

Auckland, New Zealand.

Allow me to congratulate you upon the great service you are doing for the picture-going public by your faultless shadow stage department. PHOTOPLAY expresses in words exactly what one feels after seeing the picture. Each criticism is absolutely true, concise, flawlessly exact and to the point.

Reviewers in most other magazines seem to wander on and on, never arriving anywhere nor expressing a real, correct and dependable criticism.

Those who care only for the best in motion pictures are everlastingly grateful to this department. They go only to productions recommended by PHOTOPLAY.

I must confess that once or twice I have gone to a picture that PHOTOPLAY said was poor, and, true enough, I was bored. I could hardly sit it out. Seeing such pictures is only a waste of time.

DOROTHY NEWTON.

Righteous Rage

Brooklyn, N. Y.

For some time past I have been wondering why Mme. Petrova no longer appears in pictures. Recently I read an article on "Why Is Petrova Barred from the Screen?" It stated that one producer after another consistently refused to give Petrova a chance to appear on the screen. I have never heard of anything so absolutely unjust. Without giving adequate reasons the producers refuse Madame Petrova a chance to return to the screen. There is no doubt she would more than "make good." She even offered to make a picture for nothing and was refused.

Mme. Petrova was excellent in films several years ago, as all real fans will remember. Her popularity at that time was unquestioned. I'll guarantee she would be even better in pictures today than she was in the past. She is more beautiful now and should photograph wonderfully. Also she is a charming, cultured woman and a great, a very great *artiste*. Her beauty is not only on the surface. She has beauty of mind, soul and deed. She is an ideal "movie star."

Mme. Petrova is a great success on the stage. So why is she barred from the screen? There has never been a breath of scandal concerning her, which is more than many stars can say. The producers cannot truthfully say that the public doesn't want Petrova. Why not give her a chance in just one picture and let the public show whether it wants her or not?

ELOISE ATKIN.

How She Likes Adolphe!

Stockton, Calif.

Adolphe Menjou is one hundred per cent. Why don't they—the managers—give him more chances? He was great in "The Marriage Circle," even though he had an insignificant part. He is, with one exception, the most finished actor on the screen. That exception is John Barrymore, who has no equal. May McAvoy is able to prove herself a star, given the opportunity. We did not know what she really could do until she played opposite Richard Barthelmess in "The Enchanted Cottage."

G. L. S.

A Pretty Good Scout

Grand Rapids, Mich.

For a long time I have wanted to write you my congratulations on your Answer Man, who makes his section of PHOTOPLAY so interesting. I never omit reading it because the answers are always so witty, amusing and satirical. My admiration increases because they have kept on in that jocular way so long. I don't believe it is easy. I have noticed that persons conducting such departments attempt to be amusing but they fall short, turn self-conscious or something of the sort. So you walk away with the honors in my estimation and in that of many others.

CAROLINE LEWIS.

"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 Alice Calhoun? 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 stamps her as an actress of unlimited 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." She is entitled to adopt that name.

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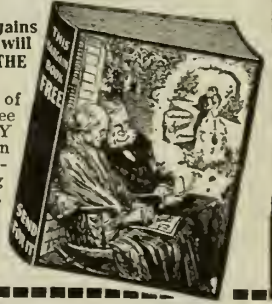
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

THERE'S MILLIONS IN IT—F. B. O.—The Balkans, rich radium 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, hijackers, police pursuits, pistols and jazz. (August.)

THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING—C. C. Burr.—Unconvincing story, with Constance Binney as a jazz-mad girl who dances beautifully. (May.)

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

THY NAME IS WOMAN—Metro.—A tragedy, told simply and effectively, with some beautiful sets and 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 what with outlawry, and kidnapping at altar. (September.)

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 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.)

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 farce. (June.)

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

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 of a gypsy (Derelys 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 brawn 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 LIARS—Vitagraph.—Good cast, but a conventional story and not very exciting. (June.)

WANDERER OF THE WASTELAND—Paramount.—Filmed in natural colors this picture wins by sheer beauty, acting and directing. (August.)

WANDERING HUSBANDS—Hodkinson.—Lithesome Lila Lee wins in this picture with many situations mawkish and over-sentimental. (August.)

WANTED BY THE LAW—Aywon.—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.)

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—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, 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 garish 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 "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 OF YOUTH—Metro-Goldwyn.—Frightened by an army of suitors, the heroine takes two of them to a mountain camp for a trial honeymoon. Nothing much happens. (September.)

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 *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 philanderer and a jury containing one of his victims. Hardly for the family. (August.)

WOMAN WHO SINNED, THE—F. B. O.—Melodrama with the hackneyed moral that if a woman leaves her good, faithful husband and a chee-ild for a ne'er-do-well, 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 CONSUL, THE—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.)

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 sponging near-invalids are pushed out upon a cold world. Roy T. Barnes turns the trick. Fair. (September.)

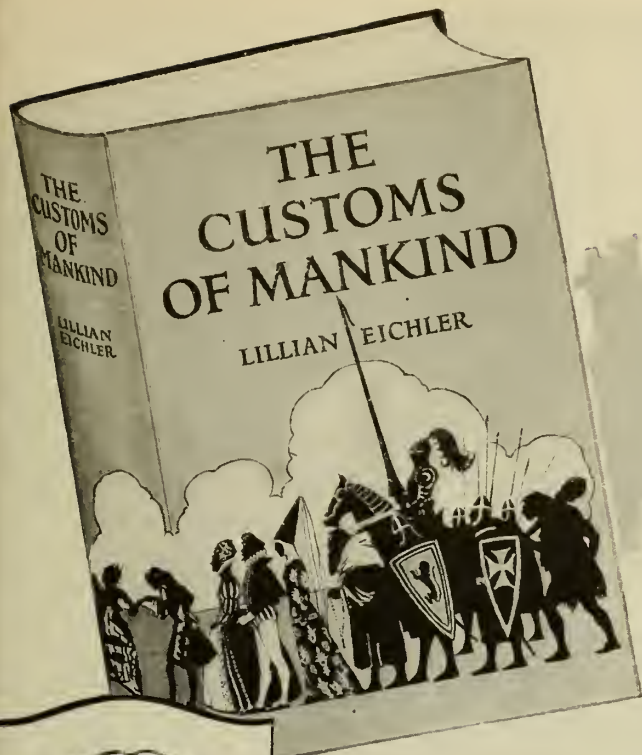
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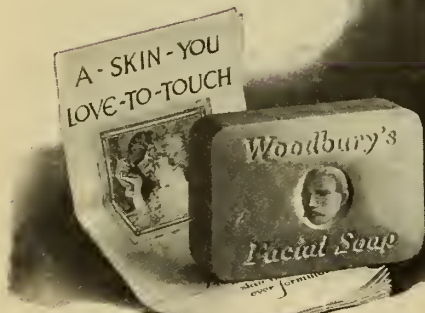
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New Pictures

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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



Eugene Richee

RICARDO CORTEZ came to the films, like the famous Rudy, via the dance floor. Jesse Lasky saw him tango and signed him instanter



Henry Waxman

IN the old pioneer days, James Wood Morrison was playing boyish roles at Vitagraph. He has held his own place ever since



Walter Seely

DOUGLAS MACLEAN has been moving rapidly along the film comedy highway. The screen needs brisk humor and Doug seems to have it



Eugene Richie

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



Russell Ball

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



Richard Burke

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



Russell Ball

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"



Clarence Bull

WHATSOEVER else she may ever do, Larette Taylor always will be the unforgettable and loveable '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.

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PHOTOPLAY

October, 1924



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 muezzins 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 nobler 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 122]

Why I Quit Being Mr.



*The romance of Jack Dougherty and Barbara La Marr was a very real one—
but it went upon the rocks because of the demands of stardom*

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

“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.”

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 any-

thing at all. I was there hanging around, with people staring at me and wondering who the deuce I could be, to remind Bobby of her engagements, to comfort her when she was tired or upset, to order cars and buy tickets, to answer the door and see that people had something to eat or drink as the case might be. I just tagged along at home and abroad.

I should like to speak of one or two incidents that will show something of what I was up against. When we went to New York the first time, Barbara was greeted with the wildest enthusiasm. It was beautiful to see. I was so darn proud of her and so happy for her that I hardly noticed that nobody realized I was alive, except Barbara, God bless her!

We were invited to a big dinner party at the home of a New York society leader and we prepared for the event with a good deal of excitement and anticipation. The home in which the dinner was given was gorgeous, in fact, quite the most gorgeous I had ever seen. The big drawing room was filled with beautifully gowned women and well groomed men with fluttering debutantes and gushing people of the social world. As we came into the room Barbara was greeted with cheers of welcome and was literally swept off her feet by the adulation and admiration, the compliments and eagerness of the crowd.

She was introduced to everyone or rather everyone was presented to her and she stood beaming among them. As for me—nobody noticed me, nobody spoke to me. I didn't know a soul and there I stood and I suppose my face was as red as my

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



Melbourne Spur

"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

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

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 115]



The sun dial on Gloria's new Croton-on-Hudson estate, which commands, on a clear day, a fifty-mile view of the Hudson Valley



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-bank 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

Just see what old Doc Stork

Only One Boy in this bevy of Little Queens



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

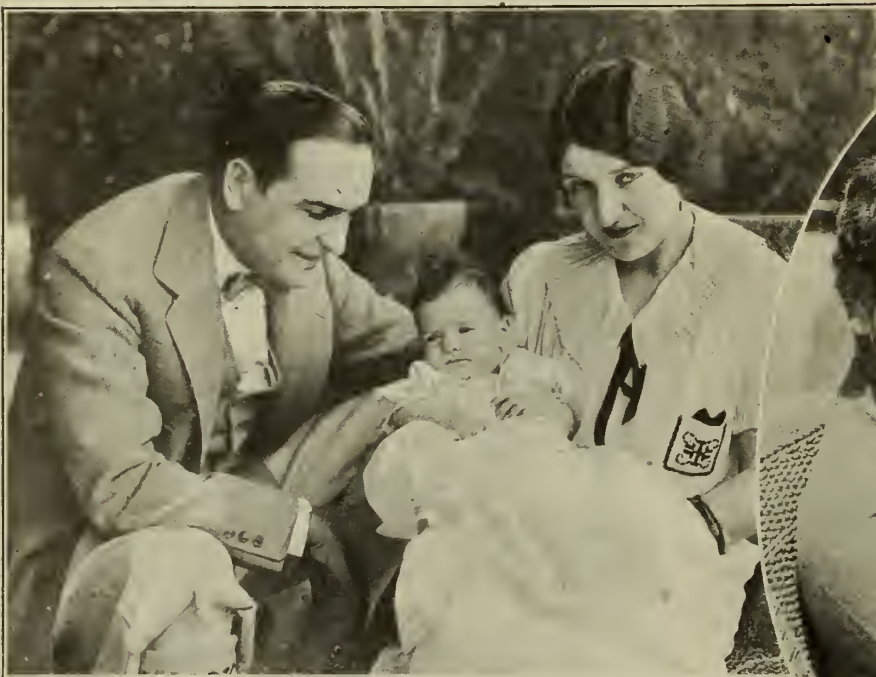
THERE are babies and babies, but these babies of the Hollywood film colony are all prize winners—in the eyes of their parents.

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.

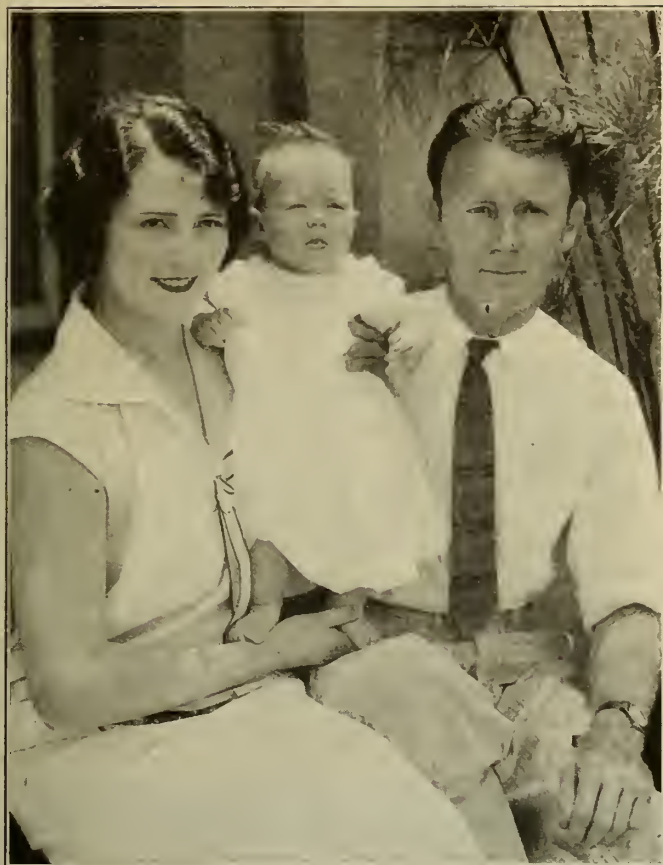


Joan Constance evidently thought somebody in the Earle Williams family ought to look serious when her picture was taken, so she did it herself. Three months old, when snapped



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 Gloria's picture was taken when six weeks old — rather young herself. Yes, Harold and Mildred Davis Lloyd are her parents



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



No wonder Ella Hall (Mrs. Emory Johnson) and Ellen Joan 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

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 film-dom. 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



Claire Windsor can always be counted on for something novel, although her clothing bill isn't as large as some other stars. Here is a silk boa trimmed with feathers, which she wears in "Born Rich"

IT isn't the initial salary, it's the upkeep.

In other words, when some of our screen stars get through living up to their celluloid positions with such expensive items as clothes, automobiles and the maintenance of a lavish home, there isn't much left of the weekly pay envelope. The two to five thousand or so per week melts away like snow.

Clothes are a tremendous item. These are to be checked into two classes: clothes worn in playing before the camera and clothes worn in private life. Time was when an actress was expected to provide her acting attire. At least that was the case in the old stage days, save in the instances of costume plays. But, with the right sort of frocks and hats running to fabulous figures, all that has changed. The companies provide for their actresses' clothes, with now and then an exception. Since a frock, a cloak or a hat is useless after it has once been worn in the films, the actresses frequently buy some of these things for their personal use at a fraction of the original cost.

Offhand this might seem like a pleasant way of trimming one's expenses. But actresses must go about in private life during every hour of the day as elaborately gowned as they appear on the silversheet. That's where the salary envelope gets a big dent.

It is perhaps harder for an actor. He must provide his clothes for all sorts of rôles, except period stuff, and for all hours of the day, from the right sort of lounging robe and the right polo attire to the correct thing in evening clothes. But actors can wear their clothes time and again before the



Thousands of dollars are spent yearly for clothes by Corinne Griffith. She wears this charming costume in the recent release, "Single Wives"

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



Gloria Swanson is one of the greatest spenders modistes know. The wedding gown she wears in "Her Love Story" cost \$96,000. Here is another beautiful creation worn in that picture



Marion Davies literally spent fortunes on gowns in "Yolanda" and "Janice Meredith." They are always effective without seeming garish

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 item 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 [CONTINUED ON PAGE 112]



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 amazed

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]



"Jetta Goudal has withdrawn from the cast," ran the formal announcement. But a disagreement over costumes was the reason for the "withdrawal!"

CLOSE-UPS & LONG SHOTS

VENICE, ITALY.

I thrum my remington this month from a Venetian balcony overhanging 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 fantastically pink. The effect is that of being a peeping poacher in a lady's chamber. If I seem to rhapsodize it is because this Queen of the Adriatic has the power to turn the roughest bird into a thrushy swain. You will recall that both Byron and Bull Montana lived in Venice. Byron composed his passionate songs in a palace on the Grand canal while Bull's fine art burst 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 *Lacrima Christi* and the melted emerald of *Chartreuse 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 buggy 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 embrace 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. It 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. She figured she would get more releases and publicity that way.

The "Ben-Hur" party consisted of Marcus Loew, President of Metro-Goldwyn; his lawyer Mr. Rubens, and Mrs. Rubens, Director Fred Niblo and his wife, Enid Bennett; scenario writers Carey Wilson and Bess Meredyth, and Danny of the Film Daily, who turned out to be the entertainment committee.

Marshall Neilan and Blanche Sweet sailed on the Olympic the night before to make "The Sporting Venus" in France. Mickey said he would have sailed with us only he was afraid Marcus Loew might open another theater on the way over and he'd have to make a personal appearance. Besides, the Leviathan, being American, is a dry boat—as dry as America.

Louis B. Mayer, the producer, was there to issue final instructions. His parting words to Director Niblo were: "Be sure to have a lot of camels in the picture."

When a farewell telegram arrived for Ramon from Barbara La Marr the anchor came up of its own accord and the boat quivered on its way.

BUSTER KEATON was present in shadow every evening, entertaining passengers with his "Sherlock Holmes, Jr."

Some one asked Mr. Loew why he didn't bring Von Stroheim's "Greed," which is now in twenty-six reels with seven hundred and fifty-two titles. He said he would have liked to have shown it but that we were going only to Cherbourg.

A CONCERT was given in the salon the night before we landed. Novarro was the star, supported by General Pershing, whom Fred Niblo, as master of ceremonies, introduced with a bugle flourish. The proceeds from the collection were to be devoted to the Seamen's Benefit and the Actors' Fund. General Pershing said he could see no reason to donate anything to actors. "Movie actors get all the money in the world," said he. "I'm going to give just two-thirds of what I intended, and it will all go to the seamen." I heartily concurred with the General, feeling it would be just as appropriate to stage a benefit for bootleggers. It is possible, however, that the General was a little disgruntled. He didn't get as big a hand as Ramon, and I understand his recent news reel releases haven't gone over so well. But if there was any professional jealousy on the General's part he didn't show it. He heartily

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 Meredyth appeared on deck she was seen to clutch a beaded bag. I suggested that it must contain something as valuable as the Russian crown jewels or a gin 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 coon 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 servants." 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. Ramon heard the conductor explain that the coach contained movie people. In reply to this awesome statement the customs inspector snorted, "*Rottoni!*" 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-Candelori, 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 *lazzarone*. He also made mention of Priscilla Dean. "The Kid" shows continuously in Italy as it does all 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. Lillian Gish is reverently regarded, and "Broken Blossoms" found its most congenial soil in Italy. Rudolph Valentino, in "The Four Horsemen," excited interest, according to the Count, by virtue of the knowledge that he is Italian. But he has not created any such sensation as he did in America. Mussolini attended the *premiere* of "The Four Horsemen," and afterward made a speech urging all [CONTINUED ON PAGE 105]



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



Mary Philbin didn't win a beauty contest that carried a film job as first prize, but she won a chance to go before the camera and now many see her as the screen's future Duse

IT began—this career that critics say will some day reach heights of dramatic 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 door. 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 productions, "Fools' Highway," directed by Irving Cummins, and "The Gaiety 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]



A creation from "Feet of Clay", wrong in every way, from bad lines and material to slit skirt and stick



Dobbs

Mabelle Manning

From left to right: Claire Windsor, in "Born Rich," wears a smart street costume with vivid scarf and small hat. Norma Shearer, in "Broken Barriers," in a straight frilled frock with the new tight sleeve. Dobbs street wrap of rose-beize and black with unusual one-piece collar and scarf. Dorothy Dalton in a three-piece costume of black and ermine from Mabelle Manning



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 a simple veil with the long lines of the gown, creates an effect of dignity and charm. This costume is copied in the simpler materials, by substituting lace or chiffon for the fringe, which is not 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 unshow in this production are so poor. The ever-present scarf, of matching lace, is still a novelty. I have added a pearl bandeau and tiny lace fan, as reminiscent of the Victorian era, which the gown suggests to me



The Good Bad Man Is Back Again

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 Alonso* 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'Algy, beautiful in her Spanish costume.



Bullied Into Pictures

*Bill Haines is one of those
lucky birds
who blunder into success*

By Herbert Howe



Architecturally he's good—is 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-eater

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 remuneration. 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 unctuously 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, greatly awed 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.

The Story

By Arthur Stringer

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

Without a Name

Chapter VII

MARY WALSWORTH, crouched before her three-tube 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 unanswering night had once said that thereafter there could be no silent places in the world, that the wilderness itself would evermore be filled 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 flimsily 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 abraded 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 rose 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 estimative 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 des-

peration—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 mes-

sage 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 wirelessly 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 horsepower into his four threshing 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 craft, fought his way stroke by stroke towards the vaguely defined mast-heads that seemed to recede as he advanced.

The sun mounted, and reached the zenith, and declined again. But still that strange race kept up. Men knew hunger and thirst, fatigue and frustration, hatred and hope, dark peril and even darker passion. But still those strangely diverse shapes continued to converge toward that outland cay that had become the pivot of all their world. . . .

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 sodden of his men deliberately casting lots for the white woman so deliberately placed within their reach. Drakma had not meant her 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-bar in his hands, his coming was signalized by a sudden eruption of action, not unlike that following upon a horse's sneeze in a nose-bag.

Your Last Chance to Win \$2,500

THIS is the final installment of "The Story Without A Name," the great \$5,000 radio romance contest story.

Read this installment and then send in your title at once.

Thousands of Photoplay readers are sending in suggestions for the best title to the story and the best sub-titles for each of the four installments.

The first cash prize is \$2,500. The smallest is \$25. There are 23 cash prizes.

Four DeForest D-12 Reflex Radiophone Receiving Sets will be given as prizes for the best sub-titles.

Many radio stations are broadcasting news of the contest. They are offering an extra \$500 in cash. Read about this and other extra offers on pages 106 and 108. Send in your suggestions as early as possible.

\$500 extra. See page 108 for additional prize offer in the great Cash-Radio Contest

\$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



Antonio Moreno, who plays Alan Holt in "The Story Without a Name," enjoys a concert over the De Forest D-12 Reflex Radiophone Receiving Set.

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 sloop-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



the 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]

Agnes Ayres, the Mary Walsford of "The Story Without a Name," is another enthusiastic admirer of the De Forest D-12





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 Barthelme's "The Enchanted Cottage."

Miss Archer is now playing the leading role in Mr. Barthelme's "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 tumbrel 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. Barthelme, 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 Quartier 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 errand 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 Buchowetzki. (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, Checko-Slavonian oaths, ancient Greek poetry and a dash of Tartar sauce.

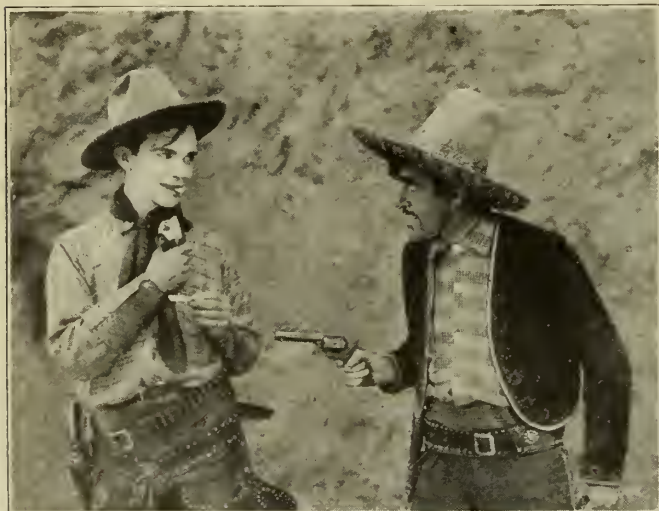
Buchowetzki, as a Russian officer, fought in the Great War when he was only twenty. He had played in the Moscow Dramatic Theater during the terrible Red uprising of 1918, when bullets zipped at every corner and cries incidental to slaughter and pillage in the streets interrupted the lines of the actors. He had fled to Poland with his wife, hidden in a box car full of cattle, sheep and pigs, and experienced most hair-breadth 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 "Merton of the Movies" is pretty satisfying. But you will miss the pointed satire of filmdom. You will resent, too, the making of *Flips Montague* into a soubrette, although Viola Dana has a good moment or two. We would rather have had Charlie Ray as *Merton* than Glenn Hunter.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



MONSIEUR BEUCAIRE—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 subtlety. 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 BEUCAIRE 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"
BEBE DANIELS in "Monsieur Beaucaire"
LOUISE LAGRANGE in "The Side Show of Life"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 102



LITTLE ROBINSON CRUSOE—Metro

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.



JANICE MEREDITH—Cosmopolitan

THIS romantic tale of the American Revolution, written by the late Paul Leicester Ford in the old days of the swashbuckling novel, is likely to be the last big costume picture to reach the public in some time. The pendulum of favor seems to have swung away definitely from wigs and furbelows.

As an example of its kind, "Janice Meredith" is fair to middlin'. Marion Davies' *Janice* does not approach her work in "Little Old New York." Still, it is far better than her *Yolanda*. "Janice Meredith" represents a huge outlay of money. Several fortunes have been tossed into the making of the story, which, incidentally, is neither clear cut nor well motivated.

Basically it represents the love of *Janice*, daughter of a Tory father but at heart a true American, for *Charles Fawcett*, a bond servant who wins laurels as an aid to Washington. As in every other romantic opus, the characters in "Janice Meredith" are in intimate touch with all the notables of the day. This is a panorama of famous folk.

The story's chief fault is that it is repetitious. The hero is captured continually, only to be liberated by the heroine. The script is a wandering one and the direction loose. "Janice Meredith" has its own ride of Paul Revere, which, however, does not compare in electric qualities with that of Mr. Griffith's. "Janice Meredith" reaches its high point in a presentation of Washington and his forces crossing the ice-bound Delaware.

We are convinced that Miss Davies' *metier* is comedy. We feel sure she would be at her best in intimate comedy minus lavishly oppressive trappings. Let's hope she gets such a rôle soon.



THE IRON HORSE—Fox

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 dregs and very sewers 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*.



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.



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 wheel-chair 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.



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.



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.



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 HOOT 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.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 111]



Theda Bara, as the vamp in the screen version of "A Fool There Was," burst upon an astonished world. Press-agented as an exotic flower of the Sahara, her name was really Theodosia Goodman, and she was born in Ohio

The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

By Terry Ramsaye

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

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



Geraldine Farrar, in a scene from the picture version of "Carmen," Losky's securing of the famous grand opera star for the part created a sensation

Beginnings of Famous Stars, told for the First Time



First given a role in "Intolerance" by Griffith, Signe Aven developed to fame under the screen name Scena Owen



Douglas Fairbanks, Anita Loos, brilliant scenarist, and John Emerson, director —right—rose to the heights together from the Triangle lot by their skillful combination of acting, writing and directing

law and tenacity forced service from the licensed manufacturers of the Patents group on equal terms with their General Film Company until the day of features had come and the screen had outgrown the whole General Film Company idea.

A brief experience of the Box Office Attractions Company with the uncertainties of quantity and quality to be purchased from the early independent producers swiftly forced William Fox to contemplate production on his own account.

It was sometime in that spring of 1914 when Fox called a highly important but informal conference in his office. On the other side of the desk were Winfield Sheehan, general manager of the Box Office Attractions Company, and J. Gordon Edwards, who had been since 1910 in charge of stock productions at the Academy of Music, then as now a Fox enterprise in old Fourteenth Street. Sheehan emerged from that conference instructed to cover the United States with a system of exchanges for the Box Office Attractions Company. Edwards was assigned to a tour of Europe to study foreign production of motion pictures.

The personal story of J. Gordon Edwards involves some glints of romance and many a famous name. Born in Montreal and educated at a military academy in Canada, his first aim in life was a commission in the British army. He had that Canadian knack with a rifle and was sent to England for a match. He came away with a good score and a deep conviction that officering in the British army was a career for men of income only. He had to find something else for a life work.

It was an idle hour spent in St. Lawrence Hall in Montreal, studying the paintings of famous actors, Booth, Irving, Barrett and the rest, which brought Edwards to a decision for the stage. All of which is most curious in view of the fact that he had suffered a deeply unhappy experience some years before in an amateur play. Edwards had been cast for the role of

the Indian chief swinging the war club on Captain John Smith in the Pocahontas episode. Just as the curtain rose there was a swishing sound in the wings marking the fright-stricken exit of the chief. He was later discovered hidden in a dark corner of the balcony.

Perhaps Edwards was not frightened, but his feet took him away.

Now, inspired by the pictures on the wall of St. Lawrence Hall, Edwards headed for New York and Broadway to carry the situation by direct assault. Small parts with Harry Corson Clark fell to him, then better parts with Nat Goodwin and others. In time Edwards became a stage director.

As the producing manager of the Suburban Garden theater in St. Louis Edwards became the sponsor of a daring policy of big stars for the summer shows. There he engaged Amelia Bingham, Wilton Lackaye, Cissie Loftus, James K. Hackett, Edmund Breese, Mabel Taliaferro and many another.

Marguerite Clark was playing in musical comedy with DeWolfe Hopper in Des Moines one winter season when she attended a matinee of the Bingham play, with which Edwards was traveling. Edwards met Miss Clark back stage and then and there captured her for Suburban Garden's coming season, for \$1,000 a week, a motor car and the role of *Peter Pan*. This was Miss Clark's first effort in drama, and her first step toward her motion picture career to come.

Edwards came back to New York to take charge of production at the Academy of Music for Fox in 1910, and subsequently Marguerite Clark played the engagement there which resulted in a Famous Players picture contract. Now, in '14 Edwards sailed for Europe to have a look around before William Fox took the big plunge into picture production. In Copenhagen Edwards engaged

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 124]

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



"I feel like a new Cinderella," Betty Bronson cabled to Sir James Barrie, when told he had selected her for the role of Peter Pan. She is only seventeen years old and has been in pictures but two years

A 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

Young dancer

selected over stars to play

Peter Pan

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 a host 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]



Kenneth Alexander

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



Russell Ball

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



Russell Ball

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



Russell Ball

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 hip and his left thumb and both eyes 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



Just to show to what lengths press agents will go. Here is a story about Dorothy Mackaill "having her lips permanently rouged by a tattoo method." Pure bunk

IT 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 Berger, 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

and Gossip East and West

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 *Boue Souers* frocks under a summer evening wrap of pale pink chiffon and marabou); Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Denny (Mrs. Denny in a



Everybody thought it was Jackie Coogan whispering into Will Hays' ear, but it wasn't. He is Edwin Hubbell, who is a 1924 Wampas Baby Starlet playing with Jack Dempsey



The former husband of Gloria Swanson, Wallace Beery, and Mary Artles Gillman, both working in "The Lost World," were wed in Los Angeles. Mrs. Beery will leave the screen

smart taffeta frock of blended pastel colors); Mr. and Mrs. Earle Williams, the latter stunning in cloth 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 silken 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 refusal 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 rôle of "Her Marriage Vow."

Miss Bayne has been in Hollywood for some months,



'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



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

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*.

MR. 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 Hazeman, was a popular musical comedy favorite, met and married Reginald Denny while they were co-starring in a musical show in India. Later, they came to Canada, where Mr. Denny was leading man for Marie Tempest, and then went to New York. When Reg went overseas as an officer in the British Air Forces, she returned to the stage and made a sensational hit as the soubrette in "Oh Boy," following Emmy Whelan.

On the same train with her was Kathleen Clifford, who is by way of becoming a popular idol in Hollywood. Kathleen is a polished wit and an ornament to any drawing room. She is Norma Talmadge's chosen companion on all occasions, and her sayings are quoted along the Boulevard.

Miss Clifford is bound for Paris—and a new wardrobe.

IAN KEITH has arrived in Hollywood. So far everything looks just about the same. This devastating heart-breaker of New York's Broadway—"Beau Ian" as they call him around Forty-second Street—hasn't had time yet to start any new rumors and whispers, or flutters, among the Hollywood feminine hearts.

Following the sensational divorce suit filed by his wife, Blanche Yurka, in which she stated that her husband no longer loved her but had transferred his affections to Marjorie Rambeau, Mr. Keith was engaged to play the rôle of a fascinating home-wrecker in Florence Vidor's coming starring picture, "Christine of the Hungry Heart."

Mrs. Vidor smiles when questioned by eager Hollywood ladies as to his charms, and says: "He seems a nice boy."

But that's Florence—you never can tell by what she says.

NORMA TALMADGE, who in real life is the simplest and most natural of girls, had a marvelous but rather trying experience in San Francisco recently when she went north to act as queen of that city's "Greater Movie Week."

The whole city turned out in holiday attire to greet their chosen queen; she was met by a royal court, conducted to a royal coach around which gathered fully uniformed queen's guards, and there invited to don robes of imperial purple velvet.

Norma, blushing rosily, accepted



A puzzle picture. The puzzle is to find anybody in the world who doesn't know Ethel Barrymore and Elinor 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



Nothing fairer or airier to look at than beautiful Claire Windsor in this filmy costume worn in "Born Rich." Just think of those hot days last month when a breeze of this kind would have saved a trip to the seashore

makes the right picture 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]



Hollywood gossips could say (truthfully) that Norma Talmadge has Tommy Meighan right at her feet. Tommy is so tall that to take them standing wouldn't look well



When Ralph Ince explained a knotty problem to Jacqueline Logan, what more natural than to sit on a bed in "The House of Youth?" There weren't any chairs



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

How JACKIE COOGAN Keeps Fit



WHEN a fellow's in the million-
aire class, and has to bear the
weight of grave business responsibili-
ties, like Jackie has, he's got to look
out for avoidupois. That's some-
thing 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 set-
ting 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



*Jackie's
instructor
hasn't much
on his pupil
in the way
of chest
expansion,
has he?
We'll say the
youngster's
got a
good start*



*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*



Ribbonette

TRADE MARK

The Latest Creation
from the House
of ROYAL
WORCESTER

FOR coolness, daintiness,
and free body comfort, the
feminine world greets the
corset sensation of the sea-
son's *Ribbonette*.

This one-piece, semi-elastic,
non-lacing model is flexi-
bly boned at proper points
of body support and features at the back
ventilating bands of rich satin ribbon or beau-
tiful embroidery panels, horizontally placed.

It is splendidly made of the very best fancy
material broche, has rustless boning that
flexes 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



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*From a big, happy sunlit factory
rises this butterfly of Fashion, the
dream of a wonderful designer and
the creation of countless contented
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Having nothing else to celebrate, Joseph M. Schenck decided to celebrate the eighth anniversary of his engagement to his beautiful young wife, Norma Tabnadge. So he celebrated it by giving her the \$1,500,000 Tolmadge 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



Gloria Gould's lovely ivory complexion bespeaks exquisite care

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 ivorieskin 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 satin-smooth and exquisitely protected.

1 1 1

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.



On Gloria Gould's dressing table stand Pond's Two Creams which keep the complexion exquisite despite the strain of social life

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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

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Please send me your free tubes, one each of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams.

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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.

MME. JEANNETTE

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 accented 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's-wool puff has a satin top. At toilet counters \$1.00. Refills 50c (slightly higher in Canada).



(Top half shown)

Get 1925 Pompeian Panel and Four Samples

This new 1925 Pompeian Art Panel, "Beauty Gained is Love Retained," size 28x7½. 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 10c.

Pompeian Beauty Powder

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Gentlemen: I enclose 10c for the new 1925 Art Panel, "Beauty Gained is Love Retained," and the four samples named in offer.

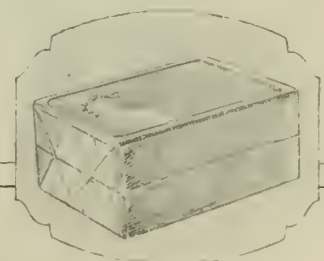
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A British Tourist in Alaska

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!

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Rules for the Great Cash-Radio Contest

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 subtitles 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 Antonio Moreno, 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 106 and 108, 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 subtitles for the four installments of the story.

Send them today.

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

second prize will be \$1,000; the third \$500; \$100 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 best 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 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 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. 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.

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

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.....

.....

.....

.....

.....



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.

*Palm and olive oils
—nothing else—give
nature's green color
to Palmolive Soap*

A 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.

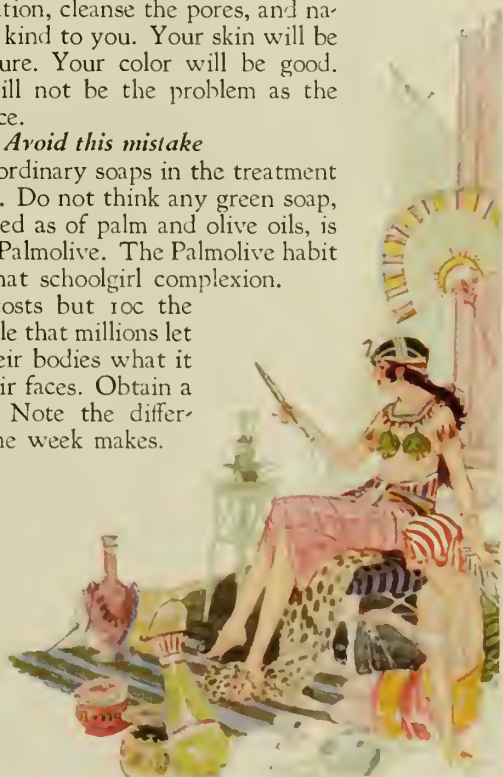
And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their faces what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Note the difference just one week makes.

*Volume and
efficiency produce
25c quality for only*

10c



The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), Chicago



Can You Succeed in the Pictures?

Your handwriting often reveals talents you do not know you possess



This picture enlarged and reproduced in full color is a part of a striking window trim announcing our new character reading service. Look for it at the store where you buy your stationery.

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.

Crane's
Linen Lawn

EATON'S
HIGHLAND
LINEN

© E. C. P. CO. '24

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.

Louise Rice

EATON, CRANE & PIKE CO.
225 Fifth Avenue, New York

The Metallic Mustang

*When steam
came as a pioneer
into the West*



Frances Teague gives an alluring characterization of Polka Dot, one of the girls that haunted Judge Haller's "bar of liquor and justice"

Hundreds of horses were used to haul "Jupiter," the original Union Pacific locomotive used in "The Iron Horse"



Madge Bellamy gives a fine performance, whether it be in the love scenes or where the fighting was heaviest, as Miriam Marsh, the heroine

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



As Corporal Casey, the ace of track layers, J. Farrell MacDonald proves to be one of the best comedians the screen has seen

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.

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 coconut 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 coconut 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 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



Corinne Griffith



Betty Compson



Anita Stewart



Patsy Ruth Miller



Colleen Moore



Priscilla Dean

a Mulsified coconut 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 coconut 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
Coconut Oil Shampoo



QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of PHOTOPLAY to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. As a further aid, a complete list of studio addresses is printed elsewhere in this Magazine every month. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

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 your favorites like you to be a motion picture critic? "Colleen Moore is just perfectly darling. Gloria is lovely. Conway Tearle just simply knows all there is to know about kissing. 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.

Send a quarter to cover 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. Louise 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 that 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 such praise 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 day to see him on the screen. I like him most because there is nothing sheiky about him." Write him all that, adding your postscript, "He is the most wonderful actor on the screen," and how could he withhold a photograph from you? Send a quarter, though, in case he asks a grasping secretary to forward the picture to you. He is in Paramount pictures.

A READER OF PHOTOPLAY, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—This is the first letter I have seen from you, Good Old Reader. Let us tell our troubles to Uncle Sam. Slake your commendable curiosity with these facts. Baby Peggy is

really Peggy Jean Montgomery. She is with 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 6404 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif.

MARIE V., PITTSBURGH, PA.—Which is older, Ben Lyon or Barbara La 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 these post-war days.

MARIE, ST. LOUIS, MO.—Terse? Yes. Courteous, M. Eugene O'Brien is thirty-six. Not married. Thomas Meighan was born in 1879. Figure it out for yourself, Marie.

JANIE, ALPINE, TEX.—Pleased, little Janie. Cullen Landis' age is twenty-six years. His height is more considerable than his age. 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 flaunting hollyhock? Yes, Fred Thomson is married. His wife is Frances Marion, the scenario writer.

SWEET SIXTEEN, ANSONIA, OHIO.—"Lew Cody, 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 Lois 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., THIBODAUX, LA.—Certainly, charming 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, 1922, issue, and has appeared continuously 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, KINGSTON, N. Y.—"Dear, dear," eh? No one ever doubled the dear on me before. Thanks, Sara. I think Madge 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 rose petals, and silver edges. Lovely. Lloyd Hughes' picture is "The Lost World." Lois Wilson played Jane in "Icebound." I answer every letter I receive, Ida, mine. Wonder where yours hideth itself.

L. P. & A. R., NEWARK, N. J.—I assure you that Richard Barthelmess 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 quartette of lovely red-haired girls, Mary Astor, 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.

ADELE, BALTIMORE, MD.—Write PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 750 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, for back copies of the magazine. Thanks for those kind words, sweet Baltimorean.

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 and pronounced as though the "a" were "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 retained there until his return. He's sure to get it. He is the truest lambkin in all the club. Ramon Novarro is abroad. Jackie Coogan will be in the east when this meets your eye. Richard Barthelmess has not severed his connection with Inspiration Pictures. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 133]

Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]



PROMINENT actresses of stage and screen have long been patrons of the house of H. Jaeckel & Sons, whose exclusive originality they have learned to appreciate.

The stunning creations of Furs in the new Fall and Winter models are now being shown, and will be duplicated at special professional price concessions.

Mr. Richard Jaeckel gives his personal attention to his professional clientele and will be pleased to wait upon you.

H. JAECKEL & SONS
One family management since 1863
546 Fifth Avenue

"Where 45th St. crosses Fifth Ave."

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 "Declasse." 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, "Wanta be kept! Wanta 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 font 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 rôle 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 rôle."

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 be 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,



"Somewhere off the coast of Florida" Dick Barthelmess and his wife, Mary Hay Barthelmess, found time to swim when he was not busy making his picture "Classmates," a West Point story



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.

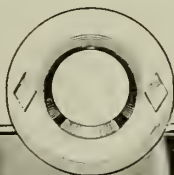
When you buy lace shoes always insist on Goodyear Welt shoes with Diamond Brand (Visible) Fast Color Eyelets.

UNITED FAST COLOR EYELET COMPANY

Manufacturers of

DIAMOND BRAND (VISIBLE) FAST COLOR EYELETS

Diamond Brand (Visible) Fast Color Eyelets have genuine celluloid tops that never lose their color and that actually outwear the shoe.



The genuine Diamond Brand (Visible) Fast Color Eyelets can be identified by the two tiny raised Diamonds on their celluloid surface.





*You may not
be more than one
short week away*

from the radiant
complexion you
seek

THERE is no need of spending hours in harsh or expensive treatments—let Resinol Soap unlock this hidden beauty. Within a week the results will show you why thousands of women use nothing but Resinol Soap and warm water to insure a beautiful complexion.

It is such a simple, delightful way to keep the skin functioning normally—the basis of skin beauty—and to give it that pleasing clearness and velvety softness which every woman desires.

For special irritations, roughnesses, blackheads, etc., apply a touch of Resinol, that soothing ointment which doctors have prescribed for years in treating skin troubles, slight or serious. Excellent for the rashes and chafings of childhood and as a healing household remedy.

RESINOL SOAP



FREE TRIAL OFFER

Send this coupon or a postal card today

Dept. S-A, 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.

Name

Street

City.....State.....

she looked like a red Indian. The hour had been spent ineffectually by two maids scrubbing the radiant Pearl.

EVERYONE thinks he would know his movie favorite on sight. But when Lillian Gish recently dined at a New York cafe 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 attache 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 Danti, 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 residence. The two fair Talmadges did a day's work for Mr. Goldwyn in "With Potash and Perlmutter 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 Chinks anybody could imagine—right out of Limehouse Blues, and Fred Thomson and Frances Marion, who is Mrs. Thomson, wore full 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 six feet three and Viola four feet eleven. Jack Pickford was a Spanish grandee and his wife, Marilyn Miller a boy—a la Flo Ziegfeld. George Fitzmaurice was most impressive as a mandarin, Ronald Colman as a rajah, and Lou Tellegen as a 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 her 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, Carmelita Geraghty was a Spanish dancing girl; Catharine 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 rôle.

Other guests were Betty Blythe, 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 sylph-like figure. Really, it's remarkable how slim Alice looks once more. And it was certainly a good thing. She's taken off pounds and in "The Great Divide" she'll look like any of your boneless-hিপless 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 for the present it seems to amuse Pola sufficiently. It's impossible to imagine Pola Negri without a love affair. Not permanent, possibly, but hectic for the time being.

As for young Rod, the experience ought to be a very good one for him. If he lacks anything which I understand his feminine fans are loath to admit, it is a certain poise and polish—finish, as it were. And Pola, who is continental to her finger tips, will probably impart that 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 Bel Geddes for Cecil B. DeMille's "Feet of Clay." It is considered one of the most beautiful sets ever designed



Sore throat?
 Listerine Throat Tablets, containing the anti-septic 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.
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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. Teddy 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. Ben 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 rôle 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 biggest successes on the other side since Lehar'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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With Tony, the Wonder Horse
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Adapted from "The Roughneck"
By Robert W. Service
A John Conway production

**TOM MIX and TONY in
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Zane Grey's Western Drama
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With Tony, the Wonder Horse
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Intrigue, mystery and happiness
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"Can a woman keep a secret?" Everybody believes Shirley Mason was married secretly to Harlan Fengler in Indianapolis after the speed king nearly lost his life in a speedway accident. The best Shirley will do to solve the riddle is to admit she and Fengler are engaged

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 Irvin 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.

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Or send ten cents (coin or stamps) for generous sample with the Dermoscope which will prove its beneficial effect.

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tions is still a secret, it has been learned that the star will start work on the first picture about November 1st. It is said that the production will be made in Europe.

Valentino has been negotiating with Nita Naldi for his first production and it is probable that the picturesque Nita will accept.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS has returned from Fort Lauderdale, Florida, where he was engaged for three weeks in filming scenes in the heart of the Everglades, and is now well into that portion of "Classmates" being "shot" at West Point. Mrs. Mary Hay Barthelmess accompanied her famous husband to Florida and the two had a splendid time fishing and swimming during odd moments of the expedition. Josephine Lovett (Mrs. John Robertson) accompanied her director-husband on the trip, so the expedition became quite a family affair.

Can you guess what the Barthelmesses did upon their return from Florida? They rushed home by motor to their house at Mamaroneck to see Mary Hay II and the very next morning motored back to town to see the motion pictures of the Carpentier-Tunney fight, which they had missed during their Florida trip. Both Mary and Dick are rabid fight fans and they never miss a pugilistic encounter anywhere about the East.

NO one who knows John Ford, the director, 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 transcontinental 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 dissatisfied for some time with the arrangement 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 Leatrice Joy filed suit for divorce from Jack Gilbert. Their friends believed that the expected arrival of an heir in the Gilbert bungalow might stave off a separation indefinitely, but Leatrice 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.

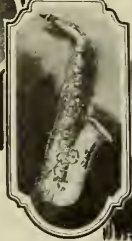
MANY of the famous stage successes produced by John Golden will immediately become available for the screen through an arrangement entered into by Mr. Golden with William Fox. Through the efforts of Will Hays the two great producers have organized a five million dollar corporation which will be a unit 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.

LEW 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

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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. Paramour"

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 badinage. 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 about 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 curtains, an eight-foot bronze 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 bobbed 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



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picture business there is nothing certain except uncertainty. For six months he has been enjoying an involuntary vacation due to the fact that he was unable to get any producer to agree with him as to the value of his acting. Then came the day, as they say in the titles. And it was quite a day, for on it the jobless young man received four offers from as many producers. He has so arranged his time that he is now appearing in four productions, as he himself says, "simultaneous, all together and all at the same time."

THE poet who wrote something about tears, idle tears, never knew Zazu Pitts, the gal with the woe-begone 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 now she has appeared in Hollywood at the wheel of one of the highest-priced 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 location lunches which he happened 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 ever hear of 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.



Don't DEPEND on Cosmetics

Let powder and rouge be luxuries, not necessities. 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 loveliness. Ask your dealer.

DR. PALMER'S ALMOMEAL
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
COMPOUND

Coupon Value 10 cents

Present to dealer for 10 cent reduction on full size package To Dealer. Send us this coupon for redemption. Holton & Adams, Inc., 25 East 22nd Street, N.Y.C.

A Sure Way to End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

LIQUID ARVON

“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. Flagg 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.”

ANOTHER 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. Byran, 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.” Reed is now in Hollywood and on the trip west had breakfast opposite Mr. Bryan.

“Don’t let anyone tell you the Great Commoner 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—each one well buttered.

“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 cafes 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 Burnie Durning, the director who



The careful housewife

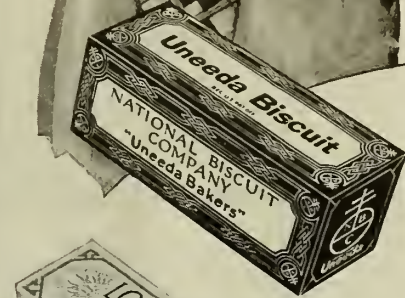
WHO always purchases the best foods for her table, insists on “Uneeda Bakers” products. She knows that they are always wholesome and always good. She knows that she can buy no better soda cracker than fresh, crisp UNEEDA BISCUIT.

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.

She knows FIG NEWTONS, with their golden brown cake filled with real fig jam.

And she knows they are all good because they are



*Baked by
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NATIONAL
BISCUIT COMPANY
“Uneeda Bakers”

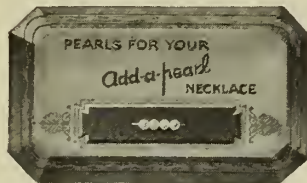




*Make Your
Little Girl Happy
with an
Add-a-pearl
NECKLACE*

Begin with the daintily beautiful small strand as a gift on her birthday—or at any time. Add to it on all gift occasions each year—as a young lady she will be proud of her necklace of genuine pearls.

The family and friends will keep it growing



Buy additional pearls for your Add-a-pearl necklace on this card. It guarantees perfection.

Ask Your Jeweler

The Add-a-pearl Co., Chicago

DIMPLES!

—that men adore



Lovable dimples, intriguing dimples—dimples that are irresistible in their fascination. Don't envy the girl whose dimpled smile simply captivates her admirers—for you, too, can have dimples that play hide and seek when you smile.

DOLLY DIMPLER

is a simple—harmless—easily-used device that produces fascinating 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. Y, 247 McDaniel St.
Dayton, Ohio.

DOLLY DIMPLER CO.
Dept. Y
DAYTON, O.

Herewith find \$1 for the famous Dolly Dimpler, with full instructions for use.

Name.....
Address.....
(Print Plainly)



Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Hatton never had a serious altercation in all the years of their married life until she bobbed 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 Fenger 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-fisted husband of Ora Carew.

In single combat he met and overcame his wife, his wife's 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 Howards 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, there 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, unaccustomed 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 \$100,000 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.

ADMIRERS 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 his 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 temperament upon which the railroad companies lost money

Do you have compliments on your complexion?



IS 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 "Creed 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.

ARMAND
COLD CREAM POWDER
In The PINK & WHITE BOXES

G U A R A N T E E

No matter where purchased, if any Armand product does not entirely please you, you may take it back and your money will be returned.

ARMAND—Des Moines N

Please send me the Armand Week-end Package, including the "Creed of Beauty."

I enclose 25¢ coin stamps

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

unless they charged him excess. He displayed it during the filming of the P. & P. picture which Green was directing. It was Samuel Goldwyn who issued the stop order.

"I have been in the picture business fifteen years," he told Carr, "Green has been in it twelve, you have not been in it quite that long. Until you've been in it as long as we have you'll have to take orders from us."

Inasmuch as it is humanly impossible for Carr to catch up with Goldwyn and Green in length of service he decided to be good and the camera crank again went round and round.

CLAIRE WINDSOR rises to remark that the report of her engagement to Bert Lytell has been greatly exaggerated.

"We're simply very good friends," is her original way of making denial.

The rumor which gained considerable credence in Hollywood must have been started by somebody who did not know or who had forgotten that Lytell, the party of the second part, is still married.

NO film ever made has required so much time for its completion as has "A Son of Omar," Ferdinand Earle's fantasy based upon the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, in which Ramon Novarro and Kathleen Key have the principal roles. Three years of work, on and off, have gone into this picture which now is ready for release. Ferdinand Earle directed it, the incidental music is by Charles Wakefield Cadman, Milton Sills edited it, Louis Weadock titled it and it was photographed by Georges Benoit. In the cast are Frederick Warde, Arthur Edmund Carewe, Hedwig Reicher, Philippe de Lacy, Snitz Edwards, Edwin Stevens and a collection of beauties of the harem who are expected to set a new mark for lovers of the good, the true and the beautiful.

MACK SENNETT would like to have it distinctly understood that he has not cancelled his contract with Mabel Normand, whom in the past, he has starred in "Mickey," "Molly-O," "Suzanna" and "The Extra Girl."

"How can I cancel a contract when I haven't got a contract?" is Mack Sennett's not altogether unnatural query.

He says he contracts for Miss Normand's services by the picture instead of by the year and that he is perfectly willing to make such a contract any time he finds a story as well suited to her as were those in which she appeared under his auspices. There are plenty of fans who would like to have him find another story like "Mickey."

ABOUT the hardest looking citizen in Hollywood just now—and that's saying something—is Conway Tearle.

He drives about the boulevards and bumps the bumps on Vine Street, the worst-paved street in the world, clad in a soiled flannel shirt, dusty cowhide boots into which are tucked a terrible looking pair of pants, a Stetson that looks like the prize exhibit in a rummage sale and a growth of beard of the unbragousness that barbers describe as "squirrel."

His change from the patent leathers and minstrel full dress is a consequence of his induction into the part of Stephen Ghent, the man of the open spaces, in "The Great Divide."

MARION DAVIES, who has been one of the few picture stars to confine her activities entirely to New York, although she has visited Hollywood, has become a regular member of the Western picture colony and will begin work at once on the picturization of "Zander the Great."

Miss Davies has rented Norman Kerry's beautiful home in Beverly Hills and thinks Southern California altogether delightful. She has been entertained extensively by the picture folk since her arrival.


Although no announcement has been made, it is understood that the Marion Davies com-



For the growing youngster Beeman's is a pure and healthful treat—its daily use is

"a sensible habit"



BEEMAN'S
Pepsin Gum 

AMERICAN CHICLE CO.



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.

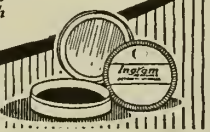
In thin artistic metal vanity box with large mirror and pad—50c. At your dealer's or by mail from us. Or send 2c stamp for ready-to-use purse puff containing Ingram's American Blush.

Frederick F. Ingram Company
Makers of Ingram's Milkweed Cream

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Next time be careful to get Ingram's American Blush

The Delicate Rouge for the Delicate Skin



Kill The Hair Root

My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today, enclosing 3 stamps. We teach beauty culture. 25 years in business.

D. J. MAHLER,

260-C Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.



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 "Zander," 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 convention 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,'" said he, "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 picturization 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 benedicts and his engagement 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.

TOM GERAGHTY, producer of the Jack Pickford Pictures and former newspaperman, is receiving condolences of his many friends at a Hollywood Hospital, where he will be confined for several weeks. He slipped over a tool box in his garage and fell, breaking his hip. Geraghty's entire hip and leg is in a plaster cast, which he is using as a sort of register for the scores of famous friends who call on him. Each one writes his or her name on the cast and all that Geraghty now lacks to make his collection the greatest of its kind are the names of Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks, who have just returned in time to do their bit.

THIS is certainly Old Doctor Stork's very busiest season in Hollywood, and he has just received two more orders. At the home of William Duncan and his wife, Edith Johnson, a baby is expected within a matter of weeks, while Lester Cuneo and his wife, Francelia Billington, are so well pleased with the year-old son that they have ordered a little brother or sister for him for November.

THERE are rumors which will not down that all is not well between beautiful Virginia Valli and her husband, Demmy Lamson, and friends of Miss Valli would not be surprised at any time to hear that she had engaged a lawyer. Lamson is living at his club while Miss Valli lives at her beautiful Hollywood apartment.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN has got his name back and now he can do anything he likes with it. For the last year he has been unable to use it on his pictures except with the addition of the phrase, "not now connected with Goldwyn pictures." But with the amalgamation of the Goldwyn organization (with which for some time his name had been connected although he had not) with Metro and Louis B. Mayer, came an agreement reached outside of court and by this agreement the effervescent Samuel now gets back his name. Again he can advertise "Samuel Goldwyn Presents"—without having to burden his name with the tag, "Not now connected with Goldwyn pictures."

MISS SWANSON made a flying trip to the other side late in July, visiting London and Paris. It is said that the star visited Sir James Barrie and it is also said that Sir James wants to write an original screen story for her use.

The star was due to return to Europe on September 1st to do "Madame Sans Gene" in Paris and London. She has been at work on an Algerian story at the Famous Players' Long Island studios, with Alan Dwan directing.

Miss Swanson says she bought but five frocks on her flying trip, largely because the shops in Paris were open but two of her five days in the French capital. Paris was celebrating the fall of the Bastille at the moment.

During the hot weather Miss Swanson has been motoring out to her new home at Croton each night.

There she can get away from the noise and heat of the city and be close to her little daughter.

THE one distinguished film opening of the month was the *premiere* of Marion Davies' "Janice Meredith," early in August, at the completely redecorated Cosmopolitan Theater in Columbus Circle, New York.

Miss Davies herself was absent, being at her Beverly Hills, Cal., home at the moment, resting after her months of work on "Janice Meredith."

All the stars in New York were there, among them being Gloria Swanson, Anita Stewart, Bebe Daniels, Seena Owen, Bert Lytell and Nita Naldi. The usual huge crowd massed itself outside the theater in Columbus Circle, fighting to get an opportunity to see the stars. The players themselves had to fight their way in—and many a pretty gown was torn in the struggle.

The *premiere* presented an interesting review



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. Let us show you, by a ten-day test, how millions now fight that film.

Why teeth are dim

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it now. It clings to 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 a dingy coat. Millions 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.

Germ constantly breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. 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 com-

batant. In late years two effective methods have been found. Authorities have proved them by many careful tests. Now leading dentists nearly all the world over are urging their daily use.

A new-day tooth paste has been perfected, made to comply with modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent. These two great film combatants are embodied in it.

It goes further

Other effects are now considered essential. Pepsodent is made to bring them all.

It multiplies the salivary flow. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth, so they will not remain and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Thus every application gives these tooth-protecting forces multiplied effect.

These things mean whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. They mean natural mouth conditions, better tooth protection. This ten-day test will convince you by what you see and feel. Make it for your own sake, then decide what is best.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.
The New-Day Dentifrice

You'll see and feel

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.

CUT OUT THE COUPON NOW

10-DAY TUBE FREE 1625

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 263, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.

Write for
FREE
BOOKLET



Beautify
YOUR
COMPLEXION

50 Years on the market

MALVINA

PREPARATIONS

Popular since 1874

Beauty

is a precious treasure. Procure all you can. Preserve all you have. Regain all you have lost. Thousands of women have found that Malvina Cream, Lotion and Ichthylol Soap are superior to all other treatments for clearing their complexions of blemishes and keeping the skin in a soft, velvety condition. Resolve today to have that precious treasure. If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to us. Malvina Cream, 55c; Malvina Lotion, 55c; Malvina Ichthylol Soap, 30c. Complete outfit mailed POSTPAID anywhere in the United States upon receipt of MONEY ORDER for \$1.40.

If you want to know how to keep your skin smooth and velvety, write today for
FREE BOOKLET!
"How She Won a Husband"

—a charming story. Contains frank letters from women who say they owe their beautiful complexions to the regular use of Malvina Preparations. Write today!



Prof. I. HUBERT
Dept. 8104 Toledo, Ohio

SLENDER ANKLES CAN BE YOURS \$2.95

PEOPLE ADMIRE DAINTY ANKLES

Thick or swollen ankles can quickly be reduced to dainty slender shape by new discovery of special processed rubber.

Lenor Ankle Reducers
ANKLES ACTUALLY LOOK THIN WHILE GETTING THIN

Different in reducing action from all other reducers. Slip on when you go to bed and note amazing results next morning. Reduces and shapes ankle and lower calf. Slips on like a glove. No strips of rubber to bind and cause discomfort. Nothing to rub in or massage. Enables you to wear low shoes becomingly. Worn under stockings without detection. Used by prominent actresses. Send \$2.95 and we will send you Lenor Ankle Reducers in plain package subject to your inspection. Give size of ankle and widest part of calf.

LENOR MFG. COMPANY
Dept. Y-10, 503 Fifth Avenue, New York



THICK
ANKLES
SPOIL
YOUR
APPEARANCE

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 bobs were 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 MATHIS 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 Niblo 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 Franz Molnar's "*The Swan*," the much coveted comedy of royalty which ran all last season in New York. The rôle 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 Jeffery Farnol's novel, "*The Definite Object*." There is a fight scene in the picture that is a fight. Dix and George Siegmund stage it. After it was all over 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. Siegmund.

WONDER how Charlie Chaplin feels with a chaperon.

It must have been quite a 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 "sass." 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 admiration 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.



Even the fact that he was to get the highest salary ever paid for personal appearances in film theaters couldn't soften the blow Julian Eltinge received when presented with the contract. Albert A. Kaufman, managing director of the Graman theaters in Los Angeles, told him that he must appear at five shows on Saturday and five on Sunday. A pleasant week-end

A Ghost Made Her a Leading Woman

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50]

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.

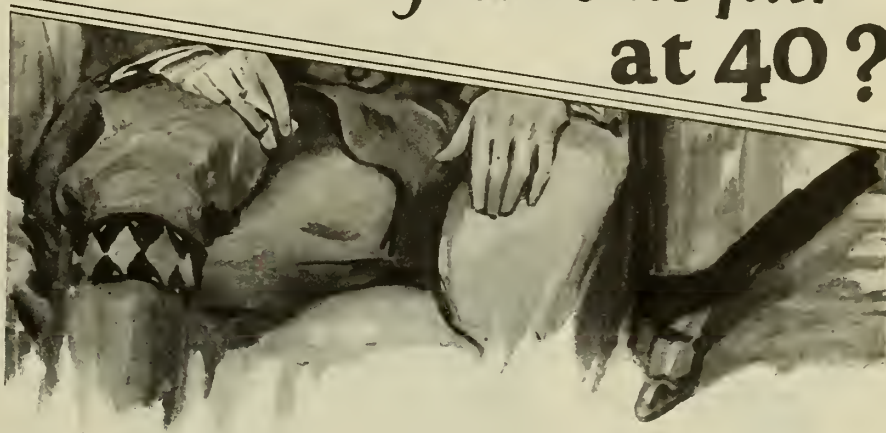
Miss Archer isn't superstitious, unless it is to have faith in the number 13. For she received her promotion to film prominence in "Classmates" on June 13th.

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 in the footsteps of dozens of other screen luminaries, 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.



Will his hair be there—
and will you be as fair—
at 40?



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 *passé* 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 purity without a close-up of a lily—and loveliness without an artificial light beating down on permanent waves—and the brutality of hearts without having to engage Louis Wolheim to wield clubs and crack 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 for 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—mustn't be fat.
K for the Kisses that must be cut short.
L for the Legs of the Mack Sennett sort.
M is for Marriage that must be brought in.
N for the Naughtiness just short of sin.
O for the Oceans that lovers do part.
P is the Passion that quickens the heart.
Q for the Quarrels that plots always send.
R is for Reconcile, just at the end.
S for the Spectacles, done by De Mille.
T for the Tumbles that never quite kill.
U is for Uke, played at jazz parties fast.
V is for Virtue which triumphs at last.
W 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.

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 Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"MONSIEUR BEUCAIRE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Booth Tarkington. Scenario by Forrest Halsey. Directed by Sidney Olcott. Photography by Harry Fishbeck. The cast: *Duke De Chartres (Monsieur Beaucaire)*, 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; *Miropois*, Oswald Yorke; *Duchess de Montmorency*, Flora Finch; *Francois*, Lewis Waller; *Duke of Winterset*, Ian MacLaren; *Badger*, Frank Shannon; *Molyneux*, Templar Powell; *Beau Nash*, H. Cooper Cliffe; *Lord Chesterfield*, Downing Clarke; *Duchess de Flauhault*, Yvonne Hughes; *Voltaire*, Harry Lee; *Colombine*, Florence O'Denishawn.

"JANICE MEREDITH"—COSMOPOLITAN.—From the story by Paul Leicester Ford. Adapted by Lilie Hayward. Directed by E. Mason Hopper. The cast: *John*, Lord Clowes, Holbrook Blinn; *Charles Fownes*, Harrison Ford; *Squire Meredith*, Maclyn Arbuckle; *Mrs. Meredith*, Hattie Delaro; *Susie*, the Maid, May Vokes; *Philemon Hennion*, Olin Howland; *Squire Hennion*, Spencer Charters; *Tabitha Larkin*, Mildred Arden; *Sir Frederick Mobra*, Douglas Stevenson; *Lord Howe*, George Nash; *George Washington*, Joseph Kilgour; *A British Sergeant*, W. C. Fields; *Colonel Rahl*, George Seigmann; *General Cornwallis*, Tyrone Power; *Mrs. Loring*, Helen Lee Worthing; *Marie Antoinette*, Princess Marie de Bourbon; *Paul Revere*, Kenneth Maynard; *Patrick Henry*, Robert Thorne; *Theodore Larkin*, Harlan Knight; *Dr. Joseph Warren*, Wilfred Noy; *Martha Washington*, Mrs. Maclyn Arbuckle.

"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 Auriol Dayne*, Anna Q.

Nilsson; *Elodie*, Louise Lagrange; *Horatio Bakkus*, Maurice Cannon; *Charles Verity-Stewart*, Neil Hamilton; *Mignon*, William Ricciardi; *Ernestine*, Mrs. Pozzi; *Sir Julius Verity-Stewart*, Lawrence D'Orsay; *Lady Verity-Stewart*, Effie Shannon; *Evadne*, 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: *Marise La Noue*, Enid Bennett; *Jean Leoncer*, Ramon Novarro; *Bobo*, Wallace Beery; *Elicenne Leonnac*, Frank Currier; *Nana*, Rosemary Theby; *D'Agut*, 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 of San Francisco*, Chief Daniel J. O'Brien; *Captain of Police Mac Davitt*, Will Walling; *Captain Dynes*, Tom Santschi; *Asa Scroggs*, C. H. Wilson; *Wireless Operator*, Eddie Boland; *Miramba*, Noble Johnson; *Ugandi*, Tote Ducrow; *Adolphe Schmidt*, Bert Sprotte; *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; *Dave 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 Jesson*, Cyril Chadwick; *Ruby*, Gladys Hulette; *Judge Haller*, James



Noonday light is harder to control than the Klieg lights, even if it does cost less. Reflectors and gauze shields were needed in this scene from Loretta Taylor's newest picture, "One Night in Rome"

Marcus; *Sergeant Slattery*, Francis Powers; *Gen. Grenville M. Dodge*, Walter Rogers; *Col. Cody (Buffalo Bill)*, George Wagner; *Wild Bill Hickok*, John Madjan; *Major North*, Charles O'Malley; *Collis P. Huntington*, Charles Newton; *Charles Crooker*, Delbert Mann; *Gov. Leland Stanford*, John Padjan; *Thomas C. Durant*, Jack Ganzhorn; *Cheyenne Chief*, Chief Big Tree; *Corporal Casey*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Private Schultz*, James Welch; *Tony*, Colin Chase; *Dinny*, Jack O'Brien; *Sioux Chief*, Chief White Spear; *Polka Dot*, Frances Teague; *John Hay*, Stanhope Wheatcroft; *Old Chinaman*, Edward Piel.

"SINGLE WIVES"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Story by Earl Hudson. Directed by George Archainbaud. The cast: *Betty Jordan*, Corinne Griffith; *Perry Jordan*, Milton Sills; *Dorothy Van Clark*, Kathlyn Williams; *Martin Prayle*, Lou Tellegen; *Franklyn Dexter*, Henry B. Walthall; *Marion Eldridge*, Phyllis Haver; *Tom Van Clark*, Phillips Smalley; *Dr. Walter Lane*, Jere Austin; *Billy Eldridge*, John Patrick

"BROKEN BARRIERS"—METRO-GOLDWYN.—From the story by Meredith Nicholson. Adapted by Sada Cowan and Howard Higgin. Directed by Reginald Barker. The cast: *Ward Trenton*, James Kirkwood; *Grace Durland*, Norma Shearer; *Tommie Kemp*, Adolphe Menjou; *Irene Kirby*, Mae Busch; *Mr. Durland*, George Fawcett; *Bobbie Durland*, Robert Agnew; *Mrs. Durland*, Margaret McWade; *Ethel Durland*, Ruth Stonehouse; *John Moore*, Robert Frazer; *Mrs. Ward Trenton*, Winifred Bryson.

"FOOLS IN THE DARK"—F. B. O.—Story by Bertram Millhausen. Directed by Al Santell. Photography by Blake Wagner. The cast: *Ruth Rand*, Patsy Ruth Miller; *Percy Schwartz*, Matt Moore; *Kotah*, Bert Grassby; *Dr. Rand*, Charles Belcher; *Diploma*, Tom Wilson.

"THAT FRENCH LADY"—FOX.—Story by William J. Hurlburt. Scenario by Charles Kenyon. Directed by Edmund Mortimer. Photography by G. O. Post. The cast: *Inez De Pierrefond*, Shirley Mason; *John Hemmingway*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Charlie Abbey*, Harold Goodwin; *Uncle Walter*, Charles Coleman.

"BIG TIMBER"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Vingie E. Roe. Scenario by Wyndham Gittens. Directed by William Craft. Photography by Jackson Rose. The cast: *Walter Sandry*, William Desmond; *Sally O'Hara*, Olive Hasbrouck; *Poppy Ordway*, Betty Franciso; *John Daly*, Ivar McFadden; *Ma Daly*, Lydia Yeamans Titus; *Fred Hampden*, Albert J. Smith.

"LOVE AND GLORY"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Robert Davis and Perley Poore Sheehan. Directed by Rupert Julian. The cast: *Pierre du Pont*, Charles de Roche; *Gabrielle Picard*, Madge Bellamy; *Anatole Picard*, Wallace MacDonald; *Emile Pompaneau*, Ford Sterling; *Malicorne*, Gibson Gowland; *The Imp*, Charles de Ravenas; *Marie*, the Imp's sister, Priscilla Dean Moran; *The Imp's mother*, Madame de Bodamere.

"TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES"—METRO - GOLDWYN. — From the story by Thomas Hardy. Scenario by Dorothy Farnum. Directed by Marshall Neilan. Photography by David J. Kesson. The cast: *Tess*, Blanche Sweet; *Angel Clare*, Conrad Nagel; *Alec D'Urberville*, Stuart Holmes; *John Durbeyfield*, George Fawcett; *Joan Durbeyfield*, Victory Batement; *Dick*, Courtenay Foote; *South American Priest*, Joseph J. Dowling

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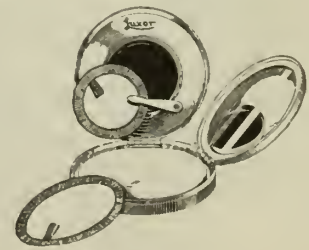
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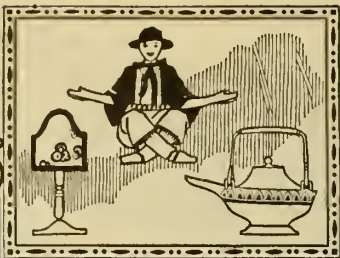
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"HIT AND RUN"—UNIVERSAL.—Story and Scenario by Edward Sedgwick and Raymond Schrock. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. Photography by Virgil Miller. The cast: *Swat Anderson*, Hoot Gibson; *Joan McCarthy*, Marian Harlan; *George Collins*, Cyril Ring; *Tex Adams*, Harold Goodwin; *Joe Burns*, De Witt Jennings; *Red McCarthy*, Mike Donlin; *The Goofy*, William A. Steele.

"THE MAN WHO FIGHTS ALONE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by William Blacke and James Shelley Hamilton. Scenario by Jack Cunningham. Directed by Wallace Worsley. Photography by L. Guy Wilky. The cast: *John Marble*, William Farnum; *Marion*, Lois Wilson; *Bob Allen*, Edward Horton; *Meggs*, Lionel Belmore; *Mike O'Hara*, Barlowe Borland; *Dr. Raymond*, George Irving; *Dorothy*, Dawn O'Day; *Aunt Louise*, Rose Tapley; *Struthers*, Frank Farrington.

"NEGLECTED WOMEN"—F. B. O.—Story by Alfred Sutro. Directed by Henry Kolker. The cast: *Camilla Challenor*, Seena Owen; *Peter Starling*, Thurston Hall; *Major Arnold Darenth*, Lawford Davidson; *Mrs. Challenor*, Eva Moore; *John Milford*, Cameron Carr; *Annetto*, Joan Morgan.

"ALONG CAME RUTH"—METRO-GOLDWYN.—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 Ambrose*, Viola Dana; *Plinty Bangs*, Walter Hiers; *Israel Hubbard*, Tully Marshall; *Allan Hubbard*, Raymond McKee; *Oscar Sims*, Victor Potel; *Min, the hired girl*, Gale Henry; *Nathan Hodge*, Nelson McDowell; *Captain Miles Standish Bradford*, De Witt Jennings; *Widow Burnham*, Adele Farrington; *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. Warriner*, Myrtle Stedman; *Harry Van Alstyne*, Robert Agnew; *Benedict (Count Montebello)*, Walter Long; *Amoti*, Arthur Thalasso; *Revenue Officer*, Walter Shumway; *Mrs. Bruce Corwin*, Grace Carlisle; *The Duke*, Leo White.

"BEHOLD THIS WOMAN"—VITAGRAPH.—Story by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Scenario by Mirion Constance. Directed by J. Stuart Blackton. The cast: *Louise Maurcl*, Irene Rich; *Sophie*, Marguerite de la Motte; *John Strangeway*, Charles Post; *Eugene de Seyre*, Harry Myers; *Calavera*, Rosemary Theby; *Stephen Strangeway*, Anders Randolph.

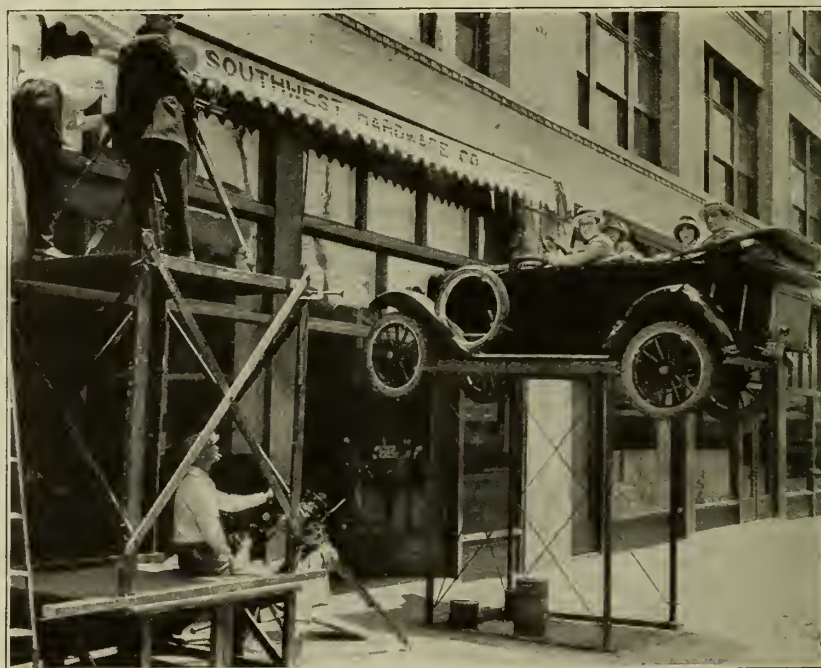
"THE FIGHT"—FOX.—Story by Richard Harding Davis. Scenario by Robert P. Kerr. Director, George Marshall. The cast: *Van Bibber*, Earle Foxe; *Sylvia*, Florence Gilbert; *Travers*, Hallam Cooley; *Colonel Paddock*, Frank Beal; *Battling Ike*, Tom O'Brien; *Madam Seera*, Carol Wines.

"THE LAST OF THE DUANES"—FOX.—Story by Zane Grey. Scenario by Edward J. Montagne. Directed by Lynn Reynolds. The cast: *Buck Duane*, Tom Mix; *Jenny*, Marian Nixon; *Cal Bain*, Brindsley Shaw; *Euchre*, Frank Nelson; *Mother*, Lucy Beaumont; *Jenny's Father*, Harry Lonsdale.

"JUBILO JR."—PATHE.—Directed by Robert McGowan. Photography by Frank Young. The cast: *Mickey Daniels*, Mary Kornman; *Fatty Joe Cobb*, Jackie Condon; *Farina*, Will Rogers.

"MERTON OF THE MOVIES"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Harry Leon Wilson, and play by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly. Scenario by Walter Woods. Directed by James Cruze. The cast: *Merton Gill*, Glenn Hunter; *Sally (Flips) Montague*, Viola Dana; *Jeff Baird*, De Witt Jennings; *Harold Parmalee*, Elliott Roth; *Gashwiler*, Charles Sellon; *Mr. Montague*, Charles Ogle; *Mrs. Montague*, Ethel Wales; *Hardy Lowell*, Luke Cosgrave; *Tessie Kearns*, Gale Henry; *Director of Parmalee Company*, Frank Jonas; *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" Denton*, Duke R. Lee; *"Crooked Nose" Evans*, Bert De Marc; *Splain*, Al Jennings; *"Shorty" George Connors*; *Ike 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 "Hubby"

A Dove of Peace Candidate

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

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 theenk) they have got the great idea themselves, 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, eh? 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, eh? Why not? It is easy to appreciate, to be pleasant. Only—all the time—you must let them know who is boss. No matter—maybe it take 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 37]

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 one of them," swears Kathleen. "I don't want to get hurt."

ABOARD the train from Rome to Venice, where I came to lave 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 riotous 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 deprecating smile. I hastened to assure that Mabel was above all mortal law, being in reality an angel who simply will play jazz on the harp instead of the standard anthems.

THE maniacal 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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Pyorrhea, public menace though it is, can be successfully fought.

You need not pay the price in lost teeth and broken health as four persons out of every five past 40, and thousands younger, do.

But don't delay. Don't wait for tender, bleeding gums to tell you Pyorrhea is on the way.

Start the fight now. Go to your dentist regularly for tooth and gum inspection and brush your teeth, twice daily, with refreshing Forhan's For the Gums.

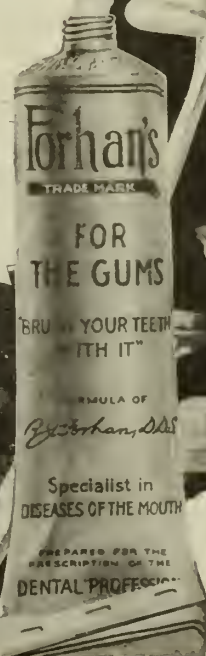
Forhan's For the Gums, if used in time and used consistently, will help prevent Pyorrhea or check its course; keep the gums firm, the teeth white and the mouth healthy.

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

Formula of
R-J-Forhan DDS
Forhan Company
New York





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"Another \$50 raise! Why, that's the third increase I've had in a year."

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One hour a day, spent with the International Correspondence Schools in the quiet of your own home, will prepare you for the position you want in the work you like best.

Yes, it will! Put it up to us to prove it. Without cost, without obligation, just mark and mail this coupon.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Nicholson Cost Accounting | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
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City..... State.....

Occupation.....
Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

I do entertain a pious compassion for the recipients of their droolery. There are picture players of quite sane, even superior, minds. Unfortunately, mob adulation can unbalance even a sound mind. Alexander the Great fell not before an army but before 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 or Salvation Army lass ever had. 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 gently aloof, almost cloistered, yet without the slightest gesture of arrogance 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 preen before the crowd, to gem herself out at public functions, to sniff the incense and hear the cymbals, but in her politic wisdom she has withdrawn from the racket that endureth for a moment in order to merit the fame that endureth 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 statuesque *Madonna* in "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 she had attended the premiere of his comedy and that nobody laughed. "But, ah, Lady Diana," returned the comedian gallantly, "I saw your picture the other night and everyone laughed."

"ISN'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.

HISTORY Note: Ramon Novarro, upon beholding the palace of Versailles: "My God, it's bigger than Gloria Swanson's house!"

The Story Without a Name

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

diving from the rail, like a flock of Aleutian seals taking to the sea.

The girl could see the bobbing dark heads advance on her. She could hear the raucous shouts of the swimmers as they raced stroke by stroke towards her slowly circling craft. She could see a leer of triumph on a hairy yellow face as it forged closer. She could see a hairy brown hand reach up out of the floating blue and clamp itself on the stern-board of her dingey. She could see the dripping muscled body heaving itself up into the boat. And as she did so she turned, with a deep breath, to fling herself into the sea.

But the appropriating brown claw caught at her before she could spring. She was held down as a second wet figure swung up over the stern, a second figure who amid shouts and laughter from the surrounding bobbing heads took up the oars and turned back to the sloop.

She could see Kurder waiting, narrow-eyed, beside the rail. She could hear the contentious voices arguing and haggling over her, as though she were something to be torn to pieces between them. She felt coarse hands tug and pull at her body, tear away a portion of her clothing. Through a deepening mist she saw them crowd and shoulder about her. And through that narrowing circle she was vaguely aware of the towering Sig Kurder elbowing his way. He held her up, in one great arm, as he turned and addressed his men. What he said to those men she scarcely knew, she scarcely

cared. But his words brought a shout of ribald laughter from their crowding and wolfish faces, a leer about loose lips that looked more than wolfish with hunger. And the next moment she was dimly conscious of being caught up in the huge hairy arms and carried bodily back to the cabin, with the men falling away on either side of their leader, who strode aft with the body that looked fragile and white beside the bronze arms encircling it.

CHAPTER EIGHT

HAD those wolfish eyes that followed Kurder and his captive through the narrow cabin door been less intent on the immediate action before them they might have observed a more remote and a seemingly more trivial movement far over their battered ship's rail. They might have detected a vague spot on the face of the sea, a vague spot that moved doggedly on and on, that moved determinedly, even though it moved slowly. And on the skyline to the west, had they been less interested in the drama behind the closed cabin door, they might have detected a sharp-nosed shadow, of battleship grey, as narrow-ribbed and lean as a greyhound, throwing up a double scimitar of foam where her pointed cutwater knifed onward through the long and oily swells, leaving a low line of smoke behind her as a pursuing dragonfly of metal and wood and linen crept up on her in that three-sided flight.

Alan, burned by the sun and wet with the

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The most exquisite perfume ever produced. Made without alcohol. Bottle with long glass stopper, containing enough for 6 months. Lilac or Crabapple \$1.50; Lily of the Valley, Rose or Violet \$2.00. At druggist or by mail.

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Send 20 cents stamps for miniature bottle. Send \$1.00 for Souvenir Box of five 25 cent bottles—five different odors.
Paul Rieger Co. (Since 1872) 142 First St., San Francisco

Send \$1.00 For Five 25¢ Bottles

Extra One Hundred Dollars Cash Prize

There seems to be no limit to the interest in the great radio contest. McVicker's theater of Chicago has offered an additional cash prize of one hundred dollars to any patron of the theater who submits the best title for Arthur Stringer's great radio romance

"THE STORY WITHOUT A NAME"

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 death 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.

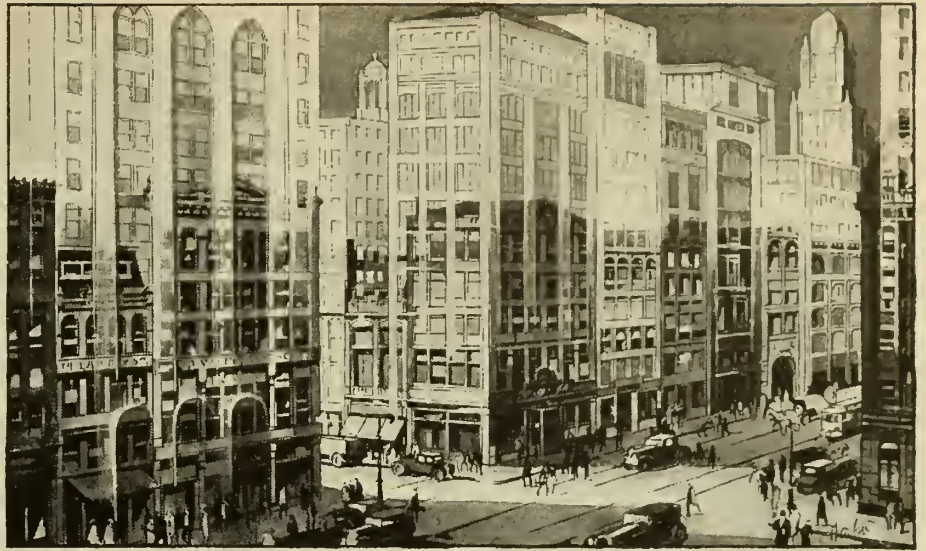
the barnacled and weather-bleached hull. He hesitated only long enough to tie his precious triangulator to a rusty rudder-chain. Then he clambered quietly but quickly aboard.

He thought, as he slid as noiseless 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 shadow 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 blowy 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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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 rich, 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.

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.

Glostora is inexpensive and you can get a bottle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

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Glostora gives the hair that rich, naturally glossy, refined and orderly appearance, so essential to well-groomed men and boys.

A little Glostora rubbed through the hair once or twice a week, or after shampooing, keeps it so soft and pliable that it stays in place just as combed or brushed and does not become matted up or disarranged.

**Not sticky, pasty
or greasy**

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\$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 on his coupon the fact that he first heard about it over the 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 Poehler, 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 another enthusiast about the contest. The association operates Station KFKB, 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, KFKB has regular reception in Honolulu and the Bermuda 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 526 meters. It is one of the favorite stations 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 a unique organization known as the World Radio Camp, which is said to be the only radio lodge in the world. It has been heard more than 5,000 miles.

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 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.

Alan twisted aside and kicked the clustered fingers about the heavy handle, kicked until the shining blade went clattering along the deck-boards. Then the two men locked together, straining and grunting and gasping as they engaged in that quiet but ferocious struggle, rolling about the narrow deckway as throttling fingers felt for panting throat, and slender body and heavy body twisted and writhed together for that final clutch which was to end the fight. But neither seemed to have the 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 the lolling head sharply down against the coiled 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. He was rising to his feet, studying the momentarily passive face, listening to the animal-like groan that was coming from between the loose lips, when still another sound smote on his ears.

That sound was the cry of a woman. It was a scream, thin and high-pitched, sharpened with some final terror that brought a curdle 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 knife was flung through the air but he dodged it as it went glimmering past and pinged into the wood behind him. A revolver barked from behind a capstan and a bullet went whining close over his head. A denim-clad Goliath with a bared bronze chest swung down on him with a poised crow-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 auto-

matic and fighting his way through their scattered line.

He heard the woman's scream repeated as he ran toward the cabin from which it rose. But when he got to that cabin 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 he saw the mottled and blood-streaked face of Sig Kurder 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 grimly 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 splashed with red, as they tottered 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 Kurder began. He was conscious only of something snapping, sharp as the break of an arrow-string, 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 lay pallid and imperilled in the arm of a drink-sodden animal who sought to possess her. And that was enough.

The feral spark exploded and he was once more a caveman battling for his own. He found himself fighting with the fury of a tigress 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 thrashed and lurched their way about the littered cabin. But that, apparently, would have made too brief that battle in which he

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 adamitic joy in feeling the thump of clenched bone against flaccid 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 blows took the last glimmer of power from the thick-sinewed arms so darkened with wind and weather and so repulsively bristled with their pale and 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, prompted him 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's Drakma's boat coming!"

He saw the shadowy group about his doorway turn.

"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 staring at the second shadow of battleship grey crowding down on them over the long swells of cobalt blue that broke into foam before the racing cutwaters, he dropped the almost helpless girl into the dingy and clambered overboard after her. He stopped only long enough to snatch his triangulator 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 drifting 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 rifling 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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Sani-Flush

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he was once more struggling with the oars. "Lie flat!" he suddenly called out. "They may try to shoot as they come!"

But they did not come. For a small dark object, dropping from the hovering plane, fell like a plummet on the polished deck of the racing yacht. There was a deafening report, a rending of the superstructure, a shower of splintered wood and metal through the air. The boat long and lean like an otter lurched and veered about like a mallard with a broken wing. A bearded and gorilla-like figure, clad in spotless white duck, still leaned over the burnished rail as it drifted by the helpless dingey tossing on the open sea. Deliberately that figure raised one thick arm and pointed it towards the castaways crouched in the small boat beneath him. The sun flashed on the thing of metal clasped in his fingers.

But before those fingers could move a carbine barked out from the deck of the destroyer and the gorilla-like figure in spotless white crumpled down behind the burnished rail, with a widening pool of red spotting the slope of the bone-white deck-boards.

"We're saved!" gasped Alan in a voice weak with fatigue and hunger and joy as he lurched forward and fell beside the half-clad body of the girl.

And when they found him, still in that coma of utter weariness, they noticed that one arm lay across the sea-case of his precious triangulator and the other across the passive but still breathing body of Mary Walsworth. . . .

WHEN, two hours later, Alan Holt felt fresh clothing about his bruised body and the tug of the black coffee on his tired heart-strings, he looked up to see Admiral Walsworth step into the commander's quarters and slowly close the door behind him.

"That's the one cloud on what should have been a perfect day," the older man meditatively observed, struggling between a smile and a frown.

"What's happened?" asked Alan, pushing away the plate of bacon and eggs he had just emptied. He was still very tired and unhappily happy and uncertain of all the tangled future.

"Why, it's that young friend of yours, young Don Powell," was the other's reply. "He's just played ducks and drakes with service orders. And I suppose they'll have to court-martial the scoundrel for it."

"What has he done?" asked Alan, looking to see if there was still more coffee in the commander's silver-scrubbed pot.

"The young upstart tried to bribe the radio officer here to let him broadcast a message back to some Virginia girl he speaks of as Ruth. This is an American battleship, sir, and that operator quite naturally refused. And when he was momentarily absent from his wireless station young Powell defied law and order by violating that station and doing the broadcasting on his own hook. And it will be a nice mix-up when the Department gets over digesting that young outlaw's crazy love message.

Alan's smile, though a weary one, was not without its mirth.

"And there was another thing I wanted to speak to you about," continued the none too happy-eyed officer, as his hand went out to the other's shoulder. "Alan, I'm afraid I did you an injustice. I'm—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 she—the—the young sorceress actually tried to implicate me in one of her defence-plan 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 brave lad, 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 stepped 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 waiting, he remembered, for the woman he loved.

[THE END]

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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, August or September 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 three chances to win one of the four radio sets offered. The contest closes October 15. Better mail your request now for the missing installments to Photoplay Magazine, 750 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

NEGLECTED WOMEN—F. B. O.

ANOTHER 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 neglectful 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 peppy roles but the comedy itself is thin and padded with miles of exaggerated hick hokum.

WINE—Universal

ANOTHER 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, groans 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 licks *Baiting 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 fight, 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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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—or even potatoes! Indeed, it may become a daily battle with the calories.

Marion Davies checks up \$100,000 for clothes in her budget for the year. Of this amount, she spends about a thousand dollars a week for costumes for her pictures. Off 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 "Janice Meredith," she wore twenty-two costumes, made at a cost of \$350 each. Besides that, she wore two cloaks which cost \$500 apiece. "Yolanda" required a more elaborate and expensive wardrobe. Each costume required an expenditure of \$500, 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 six months and a year in the studio, for 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 nor 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 \$48,000 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 Miss Davies paid for them. 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 \$18,000. The sable coat gets 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 faring forth to luncheon in a blaze of diamonds. She wears her jewels sparingly and only upon rare occasions. In fact, she displays them much on the principle of the society women who take their jewelry out of the bank vaults once a year for the opening of the opera. For the most part, she keeps her pearls, her bracelets and her rings safely in the custody of the jeweler.

It is easy to think of Rudolph Valentino as being the possessor of a vast and varied wardrobe. Quite the contrary in reality. Valentino, like Thomas Meighan and Richard Barthelmess, spends comparatively little for clothes.

These three stars have a conservative wardrobe, including such necessities as tuxedos, full dress suits, afternoon suits and sport clothes, but it is safe to say that the average young man of moderate wealth has a far bigger variety of clothes.

There are certain male stars who affect a more elaborate wardrobe. Antonio Moreno is one. His clothes run to \$10,000 a year. He keeps some thirty pairs of shoes, 100 to 125 suits, three cutaways, three dress suits, three tuxedos and four or five golf suits always ready.

The average feminine star pays around \$20,000 to \$25,000 a year for her clothes. Claire Windsor's yearly wardrobe, for instance, runs to this amount.

The cost of costuming Norma Talmadge in a photoplay such as "Sacrifice" amounts to a most considerable item. In "Sacrifice" Norma



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attends a ball, visits a country club, sails across the Atlantic on an ocean liner, has several gay parties in London, takes a long trip aboard her yacht, and uses many street gowns in the New York sequences of the picture.

Two evening coats cost \$640; three street coats, \$480; eight evening gowns, \$1,440; five three-piece suits, \$1,050; four day dresses, \$845; twelve hats, \$782; three jersey skirts, \$310; four jersey sweaters, \$340; four silk blouses, \$204; five negligees, \$365; three night gowns, \$98.50; two petticoats, \$92.50; six chemises, \$210; five corsets, \$220; six combinations, \$322; four two-piece sets of evening underwear, \$140; three slips, \$84; two bathing suits, \$37; thirty pairs of evening stockings, \$480; twenty-two pairs of day stockings, \$264; eight pairs of evening slippers, \$288; six pairs of day slippers, \$108; seven pairs of gloves, \$56; six monogrammed handkerchiefs, \$37.50; two evening hand-bags, \$134; three day hand-bags, \$123.

The most expensive items are, of course, jewels and furs. A mink coat cost several thousand dollars. Miss Talmadge's collection of furs is one of the most expensive in America.

Her riding habits, of which she has eight, change but little in style and these she does not have made over for each picture. She buys comparatively few handkerchiefs, because each Christmas she receives innumerable boxes of them.

"Sacrifice" was not the most expensive of Norma's photoplays by any means, but including the furs purchased and a hundred and one minor items of dress Norma's expenses ran close to \$18,000.

Norma makes at least four pictures a year and her expenditures on costumes and clothes for each picture vary, of course, with the nature of the photoplay. If it is a costume picture such as "Ashes of Vengeance" her clothes expenditures are liable to mount to more than \$25,000, for it must be remembered that Norma is filmed in many costumes which for one reason or another do not appear in the finished picture.

For one scene in "Secrets" Norma Talmadge was filmed eight different times in eight different costumes, but she is seen in only one of these costumes in the finished production. The other scenes and costumes were discarded because they did not photograph so well as the one chosen.

IN the course of a year Joseph M. Schenck, her husband and producer, spends from \$60,000 to \$80,000 on Norma's clothes, including the expense of maintaining a wardrobe department with its many needlewomen and large staff which is continually busy whether Norma is "between pictures" or "on the set."

It costs around \$40,000 a year to dress Pola Negri for her productions, which average four pictures a year. Here are what a few of her pictures cost: "Bella Donna," \$12,000; "The Cheat," \$11,000; "Spanish Dancer," \$14,000; "Shadows of Paris," \$10,500; "Men," \$7,500; "Lily of the Dust," \$7,900.

The first two were stories where Pola Negri used many fashion creations. There were a number of changes. "The Spanish Dancer" was a costume picture, and the period called for expensive materials and accessories. In the last three Pola has played a poor girl during the early part of the picture. That is, she had just one suit and an old dirty dress. In the middle of the productions she had an opportunity to wear expensive clothes.

The following money was spent for her in "Lily of the Dust": Eight dresses—two dinner, two street, three afternoon, one morning dress, \$3,500; one coat trimmed in fur and one motor coat, \$1,000; one suit, \$150; nine pairs shoes (all kinds) and hose, \$150; eleven pairs white gloves, nine pairs dark gloves, \$100; three expensive negligees (two fur trimmed), \$1,200; jewelry (some is purchased and some rented), \$800; incidentals (includes underwear, waists, sweaters, head dresses, bags, pocket books), \$1,000.

It is a safe estimate that Corinne Griffith



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spends approximately \$25,000 for her clothing used in her pictures during one year. As she appears in four pictures a year, this would mean that the outlay for clothing for each picture is better than \$6,000.

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, \$839.81; pearl head-dress, \$26.96; black negligee, \$257.90; pearled and orange blossom head-dress for wedding gown, \$28.01; white satin wedding gown, \$150.26; white net veil, \$508.98; peach colored tennis jacket and net waist, \$109.26; tennis head band, \$18.00; white charmean sport skirt, \$56.76; flesh radium slip, \$29.23; blue crepe satin dress, ribbon braid trimming, \$367.29; black crepe satin dress, \$155.44.

This totals more than \$2,500, but does not include an array of hats (each hat running from \$25.00 up), shoes, stockings and the unmentionables which go with each outfit.

In the cast of "Black Oxen" it is estimated that approximately \$8,000 was spent for costumes.

The above items include the making and material. The clothing was made for the most part by her own costumers. The cost does not include overhead.

If they were purchased at a store, the same quality goods would cost considerably more, as, of course, it would include overhead charges and profits.

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 58]

from their chairs audibly expressing their belief in fairies, are all hers."

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 Barrie's famous play. Patiently, officials of 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 point 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 rôle. 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 rôle in 1911 and continued until part way through 1913. The same year that Maud Adams first appeared as "Peter Pan" in America, Cissie Loftus played it in London. Pauline Chase then played the rôle from 1907 to 1913.

Madge Titheradge, Unity Moore, Fay Compton, Faith Celli, Georgette Cohan, 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.

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Mr. Barbara La Marr

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

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, what 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 love 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 sneers in every one'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. And 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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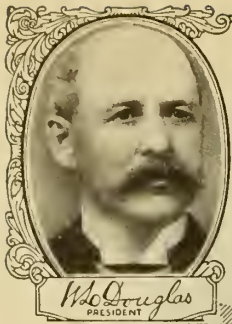
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hear them flatter and stretch the truth every minute of the day. And in order to counteract that, in order to help her keep her head and her feet firmly planted, in reality I often had to remind her of her failings or to argue against these people. And that isn't a happy situation for a man who loves a woman. He doesn't want to appear to his loved one as a policeman always warning her against dangers and he wants to be able to smother her in flattery and compliments as part of his love-making. I couldn't, and be anywhere near fair to Barbara.

In order to be success as a star's husband a man must be without one ounce of jealousy in his whole body. He must realize that she is famous, that she will be the center of everything everywhere she goes, that throngs of people will always be flattering her, and he must be big enough only to be happy that she is successful. He must grow accustomed to living always in the background, to giving up his own likes and dislikes, putting up endlessly with people he doesn't care anything about, being insulted and ignored by people he knows to be his inferiors. He can console himself with the pride of having a great star for a wife and, above all, as long as she tells him she loves him he can stagger along under the trials for a while. But in the end if he's a man and has been brought up with the average man's angle on women and marriage, it'll get him exactly as it got me. And I'm sorry and I know Barbara is sorry because—in the beginning—we did love each other very much.

The Girl on the Cover

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

Temple of Venus." Everything had gone wrong, and in one small but very important part he had tried half a dozen actresses and found them sadly wanting. At last, in desperation, he wirelessly for another girl. The Fox casting office came back with the suggestion of Mary Philbin and, though the director had never heard of her, he was too far gone to care.

The following evening as he sat in his tent, someone knocked and he lifted the flap to see a very thin girl, her face almost green-white and her hair in strings about her face. He decided he had never seen a more hopelessly unattractive girl, and failed to take into account that some people get very seasick sailing to San Clemente.

"What'd you want?" he asked crossly. "I—I don't want anything," said the girl, "I—the boat did go up and down so. I'm Mary Philbin." "My God," said the director.

When he had sufficiently recovered, he sent a wire to the Fox casting office. Every few minutes during the night he thought of something else he might have said to convey to them his opinion of their casting ability, and he'd send another message.

In the morning he started to work with an empty camera. He wasn't going to waste any film on Mary Philbin. She looked a little better, but not much. He'd direct her in a few scenes, in order to be fair, and then he'd put her on a boat for the mainland. If it sank, that would probably be best for everyone.

Two hours later he and his scenario writer were busy re-writing the script—around Mary.

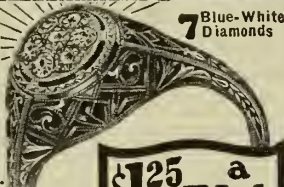
On the Universal lot she is the prime favorite with the publicity department. The boys tell me that she's extremely entertaining and very intelligent, once she loses her shy reserve, and once she knows anyone well enough to be friendly she has a fund of humor and quaint philosophy behind her bashful silence.

She was born and brought up in Chicago, went to grammar school, and was in her junior year of high school when her mother— isn't it a good thing mothers have "the seeing eye"—decided to enter her in the beauty contest.

And I think I am safe in saying that today the majority of screen authorities and critics regard her as one of the coming great artists of the screen, if not its future Duse.

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Dagmar Wins Part With Valentino

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

matter of taste. Anyway, she too, attracts attention wherever she goes. "There goes Dagmar Godowsky," whispers the little blond ingenue. "I wonder where she got that Russian dress, because I'd like one just like it." But the trouble is, the little blond ingenue 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 Jetta makes faces at the sketches which Mrs. Valentino has designed. Mrs. Valentino loses her patience; Jetta 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 Jetta 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. Jetta 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 Irvin Willat's picture, "The Story Without a Name," which they produced. It is rumored 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 rôle 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, that 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 sheik, and peace reigning supreme on the Paramount lot.

His Dignity Affronted

MUCH annoyance was caused to a famous film actor the other day at Brighton. It seems that a sea-front photographer asked him if he would like to have his photograph taken.
—Punch.

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FRIENDLY ADVICE

From
Carolyn Van Wyck

EVERYBODY wants to be popular. The desire for popularity has its root deep in our natures. That root is love of approbation. It is a natural and proper wish. 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. We can learn from them.

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 fleckless. 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 that pleased her more than any compliment she had ever received. "It isn't commonplace praise," she said. "It is extraordinary."

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. Whatever induces perspiration lessens weight. The article you mention is used successively by many of my friends. Avoid catching cold when you remove the rubber girdle. Bathe 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.

Burnt 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 watch can look, when worn with that 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; 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

MARIE, MONTREAL, CAN.

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 naturally 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 trimmings.

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.

Pat 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, TUSCUMBIA, 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.

A. E. J., MONONGAH, W. VA.

I should certainly give it a fair trial. It may afford you immense relief.

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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 your complexion is clear, violet, or any shade of blue, should 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.

Olive oil, 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 large city, where opportunities are legion, 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 going out of 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 over weight, Marion. Better rely upon exercise to reduce that weight and make haste slowly. Walking and swimming should rid you of the excess flesh in time. It 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 figure cannot be made normal in a day, nor a week, nor a month. You must cultivate patience, my child. Exercise it while you work and wait for improvement.

BESSIE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Some mature women whom I know use rubber bands effectively for what you mention as the cause of your anxiety. Perhaps you need more exercise and fewer sweets and pies and potatoes. Walk as many miles a day 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 the freckle remedy. 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, RANDOEN, 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 advertisements only of those articles which it has investigated. Give them a thorough trial. Do not expect a miracle in a day. Inquire at the postoffice, 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. Sometimes we send the letter with the enclosure by registered mail.



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Write for full details of this offer; also Million Dollar Bargain Book. Everything sold on amazingly easy terms. Buying a diamond this way makes you save money. Diamonds are always worth more than you pay. Write for book now—Free. Address:

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FREE Write today for my FREE BOOKLET, "A CLEAR-TONE SKIN,"—telling how I cured myself after being afflicted 15 years.

E. S. GIVENS, 139 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

H. E. S., OSCEOLA, NEB.

Have you tried rubbing vaseline, olive oil or coconut oil, into your scalp? All are nutrients for the hair cells. Do you brush your hair thoroughly every night and morning and do you knead it gently but firmly with your fingers? Not with your finger nails, but with the cushions of the fingers, my dear? If you have tried all these thoroughly then you would better consult a physician. What you most need, I think, is upbuilding of bodily strength.

ETHEL, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

You are facing one of the most, perhaps the most, serious problems of your life. Twenty, and you have fallen seriously in love with a married man who has two children and "is dissatisfied at home." Should you give him up?

What would your answer be if you were his wife. I advise you to avoid the man's company. Fill your days and thoughts with other interests. Forget him. If he has broken his vow to love someone else "so long as they both do live" what reason have you for believing that he will keep any vows he has made or will make to you? Vanity aside, Ethel, why? Perhaps you are not in love with this man of apparently fugitive affections but only in love with what you think is love.

No, Ethel. Follow my advice and some day you will thank me for it, even though, silently, in your heart. The man who is unfaithful to his wife is liable to be unfaithful to any other woman. One of the most terrible charges ever made against a candidate, and one that destroyed his political career, was "He is not loyal to anyone. Not even to his own."

MARIE, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Olive oil, coconut oil, or vaseline, gently rubbed into the edges of the eyelids, have promoted the growth of the lashes. "Gently," I said, and I need not tell you—no doubt, dainty Marie—that the fingers that apply them must have been scrubbed with soap and water and sterilized, lest harm befall the eyes.

GRATEFUL, DETROIT, MICH.

For one of your coloring the brunette tones of powder, rouge and lipstick. Yes, I approve that kind of hair waving.

M. L., BRONX, N. Y.

You are not overweight. Your weight needs redistribution. You would better buy a girdle. One in which rubber is plentiful will help you to reduce, for it will cause perspiration. We lose weight more satisfactorily in summer than in winter because in the hot months we perspire much more.

PEARL, OSKALOOSA, IA.

You need a fattening regimen. You should drink much sweet milk, five minutes for each glass of milk. Chocolates, pastry, puddings, potatoes will all contribute to your weight.

ALICE, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

It is the girl's social duty to speak first to the young man when she meets him again after an introduction. It is not necessary to extend your hand when acknowledging an introduction. The mention of the name is enough.

H. P. W., GREAT FALLS, MON.

The weight assigned by the beauty authorities to your height is one hundred fifteen pounds. Fewer sweets, more exercise, more life in the out of doors, should gradually bring your weight to that figure.

GRACE, EAST SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

Much exercise and a minimum of food will correct you of overplumpness. Overweight remedies are advertised in this magazine. To acquire "a pleasing personality and to become an interesting talker" is not a matter of a month or two, my friend. Read, listen, think, smile. The rest, some day, will follow. Forget yourself and think of others. That will untie the tethered tongue.

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 men and 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 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—we have a message for you 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 scenario 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 will only take advantage of it.

For more than six years the Palmer Institute of Authorship has been co-operating with magazine editors and motion picture producers in the search for and the development of new writers. Some of the best known authors, dramatists and motion picture producers have given 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 Mezquida, another Palmer student, won the second prize of \$1000, and seven \$500 prizes were also won by Palmer students.

In another contest, A. Earle Kauffman won a \$1500 prize with a scenario headed "The Leopard Lily." Another student, Miss Euphrasie Molle, sold her first story, "The Violets of Yesteryear," to Hobart Bosworth. Louis Victor Eyttinge wrote "The Man Under Cover" while in prison, and sold it to the Universal Pictures Corporation.

"Judgment of the Storm," and "The White Sin" were also written by Palmer students. 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 fresh and virile stories 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 cash and 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.

Fifty free scholarships will be awarded annually upon a basis of earnest effort rather than originality or brilliance.

Thus both *genius* and *industry* receive equal opportunity to share in these awards.

Well-known Writers Help You

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 that sell through the Palmer Institute of Authorship.

You learn to write by writing. You write actual stories and motion picture scenarios 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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(Formerly of the Faculty Columbia University)

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Author and Motion Picture Director

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Publisher

JAMES R. QUIRK
Editor and Publisher Photoplay Magazine

C. GARDNER SULLIVAN
Screen Writer and Director

BRIAN HOOKER
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FREDERIC TABER COOPER
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WRITE FOR THIS FREE BOOK "The New Road to Authorship"

It describes the ideals and purposes of the Palmer Institute of Authorship and tells 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 fame and fortune if you have the latent ability to write. Just mail the coupon and we'll send you a copy of this book FREE.



PALMER INSTITUTE OF AUTHORSHIP
Affiliated with Palmer Photoplay Corporation
Dept. 12-K, Palmer Bldg. Hollywood, Calif.

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

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trim and pretty is to
have a pair of Brown
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one can use them.

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P. P. 10

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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 every month exchange advice, encouragement, information.

Here gather such screen writers as Charles Kenyon, Howard Higgin, Winifred Dunn, Ethel Tyles Middleton, Sada Cowan, Rita Weiman.

Such fiction spinners as Eugene Manlove Rhodes, H. Bedford-Jones, F. Rupert Crewe, Frederick Jackson, Carl Clausen, Gerald B. Breitigam, Ruth Cross, Magda Leigh, Arthur J. Messier.

The entrance fees are 25c a month, \$2.50 a year. They should be sent to:

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Are you proud to look at it? Is it free from all unpleasant hair, with the under-arm white and smooth and dainty?

Del-a-tone will remove every trace of disfiguring hair in three minutes. Just spread it on a moist paste, wash off, and marvel at the result.

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I enclose 10c for sample of Del-a-tone, and folder, "The Whole Truth About Depilatories"—in plain wrapper

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HALINA, RANGOON, BURMAH.

So 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 friendly and jolly and such good sports." Write to the director of the Inkowa Club, 12 West Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y. Write her as directly from your girlish heart, hungry for friendship, as 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 Director 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 filled. You may be able to give her interesting hints on Persian and Burmese life and character and costumes.

MARIE, 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. I fancy you use too much powder. Your coatings are too thick. Dust your face lightly with it. You are a little overweight. "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 bob 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 so 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 itself. But somehow we believe that the function of real art is to suggest; that the photoplay ought to play upon the imaginations. If the director can not catch the suggestion of Florence without dragging his cameras and his players to Florence, he isn't 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." Wilde is right. Art 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 we give the principal active ones. The first is the business office; (s) indicates studio; in some cases both are at one address.

ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS, INC., 35 West 45th Street, New York City.
Douglas MacLean, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
Mack Sennett Productions, 1712 Grendale Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

ASSOCIATED FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES, 383 Madison Ave., New York City.
Richard Barthelmess Productions, Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Ave., New York City.
Edwin Carewe Productions, Associated First Nat'l Pictures, 619 Pacific Finance Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.
Samuel Goldwyn Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
Thomas H. Ince Productions, Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Norma and Constance Talmadge Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
Maurice Tourneur Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

DISTINCTIVE PICTURES CORP., 366 Madison Ave., New York City; (s) 807 East 175th St., New York City.

EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORPORATION, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
Christie Comedies, Christie Film Co., Inc., Sunset at Gower St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Hamilton Comedies, Lloyd Hamilton Corp., 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Mermal Comedies, Jack White Corp., 5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION (PARAMOUNT), 485 Fifth Avenue, New York.
(s) Paramount, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.
(s) Lasky, Hollywood, Calif.
British Paramount, (s) Poole St., Islington, N. London, England.
Wm. S. Hart Productions, (s) 1215 Bates Street, Hollywood, Calif.

F. B. O. OF AMER., INC., 723 Seventh Avenue, New York City; (s) Corner Gower and Melrose Streets, Hollywood, Calif.

FOX FILM CORPORATION, (s) 10th Ave. and 55th St., New York City; (s) 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. (s) Rome, Italy.

W. W. HODKINSON CORPORATION, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

METRO-GOLDWYN, 1540 B'way, New York City.
(s) Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Cal.
Buster Keaton Prod., Keaton Studio, 1205 Lillian Way, Hollywood, Cal.
Jackie Coogan Prod., Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Cal.
International Films, Inc. (Cosmopolitan Prod.) 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.
(s) Second Ave. & 127th St., New York City.

PALMER PHOTOPLAY CORPORATION, Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Calif., Producing at Thos. H. Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.

PATHE EXCHANGE, Pathe Bldg., 35 West 45th Street, New York City.
Harold Lloyd Corporation, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Hal. E. Roach Studios, Inc., Culver City, Calif.
Mack Sennett Comedy Productions, Los Angeles, Calif.

PRINCIPAL PICTURES CORPORATION, 1540 Broadway, New York City; (s) 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. Baby Peggy Productions.

ROTHACKER FILM MFG. COMPANY, 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Illinois; Rothacker-Aller Laboratories, Inc., Hollywood, Calif.

UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
George Arliss Productions, Distinctive Prod., 366 Madison Avenue, New York City.
Rex Beach Productions, United Artists Corp., 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
Charlie Chaplin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
D. W. Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.
Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, and Jack Pickford.

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. COMPANY, 1600 Broadway, New York City; (s) Universal City, Calif.
Century Comedies, Circle Blvd., Hollywood.

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, (s) East 15th Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York; (s) 1708 Talmadge Street, Hollywood, Calif.

WARNER BROTHERS, 1600 Broadway, New York City; (s) Sunset Blvd. at Bronson, Los Angeles.

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 had 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 at 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 gowned 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 one of them is extremely 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 menagerie and my maid. I'm a traveling circus, a hippodrome. That's what I am."

Incidentally, Alice still has some time left on her contract with Famous Players-Lasky. When she will fill it is problematical. If lightning strikes the big tent 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.

Photo by Sykes



See how this side of face denotes the woman's age, 64 years.

Now, fold this side of picture under, along dotted line, and see how facial filming restored youth. Time of treatment 25 minutes.

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 photograph. If you think it cannot cope with age—the lady in the picture is 64 years old! If you doubt that face filming always works, on any human skin—and will work on yours—read of the arrangements for letting you try it.

Facial Film was born in France. Because of the tremendous cost, its use has been restricted until now. Its base is *neoplasma*, worth \$5,000 a pound! The perfecting 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 inexcusable. Even deep furrows may now be removed from the countenance: wrinkles succumb to a single application of *neoplasma* film; every minor blemish in skin young or old dissolve almost with the first touch.

When women realize the full significance of this discovery there will be no "old" young faces—no "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 this regeneration of tissue. So are the fine lines 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 nervous 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 this 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, but it is a physical re-agent accomplishing the same astonishing changes for which women have undergone plastic surgery. The results are the same—without the risk, discomfort or expense. You have read of the remarkable results of "face-lifting"; *neoplasma*

is just as effective and being Nature's way is vastly safer and more satisfactory. Facial filming brings a new era of beauty and beauty methods. It dooms the superficial, surface preparations which are of no scientific activity, for this process of rejuvenating the tissues puts a swift—almost instantaneous—end to skin impurities of all kinds. It renders pores clear, clean and pliant.

And now for the proof: *neoplasma* sufficient to supply in solution to as many as respond to this first public announcement will be distributed by mail from Chicago. The film is used without special knowledge or skill; it is effective in the hands of anybody using the simple instructions issued with each supply. It is a liquid film and comes in a *vescule* which seals the contents against any deterioration even while in use. Your skin may require one adrenalizing or several, depending on its condition, your age, etc. But your first filming will bring such youth to your skin as will astound you. It is a fresh wonder of Science that is comparable to radium. It is the true *neoplasma* which in other forms has been found in the practice of medicine to restore the activity of a heart that has ceased beating. All-powerful but harmless. Skin regeneration is a discovery so far reaching that preparations which merely pamper the complexion, even rouge, will soon be abandoned.

Druggists have not been supplied yet. For a full *vescule* of *neoplasma* film mail coupon below. You need not enclose the fee (two dollars) unless you choose; payment may be made on arrival. *You don't pay anything* unless your gratitude for benefits knows no bounds. Women have voluntarily tendered twenty-five and fifty dollars at the laboratory for the same results guaranteed you. Seeing is believing; use coupon printed here:

PHARMACEUTICAL PRODUCTS LTD. 3C
456 So. State St., Chicago

Please send full *vescule* of Facial Film for free trial. I will pay postman \$2 and postage subject to return unless filming brings the remarkable benefits described. (If handier, enclose two dollars and save the postage; same money-back guarantee applies).

Name
Address.....

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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 Belmar for \$4,500. 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 the audience turned and waited for Fox to speak. He was smoking 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 cheered up and the Box Office Attractions Company took on some new directors, including Frank Powell and Edgar Lewis.

Early in the busy producing schedule came "A Fool There Was." Fox acquired the screen rights to the stage play, which had been evolved from Kipling's poem, "The Vampire," which in turn had been inspired by a painting 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 Pathe's Eclectic pictures, was cast for the title role, and for at least a share in the direction.

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 Pathe in "The Stain," a Forrest Halsey scenario. She had appeared in a scene on location at Lake Ronkonkomo 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 Theodosia Goodman, professionally "Miss de Coppet," responded. She was the much sought extra.

Jose sent word to Fox, who looked into the room and passed his approval with a nod.

Miss de Coppet gleefully took the part in "A Fool There Was" at an agreed \$100 a week and departed with a copy of the script.

The next day she was back.

"Of course I'd like the part and all that—but it takes seventeen gowns!"

"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 but ready

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for the launching when differences arose between Jose and the Fox organization. He walked out and his name was off the billing.

A large displeasure seems to have arisen in the Fox office over the departure of Jose. The results were to have a vital effect on a new career.

Jose of the title role was gone and his name with him. The picture had to have a star. The vamp role was the only other possibility.

"De Coppet" did not appeal to Fox, seeking something that would decorate the billboards. The actress was consulted for the choice of a screen name.

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.

Thereupon it ordained a career of vampiring screen sin for the demure and circumspect Miss Theodosia Goodman.

But the making of the great Bara myth had only begun.

The first flare of success was only an encouragement to greater iniquities of fiction.

A new plotter and compounder came into the situation with the employment of Al Selig, a newspaper confrere of Winfield Sheehan's days on the New York World. Selig was assigned to the publicity affairs of this vamping Theda.

Immediately Miss Goodman began to acquire a most amazing atmospheric past. 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 Baconian 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, also by Selig's word, a crystal gazing 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 promisingly 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 vicarious 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 Bara make-up off, she went home to read the Ladies' Home Journal and the complete works of the late William Shakespeare.

The Theda Bara myth grew so pungent that it defeated itself, by 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 photoplay critics of the Chicago press to meet 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 tuberoses and incense.



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"Give me air!" commanded Bara.
"And publicity," added Selig.
Bara snaked her way through 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 agitations 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," Kleime's "Cabiria" and Vitagraph's "The Christian," which by the bye had been a failure in a pretentious presentation at the Manhattan Opera House in New York.

The now ascendant school of vampire pictures founded on Theda Bara's "A Fool There Was," was adding 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 whole negro race 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 in the picture, but it would be unfair 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 make pictures than to make 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 really a fight for the whole institution of the screen.

Meanwhile, on the road with the picture, J. J. McCarthy and his associate, 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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to negro leaders in every part of the United States. The president of the Boston organization was Mansfield Storey, 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 intelligentsia. From its pages one discovers that Dr. Charles Norton Eliot, head of Harvard and trademark of the five-foot shelf, charged the picture with historical inaccuracy and a tendency to perversion 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 T. Washington wrote letters to the papers. It was charged, and probably true, that the audiences were sprinkled with Pinkerton men to suppress demonstrations. If so, it was wise management. But for campaign 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 aroar 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 incidental defeat of censorship measures in some thirty states and cities.

The bitterness of the battle gave Griffith the theme for his next *magnus 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 aisles of history.

Other effects, slightly less obvious, and more closely confined within the motion picture industry itself, are traceable in some degree to "The Birth of a Nation." Somewhere between the fact that this, a motion picture, was commanding such an unprecedented attention from high and low, and the fact that the Griffith preachments 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 pictures.

Self-consciousness came as a preparation for a sensation for responsibility, which is today still slowly making its way into the motion picture industry.

For the first twenty years the motion picture



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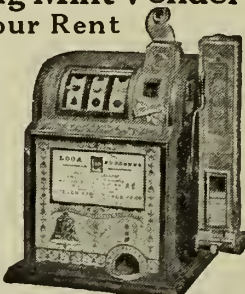
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business had been fighting for the pennies in the slums. It was time to look a bit now toward the folks uptown.

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 Wasserbauer's for paprika chicken with noodles, began now to conspicuously and ornately lunch at Delmonico's with religious fidelity. The blazing arrays of Kimberly door-knobs in vogue as testimonials of film prosperity in 1910 gave way to the conspicuous modesty of single stones worn deep-set in rings of chaste platinum and black enamel. This became the sign and symbol of a film executive. In the upper sanctoria of film offices waxed mahogany and two-tone walnut began to push out golden oak. Several of the best auction pinochle players in New York gave up the game and took to golf.

Every institution of profound correctness on the Avenue from Thorley to Tiffany felt the ingress of a new and sometimes timid line of customers.

Motion Pictures "Damage Theater's Reputation"

The lowly status from which the motion picture was now emerging is vividly illuminated by the records of a line of litigation which 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 Company 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 would not use or permit the premises to be used "for any purpose deemed disreputable or extrahazardous on account of fire," etc.

Now Belasco has used the theater for first class plays with admissions from 25 cents to \$2.00. 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 his theater so damaged by a motion picture show was the grandfather of Elaine Hammerstein, screen star of a more recent day.

This impulse, to become important and all that, was immediately reflected in a new quest of stars and names which should support the new pose of impressiveness.

Sometime early in 1915 Morris Gest, Broadway stage impresario, appears to have suggested to the Lasky company that it would be possible to induce Geraldine Farrar, beautiful and anointed of the sacred aroma of the great Metropolitan Opera House, to appear in pictures. It was also even possible, it was suggested, that Farrar might prefer to go to California for the Lasky company, rather than to accept a contract with Zukor's Famous Players—in the event she was properly transported West and returned in a private car, being maintained the while in Hollywood in a manner that should become her position.

Lasky Engages Geraldine Farrar

Jesse Lasky and his then brother-in-law, Samuel, then Goldfish, met Farrar under the soft lights of her drawing-room and were promptly and properly swept into a contract. It stipulated three pictures, "Carmen," "Maria Rosa" and "Temptation," to be done in eight weeks, for a salary of \$20,000, house, servants, groceries and motor car in Hollywood—and a special car for the rail journeys.

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interviewed on everything from art to tooth-picks and the motion picture was rediscovered by several national magazines. Also the film folks 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 "Carmen" with Theda Bara.

Through this same period of realignments the motion picture was undergoing important evolutions, notably at the Griffith studios in California, where incidental to his greater enterprises he was producing four reel dramas, released as Mutual Master Pictures under Aitken auspices in New York. Griffith was continuing the traditions of Biograph and training a new coterie of directors. The Griffith counsels with his company about him under 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 disreputable straw hat, often letting his interest run on to the neglect of rehearsals. Elmer Clifton, Jack Adolphi and W. Christy Cabanne 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 casual importance and Anita Loos, 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 frivols of the little debutante set of Spokane and came down to Los Angeles for a career. She had begun playing bits in Morosco 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 reelers for Kalem.

Signe Auen and Neilan had met at the summer resort of Lake Coeur d'Alene in Idaho some years before. In those pre-picture days the handsome young Neilan was the *protege* of Colonel I. 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 say nothing 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.

A year 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.

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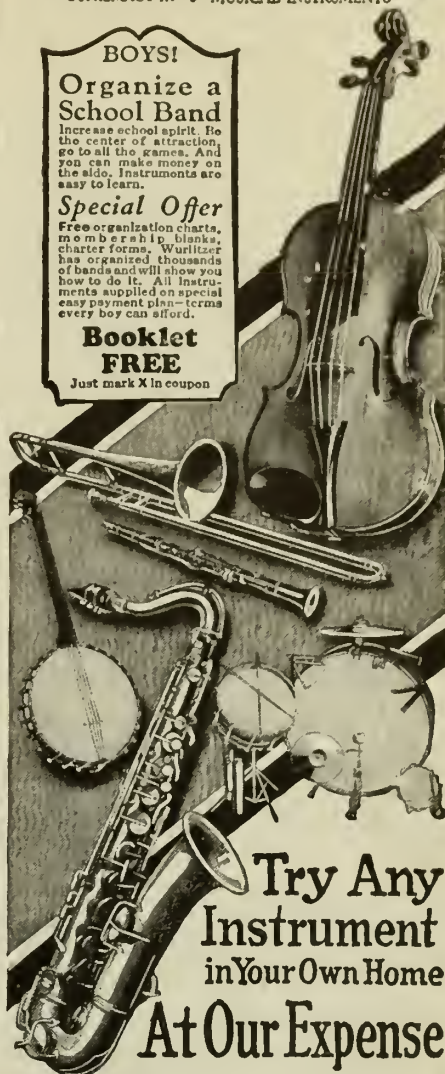
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tunately, were being bought by the Mutual on a footage basis just like the little one reels. This bulk method which tended to ignore quality gave a safe sure profit to the picture makers if they held down their costs. We have already seen how the rising cost of Chaplin's services had by this condition lost him to Keystone and Mutual.

Despite the attention now beginning to come to the long pictures in the larger theaters of the larger centers the old line motion picture men were gravely shaking their heads over "the feature craze" and forecasting its early demise. For the time the figures seemed to be still on their side. The largest proportion of the seventeen thousand theaters of the country were still changing a program of short reels daily, and a ten cent admission price had become common for only a few months.

Trouble in "The Mutual" Camp

The Mutual had prospects of making great profits now if only things could be held on an even keel. The concern had made peace with the Motion Picture Patents Company in July, 1914, with a settlement of \$50,000 and it mattered nothing now how the still pending patent litigation of the test case between the Patents Company and Laemmle's Universal might result.

This new dramatic feature movement became the source now of discords and debates in the Mutual organization. John R. Freuler and Samuel S. Hutchinson of the American Film Company, both Mutual stockholders, came home from a trip to Europe to find that their first feature, "The Quest," with Margarita Fischer, had been put on the shelf by Mutual as unsatisfactory.

They charged discrimination by H. E. Aitken, the Mutual president, who had an interest in the New York Motion Picture concern and the Griffith pictures, along with Kessel and Baumann.

After an argument "The Quest" was accepted and released, but it had set the Mutual political pot to simmering and shortly it came to a boil.

Meanwhile Aitken, who had taken an aggressive part in the formation of Mutual, was watching the progress of Paramount with Zukor and Lasky pictures, projecting new fancies of promotion and organization.

The Triangle Company Is Launched

Rumors reached the financial background of Mutual that Aitken was planning a new concern.

At the annual meeting of May, 1915, Freuler was elected president of the Mutual Film Corporation to succeed Aitken. Freuler brought in John Cecil Graham, of prior exchange experience in the West and terms with Universal and other concerns in the East, to be his general manager, and Dennis J. Sullivan, formerly of the sales board of the American Tobacco Company, came in to operate the Freuler serial corporations releasing through Mutual.

Aitken went out to follow the new idea. Also the New York Motion Picture Corporation served notice of the termination of its relations with Mutual, taking thereby the Griffith, Ince and Sennett product.

Freuler began in haste to rebuild the Mutual supply of pictures with new feature contracts, on the footage basis which the makers demanded.

In July Aitken, after sundry financial conferences in New York, went West to La Hunta, Colorado, out in the sheep and sugar beet belt, to hold a most momentous meeting. D. W. Griffith, Thomas Ince and Mack Sennett met him there and closed agreements.

The Triangle Film Corporation was announced with a fanfare of publicity trumpets. It was both financial and theatrical showmanship which dictated the next move. A policy of motion pictures at two dollars a seat was proclaimed. The catch word caught on and brought a large newspaper attention.



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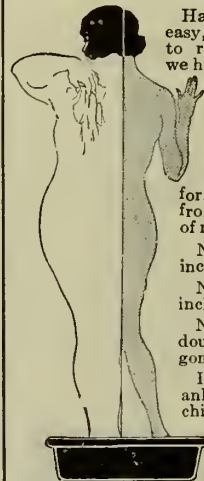
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Before long Triangle stock went on the curb and began to climb most profitably. The motion picture had at last joined up with American industry and the manipulation of the market. It was by this move "big business" now.

In Los Angeles the New York Motion Picture 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. Triangle announced coming screen productions with DeWolfe Hopper, Raymond Hitchcock, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, and other notables.

Up at the Knickerbocker Grill, Adam and Charles Kessell and C. O. Baumann 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 considered, a considerable stroke. Fairbanks had been sought for pictures before, when Daniel Frohman decoyed him into the 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 interesting 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.

Griffith 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 scenario department, and there evolved a plot entitled "The Lamb." It appeared on screen titles accredited to "Granville Warwick," 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 picture 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 comedies.

The organization acquired John Emerson, actor and stage director, late of Charles Frohman, Inc. Emerson had made two screen appearances, 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 now 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 petite Anita Loos.

"It seems," observed Emerson, reading a Loos script, "that you buy the kid's clever lines in the scenario and then throw them away. Why not put them 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 to build situations by action 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 photoplay was not to be the product of the camera alone, but must be a hybrid art, combining the picture and the printed word. That evolution was, none the less, immediately to hand.

Fairbanks, the star that Griffith did not admire, Emerson, the novitiate director, and Anita Loos, the writer of bright words that Griffith did not entirely appreciate, were



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a ther pushed off together as a unit to work out their own destiny. It meant fame for all three of them, and the foundation of an improved technique of screen story telling. The Griffith development of screen action now picked up a lot of Loos words. Some of the early Triangle releases thereby appeared with as much as forty per cent of their footage devoted to titles. The business of making "wise cracks" began to be a new motion picture profession.

"Smart" Titles Become the Rage

The effect first become apparent on screen humor. Without the assistance of the word, which has ever counted so much in American humor, the funny business of the screen was limited rather strictly to slapstick action. Perhaps the humor is much the same. The smart-aleck bumpkin's idea of a joke is to pull your chair out from under you, but Bernard Shaw does the same thing with verbal paradox.

Anyway in the Loos-Emerson-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 selected from reels of stock titles, "Wedding Bells," "The next day" and "Years later."

The relation of the title and picture is still evolving with prospect of another equally important step to come when picture makers will take the mechanical pains to present title and picture simultaneously. There have been symptoms and embryonic efforts in that direction for some years. Under the established method, as old as the screen, a motion picture title by reason of its complete interruption of the pictorial flow, must be either a forecast of 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 PHOTOPLAY 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. Hall Printing Company. PHOTOPLAY was 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 concern knew of James R. Quirk's successful efforts in behalf of Popular Mechanics Magazine. Quirk was from the newspaper field with experience in Boston, Washington and New York. Eastman went seeking 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 watches. 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 sold on any sort 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 PHOTOPLAY was a line of serious attention to the directors of motion pictures. This brought the beginning of recognition by the public for the man who 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 screen finance, the motion picture in 1914 and 1915 rose to an entirely new importance. Meanwhile the war in Europe was extending effects and influences which neither the United

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States nor its motion pictures could longer ignore. New personalities, new alignments and new excitements were coming.

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 New York City, of Spanish parents, Sept. 28, 1881. He played several seasons with E. H. Sothorn and William Faversham. He supported Margaret Anglin and other stage stars before going on the screen. His last stage appearance was in "The Gift."

R. L. M., DORCHESTER, MASS.—Here are their ages, since you must know, ungallant young man. Jobyna Ralston, nineteen; Lois Wilson, twenty-eight; Polly Archer, seventeen; Jacqueline Logan, twenty-two; Madge Kennedy, twenty-six.

G. K., SAN FRANCISCO.—Ah! Another Norman Kerry fan! His admirers seem to span the continent. Mr. Kerry's height is six feet, two inches, his weight one 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 be imposed upon by ugly leading women. Perhaps because they are good actresses, Mrs. S. Europeans scold 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 is the leading man in "The Last Moment." Claire Windsor was born April 14, 1897, in Cawker City, Kan.

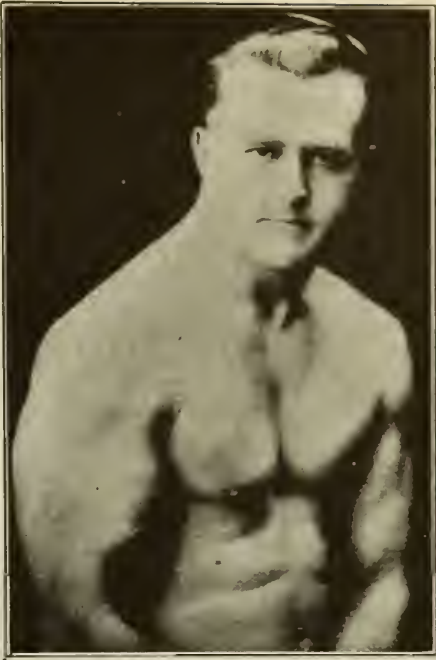
E. C. R., ST. PAUL, MINN.—Some of the producing companies occasionally need what are called "stunt actors." Excellent equestrians are included in that group. Gloria Swanson is an American. Conway Tearle has been married before. His present wife is Adele Rowland, well known to the stage for her dancing and singing. She sang "Pack Up Your Troubles" into wide popularity. In vaudeville.

ADELINE, APPLETON, MICH.—Always pleased to oblige. Ruth Roland is a "Coast 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 San Francisco hills. She appeared on the stage when she was three years old. Her height is five feet, two inches. She weighs one hundred and twenty-two pounds. She has a rare color scheme, for her eyes are violet, her 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 precious handwriting, Lou—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 seen no pictures of her for months.

L. J. V., HOLLAND, MICH.—The addresses you request you will find in the Studio Directory that appears each month in PHOTOPLAY.



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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 hearts or other vital organs, ruptured themselves or killed off what little vitality they possessed.

I was a frail weakling myself in search of health and strength. I spent years in study and research, analyzing my own defects to find what I needed. After many experiments, I discovered a secret of progressive exercising. 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 become 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 surest means of acquiring perfect manhood. Do you crave a strong, well proportioned body and the abundance of health that goes with it? If so spend a pleasant half hour in learning how to attain it. The knowledge is yours for the asking.

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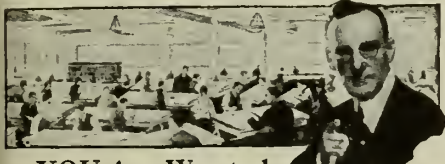


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BESSYE, BALTIMORE, MD.—Congratulations. You have contrived a new variation of the good old name, Elizabeth. You are right. Leatrice Joy married John Gilbert, erstwhile and at present "Jack," of the screen. Mrs. Rudolph Valentino's maiden name was Winifred Hudson. Her professional title is Natacha Rambova. Ethel Clayton has returned to the screen.

JANET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Interested in Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and want to write him. Good! Don't be troubled by the 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 I write this he is not "signed" with any company.

OLATHE, 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, JOLIET, 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," "Pied 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 disappointed if you did not ask for their photographs.

BERT, 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 him to be a father. He has no children.

ALICE, BROOKLIN, 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, GARRETSVILLE, OHIO.—Certainly, (doubtless pretty) Peggy. At least I have never known anyone named Peggy who was not pretty. Johnny 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-three, twenty-five and twenty-eight.

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EDITH, YONKERS, N. Y.—Richard Dix's hair is brown, a dark shade. Which wins? He is sitting in front of a painted garden scene in Paramount the last time I saw him.

BEATRICE, CHICAGO, ILL.—Ramon Novarro's age is twenty-five. His height is five feet, ten inches. He weighs one hundred and sixty pounds. Lewis Stone's age is forty-four. His height is five feet, ten and three-quarter inches. Were he less honest he would call it five feet, eleven. He weighs one hundred and twenty-four pounds. Address him United Studios. Alice Terry's age is twenty-eight, the same as Norma Talmadge's, and three years younger than Mary Pickford's. Miss Terry's height is five feet, three inches. As tall as Gloria Swanson, but she weighs ten pounds more.

BEAUFORD, NEWTON, KAN. — Tom Mix knows the life he portrays, for he was born near El Paso, Tex. His hair is black. He lacks a half-inch of being a six-footer.

A. M., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I am pleased to give you the address of that uniquely charming actress, Alice Joyce. While I write this she is travelling in Europe with her husband, James Regan. Her permanent address is Selznick Distributing Corporation.

W. L., CHICAGO, ILL.—My compliments upon your handwriting. Clear as print and regular as a well-built fence, it gladdens my eyes. The heights of the actors you "adore" are: Richard Barthelmess, five feet, seven inches; Neil Burns, five feet, six inches; Hobby Vernon, five feet, two and a half inches; Robert Agnew, five feet, eight and one-half inches.

TOINETTE, CHICAGO, ILL.—He is a countryman of yours, *ma chérie*. Gaston Glass was born in Paris, 1895.

J. M., NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.—Marion Davies' hair is red gold, Jim. If you write her Metropolitan Productions, you should receive the photographs you covet.

RUBY, WIND GAP, PA.—You write an attractive hand, Miss Ruby. Heed these Solomonic words. Conduct part of your courtship in writing. The combination of your mauve correspondence cards and admirable handwriting some youth will find irresistible. It is as Ivor Novello who played the preacher in "The White Rose." He is single.

BRANDON, MAN., CAN.—All the pretty girls in your office have asked you to get a photograph of Richard Dix for them. Ask each of them for a quarter, or if you are too shy or too ill-tall to collect the levy, supply the quarters yourself and write the Paramount Studio for the likenesses. Create a flutter in the dove nest by telling them that he is not married. Write Ramon Novarro's birthday was Feb. 6, 1899. Will he receive a gift from Canada next year?

MRS. C. JONES, CHICAGO, ILL.—Charles Jones and "Buck" Jones are the same person. He is married. No record of brothers and sisters.

M. A. K., MORGANTOWN, W. VA.—The cast of "Janice Meredith" has not been completed the time I write this. Harrison Ford has been selected to play opposite Marion Davies, I expect.

RUTH, AUBURN, N. Y.—Your mother is kind to subscribe for PHOTOPLAY for you. She probes the right reading matter for her dear daughter. "If people don't like actors they could stay away from their pictures, but not knocking letters," you say. Ruth, the gentle philosopher. Acute, too, for you say, "I love everybody connected with the movies except the censor." Ramon Novarro's address is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Yes, write me again, Ruth.

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JACKIE COOGAN

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News of First National Pictures



Frank Lloyd Presents "The Silent Watcher"

FRANK Lloyd, whose "The Sea Hawk" took you back to the pirate ships and buccaneers of the Elizabethan era, is now going to usher you into an American home. introduce you to the most human folk the screen has ever held, and tell you their love stories and the drama of their lives. His new picture is "The Silent Watcher," adapted from Mary Roberts Rinehart's Saturday Evening Post story "The Altar on the Hill."

Glenn Hunter and Bessie Love are the young lovers of the picture.



"Christine of the Hungry Heart"

KATHLEEN Norris has written one of her most fascinating stories in "Christine of the Hungry Heart" and Thomas H. Ince has made one of his best pictures from it.

It is one woman's life. A woman who hungered through the years for love and contentment. And heart-hunger, as the Christine of Mrs. Norris's story learned, is insatiable; it demands unswerving devotion, and the opportunity to give even as it receives. Florence Vidor and Clive Brooke are in the scene above, and in the circle is Walter Hiers.



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THERE'S a double thrill in M. C. Levee's "In Every Woman's Life" which Irving Cummings directed. First a tender love story with thrills of romance, then a night rescue at sea which keeps you tense. The picture is an adaptation of Olive Wadsley's novel, "Belonging," and the cast includes Virginia Valli, Lloyd Hughes, George Fawcett, Vera Lewis, Marc McDermott, Stuart Holmes and Ralph Lewis.





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"HER LOVE STORY"

Starring GLORIA SWANSON

ALLAN DWAN Production. From The Cosmopolitan Magazine story, "Her Majesty, the Queen," by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Adapted by Frank Tuttle.

"FEET OF CLAY"

CECIL B. DE MILLE Production

With Rod La Rocque, Vera Reynolds, Ricardo Cortez, Julia Faye, Theodore Kosloff, Robert Edeson and Victor Varconi. From the Ladies' Home Journal story by Margareta Tuttle. Adapted by Beulah Marie Dix and Bertram Millhauser.

"MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE"

Starring RUDOLPH VALENTINO

SIDNEY OLCOTT Production. With Bebe Daniels, Lois Wilson, Doris Kenyon, Lowell Sherman. From Booth Tarkington's novel and the play by Booth Tarkington and E. G. Sutherland. Screen play by Forrest Halsey.

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD'S

"THE ALASKAN"

Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN

HERBERT BRENON Production. Screen play by Willis Goldbeck.

"SINNERS IN HEAVEN"

With BEBE DANIELS and RICHARD DIX. From the British Prize Novel of the same name by Clive Arden. An ALAN CROSLAND Production.

"THE SIDE-SHOW OF LIFE"

HERBERT BRENON Production. With Ernest Torrence, Anna Q. Nilsson. From Wm. J. Locke's novel, "The Mountebank," and the play by Ernest Denny. Adapted by Willis Goldbeck and Julie Herne.

"EMPTY HANDS"

With JACK HOLT, supported by Norma Shearer. From the Harper's Bazar story of the same name by Arthur Stringer. A VICTOR FLEMING Production.

"THE COVERED WAGON"

JAMES CRUZE Production. By Emerson Hough. Adapted by Jack Cunningham.

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JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

IVAN ST. JOHNS
WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXVI

No. 6

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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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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

AFTER A MILLION—Aywon.—Story of Russian cossack with a trick will. Plot too involved for tired business man. (August.)

ALONG CAME RUTH—Metro.—A young woman arrives in the somnambulant town, Action, Maine, and proceeds to make it live up to its name with a vengeance. (October.)

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.)

ARAB, THE—Metro.—Plot not so good, but Director Ingram has done much with his Algerian players, and Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry are good. (September.)

AR'ZONA EXPRESS, THE—Fox.—Whizzing melodrama. Thieves, gunplay, fast trains, 'n' everything. (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 Garon. Melodrama, fairly well done. (June.)

BABBITT—Warner.—Not quite as the author of the book had it, but Babbitt himself retains much of his original characteristics. Interesting. (September.)

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.)

BEDROOM WINDOW, THE—Paramount.—A mystery story hinging about the murder of a wealthy old man. Interestingly told. (August.)

BEHIND THE CURTAIN—Universal.—Starts as a summertime romance and ends in fake spiritualism. Hardly worth while. (September.)

BEHOLD THIS WOMAN—Vitagraph.—Here is a giant, woman-hating cattleman who meets a motion picture actress in his mountain retreat and follows her to Hollywood. (October.)

BEING RESPECTABLE—Warner.—Domestic triangle handled with discretion and good taste. An old love bobs up to disturb a married man's (Monte Blue's) serenity. Well done. (September.)

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

BETWEEN FRIENDS—Vitagraph.—A remade version of an old Robert Chambers triangle story. A sordid tale told in ordinary fashion. (August.)

BETWEEN WORLDS—Weiss Bros. Artclass.—An imported film, which features a series of allegories. Well done, but lacks the popular appeal. (September.)

BIG TIMBER—Universal.—Built around a forest fire and lumberjack with story none too gripping. William Desmond is star. (October.)

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.)

BREAD—Metro.—Norris' novel brought to the screen, with a happy ending. Moral is that a woman's place is the home. Dull. (September.)

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

BROADWAY AFTER DARK—Warner.—A humanized melodrama well-directed, cast and played. (August.)

BROADWAY OR BUST—Universal.—A Hoot Gibson vehicle below his average. Both director and scenario writer 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 hopeless cripple. Wins him. (October.)

CAPTAIN JANUARY—Principal.—The sentimental tale of an old lighthouse keeper, and his protegee, a girl washed ashore. Baby Peggy is the waif. Fair. (September.)

As a special service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE inaugurated this department of tabloid reviews, presenting in brief form critical comments upon all photoplays of the preceding six months.

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

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

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

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

CHECHAHCOS—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 breath-taking 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 Hergschimer's book. Alma Rubens, Lewis Stone and Irene Rich are excellent and 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 again. (May.)

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

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

DANGEROUS BLONDE, THE—Universal.—Light and frothy but entertaining. All about foolish father's letters to vamp recovered by clever flapper 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 LOVE—Truart.—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 racy farce, well enough done, with Bebe Daniels and Norman Kerry. (July.)

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

DAUGHTERS OF PLEASURE—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 preachment against the flapper, with a few digs about parents who are inclined to flap. (May.)

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

DISCONTENTED 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 DOUBT 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 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. (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 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-stay-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 which merits unqualified verdict of "pretty punk." (October.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 10]

William Fox presents
The IRON HORSE

A ROMANTIC STORY OF THE EAST AND THE WEST
 A JOHN FORD PRODUCTION
 THREE YEARS
 IN THE MAKING

The Verdict of the New York Newspapers

ROSE PELSWICK, *Evening Journal*:—"I stood up, I admit it, and cheered."

F. W. MORDAUNT HALL, *The Times*:—"This is an instructive and inspiring film, one which should make every American proud of the manner of men who are responsible for great achievements in the face of danger."

QUINN MARTIN, *The World*:—"There can be no question about the importance of 'THE IRON HORSE.' It is a big, fine achievement. Every steel spike seems to be driven with a tug at the audience's heart. I am mighty glad to have seen it."

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."

They Are Coming From Far and Near To See It

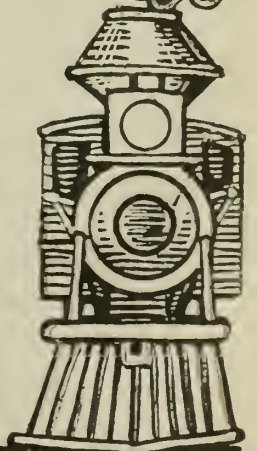
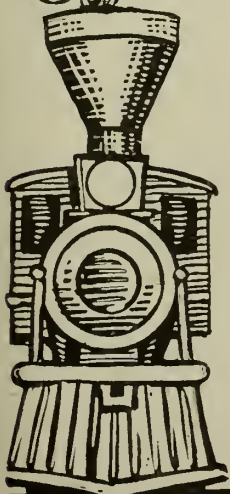
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR, Boston:—"Is novel, racy, picturesque. A splendid reconstruction of a glorious chapter of American history. The scale and scope of 'The Iron Horse' will assuredly command large patronage."

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. DICKSTEIN, 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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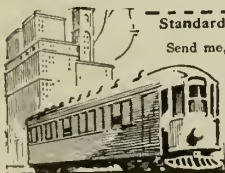
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[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 of the oil fields, full of excitement and thrills. Film entertainment for everyone. (May.)

FOOL'S HIGHWAY—Universal.—A story of the Bowery, excellently done. Characters well drawn and played, with Mary Philbin heading the list. Good entertainment. (May.)

FOOLS IN THE DARK—F. B. O.—Frankest kind of bunk mystery play, with skeletons, cats, timorous poets, heiresses, scheming guardians, Hindoo servants, etc. (October.)

FORTY-HORSE HAWKINS—Universal.—A good comedy well handled, starring Hoot Gibson as a village jack-of-all-trades. (July.)

FOR SALE—First National.—Claire Windsor's beauty goes to highest bidder, when her father (Tully Marshall) is about to shoot himself. Mediocre stuff. (September.)

GAIETY 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. Slapstick, but funny. (June.)

GALLOPING GALLAGHER—F. B. O.—An amateurish Western, Fred Thomson being the redeeming feature. Comedy is awful. (June.)

GAMBLING WIVES—Arrow.—An amazing conglomeration of fast house parties, 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. Fun fast and furious from start. (June.)

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

GOOD BAD BOY, THE—Principal.—Story of the worst boy in village who 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 Laurette Taylor as the saving grace. For the family. (May.)

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 DARKER SELF—Hodkinson.—Framed originally for 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 prize pictures, and up to the standard of the others. The war is in this one. (June.)

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

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

HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER, THE—Hodkinson.—A worthy effort to picture an old best-seller, but it's rather too slow. (June.)

ICEBOUND—Paramount.—Another William de Mille etching. Restraint is the keynote. Handled by a less able director, it might have been drab, but he makes it live. (May.)

IN FAST COMPANY—Truart.—Incongruous. Comedy falls down. Good prize fight scene. (August.)

IRON HORSE, THE—Fox.—An epic of the terrific handicap under which the first transcontinental railroad was completed. Intensely interesting, also instructive. (October.)

JANICE MEREDITH—Cosmopolitan.—Another romantic tale of the American Revolution. Marion Davies appears to advantage as Janice. Supporting cast good. (October.)

JUBILO, 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 remarkable picture because of the work of the camera man. Shots of wild horses never equalled. The Black a worthy star. (June.)

LAST OF THE DUANES, THE—Fox.—Zane Grey's novel of hair-trigger shooting and hair-breadth escapes makes a typical Tom Mix picture. (October.)

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 comedy, which is amusing and innocuous. Boarding school scenes are good. (May.)

LILIES OF THE FIELD—First National.—A story of the sisterhood that "toil not, neither do they spin," with Corinne Griffith as the feature. For adults. (May.)

LIS'TEN 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 Jackie Coogan as a shipwrecked orphan on a cannibal island is an evening well spent. The children will love it. (October.)

LONE WAGON, THE—Sanford.—If it hadn't been for the "Covered Wagon," this wouldn't have been made. Who cares? (May.)

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.)

LOVE LETTERS—Fox.—The moral is, don't pour out your troubles on paper. Two sisters get into all sorts of woes, but few care. (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.)

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

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.)

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

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

MARRIAGE CHEAT, THE—First National.—The South Seas again, with Leatrice Joy, Percy Mar-mont, and Adolphe Menjou mixed up in a triangle plot. A minor character, as native girl, helps the picture some. (September.)

MARTYR TRAIL, THE—Capital.—What one brutal man can't do to two poor females! But regeneration of the wicked and sunshine follow. (June.)

MERTON OF THE MOVIES—Paramount.—A screen-struck youth decides to become a movie actor—and he does. Taken from the well known stage play with Glenn Hunter in the title role. Amusing. (October.)

MAYTIME—Preferred.—The camera doesn't help this dainty 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 flapper story with Betty Compson not up to her best. Yarn is weak in spots. (August.)

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

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]



Here's Positive Proof That I Can Grow New Hair

These are true, unretouched photographs showing Mr. Murray Sandow'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 Sandow, 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

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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.

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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 book 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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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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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 would think 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—as we 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 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 like *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 Valentino fans cannot help championing him whenever an occasion arises. And besides, “Monsieur Beaucaire” is so beautiful a picture, one is more than justified 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. I think the pineapple and lamb chop diet will make one star, in particular, more pleasing to the public's flesh-tired 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 all 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 Sheiks. Rudy was all right but deliver us from the rest. We would like to know more about acting actors, as Henry Walthall, Rockliffe Fellowes and Vincent Coleman and less about beauty contest winners and would-be Sheiks.

LUCILLE BISE.

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

Brickbats & Bouquets

LETTERS FROM READERS

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe 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.

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 from seeing the picture 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 some 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 Mrs. 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 FREEDMAN.

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 made, yes, even 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 just 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 the directors who are 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, every-day 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 corker 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?

MARDA.

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 Stewart. As I live in Hollywood it has been 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 shows so much consideration 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 Valentino's loyal admirers who looked upon Novarro as a usurper. Having seen “Scaramouche” and “The Arab” I offer my humble apologies to Mr. Novarro. It is now “Rudolph and Ramon.” They are of distinctly 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 have another picture of herself made with the boyish bob. She doesn't look half as beautiful as she did with her elaborate coiffure.

MILDRED 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 saw 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 show them. 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 this time 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 shears, 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

gained a wonderful new ease 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 astonished. 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, today—so that you can see for yourself how quickly and easily dancing can be mastered at home.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

MILE-A-MINUTE ROMEO—Fox.—Tom Mix again—dauntless as ever—and, 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 wig which somehow detracts from her usual allure. Mexican locale and mix-ups. Fair. (July.)

MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE—Paramount.—The return of Rudolph Valentino 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 "Leah Kleschna" 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, who is in it. (May.)

NAPOLEON 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 hectic melodrama. (October.)

NELLIE, THE BEAUTIFUL CLOAK MODEL—Goldwyn.—An old thriller, done with a sense of humor which makes it well worth while. (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 a Southern family feud. Also, pretty well done. (June.)

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

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

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 wife who feels the urge to take up a career and does it. Pleasing. (August.)

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

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.)

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.)

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

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

RECKLESS AGE, THE—Universal.—Slapstick. Impossible situations but amusing despite that fact. Not for highbrows. (August.)

RED LILY, THE—Metro.—A mucky and sordid tale moving through the dregs of Paris. Not a family picture. (October.)

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 study of redemption. Her talents not adequate to the role. (September.)

RIDE FOR YOUR LIFE—Universal.—And Hoot Gibson does—for his own and other lives. There's little else to it. (May.)

RIDERS UP—Universal.—An old favorite, Creighton Hale, in a good role. That of a racetrack wastrel whose family thinks he is a good boy. The girl knows he isn't and loves him anyway. Good picture. (July.)

RIDGEWAY OF MONTANA—Universal.—Typical Western thriller with hero and virtue winning out. As usual, great riding by Jack Hoxie. (July.)

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

ROUGH RIDIN'—Approved.—Just a regular Western with lots of action and little novelty. (June.)

ROULETTE—Selznick.—The perils of the gaming table again, but with a good cast. Nothing to get excited about. (May.)

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.)

SEA HAWK, THE—First National.—A romantic tale of the seven seas that reaches superlative 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 with a new bag of tricks. Don't miss it if you like Buster. This time he is an amateur sleuth. (July.)

SHOOTING OF DAN MCGREW, THE—Metro.—Only fair, and it should have been excellent, with such a theme and cast. (June.)

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

SIGNAL TOWER, THE—Universal.—A compelling story of an isolated mountain railroad signal station. (August.)

SINGLE WIVES—First National.—Story of a wife neglected by business-mad husband. Saved by Corinne Griffith's acting. (October.)

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 Sheik" 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 to use the flag to get your money. (August.)

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

STORM DAUGHTER, THE—Universal.—Priscilla 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 feller makes good. (June.)

SWORD OF VALOR, THE—Capitol.—Contains one of those interfering fathers and proves a clean-cut American can win in anything he tries in any 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 slangy Witwer story, with Alberta Vaughn, a clever comedienne, as the fresh telephone operator. Amusing. (May.)

TELEPHONE GIRL, THE—F. B. O.—Another of the series of hilarious comedies from the short stories of H. C. Witwer, called "The Square Sex." Only fair. (July.)

TELEPHONE GIRL—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.—Reaches the screen minus most of its vitality. Both leading characters poorly done. (October.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]

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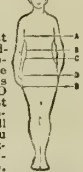
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

THAT FRENCH LADY—Fox.—All about love without marriage. Censorship robs picture of what punch it might have had. (October.)

THERE'S MILLIONS IN IT—F. B. O.—The Balkans, rich radium 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, hijackers, police pursuits, pistols and jazz. (August.)

THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING—C. C. Burr.—Unconvincing story, with Constance Binney as a jazz-mad girl who dances beautifully. (May.)

TIGER LOVE—Paramount.—Antonio Moreno and Estelle Taylor manage to have a wild time in the mountains of Spain what with outlawry, and kidnapping at altar. (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.)

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 farce. (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 of a gypsy (Derelys 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 brawn 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 LIARS—Vitagraph.—Good cast, but a conventional story and not very exciting. (June.)

WANDERER OF THE WASTELAND—Paramount.—Filmed in natural colors this picture wins by sheer beauty, acting and directing. (August.)

WANDERING HUSBANDS—Hodkinson.—Lithesome Lila Lee wins in this picture with many situations mawkish and over-sentimental. (August.)

WANTED BY THE LAW—Aywon.—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 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—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 garish 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 "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.—Frightened by an army of suitors, the heroine takes 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 philanderer and a jury containing one of his victims. Hardly for the family. (August.)

WOMAN WHO SINNED, THE—F. B. O.—Melodrama with the hackneyed moral that if a woman leaves her good, faithful husband and chee-ild for a ne'er-do-well, 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 sponging near-invalids are pushed out upon a cold world. Roy T. Barnes turns the trick. Fair. (September.)

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I want to send you the 110 pieces on 30 Days' Free Trial to use as your own. If your satisfaction is not complete, return the set. I will refund your first payment and all freight charges. The trial will not cost you a penny. Be careful to state the initial you desire. Order No. SA 2920. Price \$29.95. Terms: \$1.00 with order, balance \$2.50 Monthly.

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FREE Table Cloth and Six Napkins

If you will send your order QUICKLY, I will send you Absolutely Free a Table Cloth and 6 Napkins, all nicely hemstitched. These articles are made of high class Full Bleached Satin Finish Cotton Damask. The design is attractive and the Set is of an unusually good quality. The table cloth is attractively hemstitched. It is bigger and of a better quality than is usually found in similar sets; it measures 58x69 inches—a very practical size and shape for any style of table. The napkins are hemstitched to match the table cloth and are also larger than usual; they measure 17 1/2 x 17 1/2 inches.

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 Send me the 110-piece Initial Dinner Set, also the Free Table Cloth and 6 Napkins. I enclose \$1.00 first payment. It is understood that if at the end of the 30 days' trial I am satisfied, I will send you \$2.50 Monthly. Order No. SA 2920. Price \$29.95. Terms: \$1.00 with order, \$2.50 Monthly. Title remains with you until paid in full. Send me your Big Free Catalog also. Please print or write name and address plainly.
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“4 o'clock in the Afternoon”



Paris, France

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 Cafe 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 Shepheard’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.



North America



Cairo, Egypt

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

Drink

Coca-Cola

Delicious and Refreshing

5¢

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.



New Pictures

BLANCHE MEHAFFEY 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.



Edwin Bower Hesser

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.



Henry Waxman

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."



Murillo

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."



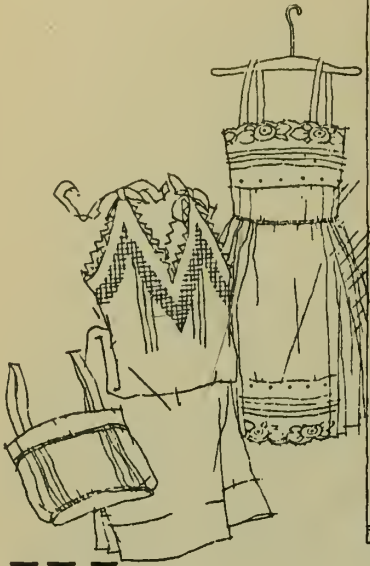
Henry Waxman

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.



Alexander

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.



**Baby's underclothes
need this special attention**

If baby's diapers, bands and shirts are rough, or if they are not thoroughly cleansed, or if unrinsed 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 in Ivory suds is desirable.

Why each day should now have its "washing hour"

**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.

**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-KF, Cincinnati, Ohio.

IT used to be so easy and so harmless to toss one's soiled garments into the hamper to await washday.

But crêpe 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.

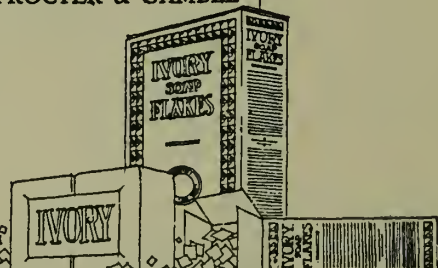
You will soon notice a difference in the appearance and in the life of your precious things, and it takes so little time, really—just a few moments of squeezing

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.

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PHOTOPLAY

November, 1924



Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

AN extremely interesting example of the contrast between the stage and the screen can be seen in "What Price Glory," which is the present sensation of that isolated section of America called Broadway. "What Price Glory" is a masterpiece. It comes as near being a classic as anything I have seen in years. It is merely the story of little episodes of the world war and the action is confined within one company of marines who are fighting and dying in a heroic effort to dislodge some German machine guns out of a strategic position in a railroad station.

But what a he-man story it is, and what a lesson it should be to those benign but aggressive souls who are so steeped in physical purity and so intent on conducting the lives of everyone else according to their own puny pattern. The play is iridescent with the words and actions of men in the heat of battle—men more interested in fighting a good fight than in the text of the chaplain's sermon—men who have been taught a score of different ideas about God but hold but one idea about the justice of the cause for which they are about to die.

I would advise every man and woman who wants to know how the war was won to see this play on their next trip to New York. The censors haven't had the nerve to attack it yet. Folks think much more of men than of censors.

NO one resents more than I do the work of a producer whose one aim is to pander to the sex interest that exists in every human being worthy of the name of man or woman. He is taking the easiest way because he has neither the brains nor the vision nor the ability to do anything else. Neither do I hold any brief for the misguided but worthwhile producer who is intent on giving us muck under the guise of "realism."

The business trail of the motion picture is strewn with the remains of stars and producers who have gone beyond the bounds of decency and no single producer or star exists today who has consistently violated the code. The modern picture points with pride to their tombstones. A few years ago Will Hays came into the picture. He has accomplished a remarkable task. He got a two thousand dollar pay envelope every week. He has fought censorship a fair fight, but he never expended half the energy on the brothers and sisters of complacent righteousness that he has on the tricky and dirty-minded producer who was intent on putting over something that would reflect on the motion picture.

THE most joyful news announcement of the month: Peggy Hopkins Joyce, pardon me, Countess Morner, is going to be a picture star. She will be a great help to Will Hays. On

receipt of the glad tidings the Pennsylvania Board of Censors ordered a gross of brand new shears.

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 \$3,000 a week. Adolphe 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 erecting its great wall, filmdom is not only failing to prepare for the future, but it is paying dearly in the present. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 101]

What is LOVE? Read their Ideas



"In the last analysis, love is the desire to serve. It will destroy that it may achieve."
—Pola Negri

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.



"Love is a flower. Water it. But do not grieve too deeply when it is gone."
—Gloria Swanson

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.



"Love is a flame. Flames burn to ashes. There is no real love in the world today."
—Dagmar Godowsky

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 Lois Wilson

Love is the rarest and most beautiful emotion of the human race. It has inspired the most beautiful and lasting works of artists and the finest achievements of the human race.

Love is of many kinds. There is the love of a mother for her child—the highest form of human love. The love of a man for his country—the noblest of emotions. There is the love of friends, which has

carried men to unbelievable heights of courage and self-sacrifice. And there is the love of God for man and man for God, which is the creating and governing power of the Universe.

And there is the love of man and woman.

To me, that love means a combination of many things. It must have above all understanding. It must be built upon mutual trust and respect. To be lasting and to justify the real name of love, it must possess fine qualities—protection, unselfishness, fidelity and mutual interest in each other's welfare. It must call out and develop all that is best in both man and woman—a shelter for woman, a standard for man. Love must embody purity, gentleness, strength and it must renew failing courage in each to carry on the battle of life.

To a girl who has seen such a wedded love in her own home, love means something so fine and so noble that she can only pray that it may some day come into her life in all its joy and fullness.

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



"Willingness to sacrifice for the happiness of another is the root of love."
—Agnes Ayres

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 I loved 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.



"If a woman can stand a man who eats his celery audibly, she's in love."—Constance Talmadge

tries, but I was not jealous. Yet I knew that his love was unworthy and we separated. He won't allow me a divorce for spite.

He knows that I want to be free. To keep me tied by bonds of law he knew would torture me. We still call each other the names which we have made hollow, husband and wife.

Now, again, I am in love. This love is not perfect, for the man who says he adores me is jealous. He watches me. He is a jailer. He knows I want to go about in the evening, to see the brilliance of life. He won't let me go to any such places with anyone but himself.

That is one of the secrets of love. To be watched and lectured does not make for a continuance of deep feeling.

Still, despite their natural selfishness, the instinct of self-preservation that has been transmitted to them by their hairy cave dwelling ancestors, they are not really a bad sort. I think they are more idealistic than are women.

Even in the hectic atmosphere of large cities I believe that men try to be pure and good. I think half of them are. The others are not unfaithful through intent. I don't think a man deliberately does wrong. He never says, "Now I am going to be untrue to my wife." Some woman who is long on determination and short on principles sets out to get him and does. I know many girls who make the swaying of a married man's emotions their pastime.

By Agnes Ayres

Love is willingness to sacrifice for the happiness of another. No love is worth the name unless it has its root in willingness to sacrifice for the beloved one.

A woman must love. Her nature requires it, that she may develop the sacrificial spirit. I always know a woman who has not loved. I recall one now. She is brilliant and famous. She has been loved much but she has never loved. The result is that she has become the symbol of selfishness. It has stamped her face and become one with her atmosphere. She thinks only of self. Her selfish life has cast a cloud over her loveliness.

I believes that a woman should love for her character's sake. It may be an unsuccessful experiment. My own marriage was a failure. But I am a kinder, a tenderer,



"Love is the brush of warm lips, like moonbeams on a quiet pool at night."—Betty Compson

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't bake a cake but plays a good game of Mah Jongg.

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-



"The real cause for any fine work I've done can be ascribed to love's influence."—Betty Blythe



"Why talk of love when there is work to be done?" asks Dorothy Mackaill

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"—"hubby," "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 age or guides the childish 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 *motif* 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 tempestuous delight and exquisite agony; mounting heights of bliss and boundless depths of utter despair.

Love is a plaintive melody from Napoli,

drifting through barred windows to a pillow damp with tears.

Love is a beckoning candle in a storm-swept 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 miscalled 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.

Of one thing I am as positive as of Life and Death—Without mutual trust and respect there can be no great and lasting 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]



Colleen Moore has three definitions for love—"Hubby, Home and Happiness"



"Love must possess fine qualities—protection, unselfishness, and mutual interest," says Lois Wilson



"Love is a necessity. It worries you. It makes you thin. But a woman must have it."—Nita Naldi



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

George Walsh, selected after a score of competitive tests as the ideal Ben Hur, was later dropped by the Metro-Goldwyn Company without explanation before he started work on the picture

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

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.

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;



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 histrionically. 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 *contretemps* 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



Francis X. Bushman as Messala was an excellent foil for Walsh because both are of the same height and muscular development. Bushman was kept on the job after Walsh was dropped for the shorter and slighter Ramon Novarro

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]

Horoscope of Stars as

By *Evangeline Adams, America's*



Evangeline Adams

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



May Allison's "innate wisdom and desire to be a constructive force will be a protecting influence"



Bebe Daniels must "live up to a rigid discipline and insist on saving during periods of prosperity"



After 1931 Richard Dix will face conditions that "will call for all his strength of character and wisdom"

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.

it were, furnishing a new hand, which she can play wisely, or throw away her best cards by not waiting until the game is far enough advanced to take advantage of the weakness in the hand of her opponent.

All people born about the 14th of March, June, September and December are experiencing the effects of the most powerful aspect of Uranus that they will have for another twenty-one years. These vibrations may be compared to a storm striking a perfectly calm lake, noted for its beauty and reflecting qualities. One's better judgment and ability to see things just as they are will be temporarily thrown out of focus, thus mirroring distorted and exaggerated pictures. This is the aspect which we say causes one to "find oneself." After the storm is over and adjustment is made to new conditions, one can be a greater power than ever, and it should bring fuller realization that whatever is, is best.

In 1926 she will come under the influence of Jupiter, so if she passed through the astrological gale which was raging in 1924 and 1925, and which was intended to test her powers of endurance and philosophy, although she may not occupy a seat on Olympus, she will have at least made tremendous progress in her professional world, with an added wisdom which will contribute largely to her happiness and ability to be an uplifting influence with her fellow beings. Oh, that this actress may keep her poise and weather this storm of inharmony which may surround her and in consequence feel a greater sympathy with, and compassion for, the frailties of men.

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

read for Photoplay

Foremost Astrologer

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 moods 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 steadfastness, 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



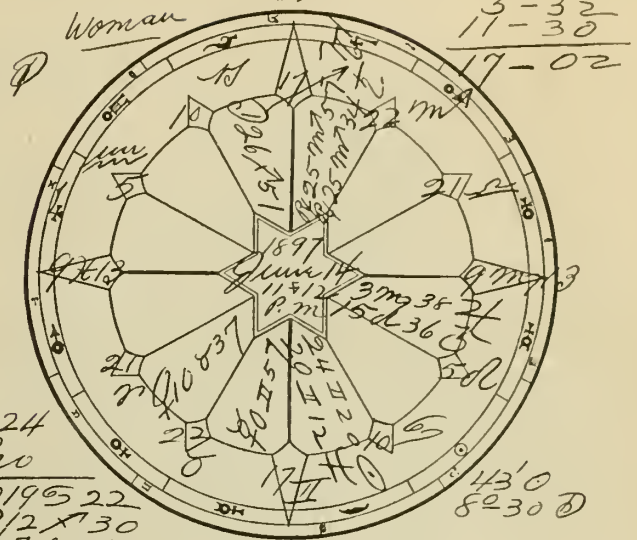
In 1925 Mary Pickford will find the stars are backing her in any enterprise she may launch upon



Douglas Fairbanks is warned "against being too serious over his moods and careful about what he writes"

Actress

about 83 W
THE HOROSCOPE
37 N
Riding Lawn
Georgia.



Here is the chart of May Allison's horoscope. It is an exact reproduction of the one made by Miss Adams in arriving at her conclusions found on another page

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?

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?

By Frederick James Smith

Du Barry in "Passion" and Jetta Goudal's Chinese-Peruvian half caste in "The Bright Shawl" vibrated out of a dull grey screen.

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 *Julio* of "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.

Mae 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 denizen 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 the male portion 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 wooed and won, to be rescued and kissed. She is pushed about by the action and the other characters, a personification of virtue without shading. The goody, goody 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 Sol* in "Blood and Sand," Pola Negri's

To continue with success, the players of such rôles must go on pleasing the 75 per cent of the screen audiences, the women. To do this they must suggest wickedness rather than seem it. They must do it deftly. Gloria Swanson invests it with a dash of style and humor—and triumphs. Humor, too, makes Ernest Torrence, Adolphe Menjou and the Beerys. They are not mere dull scoundrels. Corinne Griffith gives wickedness an orchid shading—and gets away with it.

Lew Cody suffered seriously when he was billed as a "hevamp" but he has achieved a come-back. He, too, invests his scoundrels with humor.

It would seem that playing even a touch of evil is both a remunerative and a dangerous thing. It is, because it is quick in its returns as well as being generally short-lived. Check up the sky-rocket careers of most of the players we have enumerated against the substantial success of Mary Pickford, Harold Lloyd, Lillian Gish, Thomas Meighan and Richard Barthelmess. They have succeeded because they have given virtue the highly valuable attributes of interest, character, pathos and humor.

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?

AGAINST this, glance along the ingenu trail all the way back to old Biograph days. Marguerite Clark, June Caprice, Gladys Hulette, Vivian Martin, Constance Binney, Wanda Hawley, Marjorie Daw, Pauline Stark, Jacqueline Logan, Agnes Ayres and dozens of others, all eliminated by their own board of censors. They were not permitted to portray evil or they were afraid to do it. They kept on being good—and uninteresting—and they were forgotten. Florence Vidor has only reached the front since she began doing rôles with a tang, such as the wife who flirts in "The Marriage Circle."

Blanche Sweet played virtue for years until she faded from view. But the performance of one naughty rôle, the old seaman'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 homely 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 gets 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 broided 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, shirred 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"

New
Screen
Styles
Reveal
that
White



MAE MURRAY, in "Circe the Enchantress," wears silver bugling and large crystals on a lovely white frock



ELEANOR BOARDMAN, in "Sinners in Silk," wears the very smart white and crystal, but with a dowdy coiffure



DAGMAR GODOWSKY (oval), in "Price of a Party," wearing black crepe and crystal. Hairdressing should be simpler.



CONSTANCE BENNETT, in "Into the Night," wearing the new ostrich boa with the ever popular white and crystal

Crystal
and
Ostrich
are
Popular
Modes



HOPE HAMPTON, in "Price of a Party," in gown of silver, chiffon and ostrich. Headdress 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 whether 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. He likes the flapper 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 bullied 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.

Her Hair

But women are funny. Now my wife knows how thoroughly I am opposed to bobbed hair—for her—yet she is always 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 banded bob, but my imaginative visual 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 banded-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-not 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 learned 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 snare 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 effectively.

Now after the barber gets through using his clippers and his razor on their necks they are left with a lot of incipient 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—up 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'm old-fashioned, no doubt I will be put down as an old fogey. Honestly, I'm not. I still 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 lucid 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 kittenish. She flops around like [CONTINUED ON PAGE 103]

Don't be misled by the husband who decries bobbed hair. Naturally the author of this article wants to remain anonymous. Isn't it just possible he fears his wife may be too attractive—to other men?

CLOSE-UPS & LONG SHOTS

ROME, 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 Jackie Coogan, and become convinced that the single star that invariably shines 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 *Asti Spumante*, 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 licker. 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 just as he does today. While in the Sistine Chapel I recalled how Michelangelo avenged himself upon Messer Biagio de Cesena, master of ceremonies, who censored "The Last Judgment," declaring the naked figures indelicate. 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 not 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 fete the hungry press with special luncheons and other revels.

By Herbert Howe

A reviewer 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 criticize 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 panned "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 dwindled 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' hauteur became loftier or his piano-playing more in demand. Anyhow, Rex had him do the script of "Scaramouche," 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 naturally earn the highest reward, to say nothing of immortality. Thus the shop windows which used to flash with vivacious smiles and coy gestures have become as 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 the stories that suit. He's 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]



Russell Ball

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.



Henry Waxman

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.



Russell Ball

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.



Drawing by John La Gatta

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 Author

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



The Illustrator

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 temperamental 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 slim 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 un mindful 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 glistened 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 fluttered 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-reel 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, suppose we shove 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 know 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—what he thinks. By the way, you've never told me much about your experience—what you did, before you came with us."

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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." Jane 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. Not 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 extreme enough, although I felt 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 over.

"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 them both on a farm, out in Michigan."

"Were you born there?"

"Yes. At a place called Owosso. Ever hear of it?"

"Never!"

"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?"

"I HAVEN'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 awful 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 as a frisky young flapper in 'The Goat-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 scrumptious income tax. 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 jell."

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 complexions 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 *ingenue* stuff—develop—play 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. Queer, 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."

"It's a pity. And 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 comradely 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 au diable*?" she asked.

"Never tasted any. But it sounds like hot 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, she ceased to think of him 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

Tony Hull, 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 re-

plied, 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]

Studio News

By Cal York

Written from the inside of
the Hollywood and New York Studios.
If you read it here it's so



One of the "Wages of Virtue," one of Gloria Swanson's latest pictures, seems to be learning to eat spaghetti. Gloria proved an apt pupil in this task. She started on one strand and gradually learned to do it in bunches

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."

THREE 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.

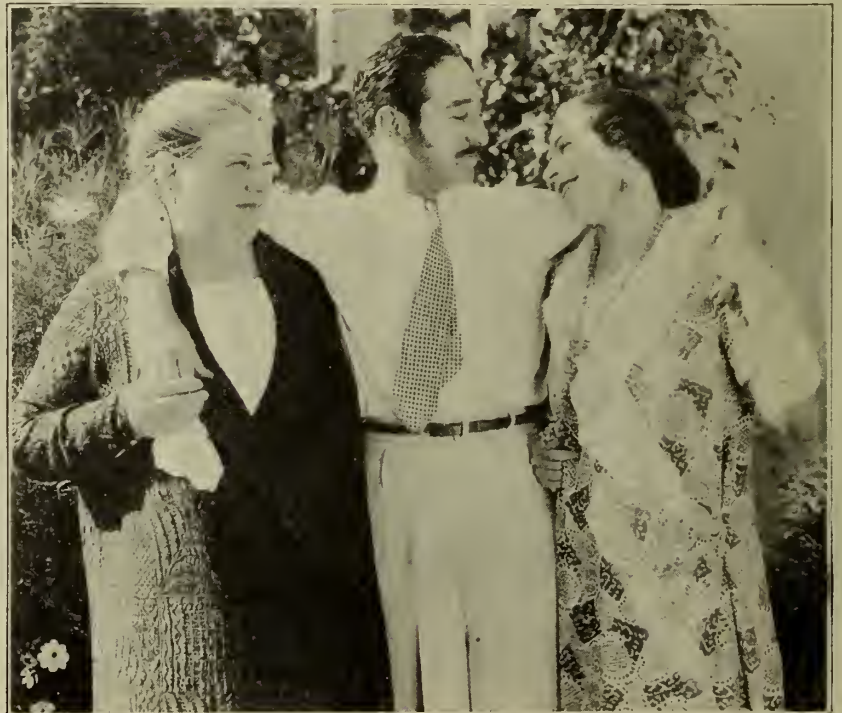
For an instant she gave him the once over. Then out flashed her hairy paw.

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?



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 waits 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 Talmadge, 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.



When Claire Windsor was ready to jump off the train carrying her to Los Angeles, Bert Lytell was on hand to catch her. He did and gave her a welcoming embrace



"Let's be friends," Conway Tearle and Alice Terry seem to say. Then they started on the first scene of "The Great Divide" screened from the famous stage play of that name

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, MacDonald 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, attache 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 understood.

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 handsome new husband had left upon their honeymoon.

The two met last October at a dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Eyton (Kathlyn Williams) at their home in Hollywood, 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 engagement 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 honeymoon—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 decided 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 in case anything 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 steaks instead of dog meat.



Harry Langdon once played in a medicine show. He enacted an old miser, did a slack wire act and sold chewing taffy after the fennel curtain. Now he is featured in Sennett comedies, his latest being "The Hansom Cabman"

BEN TURPIN, Mack Sennett's comedian with the shimmying 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 making 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 admitting 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 desertion 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 picture 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. Subsequently 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 demanding 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 had all worked from nine o'clock one morning until four or five or even seven the next.



Tony Moreno seems happy but Helene Chadwick's expression indicates that as a harmonica player he is a good movie actor. However, they still are good friends after this scene in "The Border Legion"



William de Mille and Clara Beranger discuss her original picture, "Locked Doors," which he is to produce on a set used for "The Fast Set," which he did produce and which Miss Beranger adapted

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 Beery 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 Marilynn Miller, burglars entered the residence of Norma Talmadge and escaped with jewelry valued at \$5,000. 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 \$30,000 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 \$1,700 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. Though 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.

It 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 BLYTHE knows that the designing of men's and women's clothing are 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 musicale was given at the Sills' beautiful Hollywood home, in which Mr. Tibbett, of the Metropolitan

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 76]



Adela Rogers St. Johns wrote "Broken Laws" and Mrs. Wallace Reid is to appear in it. Standing with the fond mothers are Betty Reid and William Ivan St. Johns, Jr. Seated are Billy Reid and Aileen St. Johns. Altogether they make a harmonious family picture, don't they?



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"

Confessions

made by a

Star- Producer

Charles Ray
bares woes he encountered
in his work



"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-

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 can paint with a broader brush and stronger and surer 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 Coward" 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]



Beauty is not the only reason Lillian Rich is popular in Hollywood. She has nerve and brains—a combination that wins out when mere pulchritude fails

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 creditably 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 chirped 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 rôles and characters



Below is a picture of Miss Madison in "The Trey 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 Trey 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 rôles 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 "Trifling Women."

After a few successes on the [CONTINUED ON PAGE 102]



CAPTAIN BLOOD—Vitagraph

THIS Rafael Sabatini romance naturally bears a resemblance to his "The Sea Hawk." It is of the old roistering 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.



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 Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



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.

Henry 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.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE

The Six Best Pictures of the Month

THE MAN WHO CAME BACK
THREE WOMEN CAPTAIN BLONDIE
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: of 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 rosy 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 savory 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.

...een experien
and Abe Potash—in Hollywood
amusing, largely because of the corking sub-titles
by Montague Glass himself. There's a laugh in every one
them. Indeed, they are so funny that one is likely to over-
look Frances Marion's adroit script and Al Green's work-
manlike direction. Here Messrs. Potash and Perlmutter de-
cide to become screen magnates and they put on a vampire
picture, not without many trials and tribulations, largely
supplied by their suspicious better halves. Both Norma and
Constance Talmadge appear in extended comedy scenes,
Betty Blythe is the mimic vampire and George Sidney,
Barney Bernard's successor as Abe, gives a finely pointed
comedy performance. The month's best laugh.



OPEN ALL NIGHT—Paramount

WE present this story of Parisian night life to our read-
ers 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 re-
mains. Still, "Open All Night" gets a place here because of
its novelty. *Therese Duverne* 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.



K—THE UNKNOWN—Universal

OVERPADDED 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. He finds himself vindicated. The direction of Harry ... is loose and old-fashioned.



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.



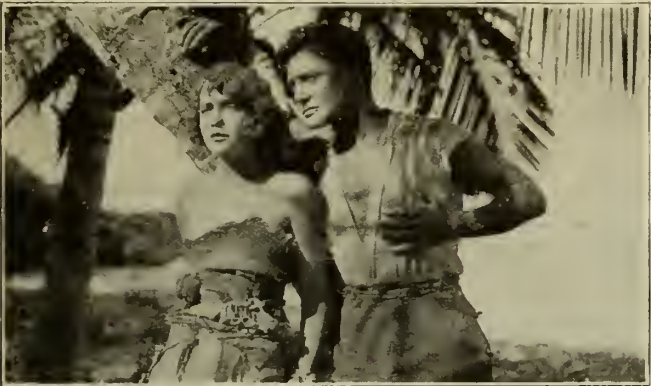
VANITY'S PRICE—F. B. O.

AN idea pilfered from "Black Oxen," 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.



BUTTERFLY—Universal

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 savors of the Cooper-Hewitts. The cast seems very actory, although Ruth Clifford does the best work of her career here.



SINNERS IN HEAVEN—Paramount

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 SILK—Metro

AHIGHLY 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.



FLIRTING WITH LOVE—First National

COLLEEN MOORE tosses her bobbed hair in a typical flapper rôle 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.



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 Mac 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



Geese are the most temperamental actors (rather actresses) before the camera, according to Del Andrews, training one for "Go-Getters"

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

"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



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



Left—Helene Chadwick's Airedale, Tut, loses a tooth, with his fair mistress assisting

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



The first two-dollar picture house saw Dr. Riesenfeld conducting the orchestra. He is now managing director of three big New York film theaters

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-smashing 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 the law. William Fox, pressing hard on his long standing case against the General, fought through by Gustavus and Sol 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 exchangemen, headed by the Chicago Film Exchange, for the same sum. It was therefore ten times as big a bargain. Fox, 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 began 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 at 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



© Sarony

Billie Burke as she appeared in "Gloria's Romance," for which she received \$150,000 for thirty weeks' work

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," "Cabiria" and the like. Vitagraph was also progressively busy across the period when the short reel pro-

grams died to make way for the features. Essanay and Selig in Chicago entered the feature market by the same easy stages.

The utter futility of the old General Film Company, which grew up to sell pictures out of a hopper like coal from a bin, regardless of quality, now became painfully apparent. General could not distribute features. There were both organic and interior political reasons, too remote to discuss here.

Out of this situation the effluent V. L. S. E. was formed, being incorporated April 13, 1915, at Albany, to distribute the feature pictures of the concerns 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. S. E. 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]

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.



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, Wampas baby starlet. The fistie 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

It gives such a lovely pink lustre to the nails that already more women use it than all other liquid polishes combined.



Smooth-rosy—needs no separate polish remover

No wonder this liquid polish is a success!

IF you are a very, very particular person,—fastidious about every detail of your manicure, you will be delighted with this wonderful Cutex Liquid Polish.

It gives the nails a velvet smooth surface, even and brilliant.

It is tinted just the rose color the most exquisite Parisienne uses for her nails this season. Yet it is so thin the nails look naturally pink and glistening—not artificial and over-colored.

And when you want a fresh manicure, you do not have to trouble with a separate polish remover. For a drop of the polish itself, wiped off before it dries, removes every

trace of the old polish, leaving the nails clean and smooth.

Already Cutex Liquid Polish is such a success that you can get it everywhere you find the other splendid Cutex preparations, and for the same price—35c. It comes in two of the complete Cutex Manicure Sets. Sets are 60c, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$3.00. Cutex preparations are on sale at all drug or department stores in the United States and Canada and chemist shops in England.

The Complete Manicure—send 12c for Introductory Set

FIRST shape the nails; for this Cutex has fine emery boards. 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.

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-11, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal, Canada.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. Q-11 114 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 _____



DUSTIN FARNUM waited less than a week to marry again after obtaining his divorce in Reno. His bride is his sweetheart of the screen, Miss Winifred Kingston, who has been his leading woman for nine years in nearly all his pictures. What does the crystal say?

MRS. MARSHALL FIELD urges women to give their skin the wisest care

"I am always impressed with the charming youthfulness of American women. They manage to keep such clear delicate skins in spite of the strain of their many activities and strenuous out-of-door life. I believe that women everywhere can have the same lovely complexions with the aid of Pond's Two Creams."

Mrs. Marshall Field

PERHAPS it is one of the President's cabinet who dines with her tonight; a visiting diplomat; or a returned explorer; some one who is contributing his vivid bit to contemporary history.

It is as a gracious and cosmopolitan hostess that Washington knows Mrs. Field. The drawing room of her lovely home is as nearly a *salon* as one finds in America. Against its pearl grey walls moves the brilliant, shifting pageant of official and diplomatic society.

Abroad and at home, Mrs. Field has had opportunities accorded to few. She has met the young and gay, the middle-aged and clever, the old and distinguished of many countries.

It is from the crown of this full, interesting, sophisticated life that Mrs. Field speaks when she advises the younger woman how to take proper—and regular—care of her skin. For this two famous creams have been perfected. They answer the two great needs every normal skin demands—a rejuvenating cleansing, and a delicate protection and finish.

How exquisite women keep their youth

A thorough cleansing every night with Pond's Cold Cream. Apply it on the face and neck with the finger tips or a bit of moistened cotton. This pure soft cream works deep into the pores, ridding them of excess oil and powder, dust and dirt. Wipe the cream off with a soft cloth. Now, apply the cream a second time and wipe it off once more. Look at the cloth. The dust and dirt on it are shocking! But now, how soft and smooth your cheeks are, how clear and fresh looking.

Preparation of the skin before powdering, protection before going out. Before you powder, smooth in a little Pond's Vanishing Cream—just enough for the skin to absorb. It gives you just the soft, pearly finish you need and makes the powder cling much longer. And when you go out, this light greaseless cream under your powder protects your complexion from the bad effects of



THE DAILY USE OF POND'S TWO CREAMS KEEPS THE SKIN SUPPLE AND EXQUISITELY PROTECTED

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



Harris & Ewing

The Regence mirror and sofa add distinction to this charming room in Mrs. Field's Washington home, which houses her famous collections of amber and jade.

wind, sun and cold and keeps it soft and satin smooth.

Pond's is the method lovely women everywhere are depending upon to have the exquisite complexions Mrs. Marshall Field commends. Try it yourself today. See how fresh and clear these two creams keep your skin in spite of the many demands of social life. The Pond's Extract Company.

- MRS. O. H. P. BELMONT
- MRS. CORDELIA BIDDLE DUKE
- THE PRINCESSE MATCHABELLI
- THE VICOMTESSE DE FRISE
- MRS. JULIA HOYT
- MRS. GLORIA GOULD BISHOP

are among the other women of distinguished taste and high position who have expressed their approval of the Pond's method of caring for the skin.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 10c TODAY

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, DEPT. L
147 Hudson St., New York

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

Sylvester Simplex as I Knew Him

*A few sidelights on the
great actor by a boyhood friend*

By Delight Evans

Illustrations by Robert Patterson

SYLVESTER SIMPLEX—that gracious personality, that benign presence which has so often smiled at you from the silversheet, was once just a boy like you and like me. 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, play—mates 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



Sylvester did everything he could to help his mother on wash days. When she wasn't looking he would upset the tubs

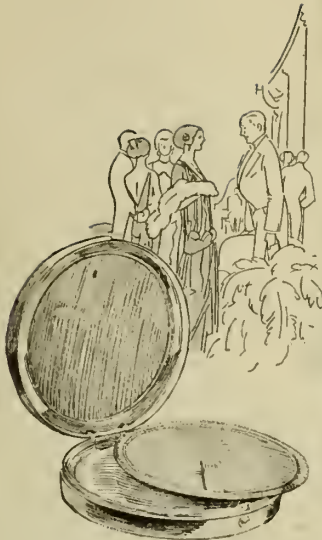
many a hard day's work by playfully emptying her washtubs when she wasn't looking. It was the dear boy's only diversion.

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 thespian!

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]



The bold actor was a great aid and comfort to his father. When the elder Simplex practiced acrobatic stunts on the neighbor's porches, little Sylvester could always be counted on to whistle his clear, bird-like call if a policeman approached

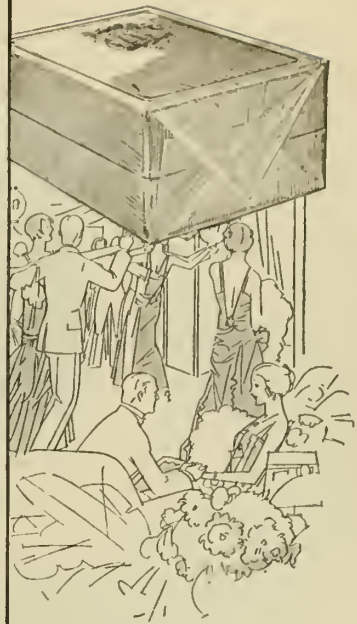


Thin-Model
Pompeian Powder Compact



"BEAUTY GAINED IS LOVE RETAINED"

This is a reproduction of a portion of the beautiful new 1925 full-color Pompeian Art Panel. Use coupon below.



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.

MME. JEANNETTE

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 roseate 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 accents 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. Pom-

peian Beauty Powder, 60c (slightly higher in Canada). At all toilet counters.

The New Pompeian Beauty Powder Compact

It comes in a round gilt 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 7 1/2. 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
Beauty Powder

© 1924, The Pompeian Co.

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? _____

Judges Selecting \$5,000 Prize Winners

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



James R. Quirk, editor of PHOTOPLAY



Jesse Lasky, of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation

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 milady.

Men and women from every walk of life entered the contest. There were lawyers, doctors, dentists, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 111]



Jack Mulhall is coming into his own these days. Few screen actors are kept as busy as he is. It is just one picture after another with him. His wife is Evelyn Winans, also a professional, and one of the prettiest and most popular in the film colony

COMMUNITY PLATE



COLES PHILLIPS

*Silverware
of Quality*

© 1924 OREGON COMMUNITY LTD.



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.

HJAECKEL & SONS
One family management since 1863
546 Fifth Avenue

"Where 45th St. crosses Fifth Ave."



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. Gallico 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 re-

strained from advertising the Kesterson pictures in such a way that the public believes it 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"?

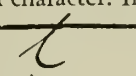
No two people make them alike and it's this difference that helps Miss Louise Rice, expert graphologist, read character from handwriting


EVER really dissect handwriting? Ever ask yourself, for instance, why you make a capital D a little different from anybody else? Ever wonder why that brilliant and erratic friend of yours has a handwriting which "looks just like her?" *Of course*, it's just like her. Every stroke of a pen reveals some trait of character, some hidden talent, some fault, some virtue. Show me a piece of writing, and I will draw you a character portrait of the writer.

In the fifteenth century a scientist named Camillo Baldo began to wonder about it. Since that time thousands of scientists have wondered and studied. The result is that today a graphologist can build a character portrait of you as easily, from a specimen of your handwriting as a painter can make a likeness of you from a number of sittings.

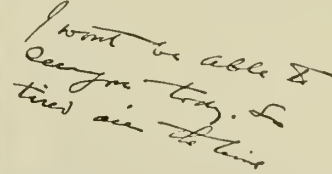
Take that matter of the capital D. If you bring the last stroke over so that you close the letter  you will live

within your income and put your surplus money in Government Bonds. But if you leave a space between the second stroke and the last  you will help every poor unfortunate who appeals to you and your heirs will pay a small inheritance tax.

And your t's—how do you make *them*? Here is a letter which is a most amazing revealer of character. If you make the bar of the letter like this  you will survive fire and flood and be going strong

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

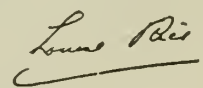


pew that nothing can go right. And if your writing goes kiting up toward the right-hand corner of the page you'd better get a business partner who is a pessimist. He will help you put to practical use that unbounded enthusiasm and optimism which, alone, will wreck you.

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 about yourself. 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.





The handwriting of BARBARA LA MARR

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.

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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.

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QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of PHOTOPLAY to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. As a further aid, a complete list of studio addresses is printed elsewhere in this Magazine every month. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

BABS, 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, sandyhaired boy across the aisle and with more interest than at the girl with the big blue bow in her hair, who sits at the desk in front. It is the dazzle dust 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 path of the emotions, Babs. Emotional actresses must make faces.

SUE, 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. But be comforted for, when you say "Being French myself I can express his mannerisms and expressions of emotion," you doubtless recognize his hereditary traits. Little details, like preparing the table for "The Woman of Paris," you consider very French and good test of acting. Even so, Maderoiselle Sue. His eyes are dark blue, his hair dark brown. "Of what height is he?" you ask. Five feet, ten and a half inches. I am quite willing to toss in the half inch for what your countrymen in New Orleans call "lagniappe," good measure. He was born Feb. 18, 1891. Compute it, *ma cherie*.

A RICHARD DIX FAN, ATCHISON, KAN.—You are in a huge company, Janie. Dick Dix is claimed by St. Paul, Minn., which city has birth records in its city hall to back its claim. 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 more than 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 book mark at each page containing a photograph of Ramon Navarro and stacked the magazines accordingly." For every three pounds lost you reward yourself by taking down the publications and looking at all of his pictures. Sandow pulls off pounds by exercise. Ramon by charm. The fable of the wind and sun 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 RUSSE, 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 slimmness, 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 United 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 about 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 Shawl." "The Enchanted Cottage" is his latest picture. He was cast to play the Romeo to Lillian Gish's Juliet.

ALICE, BAYONNE, N. J.—"My Life Story," by Rodolph Valentino, appeared in the February, March and April issues of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, in 1923. To secure copies of those issues write Photoplay Publishing Co., 750 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

AURORA, 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 town 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, VINEVILLE, OREG.—You think Bessie Love's name just suits her and you would shorten it to 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 seemingly 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 directory 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've a right to tell me." Am I to be your 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 two hundred. Send him a birthday gift next July so that it will arrive on the important eighteenth. Bessie Love is single. Her age is twenty-six years.

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 woman, five feet, seven inches. Mr. Hughes is married. Miss Chadwick is divorced.

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 to add to your fund of information about him. That straw blows Walkerward. He was born in New York City in 1896. 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 rôle of "Flo Flo." 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 Hallow'en. Shades of pumpkins and candles! James Kirkwood has been twice married. His first wife was Gertrude Robinson. His second is the pre-ent Mrs. Kirkwood, known to the screen as Lila Lee. Cullen Landis is without a wife at the moment I write this. Virginia Valli is, 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." Aren't I always truthful? I never mislead my kind readers. 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.?

Don't let your face touch
its pillow until your skin has been
thoroughly cleansed



—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 pureness, 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.

* * *

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Studio News and Gossip

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]

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, Blitz 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 Arieta 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



Sir Arthur Conan Doyle discusses “The Lost World” with Watterson R. Rothacker, who purchased the movie rights many years ago from Sir Arthur.
It will be an Earl Hudson-First National production



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



Diamond Brand
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Fast Color Eyelets preserve the smooth lines of the upper and promote easy, snug lacing. They have celluloid tops that retain their original finish indefinitely and which actually outwear the shoe. The genuine Diamond Brand (Visible) Fast Color Eyelets can be identified by the two tiny raised diamonds on their celluloid surface.



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!

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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 53c (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), 251 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Vauv
PRONOUNCED VÖVE

miracle, Talmadge was performing the hardest kind of physical work.

His broken neck was encased in a most uncomfortable cast, making it impossible for him to move it. Otherwise he appeared quite normal and in the best of health and spirits.

In addition to working in the garden, Talmadge is operating a typewriter to answer a flood of fan mail, and driving his own car.

"I'll be back at work at the studio in another couple of weeks," he confidently told me as I left him spading around a rose bush.

JUST what do they mean when they say "he leads a dog's life"?

Here's the story of a dog who wouldn't trade places with anyone. His name is "Tut" and he is Helene Chadwick's pet Airedale.

Helene and "Tut" are inseparable. He shares her home and he accompanies her to the studio and on location. His food is the same as his mistress'.

The other morning "Tut" came crawling toward Miss Chadwick, whining piteously. He had a toothache and it made him quite miserable.

Realizing her pal's dilemma, Helene immediately picked "Tut" up in her arms and made a flying dash for—the vet?

No, indeed. You're quite wrong—for an honest-to-goodness dentist, her very own dentist.

A napkin was placed around "Tut's" neck, he was placed in the chair, a drop or two of "soothing medicine" used about the gum where nestled the aching molar and out it came.

"Tut" thanked the dentist with a joyous bark and many wags of his tail.

Now all is quiet once more on the set where Helene works and "Tut" sits quietly on the side lines watching his mistress do her stuff.

ANNOUNCEMENT of the engagement of Miss Helen Cressman to Alexander Carr of "Potash and Perlmutter" fame was one of the outstanding events of September. Miss Cressman, known as a beauty to the Hollywood film colony, was still married to Dr. Martin Blank of New York when the engagement was announced, but her divorce was expected to be settled in Chicago shortly after. Carr admitted the engagement and said that he intended to embark his fiancée on a picture career.

RICHARD BARTHELMMESS 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 Robertson, "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 rôle 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 rôle.

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.



Mayor John F. Hylan of New York City sees a Western movie studio. From left to right—Guy Price, dramatic critic; Alice Terry, Conway Tearle, Louis B. Mayer, Joseph Willcomb, Mayor Hylan, Mrs. Hylan, and Dr. Frank F. Barham, publisher of the Los Angeles Herald

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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.

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 oppor-

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 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 YVETTE 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 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 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 hair-dressers' appointments and waiting!



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MARCEL WAVER
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**Buy several \$20 hats
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In twelve months The YVETTE 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.

Then, too, it saves you a great deal of money! More than ten times enough to pay for itself, in twelve months. The cost for electric current, each time you use it, is less than half a penny.

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 YVETTE 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:

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, having your hair freshly and beautifully waved all the time! And with enough money saved to pay for several very lovely hats, a new suit, or frock! Clip your coupon now. Mail it today, sure.

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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 if, 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.



But you *can* make yourself more attractive than you ever dreamed. You can have hair that is silky, lustrous and fragrant—a scalp that is soft, white and healthy. Thousands of women have found that Wildroot Coconut Oil Shampoo brings them these things.

Its purity insures hair-health, its mildness soothes the most delicate scalp, its fragrance is the dainty perfume of cleanliness.

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.

WILDROOT COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

Youthful love is all right, but the romance of middle age is the only 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 love of middle years and 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 Czarina," Menjou, as the court chancellor, obtains a piquant bit of information by peering through the key-hole of a door.

Menjou's position in the rôle of "Jack the Peeper" 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 grinding 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 Winifred Kingston, who has appeared as his leading woman 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 they 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 Caliph,"

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 starring him with Mrs. 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, Hitchy 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 in such a delightful manner has determined his course. He is through with the stage. He will retire to Hollywood, make pictures, and be a countryquire.

JACK DEMPSEY, the champ, has joined Hollywood's beauty chorus.

Following the lead of Mrs. 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 and stars.

What Firpo and Carpentier, 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 handsomer 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 battler 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 built up 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 had done subtle things to 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.

MR.S. 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 haven't gotten my divorce from Ford Sterling yet. I started it once, and forgot." So Teddy started to get her divorce.

But the 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 anyway 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 morning. Two ladies leaned out, both fash-



Are the Chinese smarter than you are?

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 製法極其精細大歐各國醫士
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 分可保身體之健康此藥水之
 凡身體各部之病如喉痛、牙
 水之功效神速且能保身體之健
 皮膚之病如疥癬、濕疹、等症
 則用此藥水一洗即愈且能保身
 用此藥水一洗即愈且能保身
 頭用此藥水一洗即愈且能保身
 噴此藥水一洗即愈且能保身
 頰用此藥水一洗即愈且能保身
 如用此藥水一洗即愈且能保身
 小兒用此藥水一洗即愈且能保身

It so happens that the above is not a ledger sheet from a Chinese laundry. It is a reproduction of the back label on a Listerine bottle as sold in China. Listerine is distributed the world over. Branch laboratories are maintained in Canada, France, Spain and Mexico.

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 Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.

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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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Please send me, without charge, a sample of Resinol Soap and of Resinol Ointment.

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ionably and wonderfully clad, to exchange greetings with the air of a couple of duchesses.

The two ladies were Mrs. Jack Coogan, mother of Jackie, and Mrs. Frank Borzage, wife of the famous director.

But the point of the yarn is that not so many years ago, less than ten as a matter of fact, both of them played on the same small time vaudeville bill—as song and dance artists.

Isn't it wonderful how times do change?

KATHERINE McDONALD, who used to be called the "American Beauty," and who was hailed by many as the most beautiful woman on the screen, is expecting a visit from the stork in the very near future. Miss McDonald retired from the screen when she married young millionaire Johnson, of Chicago and points east, and they live in a very stately home in the most fashionable district of Los Angeles.

But even after the interesting event is over, Miss McDonald doesn't expect to return to the screen.

CHARLES BRABIN and Theda Bara, who is Mrs. Brabin, are back in Hollywood again and Brabin has started work with Colleen Moore upon "So Big," Edna Ferber's great novel. The Brabins seem more devoted than ever, so apparently there is no truth in the rumor circulated of their separation.

Miss Bara is still in search of a story.

By the way, "So Big" gives Colleen the greatest chance of a career that has been one long series of golden chances already. No girl on the screen has had more opportunities than Colleen—the luck of the Irish has certainly been with her. The fact that she has tremendous ability to back it up with has placed her among the topnotchers of her profession. In "So Big" she has an acting part of widest scope and coming on top of her series of flapper rôles it should make her fans sit up and take notice.

OF course the fact that Marion Davies was present in person, for the first time in the west since she became a star, may have had something to do with it. Anyway, the opening of "Yolanda," Miss Davies' latest picture, in

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 anyone 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 Gretl 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-



There was no irate father to stop them but they wanted to elope and did. Josef Swickard, who played the father in "The Four Horsemen," and Miss Margaret Campbell, film actress, prove romance isn't dead when they fled to Santa Ana, Hollywood's Hoboken, and married

Anna Q. Nilsson

whose great popularity and dramatic gifts compare only with her exquisite blond beauty, writes, "The LANOIL treatment is wonderful. My hair not only looks and acts just like naturally wavy hair, but it is much improved in every way."



Photo Taken Five Months After Waving
"Yet my LANOIL Wave looks as pretty as the first day," writes Miss Mary Sherry, St. Mary's, Pa., "Your wonderful Home Outfit has saved me hours of time and given me 'oodles' of comfort."



Her Child's Hair Benefited by LANOIL-Wave

"Laura May is five and one-half years old," writes Mrs. Chas. M. Hale, Americus, Ga., "Your Outfit has been a constant source of delight in my home."

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 1923, mainly through the discovery of the "LANOIL" process. This simple method, as if by magic, removed every element 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.

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A whole head can be waved comfortably in just a few hours. The work is interesting, simple, and safe. The results are permanent and lovely.

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out the Home Outfit in this way since September, 1922. It is successful wherever it goes. Join the hundreds of thousands of women who give thanks to this wonderful invention which brought them permanent relief from their straight hair affliction. Write for your Outfit on free trial today.

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Please send me the Nestle "LANOIL" Home Outfit for Permanent Waving. I understand that if, after using the Outfit and the free trial materials, I am not satisfied, I may return the Outfit any time within 30 days, and receive back every cent of its cost of \$15.

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I enclose no money. Please send C. O. D. OR, check HERE.....if only free booklet of further particulars is desired.

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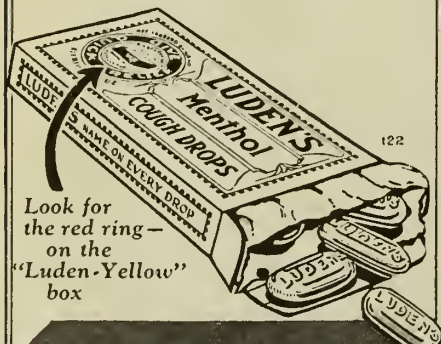
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EVERY TIME you breathe, indoors or outdoors, countless little particles of dust enter your nostrils and cause irritation.

Nothing so helpful for the relief of these irritations as LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS.

Several times a day, dissolve LUDEN'S on your tongue. Take a deep breath; notice the soothing and cooling effect on your whole breathing system produced by the release of the menthol as blended in the LUDEN formula.



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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 moleskin wrap; Agnes Ayres, white crepe de chine, with overdress of white lace; Mrs. Charles Ray, turquoise blue taffeta, with pastel trimmings; Shirley Mason, under a wrap of French blue brocaded velvet, wore the cunningest frock of white chiffon and lace, trimmed with circle after circle of white ostrich; Irene Rich was very regal and lovely in an imported gown of pink chiffon, upon which were embroidered flowers in iridescent beads; Claire Windsor, 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, over 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 frock 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 Mackaill 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 drapings of silver lace, and wrap of summer ermine lined with blue and silver; Estelle Taylor, in dull blue 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 and took a suite at the Biltmore over 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 Laranella*, 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 Suttan Doeg 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



This is Colleen Moore's home. The "perfect screen flapper" designed the structure, which is large and roomy, and, moreover, has the crowning merit of being very homey and comfortable within.

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.



Scene from "Judgment of the Storm," written by Mrs. Ethel Middleton

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 collaboration with the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation.

Mrs. Anna Blake Mezquida, another Palmer student, won the second prize of \$1000 in the same contest, and seven \$500 prizes were also won by Palmer students.

In another contest, A. Earle Kauffman won a \$1500 prize with a scenario headed, "The Leopard Lily." Another student, Miss Euphrasie Molle, sold her first story, "The Violets of Yesterday," to Hobart Bosworth. Louis Victor Eyttinge 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 Hurrelle 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, "forsellingmystory, 'What Did the Bishop Say?' to the Caldwell Productions. This welcome bit of success has been made possible because of your never-failing patience and your constructive training."

"What Did the Bishop Say?" was released through Selznick under the title,

"The Bishop of Hollywood," and was a pronounced success. 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'll send you a copy of this 106-page book free by return mail.



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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 50 Free Scholarships annually to ambitious writers. I am most interested in

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experienced comedian and ladies' man as he is.

Anyway, they've been seen together at the Biltmore and at openings and what not, much too frequently of late to escape comment.

Madeline Hurlock is bound, before long, to make both producers and public realize that she is quite the most gorgeous thing in the vamp line that has showed up for a very long time.

JUNE MATHIS, the famous scenario writer, is back in Hollywood after a trip to Rome concerning the making of "Ben Hur." And if she lost her Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer million-dollar a year contract, she also lost about—I wouldn't venture to say how many pounds—and looks very slim and stunning in her Parisian wardrobe. She says she isn't engaged to George Walsh, her choice for the title rôle, but I don't like the way she says it—there's a little twinkle in her eye that makes me suspicious.

Miss Mathis is now attached to First National, and will probably write for Colleen Moore for the time being.

SOCIAL life in Hollywood just now seems to revolve largely around Marion Davies. Since the lovely blonde star, who has always hitherto worked in New York, arrived in Hollywood to film "Zander the Great," the colony has been busy seeing just how good a time it could show her.

She has rented the Norman Kerry home, one of the show places of Beverly Hills left vacant just now by the separation of Mr. and Mrs. Kerry, and has her own swimming pool where the Talmadges and a number of other celebrities spend a lot of time.

Samuel Goldwyn entertained with a dinner party for her recently and, George Fitzmaurice has had several delightful parties in her honor. Both Norma and Constance and also Elinor Glyn have entertained for her, and affairs have been given at the Biltmore, the Montmartre and the Ambassador. One Tuesday night at the Ambassador, Coconut Grove was dedicated to her and all sorts of interesting people turned up there to see her.

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.

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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



Betty Compson, appearing in Paramount Pictures. You, too, can have the same charming hair-dress if you use the STAR-Rite Curling Iron.

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.

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The Fitzgerald Manufacturing Company provides for you the advice and counsel of these internationally famous specialists on the care and dress of your hair.

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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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In Canada, \$4.50

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A certificate comes with each STAR-Rite curling iron entitling you to the service of the beauty council.

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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.



Helene Chadwick, the popular screen star, now appearing in "Trouping with Ellen."

It's a DAISY!

WHEREVER your travels may lead you—by steamship, train or motor—you'll notice how many smartly-dressed women deftly impart a distinctive touch to their appearance by carrying extra hats, toilet articles and other requisites in the convenient, light-weight DAISY HAT BAG.

No wonder the DAISY has become the indispensable companion of American women traveling to every corner of the globe!

It is the only hat bag which is opened and closed by the patented hookless fastener, making it absolutely rain-proof and dustproof.

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that movie folk are just as human as you are—maybe a little more so. Because the next day we saw Mae 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 unfashionable 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 tight 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 Nora 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 o' 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 befallen Thomson 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 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 about.

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 big brown eyes. Altogether we gather that he must be a very remarkable baby.

The Kirkwoods have been married a little over a year, and made two co-starring pictures 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 wisdom, 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 intimate friends 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 off a few of the 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 rôle 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 Compson 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.—J. M. Barrie.' It makes me have shivers up and down my back to think of it."

LOIS WILSON's rumored engagement to Barney Baruch, Jr., is still hanging fire, as it were. Whether or not it will ever become an established fact is still a matter of conjecture, but certainly if it doesn't it won't be the fault of young Baruch or his family, who have all become ardent admirers of Lois.

By the way, Lois certainly had a most marvelous time abroad, and came home with a lot of new clothes and a lot of new pep. 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, and from all reports 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 treated her as few 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 embarrassed 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. Needless to say, many persons confused 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 produced a motion picture, so far as known. 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 business man and a director. 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 rôle of the innocent victim.

WHEN Jock Malone declared that the wong 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

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Directed by

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Police Commissioner of New York City and author of "Into the Net," Richard E. Enwright, examines "rushes" of the picture which shows the police of the metropolis at work in a thriller

lot earlier than usual, Buster heard things he hadn't heard before as he passed through the streets of the film colony. As he passed each home he heard the raucous tinkle-tinkle of an alarm clock. Each alarm aroused some sleepy film thespian and started them on their way to the grinding cameras. By the time Buster had reached his own particular lot he had heard no less than twenty alarms. Then he pulled the super-classic. Somebody asked him to nickname Hollywood. "Alarm Clock Alley," he retorted, and the name has stuck.

WITH all the toys in the world at his command, Jackie Coogan loves to play games of his own making just like any other real American boy. Having visited an Indian reservation before he arrived in New York on his way to the Near East, he was filled with a love for Indian lore and action when he reached the metropolis. There were twin beds in his hotel room. He induced the maid to get him an extra sheet to use as a tent. Then he put a chair between the beds to serve as a center pole for the tent. He fastened down the edges with books and used the beds as racks for his "fire-arms." They were mostly golf clubs belonging to his father but they made admirable rifles and shotguns. He had a revolver or two but it was a golf club "rifle" that he used when he emerged from the tent to foray for buffalo or to drive off an invading foe. He also had knives and forks, besides many other implements, that he had made out of stiff cardboard under the tutelage of an old squaw on the reservation. With these he had a wonderful time while the toys—some of them quite costly—stood idle.

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

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. 9—*one week did this*



Mrs. McRae—Age 40
Aug. 2—*after one filming*



Mrs. McRae—Age 40
Aug. 1—*before using film*



Mrs. McRae—Age 40
Sept. 5—*improvement in a month*

tions in those who have resigned themselves to skin specialists, or facial surgeons. But here is a perfectly natural, healthful, hygienic, and altogether delightful process that removes evidence of age by simple regeneration!

Neoplasma corrects wrinkles and flabbiness because the new vitality of the skin brings firmness. But it has another virtue; its action dissolves all skin impurities. Pores are rendered clean and pliant as those of a child. It is just as effective on neck, arms, hands—any portion of the body where skin is the least coarse, rough or erupted. The skin responds immediately to this gentle, but all-powerful re-agent. It is impossible to sense the efficiency of such a product without witnessing an actual application.

If you would like to try facial film, you need only write the laboratory where it is made. An airtight *vescule* of the film will be sent you for the most surprising demonstration you ever experienced. There is no fee to pay unless you are glad to give two dollars for the great good done. You may send the \$2 if you choose, or you can pay it on delivery. But your satisfaction is guaranteed in any case, and your money returned unless you are pleased and delighted with very real results. Think of the saving through filming; your complexion will never need anything else! The coupon below will open new possibilities in any woman's appearance; mail it and be convinced!

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 sacks beneath. The whole contour of the face is different after even single applications of this film. For instead of temporary astringency, 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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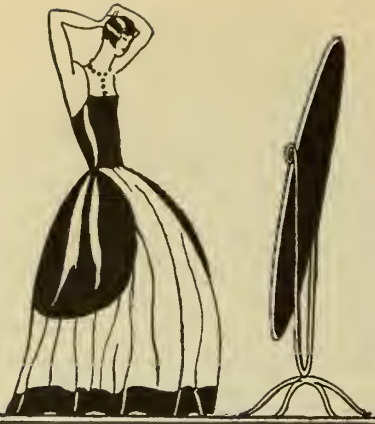
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Edwin Carewe made a "find" in Mary Aikin, whom he came upon while she was playing a minor part in "Madonna of the Streets," featuring Milton Sills and Nazimova. Now she is to have one of the leading roles in the First National picture, "One Year to Live"

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 newlyweds 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 eardrum 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 that 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 they congratulated him upon it, he said, with a modesty which does not always go with the utterance of thespians, 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

an admiring populace can shower upon its favorites. All of which brings to mind that few—mighty few—of these shapely and pulchritudinous nymphs go far in films. There are a few notable exceptions that keep hope springing eternally in the pulmonary regions of the beautiful. Corinne Griffith got her start in a beauty contest. So did Lois Wilson. She got a small part and then was discarded. She tried to get something else and couldn't. Finally she decided to give it up and left the movies flat. While on her way homeward, Lois Weber ran into her and literally drove her back to the lot. Then she made good, but it wasn't all roses—nor applesauce neither, as Lew Fields might have said if he'd thought about it. Mary Astor also won a contest. Clara Bow did the same thing over in Brooklyn. Aside from these there are few others who have succeeded after literally being shoved in front of the camera. The directors and producers will tell you that the reason many of them fail is because b-c-a-u-t-y doesn't spell brains.

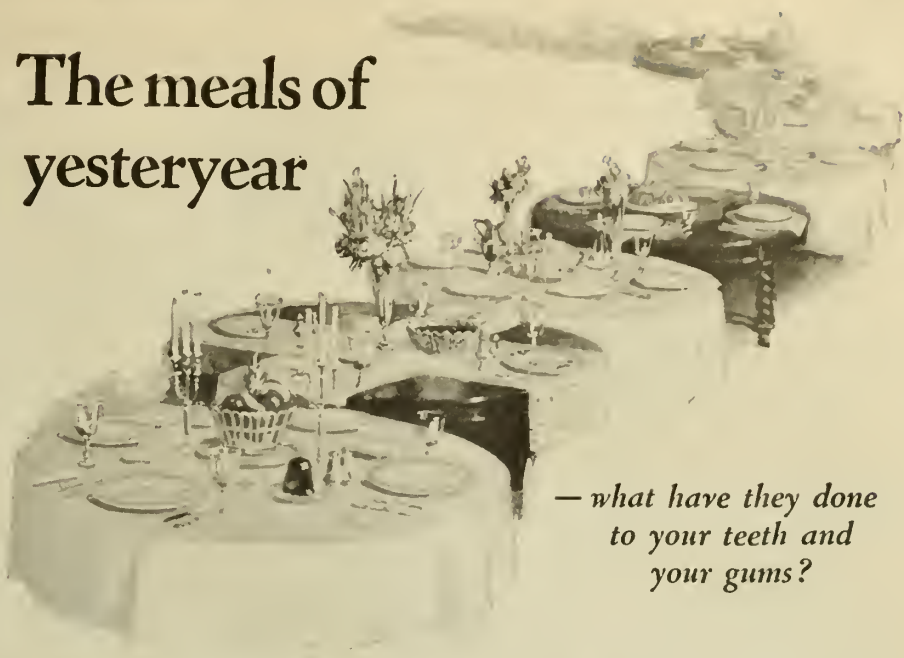
THE expected visit of the stork to Leatrice Joy occurred shortly after she had obtained a divorce from Jack Gilbert. A girl, weighing eight pounds, was left with the beautiful screen star. Hollywood is heartbroken over the smashing of the Joy-Gilbert romance. Both are popular and Jack's marital defections 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 Tommie Meighan 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 Squak"

The meals of yesteryear



— what have they done to your teeth and your gums?

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.

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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.

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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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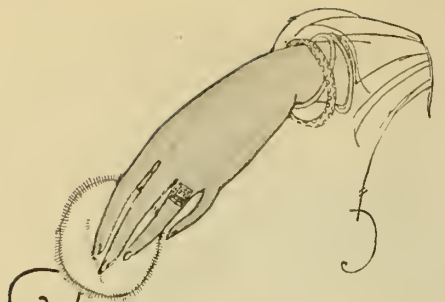


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A thin coat of polish spread evenly over the nails with the GLAZO brush is all there is to it. In two minutes you have a lovely manicure that protects the nails, makes them gleam like lustrous jewels and keeps them beautiful nearly a week. Soap and water will not dim, nor will your nails crack or ridge when protected with GLAZO.

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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 an operation wouldn't 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 \$2,383 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 probabilities. 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 Pathe as at present.

WHEN the newspapers can't find something that will put Mabel Normand before the public in an unfavorable light they call it a dull day. The latest flare-up occurred

when Mrs. Georgia Withington Church sued Norman W. Church for divorce. He is a Los Angeles financier, 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 so palpably camouflaged with hokum to keep away from libelous statements that the flaring headlines fell down of their own weight. Mabel answered definitely by saying: "I don't know anybody by the name given." The hospital in question is one of the best in Los Angeles. It is hard to assume that a patient could go to another's room and hold a drinking party where the discipline is as 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.' But as 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 like her, or because she isn't the finest type of womanhood, but simply because we are only good friends. It takes something besides friendship before two people will consent to walk up the aisle and let the parson tie the knot. I like Estelle. She likes me. We have lots of fun together when we meet. But we are not married. We are not engaged and we are not planning to be married."

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—"I'll take it."
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."

Wouldn't You Like to Live Here?

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 \$40,000 to \$250,000. 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 safe 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 heart-aches, 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 187 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 PHOTOPLAY. 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 Trimble was ranting and threatening to get another actress for the part, Lillian was out in the snow getting tumbles and again catching up with her bluff. 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 Willie 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.



Only in genuine Pyralin Toileware can you get true Pyralin Quality—

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 life-time. 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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It will pay you to look for—and find—the name-stamp on each article. Three piece sets at \$8.50, up. More complete sets at \$15, up.



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**Free Proof
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Can Play
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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 greater 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. Climaxing 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

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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 phonograph record on which the Talent-Test is recorded.

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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.)

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Name _____

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The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

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 with money who promises that he will not ask her actually to become his wife for three years. Betty Compson is but fair in the rôle of the girl and the direction of Sam Wood is clumsy. Atmosphere of this suggests "Ponjola."

HIS HOUR—Metro-Goldwyn

DIRECTED under the supervision of Elinor 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 slangy sub-titles. Richard Talmadge vindicates his father from suspicion through uncovering a smuggling ring, and saves his sweetheart's life. After six reels of fights 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—Pathe

A THRILLER that sustains interest throughout. Written by Police Commissioner Richard Enright of New York, it

portrays policemen of that city in the daily performance of duty based on a story of kidnapping 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, fights, logjams, dog chases and death from hardship.

THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS—Pathe

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 to date.

ONE NIGHT IN ROME —Metro-Goldwyn

A LONG suffering duchess is unjustly accused as being the cause 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 seeress 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 parson of a lumber camp and reforms the entire community. The action is jumpy and full of gaps, while the acting and direction are pretty inadequate. Below the month's average.

Former Top-notch Comes Back

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

stage and with Metro, opposite Bert Lytell, Cleo Madison had a complete breakdown from overwork. For nearly two years she wasn't allowed to go near a studio, or a picture theater, or a camera. These years didn't seem long to her, but they were momentous years in the picture world. The flapper and the vamp had come into vogue. "New faces" was the watchword of the hour. Types reigned supreme. Acting ability was the last item considered.

Miss Madison came back to find that the world where she had ruled as something like a queen had forgotten her entirely. She was a has-been, an old-timer—and her thirtieth birthday was still somewhere in the distance.

She doesn't talk about that struggle to win back her place in the game. She doesn't tell about the people who forgot, and the refusals that staggered her. She had loved her work. And in the old days the salaries had been pitifully small when compared with the figures that burred on every hand in the new era of prosperity.

But at last the luck turned—half way. When John Stahl got ready to make "The Dangerous Age" he wanted a mature woman, who looked as the mothers of eighteen-year-old girls usually look. He didn't want an old lady and he didn't want a flapper. He wanted a woman. He happened to see a picture of Cleo

Madison, and something about the sweetness of her face appealed to him. He sent for her. When he first saw her he said, "You're too young."

And Cleo Madison herself hesitated before those words that end the career of a leading woman and a star—mother rôles.

But she was desperate. Often enough in the old days she had played parts that her grandmother could have essayed satisfactorily. She decided to do it—and she did. The performance was conceded to be one of the best of the year, and she was back on the screen.

Now—she's playing mother rôles. Rupert Hughes told them to get him the mother of "The Dangerous Age" to play in his picture "True As Steel." When Cleo Madison walked into his office, trim and slender and good-looking in her smart tailored suit, he refused to believe she was the same woman. She had to go and put on her make-up, and the right clothes, before he would give her the part.

Of course, she's happy to be back, to be working, to be again successful. But even baseball players and prize fighters aren't relegated to the old man class until after thirty. And this former star is still a young and lovely woman.

Yes, there are lots of funny, tragic little stories beneath the glitter of "the most heart-breaking game in the world."

Why I Refuse to Let My Wife Bob Her Hair

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

a young squab 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 sundered 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 blondish. Well, while poor old hubby was stewing around trying to look important, here was his bobbed-hair wife in her low-cut gown, and short cut 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 dashing 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 matinee. After the matinee 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 would 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 over 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 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 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 viscous 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 under 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 50 nations have adopted this new-day dentifrice.

The hidden results

But the visible results are not alone important. Pepsodent multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, also its starch digestant. 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.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.
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 viscous 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.**

10-DAY TUBE FREE 1599

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 310, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.



Has Your Skin Enough "Precious Moisture"?

—learn the secret
of skin smoothness

If you knew the simple truth about skin—and that one glorious moment right after you wash, would keep your skin serenely smooth and your hands velvety soft . . . wouldn't you cherish it?

It's the skin's own moisture that makes it softest and loveliest! But we wash it away, and powder it away and the weather takes the rest until the delicate skin dries into tiny scales and in severe wind and cold becomes red and coarse—chaps.

Frostilla Fragrant Lotion is painstakingly prepared to exactly replace this "precious moisture." Every morning rub just a bit of this delicately perfumed lotion over your face and hands before you leave the wash stand and begin the day with fresh, smooth skin.

Give back the "precious moisture" to your hands, after all housework. Powder or rouge goes smoothly on a skin you have beautifully prepared with Frostilla Lotion.

Sold everywhere. Regular price 35 cents. The Frostilla Company, Elmira, New York. Selling Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., New York, Toronto, London and Sydney.

Frostilla

Fragrant Lotion

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Wind and sun take the moisture out of the skin just as they "dry" clothes.

THE STUDIO DIRECTORY

WEST COAST

(Unless otherwise specified studios are at Hollywood)

BUSTER KEATON STUDIO, 1025 Lillian Way. Production will soon commence on "Seven Chances," starring Buster Keaton.

CENTURY FILM CORP., 6100 Sunset Boulevard. Edward I. Luddy directing Buddy Messenger in "Uncle's Reward." Edward I. Luddy directing Wanda Wiley in "On Duty."

Al Herman directing the Century Follies Girls in comedy untitled.

CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIO, 1416 La Brea Ave. Completed his United Artists' comedy, tentatively titled "The Gold Rush."

CHRISTIE COMEDIES, 6101 Sunset Boulevard. Gil Pratt and Scott Sidney directing Neal Burns, Jimmy Adams, Vera Stedman, Billie Beck and Kathleen Myers in untitled comedies.

Walter Hiers Prod. Archie Mayo directing "Slim Chance," with Walter Hiers and Duane Thompson.

Bobby Vernon Prod. Walter Graham directing "Bright Lights," with Bobby Vernon and Ann Cornwall.

F. B. O. STUDIOS, Melrose and Gower Streets. Harry Carson directing "The Forgotten City," with Maurice, "Lefty," Flynn and Gloria Grey. Emory Johnson directing "Life's Greatest Game," with Johnny Walker and Jane Thomas. Del Andrews directing "The Go-Getters," with Alberta Vaughn and George O'Hara. Al Rogell directing "Thundering Hoofs," with Fred Thomson and Ann May.

Associated Arts Corp. F. Harmon Weight directing "Hard Cash," with Madge Bellamy, Kenneth Harlan and Mary Carr.

Carlos Prod. James Horne directing "Stepping Lively," with Richard Talmadge and Mildred Harris.

Educational-Larry Semon Prod. Nowell Mason directing "The Speed Kid," with Larry Semon and Dorothy Dwan.

Gothic Prod. Production will soon commence on "The Prude," starring Evelyn Brent.

FINE ARTS STUDIOS, 4500 Sunset Boulevard. **Lloyd Hamilton Comedies.** Fred Hihhard directing untitled production with Lloyd Hamilton and Dorothy Seastrom.

Norman Taurag directing two-reel untitled "Mermaid" comedies, with Lige Conley and Ruth Hiatt. William S. Camel directing the Juvenile Comedies. Al Ray directing the Cameo comedies, with Cliff Bowes and Virginia Vance.

FOX STUDIO, 1401 N. Western Avenue.

Lynn Reynolds directing "The Deadwood Coach," with Tom Mix and Doris May. Denison Clift directing "Honor Among Men," with Edmund Lowe and Claire Adams.

Jack Conway directing "Thorns of Passion," with George O'Brien and Billie Dove.

Edmund M. Orion directing "The Star Dust Trail," with Shirley Mason and Bryant Washburn.

Emmett Flynn directing "Gerald Cranston's Lady," with Alma Rubens and James Kirkwood. Al Santell directing "The Man Who Played Square," with Buck Jones and Wanda Hawley.

Jerome Strong directing "The Brass Bowl," with Edmund Lowe and Claire Adams.

FIRST NATIONAL PRODUCTIONS, United Studios.

Charles Brabin directing "So Big," with Colleen Moore and Ben Lyon.

John Francis Dillon directing "If I Marry Again," with Doris Kenyon, Lloyd Hughes and Hohart Bosworth.

Irving Cummings directing Pandora La Croix, with Viola Dana and Milton Sills.

Corinne Griffith Prod. Robert Leonard directing "Wilderness," with Corinne Griffith and Holmes Herbert.

J. K. McDonald Prod. J. K. McDonald directing "Frisolous Sal," with Ben Alexander, Eugene O'Brien and Mae Busch.

Joseph M. Schenck Prod. Production will soon commence on "Learning to Love," with Constance Talmadge and Antonio Moreno. Frank Borzage directing "The Lady," with Norma Talmadge and Wallace MacDonald.

Sam Rork Prod. Al Green directing "Inez from Hollywood," with Anna Q. Nilsson and Lloyd Hughes.

HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd.

Harold Lloyd Prod. Inactive.

James P. Hogan Prod. J. P. Hogan directing "Black Lightning," with Clara Bow and Eddie Phillips.

Independent Pictures Corp. J. McGowan directing "Billy the Kid," with Franklyn Farnum.

THOS. H. INCE STUDIOS, Culver City, Cal.

Regal Prod. George Archambaud directing "The Mirage," with Florence Vidor and Alan Roscoe.

Cullen Tate directing "The Follies Girl," with Margaret Livingston.

Hunt Stromberg Prod. Chet Withey directing "A Cafe in Cairo," with Priscilla Dean and Robert Ellis.

Tom Forman directing "The Man From Texas," with Harry Carey.

C. Gardner Sullivan Prod. John Ince directing "Cheap Kisses," with Lillian Rich, Cullen Landis and Vera Reynolds.

Thomas H. Ince Prod. James W. Horne directing "The Desert Fiddler," with Charles Ray.

R. William Neil directing "Broken Laws," with Mrs. Wallace Reid and Percy Marmont.

LASKY STUDIO, 1520 Vine Street.

Ernst Lubitsch completed production on "Forbidden Paradise," with Pola Negri, Rod La Rocque and Adolphe Menjou.

James Cruze directing "The Garden of Weeds," with Betty Compson and Warner Baxter.

Paul Bern directing "Worldly Goods," with Agnes Ayres and Pat O'Malley. Frank Urson and Paul Irlie directing "Lord Chumley," with Viola Dana and Theodore Roberts.

Irvin Willat directing "North of the 36," with Jack Holt, Lois Wilson, Ernest Torrence and Noah Beery.

Cecil B. De Mille directing "The Golden Bed," with Jane Winton.

Herbert Brenon directing "Peter Pan," with Betty Bronson.

William de Mille directing "Locked Doors," with Betty Compson, Theodore Von Eltz and Theodore Roberts.

William Howard directing "Code of the West," with Constance Bennett.

Victor Fleming directing "The River Boat," with Wallace Beery.

Alan Crosland directing "Top of the World," with James Kirkwood.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

Hobart Henley directing "So This Is Marriage," with Eleanor Boardman and Conrad Nagel.

Reginald Barker directing "The Great Divide," with Alice Terry and Conway Tearle.

Monta Bell directing "The Snob," with Norma Shearer and Jack Gilbert.

Eric Von Stroheim directing "The Merry Widow," with Mae Murray and Jack Gilbert.

Maurice Tourneur directing "Never the Twain Shall Meet," with Anita Stewart and Bert Lytell. Clarence Badger directing "Zander the Great," with Marion Davies and Harrierson Ford.

King Vidor directing "The Wife of the Centaur," with Aileen Pringle, Eleanor Boardman and Jack Gilbert.

PICKFORD FAIRBANKS STUDIO, 7100 Santa Monica Boulevard.

PRINCIPAL PICTURES CORP., 7250 Santa Monica Boulevard.

Sam Wood directing "The Mine With the Iron Door," with Dorothy Mackaill and Pat O'Malley. J. Gordon Edwards will soon start production on "Resurrection," with Theda Bara.

HAL E. ROACH STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

Comedies with Glenn Tyron, Blanche McHaffey, Our Gang, and Arthur Stone.

SENNETT STUDIO, 1712 Glendale Boulevard.

Comedies with Ben Turpin, Madeline Hurlock, Ralph Graves and Harry Langdon.

UNIVERSAL STUDIO, Universal City, Cal.

Clarence Brown directing "Smoldering Fires," with Pauline Frederick and Malcolm McGregor.

Arthur Rosson directing "Good Deed O' Day," with William Desmond and Margaret Clayton.

William Seiter directing "Here's How," with May McAvoy and Jack Mulhall.

Harry Pollard directing "Oh Doctor," with Reginald Denny and Mary Astor.

King Baggott directing "The Tornado," with House Peters.

William H. Craft directing the serial, "The Riddle Rider," with William Desmond and Eileen Sedgwick.

William Duncan directing the serial "Wolves of the North," with William Duncan and Edith Johnson.

Two-reel Westerns starring Jack Dougherty, William E. Lawrence and Pete Morrison.

One-reel comedies starring Bert Roach.

Arthur Rosson directing "The Meddler," with William Desmond, Jack Dougherty and Dolores Rousee.

VITAGRAPH STUDIO, 1708 Talmadge Street.

J. Stuart Blackton will soon commence "The Beloved Brute," with Marguerite de la Motte and Victor McLaglen.

WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO, 5842 Sunset Boulevard.

Millard Webb directing "The Dark Swan," with Monte Blue, Marie Prevost and Helene Chadwick.

William Beaudine directing "The Narrow Street," with Dorothy Devore and Matt Moore.

Mal St. Clair directing "The Lighthouse by the Sea," with Rin-tin-tin and Louise Fazenda.

Wesley Ruggles directing "The Age of Innocence," with Beverley Bayne and Elliott Dexter.

Phil Rosen directing "This Woman," with Irene Rich, Clara Bow and Rleardo Cortez.

William Beaudine directing "How Baxter Butted In," with Willard Louis.

Harry Beaumont directing "A Lost Lady," with Irene Rich, Victor Potel and George Fawcett.

THE STUDIO DIRECTORY

EAST COAST

A. H. FISHER STUDIO, New Rochelle, N. Y.
John L. McCutcheon directing "The Law and the Lady," with Alice Lake, Maurice Costello and Mary Thurman.

GLENDALE STUDIO, Glendale, L. I.
Charles Hines directing "The Early Bird," with Johnny Hines and Sigrid Holmquist.

PARAMOUNT STUDIO, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.
Frank Tuttle directing "Dangerous Money," with Bebe Daniels and Tom Moore.
Dimitri Buchowetzki directing "The Swan," with Elsie Ferguson and Adolphe Menjou.
Joseph Henabery directing "Tongues of Flame," with Thomas Melghan and Bessie Love.
Allan Dwan directing "Argentine Love," with Bebe Daniels and Ricardo Cortez.
Paul Sloane directing "Jungle Law," with Richard Dix and Jacqueline Logan.

TEC-ART STUDIO, 318 East 48th Street, New York City.

Inspiration Pictures, Inc. John S. Robertson directing "Classmates," with Richard Barthelmess.

WHITMAN BENNETT STUDIO, 537 Riverdale Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

Whitman Bennett Prod. Whitman Bennett directing "The Lost Chord," with Alice Lake, David Powell and Dagmar Godowsky.

Banner Prod. Burton King directing "Those Who Judge," with Patsy Ruth Miller and Lou Tellegen.

Victor Halperin Prod. Victor Halperin directing "Greater Than Marriage," with Marjorie Daw and Lou Tellegen.

IN EUROPE

METRO-GOLDWYN CORPORATION, at Rome, Italy.

Fred Niblo directing "Ben-Hur," with Ramon Novarro, Francis X. Bushman, Carmel Myers, May McAvoy, Kathleen Key, Nigel de Brulier, Claire McDowell and Frank Currier.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP. in France.
Lecoe Perrett directing "Madame Sans Gene," with Gloria Swanson and Charles de Roche.

UNITED ARTISTS CORP. in Germany.
D. W. Griffith directing "Dawn," with Carol Dempster and Neil Hamilton.

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Educational Film Corporation, 370 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation (Paramount), 485 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Film Booking Offices of Amer., Inc., 723 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Fox Film Corporation, 723 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Metro-Goldwyn, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation, Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

Pathe Exchange, 35 West 45th St., New York City.

Principal Pictures Corporation, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Producers Distributing Corporation, 469 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Rothacker Film Mfg. Company, 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

B. P. Schulberg Prod., 1650 Broadway, New York City.

United Artists Corporation, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City. D. W. Griffith Prod., 1476 Broadway, New York City.

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Horoscopes of Stars

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

vated moral muscle and self-discipline, he will then move in a larger orbit than ever before. "Tis the set of the sails, and not the gales, that determines the way we should go."

Mary Pickford

Born 1893, April 8th, 2 a. m., Toronto, Can.

THE most pronounced feature in this horoscope is the fact that the Moon, which rules the masses, was rising in the sign Capricorn, in friendly aspect to the beneficent planet Jupiter, but unfriendly to Saturn. This promises her popularity and great financial success, but because of the lurking influence of Saturn, makes it most necessary that she not only conserve her money, but that she zealously guard her ability to attract a large following, and to see that she does nothing which might rob her of it.

This danger is all the more pronounced as Mars and Neptune were in that portion of the heavens ruling her early environment, the ending of undertakings, and the close of her life.

Having Mercury, Venus and the Sun in the idealistic, princely sign Aries, and in that portion of the heavens ruling money, is a still further promise of worldly success, and that she has the ability to dream dreams and see that they are materialized.

Venus being so close to Mercury, the messenger of the gods, and to the Sun, should give her the intelligence, beauty and magnetism which, in the hands of a wise director, could make her an artist of many parts, always possessing the charm of youth, or the pathos necessary to portray either somber or older parts. It is rather unusual for one artist to be so strongly under the rule of planets of so variant vibrations.

Since the winter of 1921, she has been under the depressing influence of Saturn, more than will be the case for many years to come. Even though the world may have envied her for all the success she may have been having, Saturn must have caused her troubles either because of her financial, business or social life, which at times may have seemed overwhelming, and in the spring or fall of 1923, she may have been in a depleted condition, physically, and may have also been worried over the health of some of her family or connections.

Beginning with this year, she came under the influence of Jupiter, and as this planet has been traveling through that portion of the heavens ruling travel and foreign lands, she may have benefited through traveling, coming in contact with people of influence or power, and much of the gloom of the past may have been forgotten.

With the exception of the month of October, when Saturn will be unfriendly to her Jupiter, and which warns her against taking financial risks, she can probably count the year 1924 as being one of the "high spots" in her life. In 1925, Jupiter will be in conjunction with her Moon, and passing through her ascendant, urging her to launch out with all confidence of success and popularity.

During 1920, and extending into 1931, Uranus will be in conjunction with her Venus, which often brings new people into the life, and to the unmarried woman, a "grande passion" and opportunity for marriage.

Beginning with 1931 and extending into 1932, she will come under the influence of Uranus to the Sun, which has been treated of in other horoscopes, and as already stated, it will all depend upon her ability to adjust herself to conditions as to whether this tremendous force will bring her added blessings, or most chaotic conditions.

Douglas Fairbanks

Born 1883, May 23rd, 6 a. m., Denver, Colo.

THIS man is born strongly under the influence of the physical planet Mars, the mental Mercury, the artistic Venus and the benefi-

cent Jupiter. This is a rather unusual combination, and if it were not for the fact 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, he would come out much better in the end. One time he will be fleet of foot, quicker than a flash mentally, and full of sex magnetism. At another he will be cold and indifferent to what goes on about him. It very largely 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 feel that he can lift mountains and conquer the world.

In 1919 and 1920, he may have found it most difficult to keep his forces working constructively, 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 afflicts his Mercury, which warns 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 it difficult to carry out his plans, 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 this often brings unlooked-for benefits through powerful people, and from most unexpected sources. If he will control his moods and not be too desperate over the fact that he feels all out of gear mentally, 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 restricting, depressing Saturn, which warns him against doing anything to upset his health, and cause inharmony with his managers or the men closely connected in his destiny. Beginning with this period, 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 his affairs most wisely, and by not going into any speculative ventures, that he will keep from having overwhelming losses at this time.

If he can weather this financial storm, which will not happen again during his lifetime, he need then not have any fear as to his future.

Gloria Swanson

Born 1899, March 27, 12:20 a. m., Chicago

AT the time this Star was born, the sign 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 Art, was in the impersonal sign Aquarius, and in that portion of the heavens ruling money—clearly indicating that 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 seems to promise her no success or happiness is that of matrimony, so it would be well for her to give up any possible dreams of being a happy wife. She would only meet with one disappointment after another, and as she is attracted to men chiefly for companionship, and because they may know more than she does, this need not cause her any great sorrow.

Having Mercury in aspect to so many planets, will ever urge her on to new and greater things. She will not be contented in using the mediums created by others, but will later be ambitious to write herself. She feels an urge constantly to gain new knowledge and to place herself in a position where she will be

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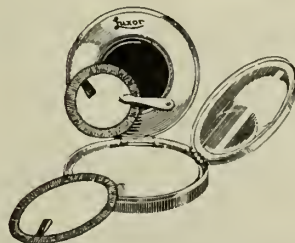
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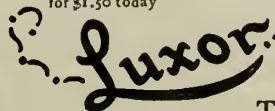
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able to enjoy and to hold the unusual friends which the position of Jupiter will attract.

The position of the Moon indicates that she will have a passion for traveling and will enjoy most going to unfrequented 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 may 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 the front new sides to her nature. She will be under the influence of the ponderous planet Uranus. At this time she will either be likely to make a marriage, or to go into some entirely new line of work, either the legitimate stage, or play writing. If, therefore, between now and then, she would make no radical changes, so far as her type of work or station in life are concerned, she would be free to take advantage of all that will come to her, beginning with this unusual reign of planets.

If she can learn to control the moods which at times almost overpower her, because of the influence of Uranus and Saturn, there is no reason why she cannot make her wildest dreams come true, as she has unusual intelligence and a wise director will give her a great deal of freedom. She will always be willing to co-operate in any situation of life, provided she is wisely and justly treated. There is no limit to the accomplishment this star can attain, as she has the stars on her side.

Rudolph Valentino

Born 1895, May 6th, hour unknown,
Castellano, 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 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 steady-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 by justice both 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 1921, and extending to the fall of 1922, Saturn was unfriendly to his Jupiter, Mars and Moon, which may have brought financial worries and war-like conditions through the opposite sex. 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, so this may have brought him greater popularity or financial success than he hitherto enjoyed. Unless the good fortune which may have come to him at this time extended into 1924, this



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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 influence and 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 his Sun and 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 in which case he may have 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 the banner time of his life, 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

AT the time this actress was born, the sign Gemini, symbolized by the twins, was rising, which gives her Mercury as her ruling planet. She has a very intelligent and active mind, with a natural understanding of human nature. She may so desire to please others as 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.

Venus was in the generous and sympathetic sign Pisces, and in unfriendly 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 law of nature, 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 may materially interfere 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 then 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 to do with health, business and friendships, than has been the case for at least four years' time.

People born between the 7th and 20th of January, April, July and October, will, beginning with 1931, come under the influence of the epoch 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 break-down. It will wholly depend upon her own strength of will as to the results, as character is destiny.

Bert Lytell

Born 1885, February 24th, 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 all in the East. This indicates he has many facets and can adapt himself to any one with whom he is thrown, and unconsciously irons out the wrinkles in their

lives. Venus will make him affable, kindly, with most refined taste, and very particular about his personal appearance. Venus is the goddess of beauty and art. Mercury will give him a splendid understanding of life, and he will be most intelligent in following or giving instructions. He will attract from others their best side and will seem to have a wisdom beyond his experience. Mars will give him ambition, executive ability and, at times, cause him to be impatient and to take a bombastic attitude if he thinks an injustice is done. He never bears malice, however, and any faults he may have are more of temperament than character. The Sun will give him a very noble side, detesting petty actions, and keep him from being resentful.

As both the Sun and the Moon were powerfully placed, he has the good fortune of being a great favorite with men, as well as with the opposite sex. He loves people for their companionship and because of what they are and what they have accomplished.

Between 1918 and 1920, he was under the most turbulent influence of Uranus that he will have again until 1942 and 1943, so until then he really has nothing of a very revolutionary character to fear. He may find it necessary to depend upon his philosophy in October of this year, in order not to feel bored, and he should be careful as to what he puts in writing.

The year 1925 should bring financial advancement, and in 1926 he will be strongly under the influence of both Venus and Mercury. This will bring to the front his charming, affable and mental sides, which should bring new friends, opportunities to travel, and to express himself mentally. The one weakness of the horoscope is the fact that he may have so great a desire to please and to give happiness that he may, at times, be the "good fellow" to the detriment of his health. Barring this one danger, the stars certainly smiled at the time he was born, and indicate that he finds life well worth the living, and that he is a blessing to the world.

Claire Windsor

Born 1898, April 14th, 10 p. m.,
Cawker City, Kansas

THIS actress was born when the sign Sagittarius was rising, which gives her the powerful planet Jupiter, which was in the mid-heaven, 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 whatever 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 one else may be getting who is looking from a different window.

She has many contradictions of character, because of the position of Uranus, Saturn and the Sun. She may have a New England 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 just, and is often more fortunate to others than she is to herself.

The Sun, Venus and Mercury being in that portion of the heavens ruling theaters and amusements, indicates that she will 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 losses and disappointments through 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, less 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

extending into 1925, Saturn will be unfriendly to her Mercury, Venus and Moon, but, fortunately, Jupiter will be in power, so if she will adapt herself to the needs and opportunities of the moment, and will allow people to tell her that black is white, and water runs up hill, without being thrown off her poise, there is no reason why this period need not prove important and bring her greater opportunities than she may have had for several years.

In 1926 Jupiter will be in conjunction with her Moon, and friendly to the mystical planet Neptune, which favors travel and brings opportunities for increased popularity and when things may happen as if by magic. There is no reason why she should not have a most interesting time, and nothing need happen which will materially change her course until she comes under the influence of Uranus, about 1932.

The fact that Saturn was rising at her birth indicates that her best successes will not come until after twenty-eight or thirty, so regardless of what may have happened in the past, this artist must realize that she has a brilliant future to which to look forward, but she must always have an interest, otherwise she is likely to become bored and indifferent. Necessity is the mother of invention with people born under the influence of Taurus.

Kenneth Harlan

Born 1895, July 20th, 9:35 p. m., Boston

AT the time this actor was born, the fiery, princely sign Aries was rising, which gives him the war-like planet Mars as his Star of Destiny. It is unusual to find all the planets in the western sky and beneath the earth, which indicates that his greatest successes in life will not come until after thirty to thirty-five years of age.

Mercury was in the sensitive, intuitive sign Cancer, in conjunction with Jupiter, and friendly to Venus, Uranus and the Moon. This gives him unusual intelligence, great versatility, but may cause him to lack faith in his own impressions and to be influenced too much by those less wise than himself.

The year 1923 should have brought new mental activity but many worries and mental depression. During this fall, particularly the month of November, the Sun will be afflicted by Saturn, which often indicates a run-down and anemic condition, as well as depression in business, and inharmony either with or through the men connected in the destiny. There may be sickness or even a death in his family.

During this year, and extending into 1925, Uranus will be unfriendly to his Venus, which can either bring him greater publicity in a business way, or danger of scandal in his public life. He should be wise in the selection of his intimates, and endeavor to use this magnetism in his professional work, rather than in fascinating any one person.

The Moon, which not only rules the public, but the women touching his life, was in conjunction with the occult Uranus, friendly to Venus and to Jupiter. The opposite sex will benefit him in almost every way, particularly financially, either through acting with very clever artists, or through their influence, and possibly both. If Saturn was not in the house of marriage, he would be blessed with a wealthy wife and be "happy ever after," but women will always be more fortunate to him when not playing the part of his legal wife.

If during this year, and extending into 1925, he can escape a sorrow through his affections, he is then likely to sail on a very calm sea, both in a domestic and professional way, for some years to come.

The position of Jupiter indicates that the termination of most of his affairs, as well as his old age, will be attended by success. Even though things may seem for a time to be very dark, or disappointing, it will always take a turn for the better and end happily.



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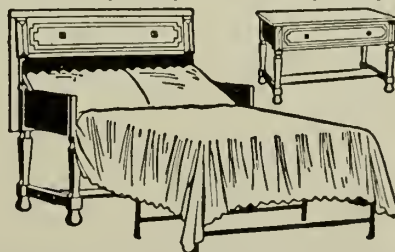


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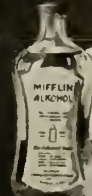


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Confessions Made by a
Star-Producer

[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 czars in those communities. To cope with them is at the present time impossible.

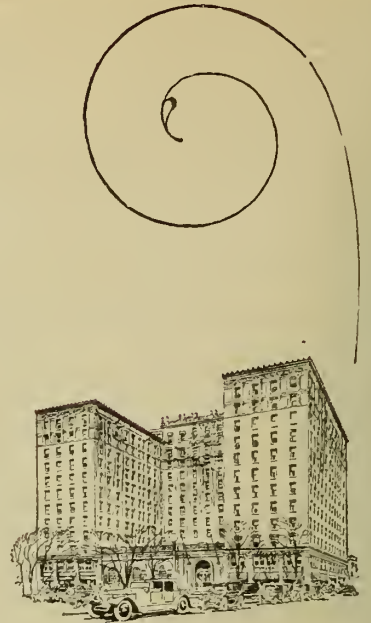
I THINK Mr. Ince often wondered how many problems were confronting me, for he sent me two letters of encouragement, one after "Scrap Iron," and one after "The Girl I Loved." These letters warmed my heart and fortified my spirit. They also illustrate his capacity for sympathy and understanding. I shall 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 tried to tell 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 with 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



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SHERIDAN ROAD AT BELMONT

Chicago

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 Swimm' 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, I 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 Pathe 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 criterion, seeking the prizes.

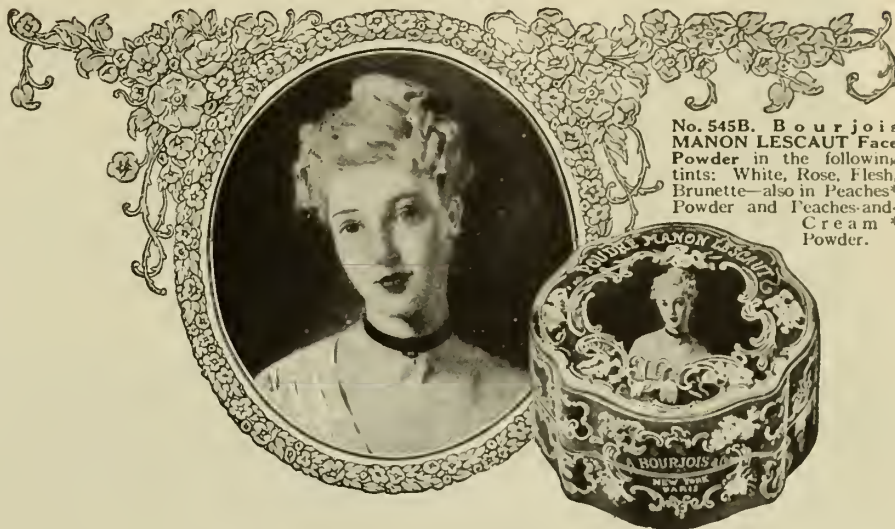
The fun of competition, the lure of the absorbing story, and the splendid prizes offered, proved the drawing power that caused thousands of PHOTOPLAY readers to enter the contest. Some wrote that they didn't care whether they won a prize if they could have the honor of naming the wonderful story, from 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-12 Radiophone receiving sets. In letters accompanying their suggestions both quite emphatically stated that while the cash would come in handy, the radio sets were the great desideratum that 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 but dumb, Mrs. 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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FRIENDLY ADVICE

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 herself 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 distinguished 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 interjecting little side remarks. I do not think that is the best way.

After all it is still true that interruptions are rude. They distract the speaker’s attention. Of course, too, a monologue is not a courteous drawing room accomplishment. 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 subtlest 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 that—” He is delighted by the concentration of a gracious and intelligent woman upon his 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 be amused 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 that your 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 envied her 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 violent 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 indigestion. 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; 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

LICE, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
 You may have alienated your admirer, as you say, by pretending not to love him. If he gives you another chance by declaring once more his love for you, you may properly tell him that you were only pretending. But, frankly, I don't like his having broken three engagements with you. That argues a lack of dependableness and dependableness is a rock on which the security of marriage is founded. Your mother knows the young man she can decide, more reliably than I can at this distance, whether he is serious and whether he says what he means.

WNE K., NEW YORK, N. Y.
 Don't marry the man if you are sure you do not now love him. It would be unfair to both of you. You have made a grave mistake, but you need not add to that the mistake of marrying without love. But are you sure that you do not love him? Has some other influence led you to a mere infatuation, come into your life? Wait. You need not decide at once. As to what you shall tell the hypothetical man of the future Ella Wheeler Wilcox advised one in a similar situation, "Tell no one save your God."

R. L., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.
 Your description of your coloring is picturesque and satisfying. "My hair looks as if I had dipped it in a jug of honey and the shampoo had failed to remove it. If you can decide what color is between green and steel gray you will know the color of my eyes." I think you have chosen the right make-up to emphasize your natural coloring. Test the colors that you think may be becoming. In some shops a purveyor is allowed to mass the dress materials about her shoulders for a trial of their color effectiveness. This you should do, if possible, in daylight and by artificial light. For what may be becoming by one is often disappointing to the other. Also you must take into account your plumpness. The lighter colors, and the lighter, will accentuate it.

Safe colors for you are green of any shade, black and the darkest shades of blue. Midnight blue should be an excellent background for you. Have you tried one of the rich, dark shades of red? Billie Burke, whose coloring is similar to yours, wears those shades of red and even dares pink, for an evening color. Effectively too. Brown, in its darkest shades, would be a becoming color for day wear. Make a careful study of shades in a good light to discover those that harmonize best with your personality.

WEN, WEEHAWKEN, N. J.
 Learn the address of a beauty specialist or of a skin specialist. Assure yourself of his or her ability. Pay the price of a new hat, if necessary, for their treatments. If they are conscientious they may conclude to tell you to go to a physician who will give you a fundamental treatment for the blood. It is of little use to apply cosmetics if the blood stream is polluted with waste.

Sylvester Simplex as I Knew Him

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

would have done anything, just anything, to prevent it. For it is such a hard life. I have heard that Sylvester Simplex autographs many as a hundred checks a day—of his own.
 His mother and father still live in Onion Bay. They are well provided for. Sylvester has seen to it that they have a new pump in the yard; and last Christmas he sent his mother a washing machine. Is it any wonder, then, that the whole world loves Sylvester? At the goodness and the truth and the honor which shine from his face should be mirrored upon the silver screen?



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The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

spects a successor to the Syndicate Film Corporation which had profited so amazingly with "The Million Dollar Mystery." The Randolph concern projected 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 plan had as usual, *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 star hunting. 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 Florenz Ziegfeld, the well-known glorifier of the American girl. They strolled up Broadway together and turned in at the Ansonia to continue the chat in Ziegfeld's suite.

While Ziegfeld was looking for the glasses, or something, Annenberg strolled about admiring the drawing room. On the grand piano 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 managerial capacity communicate the offer which reached the interesting figure of \$150,000 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 under the patrician title of "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 amazed the industry. A total of \$850,000 pre-release contracts were signed with the best theaters of the country. Then the picture came out and in showland parlance "fopped." Many reasons were offered. Probably faults 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 in progress 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 impress. 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 "Defenseless America."

A good old Friend

Remember the good old-fashioned mustard plaster Grandma used to pin around your neck when you had a cold or a sore throat?

It did the work, but my how it burned and blistered!

Musterole breaks up colds in a hurry, but it does its work more gently—without the blister. Rubbed over the throat or chest, it penetrates the skin with a tingling warmth that brings relief at once.

Made from pure oil of mustard, it is a clean, white ointment good for all the little household ills.

Keep the little white jar of Musterole on your bathroom shelf and bring it out at the first sign of tonsillitis, croup, neuritis, rheumatism or a cold.

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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 stamps for illustrated book telling of the success of our students.

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200 SHEETS AND 100 ENVELOPES  **\$1.00** PER PA

ALL PRINTED WITH YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS

—on Sheets and Envelope flaps in Light Copperplate Gothic, 3 lines or less. Rich, dark blue ink. Beautiful white Bond paper. Six by seven inches. Excellent writing surface. Just send \$1.00 in check, M.O. or cash. (\$1.10 west of Denver or outside of U.S.) Write name and address plainly. Satisfaction money refunded. "Suggestions for Correct Letter Writing" will be included upon request. Free Order today. Prompt delivery.

Biltmore Press 23, The Plaza Biltmore Village, N. C. CORRECT STATIONERY FOR INFORMAL USE

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 preaching which won warm endorsement from the belligerently minded, most conspicuously from Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, then having a bully time with the Plattsburgh 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 broadside 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, 1915, all the motion picture personages 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 Thomas Ince 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 lured 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 practise, training that abbreviated finger, and marvel of marvels it grew. The youngster became something of a protege of the famous Strauss of Vienna, and in time rose to the position of concert master at the Vienna opera house. Then came a crash of fate.

Gustav Mahler, master of the Vienna opera, 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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A TRE-JUR Compact scarcely thicker than a gold-piece.....and as precious

The convexity of the beautiful metal case fits the palm—And in the *large* mirror the swiftest glance shows every facial detail.

The touch of Tre-Jur powder is as soft as a lover's caress—perfumed with the new *Joli-Memoire*, a scent that savours of happiness.

"THINNEST" will vastly surprise you. It *looks so expensive and costs so little*—to be exact, One Dollar! Ask at your favorite store for your own shade of powder and rouge...Or order by mail from us.

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THE "TRIPLE"
Combines powder, rouge and lip-stick in a delightful case—with the famous sliding drawer

\$1.25



THE "PURSE SIZE TWIN"
Powder and rouge ingeniously presented in a case that snuggles into the smallest purse

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She keeps her hair smoothly in place

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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Stacomb *Free Offer*

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Please send me, free of charge, a generous sample tube of Stacomb.

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Look at your skin under a magnifying glass

—before and after using the wonderful new "three action" face cream. Blackheads and other blemishes disappear over night. There is something almost magic in its action.

Lemon Facialax

3 Action Cream

cleanses the skin, whitens the skin and nourishes the skin all in one application! Try it today. You will be amazed. You will immediately notice your skin start to clear up. A beautiful complexion may now be yours.

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FACIALAX LABORATORIES, Inc.
3100 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois

Please send me one 4-oz. jar of Lemon Facialax.
Enclosed find \$1.00.

Name.....

Address.....

Riesefeld, unconscious, kept smiling through. One day the explosion came. Mahler fired Riesefeld and the smile.

Riesefeld 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 Riesefeld 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 Riesefeld. To cover the shortcomings of the piano as much as might be Riesefeld played his mightiest with the violin, double stopping for a wealth of tone.

Pianist Wins Fame on Violinist's Playing

He knew he had done well, and hoped the weakness of the piano might be overlooked. 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 Riesefeld appeared as the concert master for Oscar Hammerstein at the Manhattan opera house. When Mahler came from Vienna in 1907 to conduct "Tristan" at the Metropolitan, Riesefeld had his day of triumph. His fiddling of Massenet's "Meditation" was second only in public approval to the very bare back of Mary's "Thais." Meanwhile Mahler's engagement met indifferent success.

From the Knickerbocker engagement for Triangle, Riesefeld went with Rothafel to the 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 production, Riesefeld succeeded to the post he now holds. His methods of interpretive 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 circulation.

Old Chaplin Films "Bootlegged"

Meanwhile the old Keystone-Chaplin comedies with which he had made his first invasion of the screen were working to the limit of the prints still in the stock of the Mutual Film Corporation. The secession 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, 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 replaced. At the same time the numerous state's right and independent exchange men were getting a bootleg supply of re-imported Keystone Chaplins. These were prints of the same subjects made for Mutual, sold by Keystone abroad for foreign consumption and shipped back into the United States. Also a large traffic in "duped" copies of Chaplin comedies, made by screen outlaws by the illegal process of making a negative from a positive print, gained large circulation. The dupes went out by the thousands to the low grade market of the lingering 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



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How to care for Dull Hair

You cannot expect hair which is naturally devoid of lustre to look brilliant or exceptionally bright after an ordinary shampoo. You must use a shampoo that is different—a shampoo that will add real beauty to your hair—GOLDEN GLINT Shampoo. This shampoo will make your hair look so much prettier, so much more attractive, that you will just love to fuss with it. In addition to the clean freshness any good shampoo gives, it offers something unusual, something new, something more than a promise. This "something" is a secret you'll discover with your first Golden Glint shampoo. 25 cents a package at toilet counters or direct. * J. W. KOBI CO., 616 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash.

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YOU can earn \$1 to \$2 an hour in your spare time writing show cards. No canvassing or soliciting. We instruct you by our new simple Directograph System, supply you with work and pay you cash each week. Write today for full particulars and free booklet.

WEST-ANGUS SHOW CARD SERVICE LIMITED
Authorized Capital \$1,250,000.00
65 Colborne Building, Toronto, Can.

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 with the release of his Keystone pictures in 1913. From that day until the establishment burned in 1923, ten years later, Chaplin was off that screen a total of four days. In those four days the management experimented with Chaplin substitutes in the form of comedies made by two of his best imitators. The experiment proved that Fourteenth street would accept nothing but the genuine. In a single day the receipts of the film show 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 reel 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 alone 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 fair and devious, recognized 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 far reaching effect.

The reports and letters from Mutual's sixty-eight exchanges brought this clamor for new prints of the Keystone Chaplins to the desk where John R. 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 not some 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 contract was not more than half fulfilled when these plans began to blossom into campaigns.

Essanay was soon alert. It became most difficult for strangers and emissaries from the East to see Chaplin. The guards at the Essanay West Coast 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.



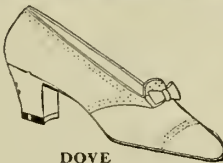
Anna Q. Nilsson
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Write for this FREE BOOK, which tells just what to do to make your complexion smooth and beautiful. Write today.

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Girls—Send for the Hollywood Lip-Stick, used by the loveliest Motion Picture Stars of Hollywood. Price, \$1.00 Postpaid.
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Freely Lathering Medicinal and Emollient

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THE POPULAR SCENARIO WRITER

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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 gleaning 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 press-agenting the product 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 mingled 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 it 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 couched 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 guises of friendship or social 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 honey-combed 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 to be 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 intrigonometry. 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 bit 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 phase of the campaign.

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

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THE MODERN housekeeper does not have to scour and scrub the toilet bowl. Sani-Flush keeps it spotlessly clean—and with the minimum of effort.

Simply sprinkle a little Sani-Flush into the bowl, follow directions on the can, and flush. All marks, stains and incrustations disappear. Sani-Flush cleans and sanitizes the hidden, unhealthy trap too. It will not injure plumbing connections.

Sani-Flush performs a task that cannot be done so well by any other means. Always keep a can handy in the bathroom.

Buy Sani-Flush at your grocery, drug or hardware store, or send 25c for a full-size can.

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio



Sani-Flush

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Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

KEEPS SHOES SHAPELY HIDES LARGE JOINTS



Affords instant relief for bunions and large joints, hides irregularities of foot form. Worn in any shoe; no larger size required. Over one-half million in use. Ask your shoe dealer or druggist. Write today for special free trial offer. No pay if no relief. State size of shoes and if for right or left foot.

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MAKE MONEY AT HOME

YOU can earn good money at home in your spare time making show cards. No canvassing or soliciting. We show you how, supply both men and women work at home no matter where you live and pay you cash each week.

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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 sensationally 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 R. 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 pall 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 \$10,000 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



"Oh, Mother!"

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The brilliant beauty of the Solitaire, admired by femininity from childhood up, is now equalled in this exquisite assembly — at a very much lower price.

Perfect sections of highest quality diamond, cut at scientifically correct angles for full brilliancy, are skillfully fitted together in the form of one stone. Arm's length away, N·D·A is indistinguishable from a solitaire.

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Diamonds cut by the Eduard Van Dam factories, in Holland — the finest in the world.

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To develop and keep a clear, soft, smooth skin you need only use

**Ingram's
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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.

Or send ten cents (coin or stamps) for generous sample with the Dermoscope which will prove its beneficial effect.

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Bathing
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Compare the effect with and without and you will never take another bath without No. 4711 Bath Salts.

The pleasure and the odor are such that the whole bathroom seems like a flower garden.

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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 deemed 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 the 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 \$1,300,000 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. Yet Spoor let a million walk out the front door.

One Man Who Couldn't Use Chaplin

When Chaplin said, "I can get a guarantee of \$650,000," Spoor's answer was, "Run along and get it, boy."

The motion picture has never guessed the answer. Spoor was at bitter odds with G. M. Anderson, his partner. The "S" of Essanay was through with the "A."

With Chaplin profits pouring into the concern, Anderson's interest in Essanay would have been both valuable and costly indeed. With Chaplin gone Anderson's shares would be worth a great deal less. Spoor executed a bear movement by letting Chaplin go. Then he bought out Anderson.

So ended the screen career of Broncho Billy, among the first of the famous players of the screen, by the same gesture which sent Chaplin on to a greater fame.

This was the beginning of the end of the greatness of Essanay. Swift changes left this concern, along with the other members of the General Film Company group, unsuccessfully struggling against the feature tide and the new order. But Essanay had won millions for Spoor and he had them, safely anchored in Chicago lake shore real estate. Essanay did not matter so much any more.

Chaplin's salary in his new job with Mutual was to begin on March 20, 1916.

Meanwhile Freuler was profoundly busy with the financing of the Chaplin project. Even big operators in motion picture affairs do not handle million dollar projects out of the carfare change pocket. The Chaplin contract went through some corporation transfers. It was a personal agreement between Chaplin and Freuler, transferred by Freuler to the Lone Star Film Corporation, an intermediary financing company of brief life, which in turn transferred it to the Lone Star Corporation which was to engage in the making of the pictures.

Charlie's Contract a Sensation

The announcement of the Chaplin contract was a sensation for the public.

It was simultaneously announced by the release of a story to the press and the use of the big "talking" electric sign which for some years commanded the upper side of Times Square.



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After the first flash of excitement the newspapers began to get skeptical about that \$670,000 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's 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 \$250,000 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 reels 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. At the same time plans were carried into effect which tactfully brought Chaplin's art to the attention of sundry literary and artistic persons of authoritative name. By 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. Also Heywood Brown 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 slums of 1913 had become a pet of the philosophizing literati by 1916.



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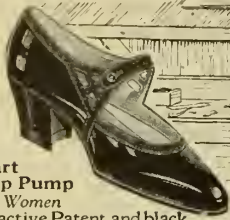


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W. L. Douglas Shoe Company, 126 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

At \$150 a week in Keystone comedies Chaplin was a vulgar nobody, but at \$670,000 a year he became a Rabelaisian 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. Chaplin's salary was plain salary, so much a week paid on Saturday night.

The competitors who lost Chaplin in the enthusiastic 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. The Lone Star Corporation 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 discovered that Chaplin's contract provided that he was not to pass beyond the borders of the continental United States. This was a simple safe-guard against the war situation and the possible whimsicalities of some British draft officer. On this provocation an uproar was raised in the London press, intended to hold Chaplin up as a slacker and seeking to cast shame on him and 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 films 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 a super-type, 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, 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 Adolph Zukor and his Famous Players concern.

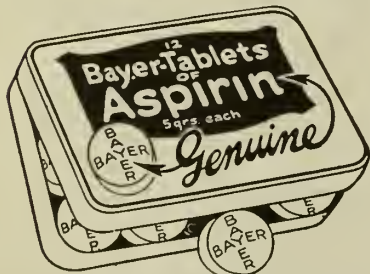
In the next chapter we shall discover how Miss Mary precipitated even more action and excitement in the screen world than had resulted from the astounding Chaplin contract.

[TO BE CONTINUED]



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What Is Love?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

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 forgetfulness, 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 whom you do not love. Then he cannot hurt you."

Who knows? What he said to spare me sorrow may have been adopted as matrimony'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 slaves and toils from early morn 'til late at night—supporting four children and—an inebriate, lazy, worthless husband. Under no condition would she leave him.

Because—she loves him.

Winston 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 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 toiled, 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 agree teetotally. The real cause for any fine work I may have done I'll ascribe to its influence. And I hope I never have to do without it.

By Dorothy Mackaill

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 bizziness."

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 divorce courts 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, my practical British viewpoint may be blamed. Perhaps readers of PHOTOPLAY expect a gushing, garrulous garnishment of the term "love" from me, but I write this according to my convictions—that love on the whole as manifested by the average person is a foolish and usually a selfish impulse, immature, ill-considered and the augury 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."

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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



No garment ever gave lines like these!

waist, through the hips, across the abdomen.

No wise woman under fifty need have "matronly" proportions.

No woman who knows need "confine" her figure.

You can redistribute your weight with less effort—and with less expense—than resorting to corsetry and

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Hips Six Inches Smaller in a Month Steady Reduction of 5lbs a Week

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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:

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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. Charles Ray, on 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 early 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.

At 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 lustre through the burnishing 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 Talmadges. So did Teddy Roosevelt, the greatest press agent of this century, with the possible exception of Mary Garden.

Kings and 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. Name the most popular man 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!"

Betty 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 about it. He had always acted 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 I recommend to all 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,"

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Your complexion may be of the roughest, it may be disfigured with pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, red spots, enlarged pores, wrinkles and other blemishes. You may have tried a dozen remedies. I do not make an exception of any of these blemishes. I can give you a complexion, soft, clear, velvety beyond your fondest dream. And I do it in a few days. I want you to believe, for I know what my wonderful treatment will do.

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I want to tell you in detail about this wonderful treatment. So send for my booklet. It is free. You are not obligated. Send no money. Just get the facts, the indisputable proofs. My method has restored to beauty the complexions of tens of thousands of women. Don't say your case is an exception. You have my unqualified promise. You have nothing to lose—everything to gain. Dorothy Ray, 646 N. Michigan Blvd., Suite 136, Chicago

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To see is to be desired; To possess is to be admired

The 7 lustrous diamonds are set in Solid Platinum. The ring is of the finest 18K White Gold. The design has been carefully worked out and its simplicity lends a charm that cannot be described. You must see it—hold it—wear it—to realize its beauty.

This ring cannot be duplicated by anyone anywhere for less than \$100. We alone are able to offer this up-to-the-minute diamond ring at this low price, \$63.50. Send \$1 now—today—and at the end of the 30-day free trial period mail us \$6 and continue monthly until the \$69.50 is paid. If by any chance you do not like the ring, return it and we'll cheerfully refund deposit. Order Today (don't delay). Send your order to Dept. D, 75.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES FOR PHOTOPLAY

will be found on page five below the table of contents.

protested Eric, who had spent two years on the picture.

"Well?" said the studio manager grimly.

MARCUS LOEW: "I don't see why people pronounce my name Lowey. You don't call a mule muley."

Whereupon a cuckoo wit replied, "No, because 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 beget loyalty. Louise Glaum does. She is a charming and sincere woman, a capable actress. I recall what she once said to me: "I am not afraid of old age. I will be glad to play character rôles, for they are the greatest of all." Louise Glaum is, and always has been, an excellent character actress.

I ADMIT to being a Bolshevik in that I prefer to sing the praise of the unsung deity rather than the one before whom the crowd is genuflecting with swinging censors. Each year I clamber to the tower and shout to Allah that there is no finer actress than Bessie Love. Eventually I hope that I may aid 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 Robert to your attention because he has that which is a sure sign of greatness, a sense of humor. When I have forgotten all the Confucius 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 indignation, then, when two rough lumberjacks intruded and hauled her out just before a dam was broken to let down a flow of logs. Paraphrasing the late Bert Savoy, the flower of our drama, Ruth wrathfully declared that beds were made to be slept in, not to be dragged over.

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HERE it is! A brand new ailment 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 Paramount 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 work that morning.

Dix, well covered with liniment, was standing with his back to the powerful lights waiting to be called. He felt a sudden burning sensation 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.



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other; today, you are offered Wavex, and need not longer counter-act the curl by straightening the hair in the brushing process. A glance at the pictures reveals the Wavex principle. The brush itself will demonstrate its effectiveness in short order. Wavex is guaranteed, so your own critical test of this wonderful brush is without risk. If you buy a Wavex brush, it can hardly be counted an expense—for it will soon save many times its cost in the fees you pay for repeated wavings without this aid.

Everyone needs a good hair brush, so Wavex is not a luxury. Especially for those who secure these brushes while the introductory offer holds good; the present price is three dollars! Many druggists have had their first supply and are offering this brush with the curve-set bristles at the introductory price of three dollars, if they still have any. Or you may have the makers forward you one brush at \$3 with privilege of a free trial. It will prove a joy if you'll use it! A deluge of letters is proof of what it does for the appearance and health of the hair. It aids and abets curliness with every stroke. It brings a buoyancy and billow to

the hair. It does away with that severe look which bobbed hair has when flattened by the old, straight-type of brush.

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It Can't Be Done

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

they say. And—this ought to interest you—I ran into Irene Shirley just before I left, at a big party given by Sam Kessler, 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. "Who'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."

"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 don't doubt she was reciting nursery rhymes to 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. Then he shook 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 Romeos. Oh—I'm not saying Davidson's going to fall for Irene Shirley. I guess you might have something to say about that. But I'm telling you, boy, from the way she was going after him that night, it won't be her fault if he doesn't."

"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 these 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 the family fireside. 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 him an easier mark than I thought. Don't tell me about these gay 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

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couple of baby stares. 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 better than I do, for that matter. I've been watching 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 Davidson'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 one per cent, but she's a whiz, when it 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 gets much out of it—I couldn't, myself—but this highbrow pose goes well with school-girl dresses, and no makeup. If some wise-cracking vamp begins to ask you about 'Jürgen,' or 'Painted Veils,' or 'Women in Love,' you naturally think he's out to talk dirt. But let some sweet 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 it's his duty to protect her from the cruel 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 may decide, pretty soon, to make 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 rather 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 back of her—no pull of any sort—just her ability, her looks. You've been through the mill, Jimmy, and you know



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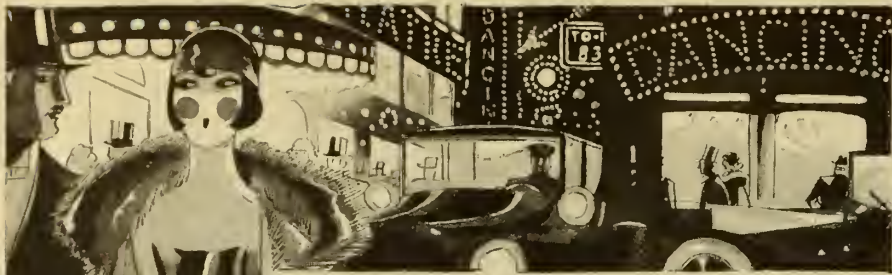
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what it means, for a girl like that—a long, hard row to hoe, without influence, without a big publicity campaign. Why, half the celebrities today—and I'm not speaking only of the picture business either—owe their position in the public eye to clever propaganda. It's a case of the best press-agent, nowadays, if you want to succeed. Half a dozen newspaper men, sitting around the supper table, can make the reputation of an actor, a song-writer, a politician—or break it—over night. Look what the sporting writers of the country did for Georges Carpentier. Do you suppose a hundred thousand people would ever have paid big money to see a second-rater slaughtered, if he hadn't been press-agented the way he was? Everybody who wants to make a reputation nowadays starts a publicity campaign, from screen stars to society leaders, from prize-fighters to ministers. The pen sure is mightier than the sword, Jimmy. Even wars are fought largely in the newspapers, by means of clever propaganda. Blow your trumpet—make a noise—ballyhoo yourself—if you don't, you'll be lost in the shuffle. That's why it's so hard for a girl like Jane Dare to get ahead. She lacks—well—you might call it insolence. Self-assertiveness. Conceit. But once Davidson decides to make a star of her, you can bet our publicity department will see to it that she's on the front page just as often as we can get her there. So I'm hoping Lew will see the light, and give her a chance."

"You say this girl hasn't anybody back of her," Jim Reese laughed. "Looks to me, Tony, as though she had you."

"That's true. But I can't make her. I'm not big enough. Davidson is."

"Hell's bells! Of course you are—big enough to make anybody. Better try a little of that ballyhoo stuff yourself. There isn't a better man in the business. I ought to know. Didn't you teach me all I've got, when I was your assistant, on the old All-Star lot? What about that plan you had of starting an independent producing company of your own?"

"Some day, maybe, when conditions are right. They're not, just now. That recent slump in the market has given the downtown crowd a bad case of cold feet. Guess I'll play along with Davidson for a while yet."

"H—m. Don't wait too long. The public is hungry for better pictures. And I've always figured you were the man to give them what they want."

"Is the public looking for better pictures? Sometimes, when I see the way they pass up the good ones, and fall for cleverly advertised bunk, I begin to doubt it."

"No, you don't. You're just spoofing yourself. You haven't turned out any flivvers on the Davidson programme, have you? And it's a good programme, isn't it—good stories—well acted—beautifully directed? I haven't heard any rumors of Davidson going to the poor house."

"I guess you're right," Tony said, with a short laugh. "I must have a grouch, tonight. What you suggested about Lew and Irene Shirley got my goat. The little rotter. Well—that's no way to speak of a woman, Jimmy. Forget it, and tell me something about yourself. And you'd better get on with your dinner, too, if we're going to a show tonight. There's Gladys Morton, of the Tri-State—at that corner table, with Abe Spellman, our studio manager. I'll introduce you, later. Have some more steak?"

CHAPTER III

LEW DAVIDSON, rolling westward through the California hills, was in what was for him a rather festive mood. In New York, Mr. Davidson attended strictly and continuously to business. In addition to his picture company, he had other interests, for he owned a great deal of real estate, on most of which stood theaters. Some were picture houses, among them the famous Plaza, at which the Davidson productions were given their premiere showings. Others were legitimate

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theaters, in which Mr. Davidson was more or less interested. All these various and profitable enterprises served to keep him extremely busy; it was seldom that he indulged in the luxury of a holiday. While other men sported on the sands at Palm Beach, or Deauville, or attended the races at Havana, Mr. Davidson could usually be found in his office on Forty-seventh Street, snaring the elusive dollar from ten in the morning until dinner time, and often far into the evening. He loved to work; it had been second nature to him ever since his early days when he sold his wares along the teeming thoroughfares of New York's East Side.

Of late, however, a queer restlessness had disturbed his waking hours. He felt himself growing tired of forever making money, without any real knowledge of how to spend it. Gambling, beyond a modest game of pinochle, did not appeal to him—gambling with cards, that is. He was tremendously amused when certain of his friends were victimized by a clever sharper, at stud poker. The stock market he called a "sucker's game." He might have become a collector of pictures, but beauty, inanimate, meant little to him; he preferred it alive, dramatic, in movement, which explains his love for motion pictures. And for women. For Lew Davidson loved beautiful women—not any one in particular, but the thousands of them that passed him daily on the street, disclosing to his discriminating eye a lovely curving throat here, a pair of graceful hips or fascinating ankles there, in endless variety and profusion. Since passing the fifty mark the habit had grown on him; he began to find an increasing enjoyment in the riots of beauty provided by the smart reviews. Yet through it all, he continued to admire the other sex in general, rather than in particular, as one might view with delight the endless variety of blooms in a flower garden, without desiring to pluck any particular one. A clever Frenchman once said that, concerning women, there is safety in numbers, and, so far, Lew Davidson had proven the truth of it; he was safe.

SPEEDING coastward through a riot of Poppy fields, geranium hedges 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. His spare figure, as it threaded the crowds of Times Square, might have suggested anything, from a millionaire cloak and suit manufacturer to a cut-rate ticket speculator. For his Hollywood trip, however, 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 ungraceful figure: embonpoint 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.

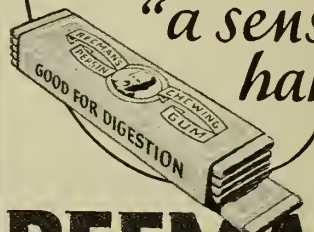
"Lew—you old scoundrel!" he exclaimed. "What you been doing to yourself? Why—you're getting younger every day."

Mr. Davidson, in his new-found liberty, found the remark distinctly pleasing.



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"I got a few licks left in me yet, Sam," he laughed.

CHAPTER IV

ABOUT the time that Lew Davidson descended from the train and greeted his old friend Sam Kessler, two women were discussing him in a dressing room at the Inter-Ocean studio.

One of them was a tall, sinuous and very beautiful brunette, whose dark and fascinating loveliness might have been either Spanish or Jewish, or both. She sat in a wicker chair, languidly toying with a jade cigarette holder.

The other was a smaller woman, with hennaed hair, brushed demurely back and caught in a loose knot at the nape of her neck. The hair itself was not in 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.

The contrast between the girl's sedate exterior, and the ardent spirit which so plainly flowed beneath it, was singularly arresting. The suggestion of innocence, of unsophistication 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. Sophistication, the visibly burning flame, holds no subtlety. Every passer-by knows its power to scorch and burn: Singed moths are apt to avoid it. But about such women as Irene Shirley they flock, fatuously believing that whatever fires may exist beneath so demure an exterior are white fires, quite harmless, without heat of 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 born. Of all the feminine traps devised for the snaring of men, that of the innocent, the guileless young maiden, waiting blushing to be taught the meaning of love is the most deadly.

Irene Shirley was the result of years of intensive training, which began when she was an embryo 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 his castle among the rocks. For five years she had been growing gradually younger, more unsophisticated. In the Century Roof days she walked Times Square flagrantly flaunting her charms to the world, painted, flamboyant, challenging, seventeen aping twenty-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 rouge and her gorgeousness Irene had likewise shed her past. No one knew much about her. A change in name had helped. She had come to Hollywood, unheralded, from the vaudeville stage, and by sheer audacity had vamped her way, via an impressionable 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 immensely pleasing to the eye; they did not impose any great strain upon her skill as an actress. This was perhaps just as well, since she possessed none, beyond an ability to sit, smile, move about gracefully in the manner of a human being. Emotions she registered, when emotions were called for, which was seldom, by crudely primitive methods—the widening eye, the heaving chest, the clenched and unclenched hands. They impressed the crowd passably enough, much in the manner of the

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comic strips; if her tears were not drawn with a pen, they were nevertheless poured from a bottle of glycerine. She sensed her limitations dimly, but consoled herself with the reflection that what the public wanted, on the screen, was youth, beauty, not ability to act, and dreamed of a future filled with a thousand soft luxuries, to which she would presently attain by the simple expedient of convincing some power in the screen world that she was everything a star should be. Perhaps, had Irene put it into words, she would have said, "making some big producer crazy about her," and no doubt such a state of mind would have been necessary, to anyone who proposed to advance her to stellar honors.

Just now she sat primly on a small wooden chair, gazing at herself in the mirror of her vanity case. The girl with the cigarette holder gave a slow, lazy laugh.

"Why this sudden interest in Lew Davidson?" she asked. "He's a four-minute egg."

"Don't be absurd, Lola." Irene's smooth little voice flowed like milk. "I only asked because Sam Kessler is giving a party for him tonight. Are you going?"

"Yes. Davidson's a good man to know. Are you?"

"I—I suppose so, although parties don't mean much to me, not drinking or smoking or anything. And of course an old man like that wouldn't want to dance."

LOLA MOROSINI laughed again, raising the lids of her sullen, almond-shaped eyes. A vamp of vamps, she had caught the public fancy in a recent Spanish production, and her future was assured. In addition to her beauty she possessed a very good brain; Irene, with her small cunning, her affected innocence, was an open book to her.

"It must be hell," she drawled, "to cut out cigarettes and booze, after having used them so long. Don't overdo that virtuous pose of yours, my dear, or Davidson may think you're too good to be true. As for dancing, just tell him you think it's a silly habit, fit only for cake-eaters and college boys. That always makes a hit with the rheumatic old Romeos. The best line, with birds like that, is to encourage them to talk about themselves. They simply adore it. I know." Miss Morosini owed her sudden advancement to an internationally known but somewhat aged author who had sacrificed both his grey beard and his eyeglasses, in a vain attempt to meet her challenging youth. She had been known, after half a dozen synthetic gin cocktails, to refer to him most disrespectfully as "the gland old man of the stage." "Of course," she continued, with gentle irony, "I don't have to give you any pointers."

"Don't say that," Irene protested, emphasizing her laboriously acquired lisp. "I know very little about men—really. Of course I'm anxious to get ahead, and for that reason I'd like to make a good impression on Mr. Davidson, but I—well, I don't imagine he'd see much in a little girl like me."

Miss Morosini gave a highly expressive grunt. Irene's eyes, she mentally noted, were perceptibly too close together to render the baby stare she affected entirely convincing. The shallow blue-grey of her large pupils seemed like a blank wall, concealing what went on in the shrewd little brain behind them. Lola, however, indulged in no illusions.

"Don't pull that nursery stuff on me, dearie," she said, rising with slow, snake-like grace. "Save it for Mr. Davidson. He's just about the right age to fall for a line like yours. Go to it. Having already landed my own fish, I'm not in the running." In spite of her mixing of metaphors, Miss Morosini's meaning was clear. Irene's alabaster-like forehead wrinkled into an unbecoming frown.

"How do you get that way, Lola?" she asked, forgetting for the moment her *ingenue* role. "Just because I ask you a couple of questions about this bimbo, you jump to the conclusion I'm out to annex his bankroll. Cut it, will you? All I want is a chance"—

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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 permit the drinking of a few pink 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 morning, as the case might be. Sam had built himself, out of his recent prosperity, an amazing house. The architect had apparently suffered from a chronic inability to make up his mind. Beginning with a Spanish mission motif, he had progressed through late Elizabethan, early Queen Anne and Georgian, to simple Colonial, somewhat complicated 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 productions.

Since Lew Davidson was something of a power in the screen world, Mr. Kessler had invited to his party everyone in Hollywood of sufficient importance to greet so distinguished a 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 sally he found himself unable to respond with anything more worth while than an automatic cackle. A hundred persons may readily 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, shaking his trembling hand, suggested that she was ready to show him how to put the tang 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 flecked 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 back 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 was eager to dance, and wished for Irene Shirley to take this tiresome, middle-aged carter off her hands. Why had the girl not come?

As a matter of fact, Irene was present, and had been, for half an hour. Her late arrival had been prearranged—she understood 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 grey 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 a 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 patiently to the clumsy love-making of 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 want to dance. Lola, she well knew, would be desolate, not dancing. Excusing herself to her companion with calm abruptness, she sauntered through the library door to the hall, and thence to the French window which opened on the veranda. There was a strong light behind her, and Irene knew something of back-lighting. Her slim figure, silhouetted against the golden oblong of the window, was singularly arresting. There was enough light from the shrubby lamps, the fountain, the moon, to disclose the small whiteness of her features. Knowing quite well that Davidson and Miss Morosini were sitting not five feet away from her she pretended complete ignorance of their presence. Extending her bare arms toward the distant mountains, she began to chant, in a small, clear voice, the poem by Shelley, beginning, "The moon is like a golden boat." At the conclusion of the first stanza both Lola and her companion rose. Irene stopped her elocutionary efforts with well-simulated embarrassment.

"Oh!" she gasped. "I—I didn't know anyone was here."

MISS MOROSINI, 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. "You won't mind, Mr. Davidson, 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 fuming Mr. Davidson with a faint, tremulous smile.

"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 like a regular fellow?"

"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 rather bitterly 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 over; he 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 her small face, ivory in the moonlight, then sat down in the swing beside her.

"Say, Miss Shirley," he remarked, tossing the cigar he had been smoking over the veranda 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. Before 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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Davidson's cheek. It was a cool arm, smooth, round, firm. Mr. Davidson's eyes followed its graceful contours to the point where they melted imperceptibly into the tender fullness of her breast.

"Say, Miss Shirley," he asked suddenly, noting her perfect profile, "what you doing with the Inter-Ocean?"

"Secondary parts," Irene said simply. "I played the school-teacher in our last picture, 'The Triumph of Love.' Have you seen it?"

"Sure. Kessler ran it for me this afternoon. I guess that was why I thought I had met you somewhere. You did a nice piece of work."

"Do you think so? That means a lot, coming from a man like you. I'm just a beginner, of course, but I have ambitions, hopes. Some day I mean to be a star." She did not look at him as she said this; her gaze was fixed mistily upon the distant line of hills.

"No reason you shouldn't," Davidson said heartily. This simple, earnest young girl had begun to interest him.

Irene flashed her eyes into his. They were no longer misty; instead, hot green fires flamed in them, singularly compelling, against the dull pallor of her face.

"Isn't there? People tell me that I can never be a great actress until I have experienced some great emotion—love, I suppose they mean. And, so far, I haven't. That's against me, isn't it? Mr. Kessler says I need some big romance to wake me up."

MR. DAVIDSON swept her with a keen, cautious glance. Her affectation of girlish innocence approached perilously the danger line; only the unsophisticated guilelessness of her expression, the slender, youthful lines of her figure, saved the situation from pathos.

"You mean you never fell in love with nobody?" he asked sharply.

"Yes. Of course I've had lots of little love affairs—cases on men I've admired—you know what I mean. But maybe I'm different from most girls. I don't know. I don't say I am. But somehow those little schoolgirl romances never meant much to me. Not anything serious. Young men—the sort you meet nowadays—don't seem to interest me. Not that I'm pretending to be any smarter than they are. Maybe I'm just the other way. But when I speak of books I've read, pictures, beautiful, worth-while things like that, they seem bored. And so I've always found older men—men who have done things—more interesting. To me, that is. Whether I've interested them or not I don't know. But I'm a good listener. I like to hear brainy men talk. Tell me about yourself, Mr. Davidson. I've seen so many of your pictures, and loved them. Alice Carroll is *such* a delightful actress. I've always admired her."

Mr. Davidson settled back comfortably in the swing and drew a fresh cigar from his pocket. He no longer felt irritable, bored. The soft, feline purring of Irene had soothed, disarmed him. He had grown infinitely tired of women who eternally challenged, the chip of sex on their shoulders.

"Yes, Miss Carroll is a great little actress," he agreed, fumbling with a match, "but I been thinking for some time that Davidson Productions needs a new star." The remark, so casually uttered, was a trap; he watched Irene keenly, wondering if she would fall into it, but her shrewdness saved her.

"That should be a splendid opportunity for somebody," she said, without the least show of personal interest. "Miss Morosini is beautiful, isn't she?" Davidson had expected her to ask for the position at once. "I wish I had her eyes. Do you read much, Mr. Davidson?"

Lew, whose literary experiences did not extend beyond the trade papers of the stage and screen, made a commendable bluff.

"I read a story called 'Desert Stars' last year," he said. "It's got a great picture in it, but the author wants too much for the film rights."

"I don't think I know it," Irene cooed, her

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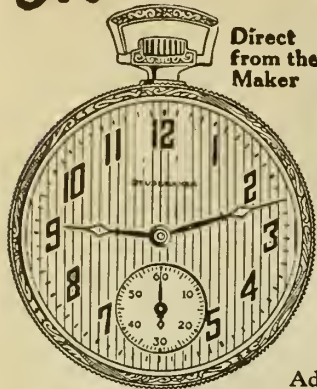
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eyes on the moon. "But I've just finished a perfectly marvellous book by Lawrence, called 'Fantasia of the Unconscious.' Of course I didn't quite understand it—it's supposed to deal quite frankly with questions of sex—I thought that maybe, if you had read it, you might explain it to me."

Mr. Davidson cast the ashes from his cigar with a grunt.

"Sex," 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. These highbrows who try to make a mystery out of it give me 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 here, 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 three cars in the garage. Take 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 friends 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 the well-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 provider. Better come along and put on the feed-bag, 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, "I got something I want 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

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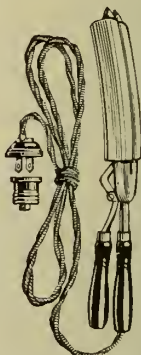
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frank and tell you what's on my mind. I've seen a lot of this Miss Shirley since I been in Hollywood, and what I want to tell you is, I like her."

"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, if 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 back my judgment by giving her one, that's all. 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's 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, *apropos* of certain criticisms he had made of a celebrated star. "I've never met anybody who could strike so quickly at the very heart of things. It's marvellous." Davidson 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 on 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 thrill—she hastened 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 hotly enough 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?"

"What 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 sheik," she laughed, "how do I know your wife won't try to pull out my hair?"

"Nonsense," Lew replied, treading Elysian 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.

"If you want her, Lew, take her," Sam had said. "But, as a friend I got to tell you you're 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—not the way you mean—get me? 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."

"That's what 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 little star had been 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 directors, camera men, actors and a score of extra people were all cooling their heels on the set, waiting for the lingering star.

A major scene 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, a two-reel comedy—a detective thriller—came back to Jane in a very bad humor.

"Davidson got in this morning," he said. "Abe Spellman was talking to him over the phone a while ago. I'm glad he's back. I hear the old boy cut loose a bit, out in Hollywood."

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"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 Roth—has had a couple of letters. 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 fall for a cheap little fraud."

"Cheap little fraud? Do you know her?"

"Yes." Tony's eyes hardened; and the grey of their pupils became almost black. "I know her all right. And all I can say is, I'm glad Davidson's back. No telling what sort of a fool he might have made of himself."

"You mean he might have considered this girl for—for Miss Carroll's place?"

"I DO, although it seems scarcely possible. The woman can't act. As a star, she'd be a total loss. So why worry?" He glanced impatiently at his watch. "This is the third time Miss Carroll has been late this week. I'm not going to stand for it. If she wants a showdown, I'm ready. And Lew will back me up. Alice has got such a swelled head she thinks the company would go out of business without her. Well—she's skating on mighty thin ice, and between you and me 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 good." The quick, eager look 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. But the twinkle of humor in his fine grey eyes, the whimsical twist to the corners of his mouth, delighted her. A big man, and a sincere one, she reflected—the 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, last and all the time. You can 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, Tony," 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 her own to droop. This was almost a declaration, in full view of the chattering group about them. The others, however, were paying no attention, being occupied with their own affairs. Uncertain how to 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. She looked up. Sam Spellman, the studio manager, was coming toward them, a letter in his hand, a curious expression on his fat, rosy face. Beside him walked a very beautiful woman—a girl, almost, to judge from her simple dress, her quiet, unsophisticated manner. She headed straight for Tony, a smile of welcome in her eyes.

"Why—you dear old dear," she murmured, in a smooth, lisping voice. "It's perfectly heavenly to see you again."

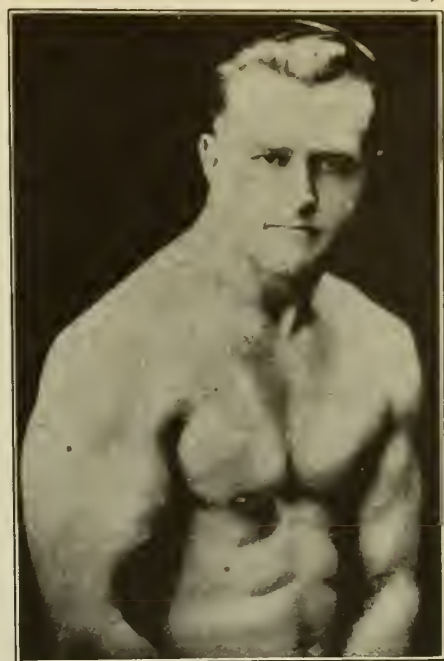
Jane, with a catch in her breath, glanced at Tony. It was clear, from his expression, that between these two lay some deep and lasting experience—some common emotional ground. His face paled suddenly, his eyes became narrow, watchful, his lips a thin, hard line.

"Hello, Irene," he said rudely. "What can I do for you?"

The girl turned, plucked from Abe Spellman's fingers the letter he held in them, offered it to Tony with a triumphant smile.

"Why, Tony," she said brightly, "if it's all the same 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 cheeks. All her hopes for the future, her dreams of taking Alice Carroll's place, even her confidence in Tony Hull, vanished in a quick fade-out.



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Casts of Current Photoplays

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"THE MAN WHO CAME BACK"—FOX.—Founded on the story by John Fleming Wilson. From the stage play by Jules Eckert Goodman. Scenario by Edmund Goulding. Directed by Emmett Flynn. The cast: *Henry Potter, at age of 4*, Walter Wilkinson; *Henry Potter, at age of 12*, Brother Miller; *Henry Potter*, George O'Brien; *Marcelle*, Dorothy Mackaill; *Captain Trevelan*, Cyril Chadwick; *Thomas Potter*, Ralph Lewis; *Aunt Isabel*, Emily Fitzroy; *Charles Reisling*, Harvey Clark; *Sam Shu Sin*, Edward Piel; *Gibson*, David Kirby; *Captain Gallon*, James Gordon.

"THREE WOMEN"—WARNER BROS.—Story by Ernst Lubitsch and Hans Kraley. Scenario by Hans Kraley. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch. The cast: *Jeanne Wilton*, May McAvoy; *Mrs. Mabel Wilton*, Pauline Frederick; *Harriet*, Marie Prevost; *Edmund Lamont*, Lew Cody; *Fred Armstrong*, Pierre Gendron; *Mrs. Armstrong*, Mary Carr; *Harvey Craig*, Willard Louis.

"CAPTAIN BLOOD"—VITAGRAPH.—From the story by Rafael Sabatini. Adapted by Jay Pilcher. Directed by David Smith. The cast: *Captain Blood*, J. Warren Kerrigan; *Arabella Bishop*, Jean Paige; *Mary Traill*, Charlotte Merriam; *Jeremy Pitt*, James Morrison; *Lord Julian Wade*, Allan Forrest; *Don Diego*, Bertram Grassby; *Corliss*, Otis Harlan; *Wolverstone*, Jack Curtis; *Colonel Bishop*, Wilfrid North; *Captain Hobart*, Henry Hebert; *Baynes*, Tom McGuire; *Lord Jeffreys*, Otto Matiesen; *Admiral van der Kuylen*, Robert Bolder.

"THE ALASKAN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by James Oliver Curwood. Adapted by Willis Goldbeck. Directed by Herbert Brenon. The cast: *Alan Holt*, Thomas Meighan; *Mary Standish*, Estelle Taylor; *Rossland*, John Sainpolis; *Stampede Smith*, Frank Campeau; *Keok*, Anna May Wong; *John Graham*, Alphonz Ethier; *Tautuk*, Maurice Cannon; *The Lawyer*, Charles Ogle.

"IN HOLLYWOOD WITH POTASH AND PERLMUTTER"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the stage play by Montague Glass and Jules Eckert Goodman. Adapted by Frances Marion. Directed by Al Green. The cast: *Mawruss Perlmutter*, Alexander Carr; *Abe Potash*, George Sidney; *Rosie Potash*, Vera Gordon; *Rita Sismondi*, Betty Blythe; *Mrs. Perlmutter*, Belle Bennett; *Blanchard*, Anders Randolph; *Irma Potash*, Peggy Shaw; *Sam Pemberton*, Charles Meredith; *Miss O'Ryan*, Lillian Hackett; *Crabbe (Motor Car Salesman)*, David Butler; *Film Buyers*, Sidney Franklin and Joseph W. Girard; *Banker*, Louis Payne; *Partington*, Cyril Ring.

"OPEN ALL NIGHT"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Paul Morand. Scenario by Willis Goldbeck. Directed by Paul Bern. Photography by Bert Glennon. The cast: *Therese Duverne*, Viola Dana; *Lea*, Jetta Goudal; *Edmond Duverne*, Adolphe Menjou; *Igor*, Raymond Griffith; *Petit Mathieu*, Maurice B. Flynn; *Isabelle Fevre*, Gale Henry; *Von De Hoven*, Jack Giddings; *Bibendum*, Charles Puffy.

"LILY OF THE DUST"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Hermann Sudermann. Adapted by Paul Bern. Directed by Dimitri Buchowetzki. The cast: *Lily*, Pola Negri; *Lieutenant Prell*, Ben Lyon; *Colonel Mertzbach*, Noah Beery; *Richard Dehnecke*, Raymond Griffith; *The Uncle*, William J. Kelly; *Julia*, Jeanette Daudet.

"EMPTY HANDS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Arthur Stringer. Scenario by Carey Wilson. Directed by Victor Fleming. The cast: *Grimshaw*, Jack Holt; *Claire Endicott*, Norma Shearer; *Robert Endicott*, Charles Clary; *Mrs. Endicott*, Hazel Keener; *Gypsy*, Gertrude Olmstead; *Montie*, Ramsey Wallace; *Mill Bisnet*, Ward Crane; *Indian Guide*, Charles Stevens; *Spring Water Man*, Hank Mann; *Buller*, Charles Green.

"MESSALINA"—F. B. O.—Story and scenario by Enrico Gauzzoni. Directed by Enrico Gauzzoni. Photography by Alfredo Lunci. The cast: *Messalina*, Rina de Liguoro; *Princess Mirit*, Giovanna Terribili; *Ela*, Lucia Zamissi; *Ennio*, Gino Talamo; *Apolonius*, Gildo Bocci; *Marcus*, Alfredo De Felice; *Narcissus*, Aristide Garbini; *Caius*, Mario Cusmio; *Tigris*, Adolfo Trouche; *Claudius the Emperor*, Augusto Mastripetri.

"K—THE UNKNOWN"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Adapted by Raymond L. Schrock, Hope Loring and William Leighton. Directed by Harry A. Pollard. The cast: *Sidney Page*, Virginia Valli; *"K" Le Moyne*, Percy Marmot; *Carlotta Harrison*, Margarita Fisher; *George "Slim" Benson*, Francis Feeney; *Dr. Max Wilson*, John Roche; *Joe Drummond*, Maurice Ryan; *Aunt Harriett Kennedy*, Myrtle Vane; *Dr. Ed Wilson*, William A. Carroll.

"IT IS THE LAW"—FOX.—Based on the story by Hayden Talbot. From the stage play by Elmer L. Rice. Directed by J. Gordon Edwards. The cast: *Albert Woodruff*, "Sniffer," Arthur Hohl; *Justin Victor*, Herbert Heyes; *Ruth Allen*, Mimi Palmeri; *Inspector Dolan*, George Lessey; *Travers*, Robert Young; *Lillian Allen*, Florence Dixon; *Cummings*, Byron Douglas; *Bill Elliott*, Olaf Hytten; *Bernice*, De Sascia Mooers; *Mance*, Guido Trento; *Harley*, Byron Russell; *Valerie*, Bijou Fernandez; *Habitues of Gambling Casino*, Dorothy Kingdon, Helena D'Algy, Patricia O'Connor, Nancy Newman.

"THE DESERT OUTLAW"—FOX.—Story and scenario by Charles Kenyon. Directed by Edmund Mortimer. The cast: *Sam Langdon*, Buck Jones; *May Holloway*, Evelyn Brent; *Doc McChesney*, DeWitt Jennings; *Tom Holloway*, William Haynes; *Black Loomis*, Claude Payton; *The Sheriff*, William Gould; *Mac McTavish*, Bob Klein.

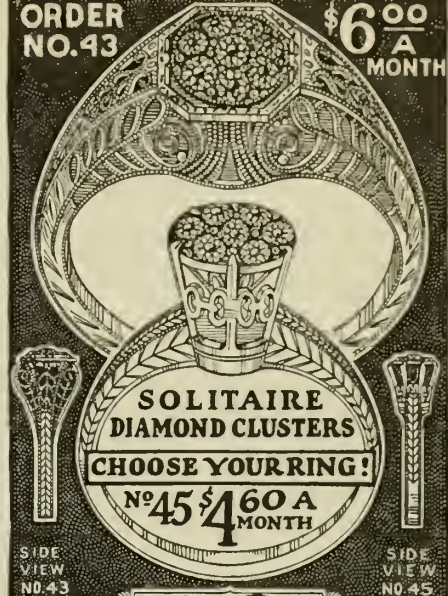
"VANITY'S PRICE"—F. B. O.—From the story and scenario by Paul Bern. Directed by R. William Neil. Photography by Hal Mohr. The cast: *Vanna Du Maurier*, Anna Q. Nilsson; *Henri De Greve*, Stuart Holmes; *Richard Dowling*, Wyndham Standing; *Teddy*, Vanna's Son, Arthur Rankin; *Sylvia*, *Teddy's Fiancee*, Lucille Ricksen; *Bill Connors*, *Theatrical Manager*, Robert Bolder; *Mrs. Connors*, Cissy Fitzgerald; *Katherine*, *Vanna's Maid*, Dot Farley; *Butler*, Charles Newton.

"SINNERS IN SILK"—METRO-GOLDWYN.—Story by Benjamin Glazer. Scenario by Carey Wilson. Directed by Hobart Henley. Photography by John Arnold. The cast: *Merrill*, Adolphe Menjou; *Penelope Stevens*, Eleanor Boardman; *Brook Farley*, Conrad Nagel; *Dr. Eustace*, Jean Hersholt; *Bates*, Edward Connelly; *Bowers*, John Patrick; *Mrs. Stevens*, Hedda Hopper; *Ynez*, Miss du Pont; *Flapper*, Virginia Lee Corbin; *Ted*, Bradley Ward; *Rita*, Dorothy Dwan; *Sir Donald Ramsey*, Frank Elliott; *Mimi*, Ann Luther; *Estelle*, Peggy Elinor; *Cherie*, Eugenie Gilbert; *Peggy*, Mary Aitken; *Carmelita*, Estelle Clark.

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"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 Croft, Richard Dix; Hugh Rochedale, Holmes Herbert; Mrs. Mudge Fields, Florence Billings; Native Girl, Betty Hilburn; Native Chief, 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, Winifred Bryson; Mrs. Cameron, Frances Raymond; Dickie Harrison; John Patrick; Franklyn Stone, Alan Roscoe; John Williams, William Gould; Henderson, Marga La Rubia.

"BUTTERFLY"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Kathleen Norris. Scenario by Olga Printzlau. Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: Dora Collier, Laura La Plante; Hilary Collier, Ruth Clifford; Craig Spaulding, Kenneth Harlan; Konrad Kronski, Norman Kerry; Von Mandescheid, Cesare Gravina; Violet Van De Wort, Margaret Livingston; Cecil Atherton, Freeman Wood; Cy Dwyer, T. Roy Barnes.

"CIRCE THE ENCHANTRESS"—METRO-GOLDWYN.—From the story by Vicente Blasco Ibanez. Adapted by Douglas Doty. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. Photography by Oliver T. Marsh. The cast: Circe, Mythical Goddess, and Cecille Brunne, Mae Murray; Dr. Richard Van Dyke, James Kirkwood; Archibald Crumm, Tom Ricketts; Ballard "Bal" Barrott, Charles Gerard; William Craig, William Haines; Sister Agatha, Lillian Langdon; "Madame" Ducelle, Gene Cameron.

"THE FEMALE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Cynthia Stockley. Adapted by Agnes Christine Johnson. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: Dalla, Betty Compson; Colonel Valencia, Warner Baxter; Barend de Beer, Noah Beery; Clodagh Harrison, Dorothy Cummings; Clon Biron, Freeman Wood.

"HIS HOUR"—METRO-GOLDWYN.—From the story by Elinor Glyn. Adapted by Elinor Glyn. Directed by King Vidor. Photography by John Mescall. The cast: Tamara Loraine, Aileen Pringle; Grietko, John Gilbert; Princess Ardacheff, Emily Fitzroy; Stephen Strong, Lawrence Grant; Olga Gleboff, Dale Fuller; Count Valonne, Mario Carillo; Tatiane Shebanoff, Jacquelin Gadsdon; Sasha Basmanoff, George Waggoner; Princess Murieska, Carrie Clarke Ward; Boris Varishkine, Bertram Grassby; Sonia Zaieskine, Jill Retis; Lord Courtney (Jack), Capt. Wilfred Gough; Grand Duke, Michael Mitchell; English Minister, Frederic Vroom; Fat Harem Lady, Nellie Comont; Khedive, E. Eliazaroff; Serge Grekoff, David Mir; Ivan, Bert Sprotte.

"AMERICAN MANNERS"—F. B. O.—Scenario by Frank Howard Clark. Directed by James W. Horne. Photography by William Marshall and Jack Stevens. The cast: Roy Thomas, Richard Talmadge; Dan Thomas, Marc Fenton; Clyde Harven, Lee Shumway; Gloria Winthrop, Helen Lynch; Conway, Secret Service Man, Arthur Melette; Jonas Winthrop, William Turner; Mike Barclay, Pat Harmon; Bud, the Waif, George Wade.

"THE BREATH OF SCANDAL"—B. P. SCHULBERG PROD., INC.—From the story by Edwin Balmer. Scenario by Eve Unsell. Directed by Louis Gasnier. Photography by Harry Perry. The cast: Sybil Russell, Betty Blythe; Marjorie Hale, Patsy Ruth Miller; Bill Wallace, Jack Mulhall; Helen Hale, Myrtle Stedman; Charles Hale, Lou Tellegen; Gregg Mowbray, Forrest Stanley; Sybil's Husband, Frank Leigh; Clara Simmons, Phyllis Haver; Atherton Bruce, Charles Clary.

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“INTO THE NET”—PATHE.—From the story by Richard E. Enright. Scenario by Frank Leon Smith. Directed by George B. Seitz. The cast: *Natalie Van Cleef*, Edna Murphy; *Bob Clayton*, Jack Mulhall; *Madge Clayton*, Constance Bennett; *Bert Moore*, Bradley Barker; *Dr. Vining*, Frank Lactene; *Mrs. Fawcette*, Frances Landau; *Ivan Ivanovitch*, Harry Semels; *Inspector Cabot*, Thomas Goodwin; *The Emperor*, Paul Porter.

“THE LURE OF THE YUKON”—LEE-BRADFORD.—Story written and produced by Norman Dawn. Photography by George Madden. The cast: *Sue McCraig*, Eva Novak; *“Sourdough” McCraig*, Spottiswoode Aitken; *Bob Force*, Kent Sanderson; *Kuyak*, *The Eskimo*, Arthur Jasmine; *Dan Baird*, Howard Webster; *Ruth Baird*, Katherine Dawn; *Black Otter*, Eagle Eye.

“THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS”—PATHE.—Directed by Harry Sweet. The cast: *A Young Husband*, Harry Langdon; *His Young Wife*, Alice Day; *His Friend*, Frank Coleman; *The First Cook*, Louise Carver; *The Second Cook*, Madeline Hurlock.

“ONE NIGHT IN ROME”—METRO-GOLDWYN.—From the stage play by J. Hartley Manners. Adapted by J. Hartley Manners. Directed by Clarence Badger. Photography by Rudolph Bergquist. The cast: *Duchess Mareno* and *Madame L’Enigme*, Laurette Taylor; *Richard Oak*, Tom Moore; *Zephyr*, Miss du Pont; *Duke Mareno*, Alan Hale; *Dorando*, Warner Oland; *Prince Danaili*, Joseph J. Dowling; *George Millburne*, William Humphrey; *Count Beatholde*, Brandon Hurst; *Italian Maid*, Edna Tichenor; *Italian Gardener*, Ralph Yearsley.

“MEASURE OF A MAN”—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Norman Duncan. Scenario by Isadore Bernstein. Directed by Arthur Rosson. Photography by Jack Rose. The cast: *John Fairmeadow*, William Desmond; *Jack Flack*, Albert J. Smith; *“Pale” Peter*, Francis Ford; *Clare*, Marin Sais; *Billy*, William Dyer; *Donald*, Bobbie Gordon; *Charley*, Harry Tenbrook; *Jenny Hitch*, Zala Davis; *Tom Hitch*, William Turner; *Pattie Batch*, Mary McAllister.

The Seat Wasn't There

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She and her husband, Fred Niblo, who is now directing “Ben Hur” in Rome, went from that city up to Vienna to look for some actors and types for the picture. And while there they attended a performance in one of the Vienna theaters. Now it happens that theater seats in Vienna are built like taxicab seats in New York—they fly up straight unless you are sitting on them. Enid sat down carefully, got up to adjust her coat, forgot about the seat, and proceeded to sit down flat on the floor.

The audience politely ignored her, but Enid Bennett, who immortalized herself to picture audiences as Maid Marion in “Robin Hood” admits that for the first time in her life she was completely covered with confusion.

It is Mrs. Niblo's first trip to the Continent, and while her husband is battling with the many problems incident to making pictures in Italy, she is enjoying all the wonderful sights of Rome and the surrounding country. She is accompanied by her small daughter, Lois, aged early three years.



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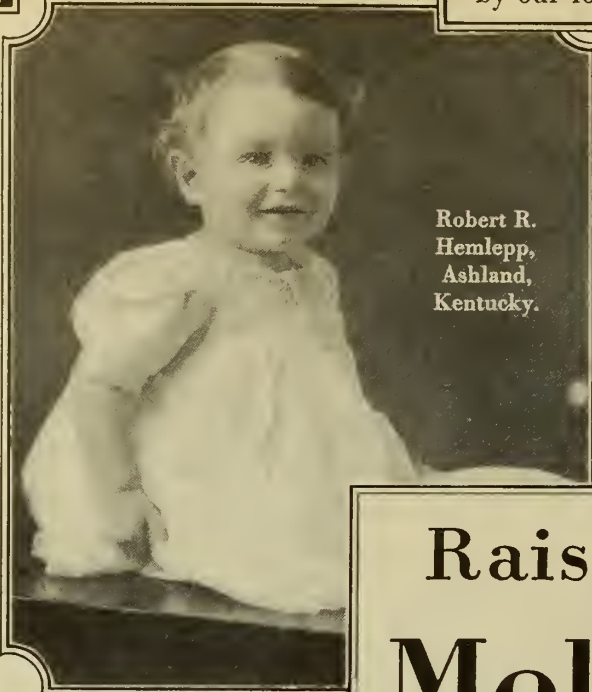
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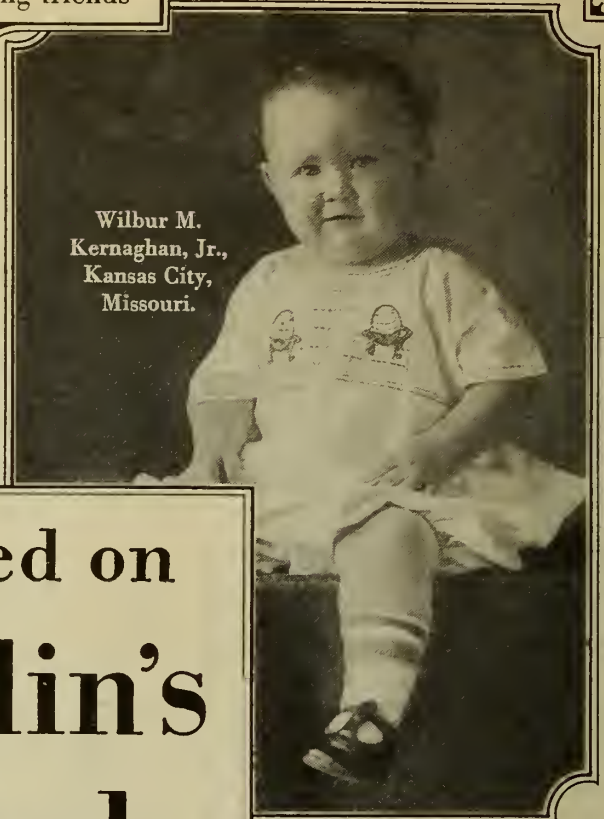
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WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

NO. 1

PHOTOPLAY

December

25 CENTS



LOIS WILSON

TROUBLE WITH WOMEN

How the STARS
Keep Their Looks

The very Gifts you would buy on the Champs-Élysées

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A. H. S. Co. 1924

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WILLIAM de MILLE Production "THE FAST SET"

With Betty Compson, Adolphe Menjou, Zasu Pitts, Elliott Dexter. Screen play by Clara Beranger from Frederick Lonsdale's play "Spring Cleaning."

Zane Grey's

"THE BORDER LEGION"

With Antonio Moreno and Helene Chadwick. Directed by William Howard. Adapted by George Hull.

JAMES CRUZE Production "MERTON OF THE MOVIES"

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BEBE DANIELS in "DANGEROUS MONEY"

By John Russell. From the novel "Clark's Field," by Robert Herrick. Scenario by Julie Herne. Directed by Frank Tuttle.

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" ERNST LUBITSCH Production

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NEW YORK CITY





The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

IVAN ST. JOHNS
WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXVII

No. 1

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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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The Clean Heart Vitagraph

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Addresses and working programs of the leading motion picture studios will be found on page 112

The Winners of the \$5,000 Title Contest

will be announced in the January PHOTOPLAY. Look for it. Your name may be one of the lucky ones! As the Contest drew to a close, the judges were overwhelmed with an avalanche of last-minute coupons, and decision had inevitably to be postponed. The judges and editors of PHOTOPLAY regret this, but there was no alternative if full and fair consideration was to be given every entrant. Remember, names of the winners will appear in the January PHOTOPLAY.

Things the Stars Want to Forget

We all have had experiences in our past lives that we would like to erase from memory. And they need not be reflections upon our work or character, either. Still we would rather not recall them. The stars probably have more of these annoying recollections than the rest of us.

Read about them in
January
PHOTOPLAY

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

AFTER A MILLION—Aywon.—Story of Russian cossack with a trick will. Plot too involved for tired business man. (August.)

ALASKAN, THE—Paramount.—This story of he-man in Alaskan wastes isn't what it should be. We cannot expect Tommie Meighan to perform the impossible by making a great picture every time. (November.)

ALONG CAME RUTH—Metro.—A young woman arrives in the somnambulant town, Action, Maine, and proceeds to make it live up to its name with a vengeance. (October.)

AMERICAN MANNERS—F. B. O.—Incoherent story, misnamed and poorly directed with abundance of slap-stick comedy and slangy sub-titles. (November.)

ARAB, THE—Metro.—Plot not so good, but Director Ingram has done much with his Algerian players, and Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry are good. (September.)

ARIZONA EXPRESS, THE—Fox.—Whizzing melodrama. Thieves, gunplay, fast trains, 'n' everything. (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 Gagon. Melodrama, fairly well done. (June.)

BABBITT—Warner.—Not quite as the author of the book had it, but Babbitt himself retains much of his original characteristics. Interesting. (September.)

BEDROOM WINDOW, THE—Paramount.—A mystery story hinging about the murder of a wealthy old man. Interestingly told. (August.)

BEHIND THE CURTAIN—Universal.—Starts as a summertime romance and ends in fake spiritualism. Hardly worth while. (September.)

BEHOLD THIS WOMAN—Vitagraph.—Here is a giant, woman-hating cattleman who meets a motion picture actress in his mountain retreat and follows her to Hollywood. (October.)

BEING RESPECTABLE—Warner.—Domestic triangle handled with discretion and good taste. An old love bobs up to disturb a married man's (Monte Blue's) serenity. Well done. (September.)

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

BETWEEN FRIENDS—Vitagraph.—A remade version of an old Robert Chambers triangle story. A sordid tale told in ordinary fashion. (August.)

BETWEEN WORLDS—Weiss Bros. Artclass.—An imported film, which features a series of allegories. Well done, but lacks the popular appeal. (September.)

BIG TIMBER—Universal.—Built around a forest fire and lumberjack with story none too gripping. William Desmond is star. (October.)

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.)

BREAD—Metro.—Norris' novel brought to the screen, with a happy ending. Moral is that a woman's place is the home. Dull. (September.)

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

BREATH OF SCANDAL, THE—B. P. Schulberg.—Teeming with action, this fast moving drama of modern marriage reaches a happy conclusion. (November.)

BROADWAY AFTER DARK—Warner.—A humanized melodrama well-directed, cast and played. (August.)

BROADWAY OR BUST—Universal.—A Hoot Gibson vehicle below his average. Both director and scenario writer 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 hopeless cripple. Wins him. (October.)

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

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

As a special service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE inaugurated this department of tabloid reviews, presenting in brief form critical comments upon all photoplays of the preceding six months.

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

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

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

CAPTAIN JANUARY—Principal.—The sentimental tale of an old lighthouse keeper, and his protegee, a girl washed ashore. Baby Peggy is the wif. Fair. (September.)

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

CHECHALICOS—Associated Exhibitors.—Story of the Alaskan gold rush. Not much of a plot but wonderful scenery never before shown on the screen. (July.)

CIRCE—Metro-Goldwyn.—Boring tale said to be an original film tale by Blasco Ibanez. Too many closeups of Mae Murray. (November.)

CIRCUS COWBOY, THE—Fox.—Good circus story with Charles (Buck) Jones doing some breath-taking 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 and settings and photography beautiful. (July.)

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

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

DANGEROUS BLONDE, THE—Universal.—Light and frothy but entertaining. All about foolish father's letters to vamp recovered by clever flapper 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 LOVE—Truart.—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 racy farce, well enough done, with Bebe Daniels and Norman Kerry. (July.)

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

DAUGHTERS OF PLEASURE—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.)

DAWN OF TOMORROW, THE—Paramount.—Clean, healthful 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. (November.)

DON'T DOUBT 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 Pickford and Marshall Neilan and the historic novel by Charles Major. Don't miss it by any means. (July.)

EMPTY HANDS—Paramount.—Story of engineer and society girl lost in wilderness. Experiences cure girl of distorted view of life. (November.)

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

FEMALE, THE—Paramount.—Poorly handled story of girl who once ran into an African jungle and played with lion cubs. (November.)

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

FIGHTING COWARD, THE—Paramount.—A satire on the fire-eating Southerner of the ante-bellum days, remarkably well done. (June.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 10]

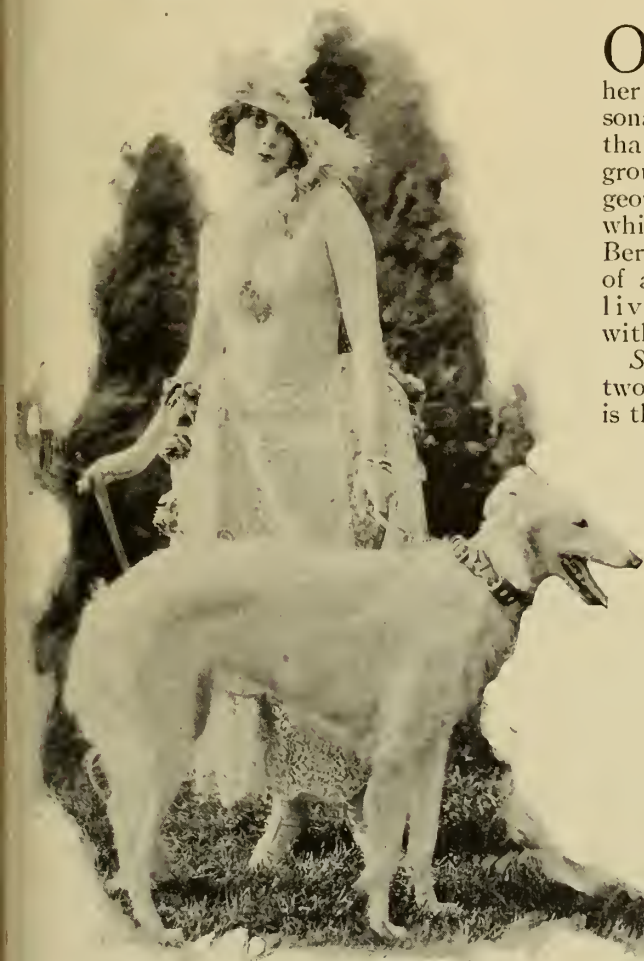
News of First National Pictures

"Sandra"

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.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

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

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

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

FIRST HUNDRED YEARS, THE—Pathe.—The most amusing Mack Sennett 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.—Colleen Moore always lovely, tosses her bobbed hair in typical flapper role but finally learns that she loves a reformer. (November.)

FOOLS IN THE DARK—F. B. O.—Frankest kind of bunk mystery play, with skeletons, cats, timorous poets, heresses, scheming guardians, Hindoo servants, etc. (October.)

FOR SALE—First National.—Claire Windsor's beauty goes to highest bidder, when her father (Tully Marshall) is about to shoot himself. Mediocre stuff. (September.)

FORTY-HORSE HAWKINS—Universal.—A good comedy well handled, starring Hoot Gibson as a village jack-of-all-trades. (July.)

GAIETY 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 FISHER, THE—First National.—Trained seal supported by Louise Fazenda and Sydney Chaplin. Slapstick, but funny. (June.)

GALLOPING GALLAGHER—F. B. O.—An amateurish Western, Fred Thomson being the redeeming feature. Comedy is awful. (June.)

GAMBLING WIVES—Arrow.—An amazing conglomeration of fast house parties, 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. Fun fast and furious from start. (June.)

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

GOOD BAD BOY, THE—Principal.—Story of the worst boy in village who 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.)

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 DARKER SELF—Hodkinson.—Framed originally for 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 prize 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 program picture in which his fans will find him at his best in a story quite unusual and entertaining. (October.)

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

HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER, THE—Hodkinson.—A worthy effort to picturize an old best-seller, but it's rather too slow. (June.)

IN FAST COMPANY—Truart.—Incongruous. Comedy falls down. Good prize fight scene. (August.)

IN HOLLYWOOD WITH POTASH AND PERLMUTTER—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 handicap under which the first transcontinental railroad was completed. Intensely interesting, also instructive. (October.)

IT IS THE LAW—Fox.—Another melodrama of the eternal triangle with plenty of suspense and thrills. Carries a surprise punch. (November.)

JANICE MEREDITH—Cosmopolitan.—Another romantic tale of the American Revolution. Marion Davies appears to advantage as Janice. Supporting cast good. (October.)

JUBILO, 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.)

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

K—THE UNKNOWN—Universal.—Overpadding story about surgeon who gives up everything when he imagines himself guilty of carelessness. Redeems self by operation. (November.)

LAST OF THE DUANES, THE—Fox.—Zane Grey's novel of hair-trigger shooting and hair-breadth escapes makes a typical Tom Mix picture. (October.)

LILY OF THE DUST—Paramount.—From Suderman's “Song of Songs.” Tale 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 Jackie Coogan as a shipwrecked orphan on a cannibal 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—Lee-Bradford.—Conventional gold rush stuff with plenty of red-blooded action. (November.)

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.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]

Who Won the \$5,000 Prizes?

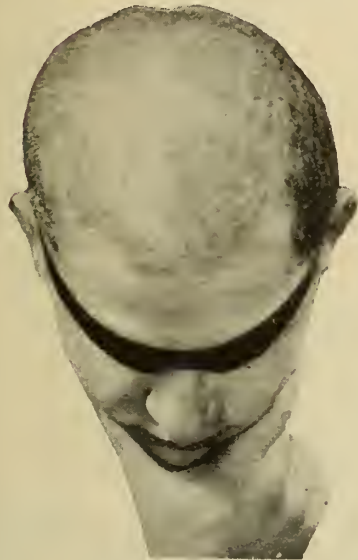
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I don't say my system will grow hair for everyone. There are some cases of baldness that nothing in the world can help. But I've grown new hair for so many thousands of others who had given up hope that I am entirely willing to let you try it at my risk for 30 Days. Then, no matter how fast you are losing your hair—no matter 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.

hair roots have literally gone into a state of "suspended animation."

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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, "hubby" won't agree to the shearing process. What about the poor, deluded chaps down below Mason and Dixon's Line who are letting their hair grow because their wives are "shingled"? I'm for the 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! "Horse and buggy" 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 cowards who cower before the mode? Style is a silly word. Individuality is a strong one with a great deal of meaning.

MARGARET QUESSY.

What Has Happened To Rudy?

Chicago, Ill.

I read your most interesting book every month, and I agree with Mr. James R. Quirk that something has happened to our Rudy of "Blood and Sand."

I saw "Monsieur 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 quite as beautiful but more human.

MARGARET O'BRIEN.

Nearly Broke Up Her Home

Denver, Colo.

I was both shocked and grieved by your recent editorial on "Monsieur 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

Brickbats & Bouquets

LETTERS FROM READERS

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe 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.

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 yet 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.

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 woman 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.

Another Defends Mabel

Chicago, Ill.

H. G. Nelson,
Manning, S. C.

I am sending this carbon copy of a letter sent you directly, to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, to give it wider circulation than you will.

I consider your letter written to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE the most unfair, contemptible thing I ever have read. In the first place, you know 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, I happen 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 also that her charities 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 gossipers and he scandal-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.

Friends, why take issue with "Our Adela" from such an immaterial angle as the relative beauty of Thomas Meighan, Douglas Fairbanks, or Bill Hart? Why not rather question the potent issues raised by her when she enumerates the qualities in men which appeal to us most?

I am 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 pulchritude to increase his fan following, so why the dismal wail for the fancied slight to Tom's nice face?

As for Wallace Reid, we sincerely thank her for giving us an intimate glimpse of his amazing 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 sane 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"?

Must that delicate structure, Miss Mabel Normand, always be the victim of calumny?

Know this, Mr. Nelson: In pictures, Miss Normand always gives a clean, worthy 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 fools who would forever have their Roman holiday.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

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

MAN WHO CAME BACK, THE—Fox.—Easily the best picture of the month. Hero and heroine fight battle of redemption and win. (November.)

MAN WHO FIGHTS ALONE, THE—Paramount.—A fair story of a man paralyzed and confined to a wheel chair who believes he is losing his love. (October.)

MARRIAGE CHEAT, THE—First National.—The South Seas again, with Leatrice Joy, Percy Mount, and Adolphe Menjou mixed up in a triangle plot. A minor character, as native girl, helps the picture some. (September.)

MARTYR TRAIL, THE—Capital.—What one brutal man can't do to two poor females! But regeneration of the wicked and sunshine follow. (June.)

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

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

MERTON OF THE MOVIES—Paramount.—A screen-struck youth decides to become a movie actor—and he does. Taken from the well known stage play with Glenn Hunter in the title role. Amusing. (October.)

MESSALINA—F. B. O.—Spectacular story of ancient Rome revolving around dissolute wife of Emperor Claudius. Difficult to follow. (November.)

MIAMI—Hodkinson.—A flapper story with Betty Compton not up to her best. Yarn is weak in spots. (August.)

MILE-A-MINUTE MORGAN—Sanford.—"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 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 wig which somehow detracts from her usual allure. Mexican locale and mix-ups. Fair. (July.)

MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE—Paramount.—The return of Rudolph Valentino 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 "Leah Kleschna" makes a rather mediocre crook drama. (June.)

NAPOLEON 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 hectic melodrama. (October.)

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 a Southern family feud. Also, pretty well done. (June.)

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

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

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 wife who feels the urge to take up a career and does it. Pleasing. (August.)

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

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

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

RECKLESS AGE, THE—Universal.—Slapstick. Impossible situations but amusing despite that fact. Not for highbrows. (August.)

RED LILY, THE—Metro.—A mucky and sordid tale moving through the dregs of Paris. Not a family picture. (October.)

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 study of redemption. Her talents not adequate to the role. (September.)

RIDERS UP—Universal.—An old favorite, Creighton Hale, in a good role. That of a racetrack wrestler whose family thinks he is a good boy. The girl knows he isn't and loves him anyway. Good picture. (July.)

RIDGEWAY OF MONTANA—Universal.—Typical Western thriller with hero and virtue winning out. As usual, great riding by Jack Hoxie. (July.)

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

ROUGH RIDIN'—Approved.—Just a regular Western with lots of action and little novelty. (June.)

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.)

SEA HAWK, THE—First National.—A romantic tale of the seven seas that reaches superlative 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.)

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.)

SHOOTING OF DAN MCGREW, THE—Metro.—Only fair, and it should have been excellent, with such a theme and cast. (June.)

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

SIGNAL TOWER, THE—Universal.—A compelling story of an isolated mountain railroad signal station. (August.)

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.)

SINGLE WIVES—First National.—Story of a wife neglected by business-mad husband. Saved by Corinne Griffith's acting. (October.)

SINNERS IN HEAVEN—Paramount.—Romance of girl and man cast upon desert isle from a wrecked plane. Considerable romance. (November.)

SINNERS IN SILK—Metro.—Highly amusing comedy of the ultra modern younger set, depicting a few new tricks. (November.)

SON OF THE SAHARA—First National.—Good picture of "The Sheik" 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 to use the flag to get your money. (August.)

STORM DAUGHTER, THE—Universal.—Priscilla 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 feller makes good. (June.)

SWORD OF VALOR, THE—Capitol.—Contains one of those interfering fathers and proves a clean-cut American can win in anything he tries in any clime. (August.)

SWORDS AND THE WOMAN—F. B. O.—Story of the French Revolution, done with artistry and charm. (September.)



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[CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

TELEPHONE GIRL, THE—F. B. O.—Another of the series of hilarious comedies from the short stories of H. C. Witwer, called "The Square Sex." Only fair. (July.)

TELEPHONE GIRL—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.—Reaches the screen minus most of its vitality. Both leading characters poorly done. (October.)

THAT FRENCH LADY—Fox.—All about love without marriage. Censorship robes picture of what punch it might have had. (October.)

THERE'S MILLIONS IN IT—F. B. O.—The Balkans, rich radium deposits, and the battle 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, hijackers, 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 Estelle Taylor manage to have a wild time in the mountains of Spain with outlawry, and kidnapping at altar. (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.)

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 farce. (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 of a gypsy (Derelys Perdue) whose unconventional ways merit the disapproval of the small town and the love of the village catch. (July.)

VANITY'S PRICE—F. B. O.—Heavy and luxurious melodrama of rejuvenation is thrilling and amusing box office sex-hokum. (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.—Filmed in natural colors this picture wins by sheer beauty, acting and directing. (August.)

WANDERING HUSBANDS—Hodkinson.—Lithesome Lila Lee wins in this picture with many situations mawkish and over-sentimental. (August.)

WANTED BY THE LAW—Aywon.—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.)

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—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 garish 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.)

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.—Frightened by an army of suitors, the heroine takes two of them to a mountain camp for a trial honeymoon. Nothing much happens. (September.)

WOMAN ON THE JURY—First National.—A strange story of a gay philanderer and a jury containing one of his victims. Hardly for the family. (August.)

WOMAN WHO SINNED, THE—F. B. O.—Melodrama with the hackneyed moral that if a woman leaves her good, faithful husband and chee-ild for a ne'er-do-well, 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 if you like excitement. (June.)

YOUNG IDEAS—Universal.—A host of sponging near-invalids are pushed out upon a cold world. Roy T. Barnes turns the trick. Fair. (September.)

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of Photoplay Magazine Published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1924

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County of Cook)

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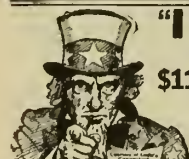
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SOMEBODY once said there are four kinds of women—good and bad women, and good bad women and bad good women. With this idea in mind, the editor of Photoplay decided to find out if it were true, screenically speaking. So he asked seven stars to pose 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."



Russell Ball

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.



Walter Fredrick Seely

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.



Henry Waxman

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.



Russell Ball

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.



Russell Ball

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.

Procter & Gamble

IVORY SOAP

99 ⁹⁹/₁₀₀ PURE

IT FLOATS

PHOTOPLAY

December, 1924



An Open Letter to D. W. Griffith

By James R. Quirk

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 unyielding 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 antiquated 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

Luck Pieces

worn by

Lucky Stars

Talismans that have brought success and happiness



Dorothy Mackaill is protected from all evil by her Navajo Indian bracelet, according to the wise medicine men





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 fire 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 yard 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



John Gilbert wouldn't start a picture without using the old make-up that belonged to his mother, Ida Clair, when she was a popular stage favorite

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





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.



Texas

Bull

Charlie

Chorus

Pola

Gloria

Guest

By Herbert Howe

CLOSE-UPS &

ROME, ITALY:

Others may rave of palaces and paintings, of museums and monuments, but I claim the most soul-satisfying feature of Europe is the table on the sidewalk. More charm and drama are uncorked outside a boulevard cafe or a *trattoria* on a piazza than on any movie screen.

I propose to open a sidewalk cafe in Hollywood upon my return, with nuggets borrowed from Ramon Novarro, who by the time "Ben Hur" is completed will have enough to build a string of Ritzes. In return for this little favor I will give Ramon the concession for selling my own brand of near-beer (a lot nearer than you might suspect).

The hostesses will be Texas Guinan, the two-gun lassie, and Nita Naldi, who works without guns. They will alternate—like the Madonnas in "The Miracle," Texas appearing on Sunday nights when Nita has to go to choir service and Nita appearing Wednesday nights when Texas is off for poker practice.

The following will be the opening program. I have cables from all the performers expressing their delight to appear:

1. "Aggravatin' Papas" (Vocal) By BARBARA LA MARR and husbands of original cast, providing floor space permits. (Those who can't come may wire.)
2. "What Beauty Mud Did for Me" (Highly Emotional Testimonial) By BULL MONTANA
Introduced by Prof. Valentino.
3. "I'm the Off-Screen Valentino" (Vocal) By CHARLIE CHAPLIN with chorus comprised of Pola Negri, Mildred Harris, Claire Sheridan, Claire Windsor, Edna Purviance, and all others who can show clippings.
4. *Mind Reading* By ELINOR GLYN
During this act guests will be kindly requested to get their minds on something that will not be offensive to any lady who might happen in.
5. *Society Wrestling* POLA NEGRI and GLORIA SWANSON
(This may develop into more-or-less-society boxing.)
6. *Balcony Scene from Ramca and Juliet* (with original cast) SIGNOR MONTANA and SIGNORINA NALDI
Encore: Soft shoe dance by team.
7. "Rule Britannia" (Vocal)—Sung by His Majesty's Royal Quartette, MICKEY NEILAN, REX INGRAM, JAMES R. QUIRK and MABEL NORMAND.
8. *Tango* Conceived by NATACHA RAMBOVA directed by Natacha Rambova, settings by Natacha Rambova, costumes by Natacha Rambova, with R. Valentino. (During this act guests will be compelled to wear costumes designed by Natacha Rambova, and the room will be cleared while the dance is in progress behind a screen designed by Natacha Rambova.)

FINIS.

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 terrorized, and he has foresworn 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 Graumann, 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 out 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."

MARY has made publicity her servant. A ham reporter would not dare misquote her or wax facetious in an elephantine way, as he might with one of less renown. It seems to



Elinor

The Quartette

Natacha

Rudy

Nita

Herb

LONG SHOTS

Illustrated by Ralph Barton

be the policy of a certain breed of copy pounder to twist serious utterances into ponderous quips and real humor into the semblance of ridiculous sincerity.

I can cite instances where real tragedy has resulted from the asininity 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—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 rhyme 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 pawing flapper. 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 Janes 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.

AT a party given by Bess Meredyth 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 quadraro 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 pained 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 Navarro, three people approached in turn, upon recognizing Navarro, to ask if he knew Mabel Normand. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 129]



"Oh!" she cried. "What must you think of me. I was in such a hurry to see you

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 rôles, 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.

It Can't Be Done

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

Illustrated by John La Gatta



I—I forgot I wasn't dressed"

PART II CHAPTER VIII

LEW 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 ebbing 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. Strange delusion, for a hard-headed 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 she 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 fully convinced.

Thinking her, as he 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 her through, she said, until she began to draw the very liberal salary he had promised to pay her.

The stand she took impressed him 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. Then he dashed 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 she 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.

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 needs, and 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 had undertaken, 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 make good the inroads 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 fresh flower of their youth from decay. 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, whose vogue might persist for generations, was denied the actors, and particularly the women actors, of the screen. 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. It was not a humorous smile, for she was thinking of Tony 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 emotional experience had these two gone through in the past? 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

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.



"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 baldly 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 boot-legger 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.

Jane stood before him, provocatively lovely.

"I like it," she laughed. "What's wrong? You look as though your best girl had just turned you down."

"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?"

tainly 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

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

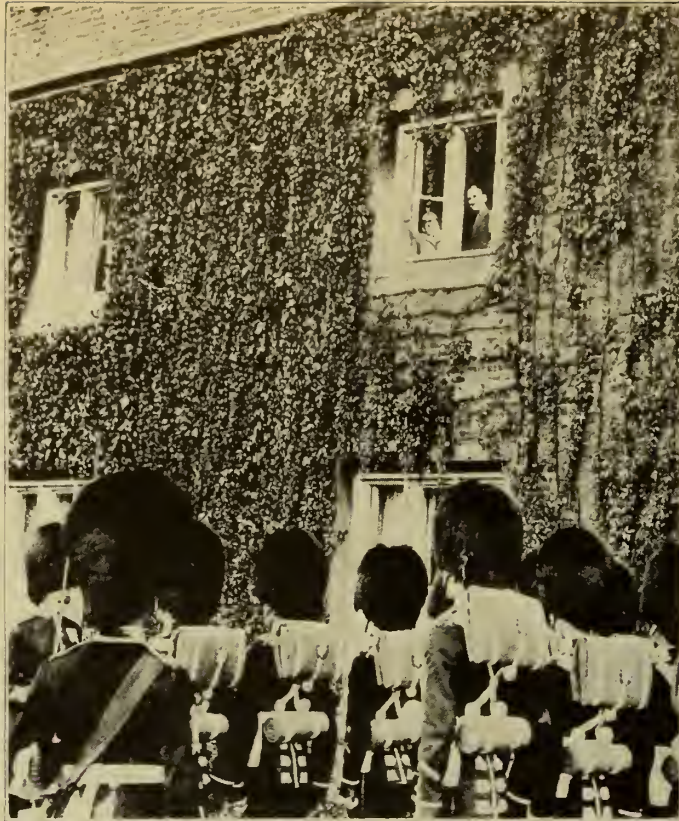


"Put a bit of speed on," says Jackie, as he guides the boat through the grounds at Wembley

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, so I'm writing this 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 orphans 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



Jackie was accorded the privilege of watching the change of royal guards at St. James palace—a most unusual honor

because Americans helped them in their time of need. And I think countries need friends just the same as people do.

When we reached New York we had gathered \$1,000,037 worth of food and clothing, and that's a whole lot too. It 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 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 fifty thousand fans who strove so mightily to share 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 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.

The contest closed 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.

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 make a decision with any degree of fairness to all the contestants. At the time this is written, every spare 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. Some of 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 her 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 offerings. 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



Virginia Valli sparkles nowadays in a way that surprises you, and she's still beautiful and nice as always

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 perfume, 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.”

Next
Month

Announcement of \$5,000 Title Winners—Things the Stars Want to Forget—The Man (Monte Blue) Who Found Himself—An Impression of Marion Davies

"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 '40's. 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



James Cruze, who directed "The Covered Wagon"

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 for "Tol'able David." Douglas Fairbanks won the medal [CONTINUED ON PAGE 110]



No one can ever forget the role of lovers depicted by Lois Wilson and J. Warren Kerrigan in "The Covered Wagon"



Tully Marshall and Ernest Torrence, as the two plainsmen, contributed not a little to the success of the picture



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.



Henry Waxman

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.



Russell Bell

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.



Clarence S. Bull

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

"If there's any women around I
duck. They're all right, mind
you, but I duck."

Trouble With Women

By Frank Condon

SULLY, whose name was Francis Xavier Sullivan, was one year older than Johnny Gilmore, and Johnny was fifty-five last Easter. Sully wore straggling, tobacco-stained whiskers and refused to be a gentleman, conscientiously neglecting his appearance, and for three years Johnny wasted his time trying to rouse Sully's better nature and make him shave, brush his teeth, change socks, wash, and otherwise deport himself as a desirable citizen.

To all of this, Sully turned a deaf ear, but Johnny Gilmore never gave him up entirely. Their first meeting occurred three years ago in the railroad yards at Alva City, California, which is a rickety shack settlement in the high Sierras. The snow comes early to Alva City and lingers long in the spring, and the surrounding country is of prime importance to the movie folk of Hollywood, who come prowling with their crews and cameras to shoot rugged winter scenes, aided by nature and a wind machine.

Johnny Gilmore's home has been for a long time an abandoned railroad hut, formerly a switch shanty, which the corporation kindly permitted Johnny to occupy without charge. On a cold night in December, with a blizzard roaring through the pass and a heavy freight train struggling through the yards, Johnny left his fireside, put on an overcoat and went outside for fuel. The booming, clanking train disappeared to the west on the long upgrade, and Johnny, with wood in his arms, discovered a strange person sitting in a snow drift and swearing feebly.

"What are you doin'?" he asked, because it was ten o'clock at night, and Alva City is abed with the hens.

"Nothin'," replied the stranger. "They just put me off."
"Where you goin'?"

"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, wallowed 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 lemme alone."

"Any women around?" Sully asked.

"Why, no," Johnny smiled. "What would women be 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 no wife. This was jest a woman. I never had no luck with 'em, but they're always follerin' 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, mebber they'll feed me, seain' 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 mebber 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 his way, drawn to Sully by deep and remote causes, over which he had no control. Not a handsome man, and not gifted with benign or courtly manners, there was still something about him, as he told Johnny, that set women afire. Sitting beside the hot stove in the shack, the wayfarer unfolded astounding things.

"You don't mean this here girl actually follered you around?" Johnny demanded, referring to a particularly exciting exploit.

"Follered 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 ups and hauls out a bottle and drinks herself full of poison on the front steps and people goin' by."

"No!" 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, astoundedly, 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 amorous adventures impressed Johnny, and as his wonder grew so did Sully's fancy 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 lolled, 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 maudlin sadness that blended 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 wearies of 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 demanded and received slight attention, because it contained only the cot and Sully was no fusser. 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 beelin' 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

Presently he discovered that the bathtub money was gone. "She must have got it when she fixed my necktie," he said



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 an obsequious 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]



THE NAVIGATOR—Metro

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 Kathrine McGuire. It's a picture you'll enjoy.



THE CLEAN HEART—Vitagraph

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

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



TARNISH—First National

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 escapade 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 un-stereotyped 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.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

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"
GLENN HUNTER in "The Silent Watcher"
BUSTER KEATON in "The Navigator"
PERCY MARMONT in "The Clean Heart"
DORE DAVIDSON in "Welcome Stranger"
DOUGLAS MACLEAN in "Never Say Die"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 98



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 sweetheart 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 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 idol.

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 Sabatini'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.



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

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 ROSE OF PARIS—Universal

ANOTHER 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.



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.



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

AN 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

ANOTHER 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 rôles.



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 flabby film 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

Jack McDermott ransacked the earth to decorate this well and fireplace. The picture reveals a Russian samovar, Egyptian water jar, Finnish kettle, Turkish coffee pot, Arabian coffee pot, Spanish jug, Mexican water jar, English kettle, Persian plates, South African drinking jars and Moorish tiles. Fireplace built of California wood



The "graveyard" reveals McDermott's genius. Dozens of chalk skulls are scattered about. McDermott is carving the walls in the form of tombstones. A few weird masks here and there add realism

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 care-

lessly 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 blazed 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 salaam.

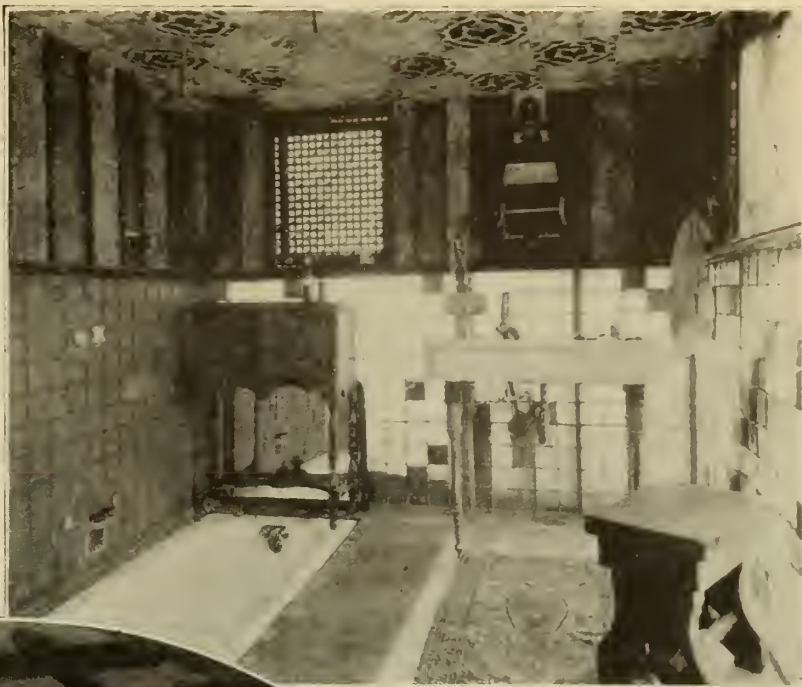
A dab of paint here and there on the framework, which rests upon the rock and tile foundation, presents a futuristic atmosphere—as conceived by modern faddists—but McDermott wasn't striving for such an effect. His thoughts were on a Persian or Moorish palace of long ago when he scattered that paint.

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



The sunken bathtub is one of many features. Notice the mirror under the cabinet (used in cathedral scene in "Hunchback of Notre Dame") at the far end of the tub. The lattice on the window is from a set in "Omar the Tentmaker." The walls to the right and rear are glass panels with tiles in the left wall. Small stool in right corner was used in "Robin Hood"



Odds and ends of filmdom were used to furnish the living room. The round table was part of Doug Fairbanks' "The Thief of Bagdad." At the right rear is a cabinet from "Omar the Tentmaker"

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



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 tubs and exotic gowns that C. B. De Mille draped around her. Nowadays Gloria uses bath 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 Muriel 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.

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. Woolsan 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



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

and Gossip East and West

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 CHADWICK 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 fiancée 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 startled 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 Gaylor, 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



Among the distinguished visitors of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S New York office this month were Harold Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Adolphe Menjou, and Florence Vidor. A reader suggested we photograph some of our callers, so when Mr. and Mrs. Menjou dropped in to pay the editor a little social call, PHOTOPLAY'S photographer got busy and made this record of the event

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.



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

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, for 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



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

Fifty-six years on the stage, Julia Hurley, at the age of seventy-six, has an important role in Allan Dwan's Paramount picture, "Argentine Love," and she trouped all around some of the younger members. She admits she is getting a bit tired of road-showing and is going to settle down the next thirty years in pictures

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 slapped 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



No camera in Hollywood was fast enough to blink its lens as fast as Wally Beery could fall off, so they had to help the daring cyclist out with a sawhorse. Wally and bike will appear together in "So Big"

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 tasteful English 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 looted the Vidor residence but carried off both dogs as well.

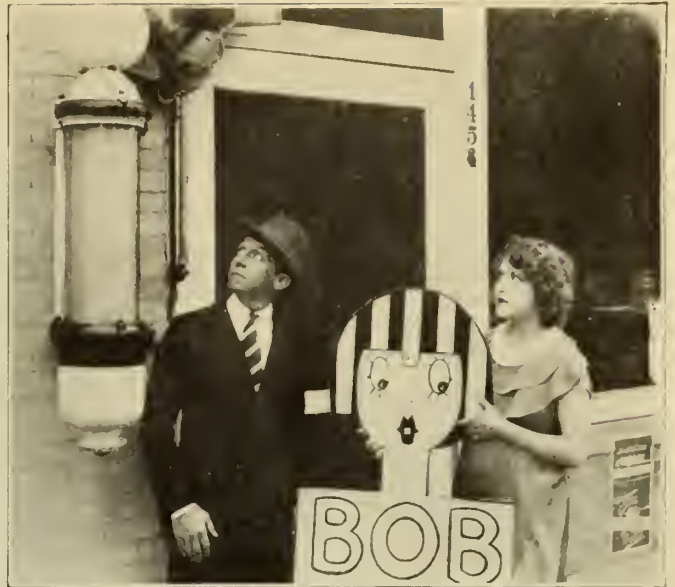
Now King is wondering how he can replace his friend's "watch dog." He isn't a bit worried over the loss of his own canine, for if it was that kind of a dog King says he doesn't want him back.

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 36," for it gave the actor a chance to take his pet back to her native state of Texas, where the Paramount company is making this Western classic. Beery insisted upon 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



Madge Evans, who played opposite Richard Barthelmess in "Classmates," was the first child of importance in films. "Classmates" marks her first grown-up role. There was no place in pictures for her as a young girl, and since her last appearance she has been a hat model, but now she's big enough to get in again.



The question of equal rights has forced Hollywood barbers to chop down the old barber pole and substitute the bobbed hair sign. The sign is a poster drawing of a flapper with red and white stripes in her hair. Raymond Hatton and Ruth Clifford, who are with the new ballyho, seem more interested in their surroundings.

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 give satisfaction 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.

HERE'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 1890.

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 Farina, 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 throng of parents on landing their children in the pictures.



Baby Peggy, Jaekie Coogan's only rival, was recently presented with a beautiful little handbag, which has been named after her. "I've got all my money in it," she says, "a whole \$3.00"

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 more 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 Keaton, as being the second boy among almost a dozen babies born in the colony this year.

Then came Leatrice Joy II. Her mother, of course, is Leatrice 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 quit kickin' my name around!"

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. Georgie 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 an intimacy sprang 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 trussed 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



He has been in pictures (news reels) since he was five years old and is called the oldest film actor. He is deeply interested in movies

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 tubs 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 V-shaped, this gown would still be unusual and much more wearable.



MARIE PREVOST, in "Lover of Camille," wears a beautiful afternoon costume of punne velvet and fox



BEBE DANIELS, in "Dangerous Money," is faultlessly turned out in straight wrap trimmed with metal braid and satin



JETTA GOUDAL, in "Open All Night," gives a glimpse of a smartly tiered coat. Unusual hat and ornament



VIRGINIA VALLI, in "In Every Woman's Life." A smart sport coat of beige and black with moufflon



NORMA TALMADGE, in "The Only Woman," wears a beautiful wrap of palest grey suede-cloth and squirrel, with new wide belt



DORIS KENYON, in "Restless Wives," shows a wool ratine coat trimmed with loutre—distinction and comfort



DOLORES CASSINELLI, in "Dangerous Money," wears a simple dress of silk crepe with many buttons. The contrasting scarf is of same material

BEBE DANIELS, in satin frock, metal trimmed, long jabot, wide belt and godet skirt. An extremely smart costume from "Dangerous Money"

BETTY COMPSON, in "Garden of Weeds," combines several good features. Circular skirt, plain gloves and cross-trimmed small hat are all advisable

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 "over-dressed." 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.

The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

By Terry Ramsaye

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE next thing that happened in the motion picture industry was a head-on collision between Mary Pickford's pride and Charles Chaplin's new contract.

Astronomers say that when stars collide new worlds are born.

This stellar collision in the motion picture sky produced a considerable shower of sparks, some smoke and a general awakening to the fact that the motion picture was a world.

It was the motion picture season of 1915-16. The star system had been undergoing a conscious evolution for only four years. This may seem an incredibly short space of time, but remember that it was only a step back to 1912 when the motion picture and its public was getting excited over the screen appearance of Sarah Bernhardt and Nat Goodwin. Those feature picture beginnings of 1912 went to the stage to borrow great names, unaware that the screen was itself a maker of greatness. Remember, too, that the first Mary Pickford Famous Players pictures went to the market as second class productions on the Famous Players schedule.

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 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 agog 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 develops



Herbert Brenon, who was refused credit for directing "Daughters of the Gods." Ever since directors have been cautious about credit clauses in contracts



Albert E. Smith's negotiations for a Pickford-Vitagraph alliance were ruined because Smith failed to show interest when Mary wanted to see his baby



After Zukor's signing of a contract with Mary Pickford, Samuel Goldfish (now Goldwyn), Adolph Zukor and Jesse Lasky formed Famous Players-Lasky Corporation as a step in the distribution plan for the star's pictures

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

HERE is the only revelation that has ever been written of what happened behind the screen when Charles Chaplin and Mary Pickford became million dollar stars. This is the first telling of what happened back in the mysterious mazes of that curious structure which we usually dismiss with the phrase—"the film business." It is a chapter filled with a sense of the irresistible force of progress back of the motion picture, with sparks of episode which show how very human indeed the great of the screen really are. Was Mary Pickford jealous of Chaplin's new salary? Not exactly, but see how she got the money! And then see what Adolph Zukor had to do to get the money to pay her! Here the light is turned on motion picture stories deeper and more intriguing than those you see in the electric light signs at the theater. Here are some of the stories they never tell—with facts and figures.

JAMES R. QUIRK.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]

A Ladies' Man Who Is Regular

By Arthur Brenton



*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. Ingenuos 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,—they called him "Mustard" Colman in his 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 Bainter 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.



New this season—
Cutex Marquise Set
in beautiful metal case.
Description below

A charming new Gift for her personal use—



CUTEX COMPACT SET—for the week-end, the one night visit or the office toilet kit. Nail file, emery board, orange stick, cotton and half sizes of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cake Polish, Paste Polish and Nail White, 60c.

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.

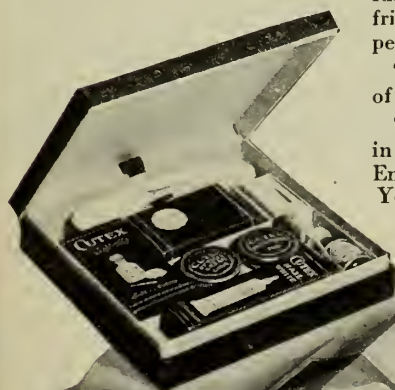


CUTEX FIVE MINUTE SET—trim and complete. Emery boards, orange stick, absorbent cotton, Cuticle Remover, and both the wonderful new polishes, Cutex Powder Polish, and Liquid Polish, \$1.00.

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.

The colorful Christmas wrappers breathe the spirit of this friendly season.

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 BOUDOIR SET—a substantial gift. Nail file, emery boards, orange stick, cotton, buffer, Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Cuticle Cream, Cake, Paste and Liquid Polishes, \$3.00. The De Luxe Set \$5.00.

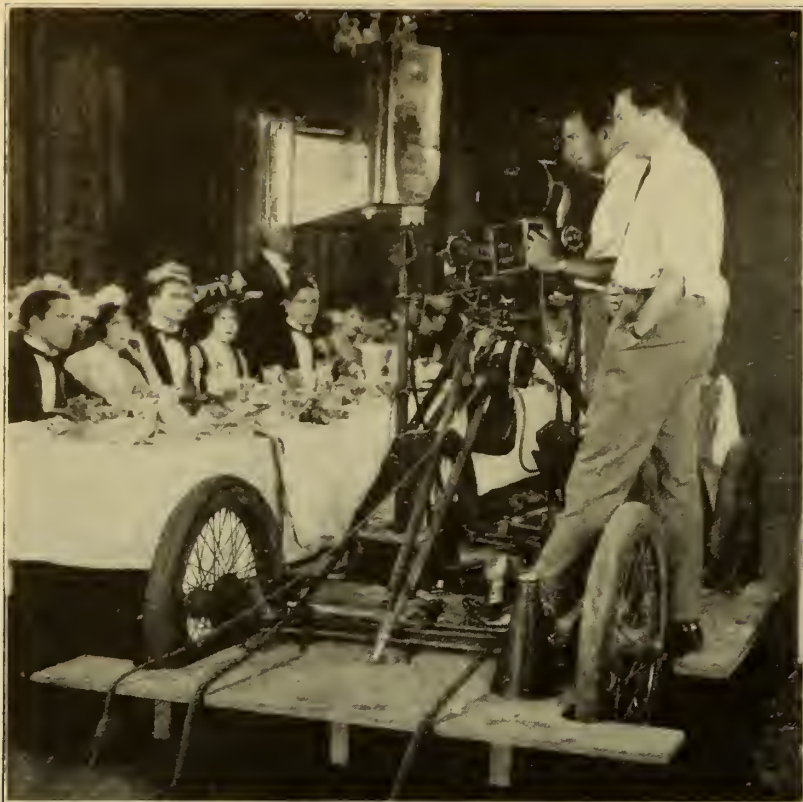


CUTEX TRAVELING SET—arranged so its contents cannot become messy in the traveling case. Nail file, emery board, orange stick, cotton, Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Cake and Paste Polishes, \$1.50.

Each Set in this charming Christmas wrapper



CUTEX Gift Sets in Special Holiday Wrappers



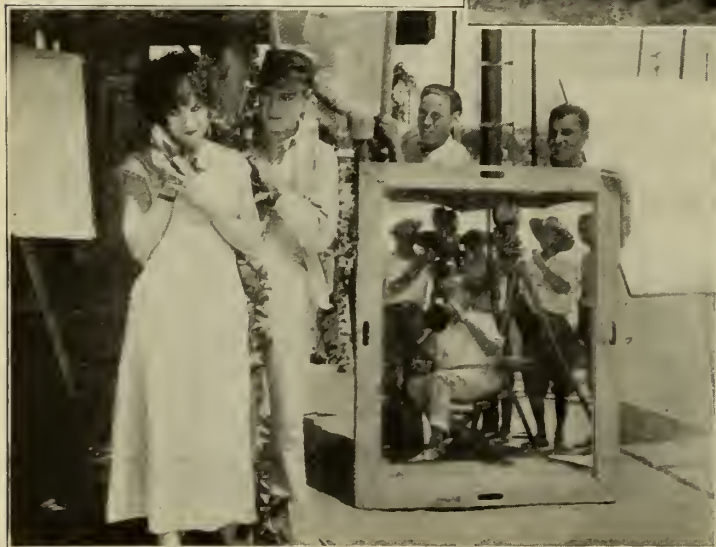
Following the Camera

*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 made 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.



Pond's Two Creams, used by women of the social world to keep their complexions exquisite



The beautiful Princesse Matchabelli praises Pond's Two Creams

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| THE VICOMTESSE DE FRISE | THE DUCHESSE 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.

Name

Street

City State

Aileen Pringle Compromises on Bobbed Hair

She tries out this two-in-one
coiffure



In the circle Aileen looks like a girl who has never so much as put a pair of scissors to her crowning glory. But if you look at the other pictures you will see how she deceives one



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.

Mme. Jeannette

Specialiste en Beauté

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



This woman has a medium skin, and so is choosing the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder

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 affectation 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 60c 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 cuttings 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

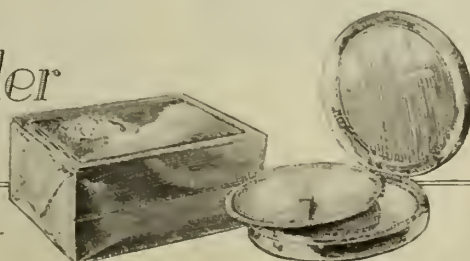
This new 1925 Pompeian Art Panel "Beauty Gained is Love Retained," size 28 x 7½. Done in color by a famous artist; worth at least 50c. We send it with samples of Pompeian Beauty Powder, Bloom, Day Cream and Night Cream for 10c. With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Use the coupon now.



(Top half shown)

Pompeian Beauty Powder

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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? _____

From Sixteen to Sixty in One Picture

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 harum scarum of "Flaming Youth," just made the camera fib 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?

COMMUNITY PLATE



COLEB PHILLIPS



SIX DINNER FORKS—\$7.20
Grosvenor Design Illustrated

“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 coconut 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 coconut 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 coconut 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 coconut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

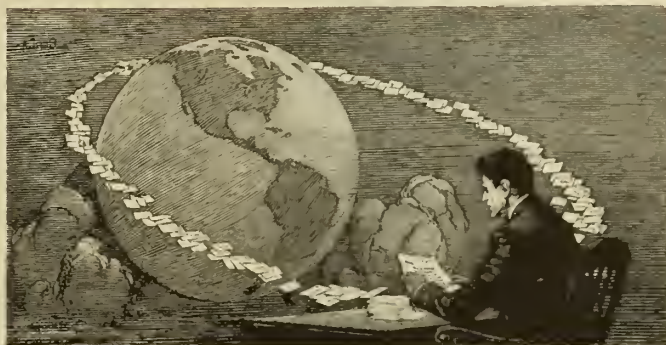


Mulsified
Coconut Oil Shampoo

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of PHOTOPLAY to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. As a further aid, a complete list of studio addresses is printed elsewhere in this Magazine every month. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

JANE RUTH OF GOOD OLD CALIFORNIA.—Like the majority of your sex, my gentle Jane, you get off a flattering preamble when you are meditating breaking the rules of the game; and though I swallowed hook, 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. Shirley Mason, Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. and Conway Tearle, Maurice Tourneur Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

DOROTHY JEAN CONSTANCE DURVANA, 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 glow of excitement—"Oh, I just met Norma (or Constance, as the case may be) and she is just the same unaffected girl as when we all 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, you admit it, of a "queenly type of beauty," 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, icily regular, splendidly null," which was an awful slam. However, don't be discouraged, and above all, cultivate your sense of humor—you'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 knocks,

"But stepping-stones are often made from stumbling-blocks."

And think of it sometimes. Keep up your courage, it's wonderful, and consult elsewhere in this number for the most convenient studios where you can make inquiries.

E. F. MCI, STERLING, COLO.—Don't fool yourself, old top, if you had the job of linotyping in PHOTOPLAY's office your chances for browsing over 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 collection, although to be sure, there are several pretty dears frisking 'round.

Gloria Swanson 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 signed "Marigold." Your letter is as prim and demure as your name. Enclose 25 cents to cover expenses. Rudolph Valentino, 6 West 48th St., New York City.

LEONA Y., PATERSON, N. J.—Zowie! Leona, you certainly have a way with you. Not that I mind being called "old dear" the first crack out of the box, by an evidently dashing brunette of 19 years and 119 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 pulchritude. Imagine if you will, a type midway between 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 Leatrice Joy. He is 28. Address Fox Studios, 140 N. Western Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.

SADIE S., NEWARK, N. J.—A great many of us agree with you that we 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. Gowen and Melrose Streets, Hollywood, Cal.

As to your other complaint, that you do not see as much of Rudolph in PHOTOPLAY illustrations as you would like to, that is not reasonable, for if you will refer to some of our back files, you will see that we have gone as far as possible.

PAUL B., SWEETWATER, TENN.—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 slant 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 the masculine 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 knowing him for 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 many a time when even the twinkliest of the stars has a feel-

ing 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 equipment, breezy M. S. Y., as your amusing letter discloses. You say you "hate slow people," and at the same time say you can't stand Pola Negri, surely always considered a fast worker, and so on—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 am 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 Texarkana, Tex. Not a great while ago. Well, if you insist, twenty-three years. The two Bettys, Compton and Blythe, are of the same age, twenty-seven. 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 Garon's birthplace is the stately city of Montreal, Canada. The important event occurred Sept. 9, 1900. A genuine sun-dyed 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 dark brown. The actress about whom you inquire numbers thirty-one years.

H. N. R., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—First time in my life I ever saw your good 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's photograph. I recommend sending it by check or postal order. Conrad Nagel works at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 82]



He has knocked the moss off some motion picture traditions

Clever Money

is the Cheapest Thing in the World

*Earl Hudson has made
stories that he liked the
way he liked them and
the public has liked
them too*

By Ivan St. Johns

I WOULD 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 bumming 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 units 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.

The *Brassiere Cor-Set*

*A One Piece Garment of Comfort and Convenience
from The House of Royal Worcester
Leaders in Corsetry*



Style 2513
BON TON
\$5.00



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



Style 2251
ROYAL WORCESTER
\$2.50

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 ziralol, a valuable antiseptic and hemostatic, has a toning and strengthening effect on weakened gum tissue.

Try a tube of Ipana today

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

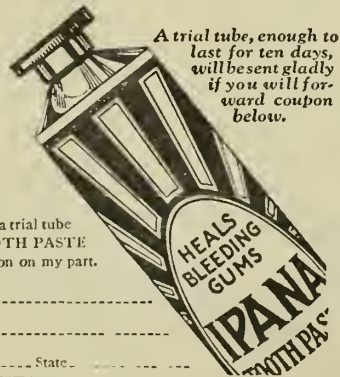
IPANA TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

Bristol-Myers Co.
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42 Rector St.
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Kindly send me a trial tube
of IPANA TOOTH PASTE
without obligation on my part.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....



Trouble With Women

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

After supper, Johnny and Sully appeared in the dining room of the hotel, unlimbered their musical batteries and began making the doleful melodies to which the guests were accustomed. Marcella was daintily dissecting a cold artichoke, with Mr. Zinn at her side in warm admiration, and as Johnny's portable organ got into its stride, the star glanced up.

"My God!" she said. "What's that?"

A waiter informed her it was Johnny, assisted by Sully. As the music continued, Marcella walked across the room, listened intently, examined the players and their equipment with ever-increasing interest and presently returned to the docile Mr. Zinn.

"Get them," she said.

"Who?"

"Those two old birds. All my life, I have 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 when we go, and, from now on, they play on the set."

"Certainly," said Mr. Zinn, using one of the two words that held his job for him. "I hadn't noticed it before, but it surely is good crying music."

LATER in the evening the virtuosos were approached with a business proposition. Did they desire to make some money? Would they like to go to gay Hollywood and see the sights? How would they like the freedom of a large and interesting studio?

"Who? Me?" asked Sully. "Not on your tintype. I'm all right where I am."

"Four dollars a day," said Ben Deal, who was acting as promoter, though threatened with the loss of his orchestra.

Sully shook his head emphatically.

"Nothin' doin'," he said. "I know all about Hollywood."

"Eight dollars a day for both of you," Ben continued. "That's a pile of money, seeing the two of you haven't a thin dime."

"I'll be poorer than this before I go hangin' around movie people," said Sully. "How about it, Johnny?"

Mr. Gilmore had been whittling a toothpick and thinking seriously. There was one thing urgently needed in the shack, the bathtub, with shower, and from careful scrutiny of the mail order catalogues, Johnny knew about how much it would cost. Never had he owned a bathtub and here was the opportunity. Money, as he knew, was a tough thing to lay hands on. "Sure," he said. "We'll go down there and play for them—at eight dollars a day."

Sully glared at his friend and benefactor.

"What for?" he demanded. "What's the matter with you?"

"Change'll do us good," explained Johnny. "I happen to need some money and here's a chance to earn it. Least you can do is help me."

Sully grumbled all the way up the tracks to the shack, and they walked in argument.

"Bathtub," said Sully scornfully. "What in thunder would we do with it? There ain't room, and besides, we got along good without one."

"You did," said Johnny. "You and a gila lizard are two things which don't seem to need water, but it'll do me a lot of good. Furthermore, if we go down to Hollywood, you'll have to clean up. You'll just have to and they ain't no way out of it."

"Clean up?" Sully repeated.

"Sure. You don't think you're goin' to Los Angeles lookin' like a bum. You're goin' in decent clothes, and them whiskers come off. From now on, you shave like a gentleman, and after we work awhile, we buy the bathtub and come back home."

"And there's a fine outlook," Sully said in deep disgust. "Here we are leadin' a couple of quiet lives, meals free, and you go bustin' it up."

"Eight dollars a day is money," Johnny contended.

"Sure. And I shave. What happens then? We go down there to a town full of women, where there's nothin' but women, you might say. What kind of a deal is that for me?"

"Don't worry. Them Hollywood women'll leave you alone, you old fossil."

"No kind of women leave me alone," Sully stated. "You're doin' this, and I'm goin' along, because it's my job to, but I'm tellin' you straight, you're cookin' up trouble."

JOHNNY talked it over with Marcella and said he thought he and Sully could play the sort of sad music needed. Business details being arranged, Sully removed his whiskers for the first time in years, had his hair cut and his mustache lopped off, and stood revealed to the world as a thin, gaunt and unhandsome man, with a prominent Adam's apple and seven thousand wrinkles.

"If you think you're a handsome dog," Johnny said, contemplating the changes, "you're wrong. I ain't much to look at myself, but I got you beat. No woman is goin' daffy about you."

"I warned you," Sully growled. "Don't ever say I didn't warn you. I don't want to go to Hollywood now and I never did."

Mr. Ben Deal furnished a spare suit of clothes and Johnny closed up the shack. Miss Marcella's company shot the required scenes in two days and started out of the wilds, taking the musicians. Within forty-eight hours they were settled in Hollywood, were on the payroll, and occupied modest rooms in a boarding house.

Every morning they hurried to the studio, joined their company on the set and played doleful airs for Marcella while she acted. In their moments of leisure they wandered about the studio, looking with round eyes upon the astonishing details of movie life. Johnny saw things he had never imagined before. Sully's appearance was improved, but his manner remained gloomy.

"Nobody kidnapped you get," Johnny ventured on an evening in their first week. Sully grunted. And presently there arose in his mind the consciousness that he must do something to justify the vivid yarns he had told his pal. For three years he had been telling Johnny Gilmore that women pursued him, even as the fly seeketh the honey-pot. Now he was situate in Hollywood. The streets thronged with youth and beauty, as well as beauty and maturity. And as no woman appeared, Sully opened negotiations with the cigar girl down at the corner drug store. He had been buying chewing tobacco of her, and she was a jolly sort.

"Can you write?" he asked her.

"Sure. You kidding me?"

"Well, you write me a letter, will you?"

"Write *you* a letter? What for?"

"Never mind what for. They ain't nothin' in this letter anyhow. See them big pink and blue envelopes? Use them. Here's my name and here's the money. Let's see you address me a letter, and make the writing all full of curlycues, like the woman was nervous."

The cigar lady was pleasant and accustomed to eccentricities in patrons, as all cigar girls are. She did as Sully desired, and he approved of her writing.

"Fine," he chuckled. "I'll buy you a box of candy. Mail me about three of these a week."

He departed contentedly.

"A nut," said the girl, turning to a customer. As the supply of ready money increased, Sully blossomed. He bought a pair of fancy shoes and a decorated second-hand vest, and he discovered where to rent a Tuxedo and a high hat.

"I'm goin' out tonight," he remarked to Johnny.

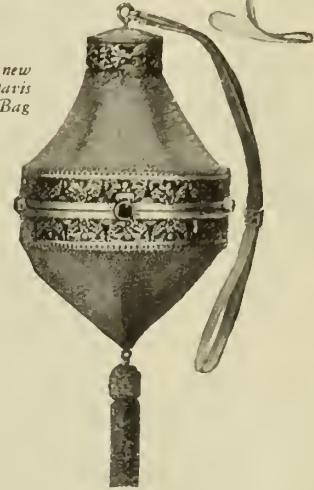
"Yeh?"



*Hand in Hand
with Fashion*



"Delysia" The new
Whiting & Davis
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*For the Final Touch -
So Necessary!*

HERE indeed is the *Gift of Gifts* so dear to every woman's heart so beautiful and useful.

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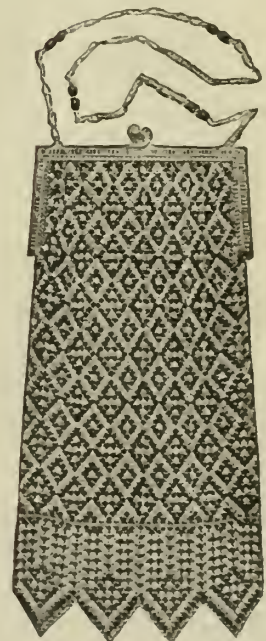
A crowning complement to Milady's costume is a Whiting & Davis "Delysia" Vanity Mesh Bag, with two mirrors and separate compartments for rouge, powder and handkerchief.

"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 sunset mesh.

"Gifts That Last"

WHITING & DAVIS CO.



"Utility"

One of the new Whiting & Davis Mesh Bags, silk-lined, with vanity mirror

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.



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Special Sales Period at Your Jeweler's, December 1 to 15.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

*Don't let your face touch
its pillow until your skin has been
thoroughly cleansed*



... 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 clearness and beauty.

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—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**



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Please send me the free trial tube of the
Perfect Cold Cream you offer above.

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Address

City State

In Canada: Daggett & Ramsdell, 165 Dufferin St., Toronto.

"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.

"Callin' on a woman," said Sully gloomily, "always means trouble before you get through."

Sometimes, the Don Juan's dates worked out unfortunately, especially on rainy nights. Sully either took a long, dismal street car ride, or walked callouses upon his feet during the hours in which he was supposed to be calling upon ladies. Sometimes he went to a movie theater a long way from the boarding house, where his high hat and elaborate vest 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 bogus conversations on the telephone for his comrade to hear and marvel at, and his crowning achievement was the afternoon Mary O'Neil 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. Women 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 bathtub market in Los Angeles 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 happened to Sully, who apparently had given himself over to a wild night life of theaters, movies, late suppers and mysterious doings with female companions, who pursued him everywhere and dogged his footsteps.

Miss Marcel Marcella shortly went to New York to do a picture, leaving Johnny and Sully to other and less tender hands. The job began to pall upon Sully, especially his night work, which was giving him rheumatism.

"When we goin' 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, fake 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 bathtub went with them. 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 decision firmly, and prepared. It would never do openly to desert Johnny, who might lose his job, because the portable organ needed the fiddle, but, as Sully schemed, if one of the fictitious women insisted on eloping, and if Sully proved weak enough to elope with her, then Johnny could find no real fault with such a breakup. Elopements always excuse themselves. Later on Sully could explain 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 com-

rade, and vanished from Hollywood and all its works. Johnny heard the news an hour later.

"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 come to Hollywood. 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 his can in the dresser and started down town 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 cuspidor. The young female was crying gently and dabbing 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'm 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 the car was rushing them toward. It was the first time in a long life that Johnny could remember rescuing a lady in distress. On a downtown corner they left the car, and Mr. Gilmore regarded his young companion uneasily. She had bright, blue eyes and a kittenish manner that disturbed him.

"You're downtown," he said. "Where you goin' now?"

"I was going to get something to eat," she answered.

"How?" he demanded, "if you ain't got any money?"

The girl looked away again and seemed about to weep afresh. Female tears rather startled Johnny and he decided not to let a fellow-creature starve on the street.

"I'll buy you a meal," he said weakly.

"Where's there a restaurant?"

"Why should you be so good to me?" she asked him, and Johnny answered truthfully that danged if he knew.

It was the work of minutes to find a food shop and they grew acquainted during the meal, while the lady laughed and told Johnny some of her experiences trying to get work in the movies. Johnny sat through the ceremony, vaguely disturbed. An hour later, when the little siren left him, now completely happy, Johnny tipped his hat gallantly and felt the warm kindly glow of a man who has done a kindly deed. Presently he discovered that the bathtub money was gone. It was all gone, down to the last five-dollar bill. Johnny stood perfectly still on the sidewalk, holding his vest in his hand, whilst strangers jostled him.

"She must have got it when she fixed my necktie," he said. "That's what I get. Sully was right."



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



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 loveliest! 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, stiffens 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."

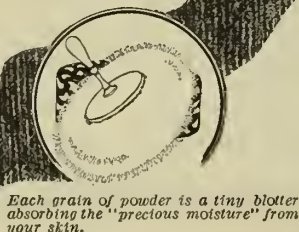
We remembered, then, seeing her use something after she washed. So that was why she looked so fresh and always had about her such a clean, delicate fragrance!

Sold everywhere. Regular price 35 cents. The Frostilla Company, Elmira, New York, Established 1873 by the late Clay W. Holmes. Selling Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., New York, Toronto, London & Sydney.

Frostilla

Fragrant Lotion

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Each grain of powder is a tiny blotter absorbing the "precious moisture" from your skin.

The bathtub, so near an hour before, was now a mere dream, an unattainable thing. Johnny examined his vest pocket carefully to make sure he had done the lady no injustice. Gone it was and gone it remained. He boarded a return red car for Hollywood, and spent the time reflecting that half of it was really Sully's money anyhow.

"I'm goin' home," he informed Mrs. Oakley, who said she was sorry to hear it.

"You and Mr. Sullivan were so quiet," she said, "and such gentlemen."

"Suckers, too," said Johnny.

He spent the rest of the day borrowing stray sums of money from studio friends, paid off Mrs. Oakley, and with bare railway fare in his pocket—his pants pocket—he started for the station, completely through with life in a great city.

THE train rumbled into Alva City early in the afternoon of the following day, and there was no friend to greet Johnny Gilmore. Carrying his ancient bag, he plodded the half-mile down the tracks to the shack, and was glad to see it, rusty and old and weather-beaten, but still home to Johnny. He sniffed the cold mountain air and threw out his chest. City life was the bunk, anyhow. As he stepped forward he observed, to his astonishment, a thin wisp of smoke trailing up from the crooked chimney, and he set down his bag in consternation.

"I've lost it," he said grimly. "Nothin' but bad luck. Somebody's jumped me."

His first instinct was to turn about, hunt up Ben Deal, and inquire why they had let an intruder take over his home, but instead he summoned his courage, grasped his bag and moved towards the shack.

The shaky door was closed, and Johnny knocked timidly, wondering what he should say.

"Come in."

Johnny blinked. He had heard the voice before. Opening the door, he pushed inside, and there sat Sully, the man who eloped with women, in his shirt sleeves, his bare feet wriggling before the open door of the stove. Sully gazed up in equal astonishment.

"Well, you dad-burned old rooster," he said, rising. "What's happened to you?"

"What's happened to me?" Johnny snorted, his timidity falling from him, to be succeeded by indignation. "What are you doing here? I thought you went away with another woman?"

"I did," Sully said calmly. "Only, like a lot of others, it didn't last. Her brother caught up with us, and a tough guy he is. Naturally, we had a little trouble, so we split. And I came home."

Johnny sat down dazedly. He was vastly relieved that no stranger had pre-empted his home, but still indignant with Sully.

"I just naturally came back here," Sully went on, "where a man can have a little peace and quiet. I'm tired of these women. Never again for me."

Johnny tossed his hat into a corner, put some wood on the fire and gazed around the dilapidated room. It looked beautiful to him. Sully pulled contentedly at his pipe and within a single minute the conversation was flowing as though the two had never departed.

"Let's make some coffee," Johnny suggested.

"Sure," agreed Sully. "When's the bathtub comin' up?"

"It ain't comin'," said Johnny.

"No? Why not?"

Johnny wondered whether to dissimulate or confess.

"Because," he said, "the money's gone."

"You lost it?" demanded his partner.

"Lost it? No, I didn't lose it. If you want to know I took it out and spent it on a woman."

Johnny glared defiantly at his comrade, who opened his eyes and spat ruminatively into the stove.

"Well, I'll be damned," said Sully. "All of it?"

"Every cent," confessed Johnny, who felt a momentary thrill of pride in his debauchery. "Prettiest darn little thing you ever saw, and, say, she got stuck on me right."

Sully seemed incurious about the details.

"No bathtub," he said. "That's good. I knew they'd get me, but I never thought you'd go carousin' around with females. You suppose Ben Deal will give us back them jobs?"

"If he don't," said Johnny, "we're in a hell of a fix."

"Anyhow," Sully declared, "I'm glad we're back home. Pretty slick, this dump. And no women around anywhere."

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75]

ANNETTE, FREELAND, PA.—I must tell you "although it hurts me as much as it does you"—the preface our parents gave to our spankings—that Lloyd Hughes is married to a young woman with the heartening name of Hope, Gloria Hope. If you must reduce Alice Terry's lissomeness to numerical terms, Annette, here they are. Height five feet, six inches, weight one hundred thirty pounds.

MAY, COLLINSVILLE, ILL.—Howdy, May? One of the Statistics Sisters, I see. Alberta Vaughn's age, height and weight are represented respectively by eighteen, five feet, two inches and one hundred six pounds; Pauline Garon's by twenty-four, five feet, one inch, one hundred pounds; Shirley Mason's, twenty-four, five feet, ninety-five pounds.

N. L., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Bradley King is still engaged at the Ince Studios. Nothing more? Now I can get to the links before sunset.

PEGGY AND PATTI, UPPER HARLEM, PA.—So you have agreed to call me "Mr. Encyclopedia." 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 rôle 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 blonde as to hair. His height—mind you, get all of 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 raved about in the movies." You like "brown men like Mr. Dix." And you fear 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, on a day 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."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 111]

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 Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U.S.A.*

Listerine is made only by the Lambert Pharmacal Company. To avoid possible fraudulent substitution, insist upon obtaining this antiseptic in the original brown package—14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce.



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.

RESINOL SOAP



Dept. C, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Please send me, without charge, a sample of Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment.

Name

Street

City State



Did someone say that Virginia Valli never posed for a picture in a bathing suit? Not only has the beautiful Virginia gone in for the swimming contests at the Ambassador pool, but she has taken up the womanly art of boxing

Studio News and Gossip

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

move an arm. I did a Prince of Wales off my horse at Coronado and had a broken shoulder.

"Church was in a wheel chair all hunched up. Looked like he had every bone in his body smashed. That sounds like a romantic pair, doesn't it?"

"Our only meetings were salutations in the mornings as Church was wheeled by my room in his chair. Later my physician introduced us."

Mabel denies she ever visited Church's room or sent him flowers, and says "she knows what she's going to do" about being named as co-respondent by Mrs. Church.

Just to let the world know that she means what she says, Mabel has filed suit against Mrs. Church asking for \$500,000 damages.

WHEN a New York woman calmly announced that Conway Tearle's real name was Frederick Levy, a hue and cry went up like a toy balloon to the effect that everybody knew Conway must have been concealing something from the dear public for all these years. He was too perfect, these huers and criers hued and cried. Yes, everybody got excited—that is, everybody except Conway. He was on his way to New York when a newspaper in the metropolis ran the story. But when Conway arrived in the big city the reporters gathered around expectant and eager, not to say palpitating and hopeful.

Conway surveyed them one and all, calmly, kindly and willing. Then he said: "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 Cruze 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 1923, 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 for them 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.

Thirty Days' Free Trial In Your Own Home

This is the most eloquent evidence of



The Nestle LANOIL Home Outfit In Use
A whole head can be waved comfortably in just a few hours. The work is interesting, simple, and safe. The results are permanent and lovely.



Her Husband LANOIL-Waved Her Hair

"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.



Helene Chadwick charming screen star, writes, "Your wonderful Outfit dispenses with all need for curlers or hot irons."

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*.



"This Little Girl Was Ill In Bed"

when I waved her hair. We are delighted with her curls, waves and ringlets," writes little Miss Elva Lloyd's mother, from Walla Walla, Wash.

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* curly hair. You may shampoo it at will, use hair treatments of any kind, dance and perspire, go out into 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 wave was, in his opinion, the greatest step forward ever made in hair science. Since then, the popularity of permanent waving has

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

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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Established 1905
12 and 14 East 49th Street, New York City
Just off Fifth Avenue

Fill in, tear off and mail coupon today

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Please send me the Nestle "LANOIL" Home Outfit for Permanent Waving. I understand that if, after using the Outfit and the free trial materials, I am not satisfied, I may return the Outfit any time within 30 days, and receive back every cent of its cost of \$15.

I enclose \$15 in check, money order, or bank draft as a deposit.

I enclose no money. Please send C. O. D.

OR, check HERE.....if only free booklet of further particulars is desired.

(From foreign countries, send \$16 check, money order or cash equivalent in U. S. currency. Canadians may order from Raymond Harper, 416 Bloor Street W., Toronto, Canada, \$20 duty free.)

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Particular men and women approve of the use of

ED. PINAUD'S

Toilet Preparations because of their perfect quality. For 100 years ED. PINAUD'S Hair Tonic (Eau de Quinine) has been favorably known. Today it is more popular than ever.

ED. PINAUD'S Elixir Shampoo

is a recent creation, but already a great success. Use these two delightful preparations and watch your hair improve in health and lustre.

ED. PINAUD'S Lilac Preparations are wonderful!

Lilac Talc
Lilac Vegetal
Lilac Bath Salts

each has an emphatic appeal to all who love the good things of life.

A testing sample of any of these products sent for 5c each.

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Dept. 36

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NEW YORK

204 King St., E., Toronto

honeymoon 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 5. This is Betty's first marital adventure. Cruze was formerly married to Marguerite Snow.

ANOTHER wedding of great interest to film fans was that Marié 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.

BUMPETY, 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 wordly 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 ambitious 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 II," 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.

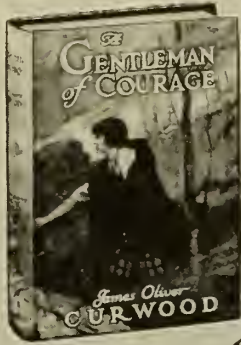
TOMMY MEIGHAN has just been elected shepherd of the Lambs Club. A membership in this club is the great ambition of every motion picture and stage actor. It is the most famous organization of its kind in the world. It wasn't so many years ago that anyone who went into it from motion pictures was looked upon as losing cast, and Thomas Meighan is the first motion picture actor to be elected as its leader. This is a demonstration that



They put them to work in Hollywood before they are out of the cradle. There was a great hullabaloo at the Fox Studios when the casting director sent out a call for babies for a picture called "Darwin Was Right." Get the snappy eyes on the little Ethiopian. In two years he may be after Farina's job, because Farina is a big boy now—nearly four, and his director says unless he quits kicking him in the shins, he will have to do some firing

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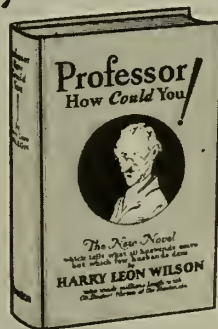
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Tommy is the most popular actor in America among his colleagues, and in earning this distinction, Tommy reflects additional honor on the screen.

WHILE attempting to pilot one of the first automobiles ever made over country roads near Hollywood for scenes in a picture, Cissy Fitzgerald, former stage star and now a motion picture actress, received injuries which may result in permanent disfigurement and keep her from the screen or stage forever.

The accident occurred during the filming of scenes for "So Big," Colleen Moore's new starring vehicle, and Miss Fitzgerald was supposed to be driving the first automobile ever used in Chicago.

She lost control of the ancient runabout, colliding with a heavy truck. Miss Fitzgerald was thrown over the hood, striking her face on the side of the truck. Fifteen stitches were necessary to close the gash and physicians say she may be permanently scarred.

PROBABLY there is no woman in the world who, deep down in her heart, doesn't cherish the desire either to be or to remain beautiful, as the case may be. And the plainest the woman the more intense the desire.

Constance Talmadge, beautiful young comedienne, has words of encouragement for the plain girl, for she has a formula for overcoming the natural advantage of the beautiful girl in the race for popularity. To them she has this to say:

"If you would be popular and successful, first of all don't worry. Cultivate a sunny disposition. Remember this: The women who have captivated the great men of their day and made names for themselves in history were not raving beauties.

"Madame de Stael, Du Barry, Queen Elizabeth and Cleopatra, judging from their portraits, drawings of them and the testimony of their contemporaries, were far from beautiful. Yet they charmed the great men of their time and left their mark on history.

"Success is achieved because of that intangible quality called personality. Lucky women have character, brains and personality. They are lovable. They have learned to love someone besides themselves. It is personality that wins.

"Cultivate it if you would be popular and a success!"

EDMUND LOWE and Lilyan Tashman, late of the Follies, who is now "flappering" before 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.

WE wonder if the whole world isn't going to the dogs. Anyway, another one of our few remaining idols has come toppling down.

Little Marian 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. Cigaretts are bad enough, and women who smoke cigars are usually ostracized, but a pipe—horrors! And Marian but a child.

Of course she explains it well. Marian 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 head-dress, valued at several hundred dollars, the gift of Chief Oaken Bucket, known among his tribesmen 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 broke. 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 still," said Dorothy, laughingly. The "studio 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, drawing 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."

POLA NEGRI'S next starring picture, "Forbidden Paradise," adapted from "The Czarina," 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 negligees, morning costumes and evening gowns are included in her latest wardrobe and all are created with distinctive lines which serve to accentuate the slenderness of the actress' form.



Fox comedy monks trying to master the intricacies of Mah Jongg, 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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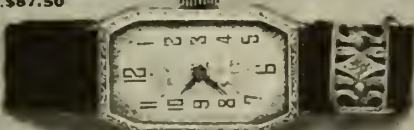
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RICARDO CORTEZ and Adolphe Menjou are two of the latest actors to leave Hollywood for the New York movie colony. Menjou is to appear in the picturization of "The Swan," and Cortez is to be co-featured with Bebe Daniels in "Argentine Love." The rise of Cortez in the last eighteen months has been little less than meteoric. He first won notice for his work with Gloria Swanson in "A Society Scandal," and is in James Cruze's latest production, "The City That Never Sleeps." In "Feet of Clay," C. B. De Mille's latest picture, his work was so good that Paramount decided to feature Cortez. Menjou's latest picture on the West Coast is with Pola Negri in Lubitsch's picturization of Doris Keane's great stage triumph, "The Czarina."

BILL HART, the screen's beloved two-gun man, is hobbling around on crutches, his right foot and ankle in a cast, all because he attempted a rescue which was not in the script and did not end as all good pictures and stories should.

His love of animals and loyalty to a pal cost him a compound fracture of his ankle.

The accident occurred on the Hart ranch, about thirty miles from Hollywood. While riding one of his horses over the ranch, Bill saw his little fox terrier pal trapped in a nearby ravine, from which the animal was unable to get out.

Riding up to the ravine, Hart fastened his lasso to the horn of the saddle and started to climb down to his dog's assistance. The rope

slipped when Bill was half-way down and he fell twenty feet, breaking his ankle.

In spite of his injuries, Hart managed to get the dog and himself out of the ravine and ride to medical attention. He will be on crutches for several weeks.

ALAMO, the oldest and largest long-horn steer in the world, has added new laurels to those accredited to him by Emerson Hough in his novel, "North of 36," which is now being filmed by Paramount.

This steer, which is more than thirty years old and has a horn spread of over six feet from tip to tip, has an important part in the picture, for he is the leader of a herd of four thousand long-horns being used in scenes for "North of 36" now being filmed near Houston, Texas.

When the production is completed, James West will start on a tour of the United States and England with Alamo, and upon their return the grand old steer will be donated to the Old Trail Drivers' Association of the Southwest to be sold at auction. Before his death Hough had planned to purchase the animal himself.

ALMA RUBENS, the hot house plant among the picture stars—the girl who indulges in no sports and takes but little exercise of any kind—the girl who hates location pictures and likes to work in the studio all of the time, where her limousine is at the door and there are luxuries at home and plenty of theaters for amusement—well, she is just crazy



Etta Lee, a dainty little Eurasian lady, who has been making quite a success in small exotic parts in pictures, and whose work predicts a splendid future in such roles. Her mother is of Chinese noble birth, and her father is a French officer

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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 uncles was a 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 ever 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.

WIEN 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.

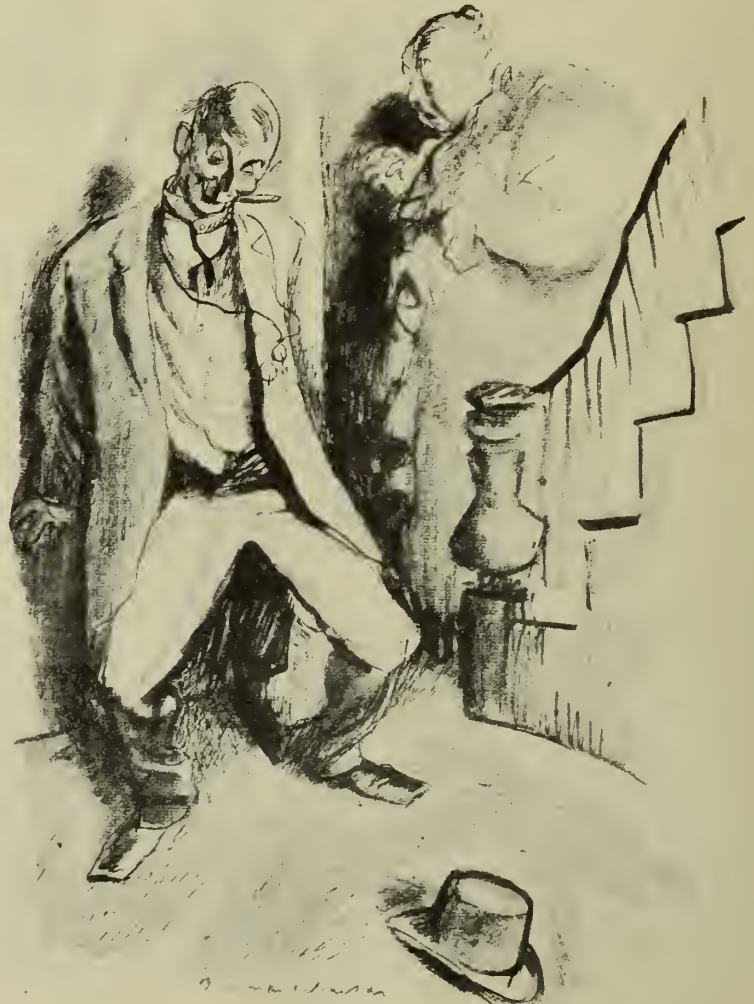
While all Hollywood was on hand to welcome the daring air crusaders when they taxied to earth at Clover Field, Santa Monica, Miss Dean was the only film celebrity who waved them a greeting when they landed at San Diego. And she also flew with the squadron of planes which escorted the army fliers from 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 admiring thousands, motored to a Hollywood hotel, where they "slicked 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 good-bye 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



HIS WIFE: "Henry, where have you been?"

PROFESSIONAL REFORMER: "Hic-m' dear-hic- inves'gatin' moral-hic-'fluence of the movies"

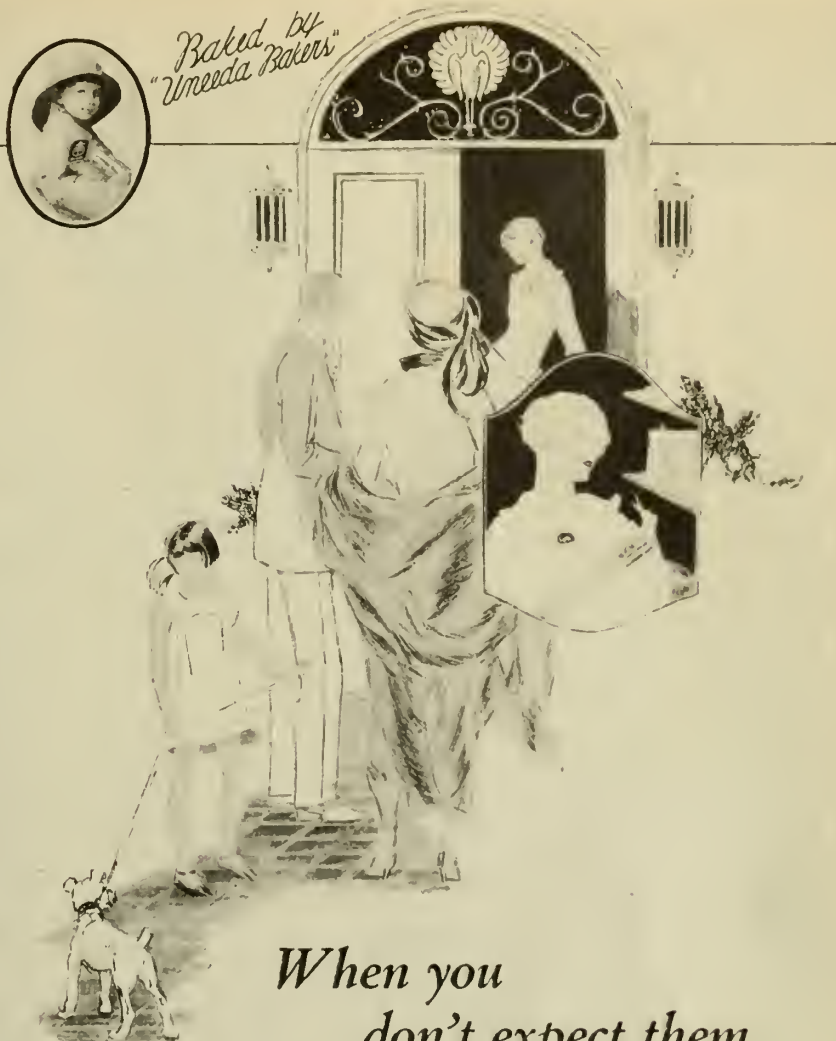


Edmund Lowe, who featured as the Northern officer in "Barbara Frietchie" and who is now starring for Fox in "The Fool," keeps in shape for his work by an hour on the hand-ball court every day. These stars have got to keep their figures. A rubber coat is one of the newest stunts for this purpose. Lowe 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 rôle which has become celebrated in histrionics.

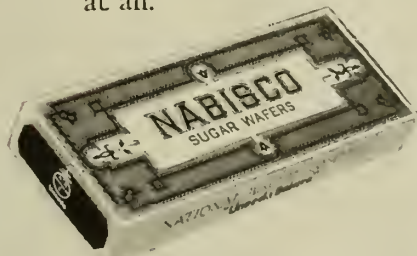
JACK DEMPSEY has signed up for what is said to be the biggest salary every paid in vaudeville. The giant killer, movie hero and vaudevillian is thus assured of getting three square meals a day for the next ten weeks. An effort is being made at this writing to include Estelle Taylor in the act, but Jack is frowning upon that angle. He likes Estelle Taylor, but he remembers the experience he had with Bee Palmer, whose husband 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.



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a few seconds to
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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' best directors, was married in New York recently to his first wife's sister, Lillian Nolan. The first Mrs. Henabery died several years ago and it was at her bedside that Henabery and his present wife first met. Henabery has been at the Long Island studio of Famous Players-Lasky for some time and his latest production was "A Sainted 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. She had 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 a new contract for five more years. Earl Hudson negotiated the deal and everybody is congratulating him. It was reported before the announcement that Sills would retire from the film world so far as acting was concerned. 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 "The Interpreter's House." Doris Kenyon 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 that every person who applies for work be given "a look." A new sign at the casting director's office 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 *Peter Pan*. When she was found she turned out to be an unknown. By examining every applicant, whether needed at the time or not, officials of the company believe they may discover other unknowns of stellar magnitude. Anyhow, they are not going to pass up applicants just because they are not needed for the particular pictures being produced at the time. They are looking into the future.

A PHOTOPLAY without a kiss is something that Roland West promises an unbelieving film world in "The Monster," with Lon Chaney in the leading rôle. Gertrude Olmstead is the unlucky lady who has to go through six or seven or eight reels without an osculation. Still, if the title means anything, maybe she will be mighty lucky not to get one.

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 head of a lion from Africa, a tiger from India, ant-eater from South America, boar from Europe and bear and moose from America.

LOIS WILSON, who shares honors with Florence Vidor and May McAvoy as "Hollywood's nicest star," owns a collection of pewter mugs that would turn an old "tooper" green with envy. And yet Miss Wilson is one of the screen stars who lives up to the very spirit of the prohibition law. She would no more think of making "home brew" than she would of printing her own hundred dollar bills.

But here's the story. During her visit to London last summer, where she was Paramount's typical American girl representative at the British Empire Exposition, Miss Wilson dined with a party of friends at the famous old Cheshire Cheese—a favorite haunt 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 was served in funny looking pewter 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 she received more than a score of pewter mugs of all shapes and sizes from various London fans.

WHY 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 read "One Parisian Night." "The Prude" is now "The Dangerous Flirt." "Hard Cash" is now "Sold for Cash" and "The Stranger from Nowhere" is now "The Millionaire Cowboy." We hope the prude won't be too dangerous as a flirt 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 "Sentimental Tommy," and there we found Gareth Hughes' picture along with several others in the cast. We were wondering what had happened to Gareth. He made a great reputation in "Sentimental Tommy," but fell down in other films. While our thoughts were thus engaged on the foibles of film popularity we ran into a newspaper squib concerning Gareth. It seems that he had been visiting his relatives in Wales and was about to return to New York to be starred on the Keith vaudeville circuit in a sketch by Joe Jackson called "Ask Dad—He Knows."

SPEED records were broken when Evelyn Vaughan obtained a divorce from Bert Lytell. Fifteen minutes from the time her complaint was filed, Miss Vaughan had her decree. She charged desertion and told the court that her handsome screen star husband was interested in other women. No other women, however, were named in the complaint or at the hearing of the case. Lytell smiled and said he had expected it. He also was quoted as saying that he 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 objected upon the ground of the danger of such a pastime.

Now Reggie is entirely happy and pesters all his friends with invitations to go up and do sundry stunts in the air with him.

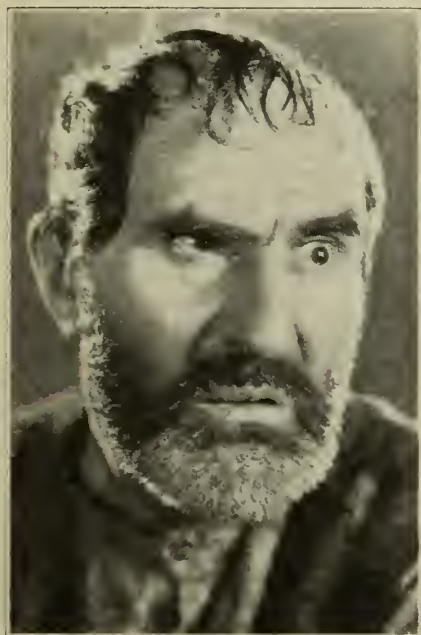
IF anything happens to mar Gloria Swanson's face she will get \$100,000 in cash. Gloria has insured her countenance with Lloyds, and if anything happens to it so that she could no longer appear before the film camera she will get a check for that amount. A mar, a blemish, scar or anything else that might disfigure the Swanson face is worth one hundred thousand iron men to Gloria. Just what impelled Gloria to get the facial insurance isn't known, but the fight she had in "Wages of Virtue" may have been the inducement. Those who have seen the picture will recall her battle with another girl, and sometimes screen battles bring about the unexpected, although we have never yet seen a hero or heroine get the worst of it—so far as the plot of the picture was concerned. However, accidents do happen, and sometimes

the heroes and heroines get pretty badly battered. If the worst should happen Gloria at least will get a \$100,000 balm that will help materially.


MARIE PREVOST and Kenneth Harlan are married. The event happened in October and the happy couple have been kept busy accepting and acknowledging congratulations from friends. The day after the wedding was celebrated in Hollywood they left for New York on their honeymoon. Both are not only prominent in the hearts of picture fans but popular in the cinema colonies of New York and Hollywood as well. Miss Prevost has just completed "The Dark Swan," and Mr. Harlan has just finished "The Man Without a Heart." Here's hoping he finds one that Marie will never let him lose outside their own menage.

MARY IDA MACDONALD, known to screen fans as Mary MacLaren, was recently married to Lieut.-Col. George Herbert Young, of Woodbridge, England. The marriage was performed in Hancock Park, a Los Angeles suburb, at the home of the bride's mother. Colonel Young is a British officer on duty in India. After a short honeymoon in this country they plan to go to England and later to India, where they will live for a year.

HAL ROACH'S "Gang" got together recently and gave three cheers. In some way word got to the gang that Bob McGowan's contract was about to expire. Bob is director of "The Gang." In fact, he is really more—something like a father, boss, big brother, one of the kids and first and second cousin to each and every member. Without Bob, "The Gang" would soon sob itself to death with a broken heart. They won't get a chance. Bob has signed a new five-year contract and Farina and all the rest are happy once again. By the way, Farina is the most temperamental star in filmdom. The only person in the whole world in whom Farina has any confidence is Bob. Sometimes the temperament takes an obdurate form that even perplexes Bob. Visitors to the studio form one of the greatest problems. Farina would just as soon see the K. K. K. descending on the studio as to see the average visitor. When Bob was in New York recently he loaded himself with presents for "The Gang." He never goes away from Hollywood that he doesn't return with a gift of some kind



He's not as fierce as he looks. He is Ernest Torrence trying to look sad in "North of 36." The whiskers are his own



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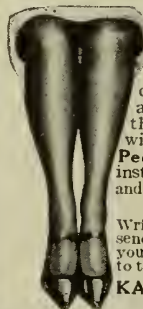
Here gather such screen writers as Charles Kenyon, Howard Higgin, Winifred Dunn, Ethel Myles Middleton, Sada Cowan, Rita Weiman.

Such fiction spinners as Eugene Manlove Rhodes, H. Bedford-Jones, F. Rupert Crewe, Frederick Jackson, Carl Clausen, Gerald B. Breitigam, Ruth Cross, Magda Leigh, Arthur J. Messier.

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When PHOTOPLAY comes to the home of Henry W. Gundling, a banker of Wheeling, West Virginia, his little son never rests until he has gone through PHOTOPLAY to find pictures of Harold Lloyd. Someone has told the little fellow that he looked like his favorite and his own little room is decorated with pictures of Harold. "He's my favorite," says Henry W. Jr., "because mother always lets me go to see his pictures." The Editor has written Mr. Lloyd and asked him to send an autographed photograph to his little Wheeling, West Virginia, admirer

for each member. They're just a bunch of kids after all, and while there are some who say that Bob is the biggest one of all, "The Gang" says that he is the finest man in the world.

SID GRAUMAN, impresario extraordinary of Hollywood, has decided that New York needs the artistic touch that his fertile brain can lend. After a visit to the metropolis, which was extended to Europe, he has decided to purchase a New York theater and remodel it to resemble his magnificent Hollywood Egyptian Theater. Not only that, but he plans to form his own production company and make an elaborate spectacle in Europe early in 1925. Grauman is the man who built and operated three of the largest houses in Los Angeles for the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. He returned from Europe after a three months' visit devoted to a study of production conditions convinced that he is the one man to lend a note of picturesqueness to New York movie-dom. If he exceeds the bizarre note he gave to the Hollywood Egyptian, Gothamites have several gasps in store for them.

THE almost impossible has happened. Somebody has suggested to Mary Pickford herself that she bob her hair.

It happened like this. Mildred Davis Lloyd, who is one of those adorable little blondes who—to be slangy about it—can "get away with anything," spent her temporary widowhood while Harold was in New York in a delightful seaside home at Santa Monica.

When they returned from Europe, Doug and Mary drove down one evening to call on Mildred and they all sat around and visited, just like folks. During the course of the conversation, Mildred said, with that entrancing, dimpled, little-girl smile of hers, "Mary, why don't you bob your hair? Long hair is so *passé* nowadays, and you'd be the most adorable thing in the world with yours cut."

Mary looked a little startled, but finally admitted that it would be nice, but of course she

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couldn't. And Douglas got fairly breathless with horror at the very idea. Mary without the famous curls! America's sweetheart with bobbed locks! But just the same Mary and Mildred had a regular woman-to-woman discussion about bobbed hair.

Harold telephoned daily during his absence from home and finally left the polo games flat because he couldn't stand to be away from Mildred and Gloria—his new daughter—any longer. As it was, he was astonished at the way the baby had grown and swears he'll never leave her again.

At a dinner party in Hollywood the other evening the eternal subject of the box office versus art came up for discussion. And the host, a well known director who is one of the cleverest raconteurs of the colony, told that famous and never-to-be-forgotten story of the interview that is supposed to have taken place between George Bernard Shaw and Sam Goldwyn, motion picture producer, upon the occasion of Sam's trip to London to negotiate with the great playwright for the screen rights to some of his stage successes.

The two men met, and Goldwyn, anxious to reassure Mr. Shaw, began something like this—at least so runs the tale:

"Now, Mr. Shaw, you haven't got to worry a thing if you let me make your plays into pictures. We'll give your story the most artistic production ever seen. We get the most artistic actors and the most artistic director, and the best art director and the swellest cameraman in the whole business. We make a great artistic success, and I promise you that we think about the art all the time. You shouldn't be afraid to trust your story to me, Mr. Shaw."

"That's all very well," said the most famous Irishman, "but what I'm interested in is money—not art."

*Insist upon Photoplay,
Not Substitutes*

THOUSANDS of cases have come to my attention recently where readers have asked their newsstand dealer for a copy of PHOTOPLAY, only to be informed that he had sold out within a week after the magazine was issued. Invariably he offers another film magazine as a substitute.

If you ask for PHOTOPLAY you should get it, and if you permit the dealer to hand you a substitute, he is taking advantage of you.

The next time he tries it, tell him to order enough copies of PHOTOPLAY to supply his customers. —THE EDITOR

THERE seems to be some little controversy just now over the choice of a new De Mille leading woman—and future star.

The fortunate girl to be selected to follow in the footsteps of Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Agnes Ayres and Leatrice Joy will be one of the outstanding figures of the year—but who will it be?

It was all set for Estelle Taylor, and Mr. De Mille was enthusiastic about her. She seemed to many the most interesting personality, and the most appealing beauty he had had to work with since Gloria.

But—it is now an open secret—Mr. De Mille and Miss Taylor simply didn't get along.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 130]

RAMON NOVARRO, Metro Star, says:

I never go on a set without first looking to my teeth. I've done this ever since I discovered Pepsodent. It removes that cloudy film, which, before strong lights and a camera, shows up so unkindly. A noted dentist told me about it and I've never stopped thanking him. Most of the people before the camera do the same.

Ramon Novarro



COLLEEN MOORE,
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Colleen Moore

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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.

Now a test of this method is offered you—simply use the coupon.

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Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel a film. A film no ordinary dentifrice will successfully remove, yet which absorbs discolorations and clouds and dulls your teeth.

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Film clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It holds food substance which ferments and causes

acid. And in contact with teeth, this acid causes decay. Germs by the millions breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

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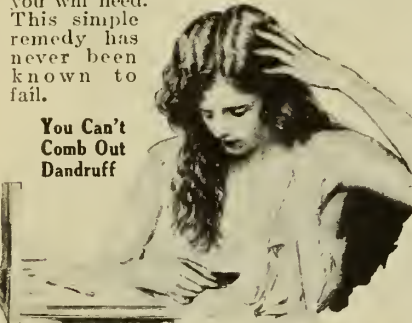
There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

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Casts of Current Photoplays

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"TARNISH"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the stage play by Gilbert Emery. Adapted by Frances Marion. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: *Letitia Tevis*, May McAvoy; *Emmet Carr*, Ronald Colman; *Nellie Durb*, Marie Prevost; *Adolf Tevis*, Albert Gran; *Josephine Tevis*, Mrs. Russ Whytall; *Aggie*, Priscilla Bonner; *The Barber*, Harry Myers; *Mrs. Stuts*, Kay Deslys; *Mrs. Healy*, Lydia Yeamans Titus; *Bill*, William Boyd; *Mr. Stuts*, Snitz Edwards.

"THE SILENT WATCHER"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Scenario by J. W. Hawks. Directed by Frank Lloyd. The cast: *Joe Roberts*, Glenn Hunter; *Mary Roberts*, Bessie Love; *John Steele*, Hobart Bosworth; *Mrs. John Steele*, Gertrude Astor; *Lily Elliott*, Alma Bennett; *Jim Tufts*, George Nicholls; *Mrs. Jim Tufts*, Aggie Herring; *Barnes*, Lionel Belmore; *Chief of Detectives Stuart*, De Witt Jennings; *Jamison Herrold*, Brandon Hurst; *Detective O'Farrell*, Pat Harmon; *Feature Dancers*, Mlle. Suzette, David Murray.

"THE NAVIGATOR"—METRO-GOLDWYN.—Story by Jean C. Havez, Joseph A. Mitchell and Clyde Bruckman. Directed by Buster Keaton and Donald Crisp. Photography by Elgin Lessley and Byron Houck. The cast: *Buster Keaton*, Katherine McGuire, Frederick Vroom, Noble Johnson, Clarence Burton, H. M. Clugston.

"THE CLEAN HEART"—VITAGRAPH.—From the novel by A. S. M. Hutchinson. Adapted by Marion Constance. Directed by J. Stuart Blackton. The cast: *Philip Wriford*, Percy Marmont; *Puddlebox*, Otis Harlan; *Essie Bickers*, 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 J. Crone. The cast: *Jack Woodbury*, Douglas MacLean; *Violet Stevenson*, Lillian Rich; *La Cigale*, Helen Ferguson; *Hector Walters*, Hallam Cooley; *Griggs*, Lucien Littlefield; *"Gun" Murray*, Tom O'Brien; *Verchesi*, Andre Lanoy; *John Fraser*, M. D., Wade Boteler; *Virgil Galesby*, M. D., Eric Mayne; *Karl Gerhardt*, M. D., William Conklin; *Gaston 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 Walsworth*, Agnes Ayres; *Alan Holt*, Antonio Moreno; *Drukma*, Tyrone Power; *Kurder*, Louis Wolheim; *Claire*, Dagmar Godowsky; *Don Powell*, Jack Bohn; *The Cripple*, Maurice Costello.

"FEET OF CLAY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Margaretta Tuttle. Scenario by Beulah Marie Dix and Bertram Millhauser. Directed by Cecil B. De Mille. The cast: *Amy Loring*, Vera Reynolds; *Kerry Harlan*, Rod La Rocque; *The Bookkeeper*, Victor Varconi; *Tony Channing*, Ricardo Cortez; *Bertha Lansell*, Julia Faye; *Bendick*, Theodore Kosloff; *Dr. Fergus Lansell*, Robert Edeson.

"THE CITY THAT NEVER SLEEPS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Leroy Scott. Adapted by Walter Woods and Anthony Coldevey. Directed by James Cruze. The cast: *Mother O'Day*, Louise Dresser; *Mark Roth*, Ricardo Cortez; *Mrs. Kendall*, Kathlyn Williams; *Molly Kendall*, Virginia Lee Corbin; *Cliff Kelley*, Pierre Gendron; *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: *Dorando (Bandolero)*, Pedro de Cordoba; *Petra*, Renee Adoree; *Marquess de la Torre*, Gustav von Seyffertitz; *Ramon*, Manuel Granado; *Padre Dominquez*, Gordon Beggs; *Concha*, Dorothy Ruth; *Juan*, Arthur Donaldson; *Maria*, Maria Valray; *El Tuerte*, Jose Rueda.

"THE ROSE OF PARIS"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Delly. Adapted by Bernard McConville. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: *Mitsi*, Mary Philbin; *Christian*, Robert Cain; *Andre du Vallois*, John Sainpolis; *Mme. Bolomoff*, Rose Dione; *Florine du Vallois*, Dorothy Revier; *Paul Maran*, Gino Corrado; *Yvett*, Doreen Turner; *Jules*, Edwin J. Brady; *Victor*, Charles H. Puffy; *Mother Superior*, Carrie Daumery; *Governess*, Alice H. Smith; *George Der Vroo*, Frank Currier; *Major Domo*, D. J. Mitsoras; *George*, Cesare Gravina.

"WELCOME STRANGER"—PRODUCERS DISTRIBUTORS.—From the play by Aaron Hoffman. Adapted by James Young and Willard Mack. Directed by James Young. The cast: *Isadore Solomon*, Dore Davidson; *Mary Clark*, Florence Vidor; *Essie Solomon*, Virginia Brown Faire; *Isabod Whitson*, Noah Beery; *Ned Tyler*, Lloyd Hughes; *Eb Hooker*, Robert Edeson; *Clem Beemis*, Wm. V. Mong; *Seth Trimble*, Otis Harlan; *Gideon Tyler*, Fred J. Butler; *Detective*, Pat Hartigan.

"HONOR AMONG MEN"—FOX.—From the story by Richard Harding Davis. Adapted by Denison Clift. Directed by Denison Clift. The cast: *Prince Kaloney*, Edmund Lowe; *Patricia Carson*, Claire Adams; *King Louis*, Sheldon Lewis; *Countess Zara de Winter*, Diana Miller; *Colonel Erhaupt*, Fred Becker; *Baron Barrat*, Paul Weigel; *Renaud*, Frank Leigh; *Nichols*, Hector Sarno; *Count de Winter*, Fred Malatesta; *Little Crown Prince*, Walter Wilkinon.

"DANTE'S INFERNO"—FOX.—From the classic by Dante. Modern story by Cyrus Woods. Adapted by Edmund Goulding. Directed by Henry Otto. The cast: *Dante*, Lawson Butt; *Virgil*, Howard Gaye; *Mortimer Judd*, Ralph Lewis; *Marjorie Vernon*, Pauline Starke; *Eugene Craig*, Josef Swickard; *Mildred Craig*, Gloria Grey; *Ernest Judd*, William Scott.

"THE BEAUTY PRIZE"—METRO-GOLDWYN.—From the story by Nina Wilcox Putnam. Continuity by Winifred Dunn. Directed by Lloyd Ingraham. Photography by John Arnold. The cast: *Cannie du Bois*, Viola Dana; *George Brady*, Pat O'Malley; *Eddie Schwartz*, Eddie Phillips; *Madame Estelle*, Eunice Vin Moore; *Pa Du Bois*, Edward Connelly; *Ma Du Bois*, Edith Yorke; *Lydia Du Bois*, Joan Standing; *Eric Brandon*, Fred Truesdale.

"BARBARA FRIETCHIE"—REGAL PRODUCTION.—From the stage play by Clyde Fitch. Adapted by Lambert Hillyer and Agnes Christine Johnston. Directed by Lambert Hillyer. Photography by Henry Sharp. The cast: *Barbara*, Florence Vidor; *Captain Trumbull*, Edmund Lowe; *Colonel Fritchic*, Emmet King; *Jack Negly*, Joe Bennett; *Arthur Fritchic*, Charles Delaney; *Colonel Negly*, Louis Fitzroy; *Sue Royce*, Gertrude Short; *Mammy Lou*, Mattie Peters; *Fred Gelwek*, Slim Hamilton; *Rufus*, Jim Blackwell; *Abraham Lincoln*, George Billings.

"LIFE'S GREATEST GAME"—F. B. O.—From the story and scenario by Mrs. Emile Johnson. Directed by Emory Johnson. Photography by Paul Perry. The cast: *Jack Donovan*, Thomas Santschi; *Mary Donovan*, Jane Thomas; *Jackie Donovan, Jr.* (at the age of three), Dickey Brandon; *Jackie Donovan, Jr.* (at the age of twenty), Johnnie Walker; *Mike Moran*, David Kirby; *Nora Malone*, Gertrude Olmstead.

"DANGEROUS MONEY"—PARAMOUNT.—Based on the story by Robert Herrick. Story by John Russell. Directed by Frank Tuttle. Scenario by Julie Herne. The cast: *Adelle Clark*, Bebe Daniels; *Tim Sullivan*, Tom Moore; *Prince Arnolfo da Pesca*, William Powell; *Signorina Vitale*, Dolores Cassinelli; *"Auntie" Clark*, Mary Foy; *Seamus Sullivan*, Edward O'Connor; *Judge Daniel Orcutt*, Peter Lang; *O'Hara*, Charles Slattery.

"HER LOVE STORY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Adapted by Frank Tuttle. Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast: *Princess Marie*, Gloria Swanson; *Captain Rudi*, Ian Keith; *Archduke*, George Fawcett; *The King*, Echlin Gayer; *Prime Minister*, Mario Majeroni; *Archduke's Adviser*, Sidney Herbert; *Court Physician*, Donald Hall.

"MARRIED FLIRTS"—METRO-GOLDWYN.—Based on the story by Louis Joseph Vance. Adapted by Julia Crawford Ivers. Directed by Robert Vignola. Photography by Oliver Marsh. The cast: *"Mrs. Paramor"*, Pauline Frederick; *Perley Rex*, Conrad Nagel; *Jill Wetherell*, Mae Busch; *Pendleton Wayne*, Huntly Gordon; *Evelyn Dracup*, Patterson Dial; *Peter Granville "Granny"*, Paul Nicholson; *Mrs. Callender*, Alice Hollister.

"THE PRICE OF A PARTY"—PATHE.—From the story by William MacHarg. Adapted by Charles Forrest Roebuck. Directed by Charles Giblyn. Photography by John F. Seitz. The cast: *Grace Barrows*, Hope Hampton; *Robert Casson*, Harrison Ford; *Kenneth Bellwood*, Arthur Edmund Carew; *Alice Barrows*, Mary Astor; *Evelyn Dolores*, Dagmar Godowsky; *Stephen Darrell*, Fred Hadley; *Queen of Jazz*, Florence Richardson; *Evelyn's Maid*, Edna Richmond; *Hall Boy*, Donald Lashley; *Detectives*, Daniel Pennell, Moy Bennett; *Officer*, Edward Lawrence; *Dancing Team*, Claire Luce, Ward Fox; *Cabaret Hostess*, Esther Muir.

"HEARTS OF OAK"—FOX.—From the stage play by James A. Herne. Scenario by Charles Kenyon. Directed by John Ford. The cast: *Terry Dunnivan*, Hobart Bosworth; *Ned Fairweather*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Chrystal*, Pauline Starke; *Owen McGroaty*, James Gordon; *Grandfather Dunnivan*, Francis Powers; *Grandmother Dunnivan*, Jennie Lee; *Bridesmaid*, Frances Teague; *Tom Braydon*, Francis Ford.

"THE PAINTED LADY"—FOX.—From the story by Larry Evans. Scenario by Thomas Dixon, Jr. Directed by Chester Bennett. The cast: *Luther Smith*, George O'Brien; *Violet*, Dorothy Mackaill; *Captain Sutton*, Harry T. Morey; *Pearl Thompson*, Lucille Hutton; *Alice Smith*, Lucille Ricksen; *Mrs. Smith*, Margaret McWade; *Carter*, John Miljan; *Roger Lewis*, Frank Elliott; *Matt Logan*, Lucien Littlefield.

"THE FAST WORKER"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Robert W. Chambers. Scenario by Beatrice Van and Raymond L. Schrock. Directed by William A. Seiter. The cast: *Brook*, Reginald Denny; *Conne*, Laura La Plante; *Edith*, Ethel Grey Terry; *Toodles*, Muriel Frances Dana; *Freddie*, Lee Moran; *Roxbury*, Richard Tucker; *Mrs. Rodney*, Margaret Campbell; *"Kath" Rodney*, Betty Morrissey; *Nurse*, Mildred Vincent; *Mr. Rodney*, John Stepping; *Mr. O'Dell Carney*, T. D. Crittenden; *Mrs. O'Dell Carney*, Clarissa Selwynne.



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FRIENDLY ADVICE

From
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. My friends, I have known men of high and middle and low degree. They have differed in many respects. But they always agreed that they admire, and might love, the girl who is "a good pal."

They express it differently according to their station or habit of speech. "Give me one who is companionable," says the college president. "Gimme a good, ole pal," sings the Bowery 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 in brotherly confidence that once they are 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, unvarnished truth, ever so many of them do not know what lines or colors a woman is wearing. They are conscious that her clothes and her 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.

I sat 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 obligato 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 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 it be polo or crabbing. Be a good pal. I have noticed that the woman who holds her husband through a long life merits that title. Think more of being his pal than his sweetheart 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. There are two kinds of women. Some are placidly superior to jealousy. They scorn it. Others were born so, as they were born with blue eyes or brown.

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

CAROLYN VAN WYCK is a society matron, well known in New York's smartest and most exclusive inner circle. She is still young enough fully to appreciate the problems of the girl—she is experienced enough to give sound advice to those in need of it; be they flappers, business women, or wives and mothers. She invites your confidences—she 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

ALICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

It may be a fever that will pass. Everyone, at some time, longs to write as everyone, at sometime, longs to go on the screen or stage. If you have talent for writing scenarios you will find a channel for it. Why not write to Palmer Photoplay Corporation and arrange to take their course in scenario writing? You will find the address in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

DOREEN, EDMONTON, CAN.

Let the sun paint your cheeks and the sun redden your lips this winter, Doreen. If you want to "take the shine off for a party" or the theater dust your face lightly with powder *au naturelle*. No one wants to look at a nose that is a brilliant beacon for all who see. Powder is still used, as are rouge and lip-tick, but more taste and discretion are employed in their use. If you are slightly built you may well abstain from corsets. If abstaining from the use of them has any effect upon your health, it will be a beneficent one.

MARION, MALTA, MO.

How to cure jealousy? My dear Marion, you speak of a problem full of heartache possibilities. I wish you had been more definite. If you mean envy, that is a contemptible trait that you can force yourself to overcome. If your concern is for the dresses or the automobiles of your friends, you must have a serious inward talk with yourself on the subject. Ask yourself what you have that they do not have and rejoice in that. It may be lovely, flashing, even teeth. Or it may be abundant health. Or a cheerful disposition. Those are both charms and 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 should want what belongs to you. You would think it most unjust. You can cure that fault 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, too, must be curbed. If the person you love gives you cause for it you 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 when first set down, that those whom we cannot respect we cannot love.

MARION, ANDOVER, N. H.

Very short skirts will make you look shorter. Have you supplemented your exercises by hot baths? They reduce the weight. Do you take cold baths? They make the flesh firmer. Do not take them without the consent and approval of your physician. See him before attempting them. Those who wear rubber bands about the disproportionately heavy parts of the body report loss of weight. For one of your coloring I recommend orange rouge.

MARIANNE, NEWBURGH, N. Y.

A little of the lightest rouge would be best for your type. Try the blues and greens until you find a shade peculiarly adapted to you. Perhaps shutter green will bring out your best points in coloring. Place a sample of it against your cheeks by daylight and by artificial light. Carefully applied, the lotion should be beneficial.

CUTY, HIBBING, MONT.

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, part your hair on the side. If it is not, part it in the middle. What does your mother think of your going to basket ball, dances and "the movies" with those young men? She knows the young men who want to escort you to them. Generally, 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.



The People's Telephone

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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 for 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 violets, shutter green and the hennas. I think of no shades that are taboo for her. You are a very lucky young woman. Let me suggest, however, that the blonde, if not of brilliant coloring, would better 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 lip-sticks. None too freely used. Suggestion is better than over emphasis. 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 burgundy and darkest greens. Never the medium 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 complexions 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 develop your throat by exercises. Holding the head far back and turning it from side to side repeatedly several times a day will strengthen the muscles and develop them. "Feed" the neck regularly every night with plenty of cold cream. Cleanse the face thoroughly with oil or with water, and mild soap, and apply a nourishing cream or skin food. Pat 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 lip-stick are discreetly employed. Try lavender powder by electric light.

MAIA, DETROIT, MICH.

If you drink milk and eat plenty of nourishing food, 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 lines 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 in 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 plentiful use of olive oil. External and internal use for those who are underweight.

HELEN R., ST. LOUIS, MO.

There are reducing soaps and creams that are effective. The use of rubber bandages also melts excess pounds.

SHIERLEY W. V., EGG ROCK, MASS.

The strong, rich colors in dress are best for one of neutral natural coloring. The russets and hennas and lovely deep reds of the autumn are friendly to your type. So is white and so should be Alice blue or even a lighter tint of blue. Study the becomingness of colors by trying samples against your face before the mirror in a light by day and by evening electric lights.

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"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a ease of abused nerves. I have reread your book at least ten times."

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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 is 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."

TONY'S words, his manner, created a profound impression on Jane. She wondered in what way he could deceive 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 she was a permanent addition to our forces, and would we all please 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 I want to give the man I care about a square deal."

"Then you haven't—yet?" 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 himself asks me—if he ever does. 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 broke in two, but he did not speak. There was a savage gleam in his eyes.

"I guess it does," he replied lamely. "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

MR. 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 had gotten along. After a week spent almost constantly in her company, the day without her had seemed a long one. Even the mass of correspondence which had piled up during his absence failed to 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 busy every minute of it, but 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-jersey suit in which she had gone to the studio. Promptly removing it, she took a hasty shower-bath and put on, over the filmiest 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 in character, she knew, but it would afford Mr. Davidson more of an opportunity than he had hitherto had, to glimpse the slender pink perfections 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, eager as a school-boy, 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 greeted him effusively, she gave a gasp of embarrassment.

"Oh!" she cried, clutching the coat about her with a pretty gesture, managing at the same time a bit of color. "What must you think of me. I was in such a hurry to see you I—I forgot I wasn't dressed. In fact, I didn't expect you nearly so soon. I really ought to put something on. Do you mind?" She perched herself on the broad, upholstered arm of a chair, patted its seat invitingly, a school-girl in the habiliments of a courtesan. "Sit down and let me take a look at you." When 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 with me?"

Davidson had never seen her dressed—or undressed—like this. The pink of her flesh, through the silver gauze of her coat, the subtle perfume of her, only partly due to the scent 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 by reason of the virginal manner beneath which it was disguised, swept him, figuratively speaking, off his

feet. His right arm, imprisoned momentarily by her shoulder, he quickly released, and circling her soft body with it he drew her to him, 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 rose.

"Oh—no—Mr. Davidson—really, you mustn't," she cried, darting from him and standing quite purposely between him and the window. The silhouette thus afforded left nothing to the imagination. Mr. Davidson swallowed hard. Never before in his whole experience had a woman made so flagrant an appeal to his senses, under cover of almost childish simplicity. "I—I really think I'd better get dressed," she pouted. "If I'd supposed you—you would try"—she hesitated, as though what she wanted to say was difficult to put into words—"you would try anything like that." Davidson's mind was a clutter of thoughts, chief among which was the recollection of how soft and yielding her almost naked body had been to his covetous arm.

"I—of course I wanted to kiss you," he blurted out. "Why not? Anybody would. You—you're exquisite."

She came up to him then, leaned forward with her hands on the arms of his chair, imprisoning him in it. As she bent down, he could not fail to see 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." Then, with a swift, bird-like movement she leaned forward and pressed her moist, pouting lips against his.

IT was a perfectly innocent kiss, such a one, indeed, as she might have given a father, a brother, and in addition it was very, very brief. Almost before Mr. Davidson realized what had happened, she had danced lightly away and curled herself up in a chair.

"Now," she said, smiling sweetly at him, "let's talk."

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 bland and child-like smile. Irene puzzled, intrigued him. For a moment, when she bent forward to give him the kiss, he had doubted her. His hands had reached out greedily; had they found her—had she ended that kiss in his arms—her pose of innocence would have ended then and there. She might have held him by the lure of the flesh, but Irene knew well enough that such a hold would not be permanent. A week, a month, a year, and then the inevitable finale. She had more far-reaching plans than that. Her brief and quite innocent kiss, her swift retreat, not only 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 thoughts, he felt rather glad that she was still on her pedestal. Lew Davidson was certainly a man, but he was not by nature a libertine. He loved the girl's youth. His vanity was flattered by the fact—he believed it to be a fact—that she admired him. He even hoped that she might in time come to love him, in which event whatever happened between them would be infinitely removed from the usual sordid 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 for her. It was after eleven when she came in. 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 businessman 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 knifing 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 woman 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—no—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 to-night."

"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 home 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 virtuous he went out, enveloped in an aura of perfume.

It would have shocked him inexpressibly, had he seen the impish glee with which Irene, having closed and locked the door, began to pirouette about the room, executing some perfectly outrageous dancesteps, and concluding with a high-kick which threatened the lintel of her bedroom door.



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WHEN Tony Hull entered Mr. Davidson's private office at the studio the following morning about half-past nine, he passed Irene lounging in an easy chair in the reception room. This, however, occasioned him no surprise, since word that Mr. Davidson 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 dissimulation, 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. Davidson, behind his huge bare 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. Davidson, 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?” Davidson questioned.

“About nineteen hundred. As I tell you, we've been going very slowly.”

“H—m.” Davidson 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 we got 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 any. I'll see that it don'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. Davidson'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 exteriors 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 sort of parts 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. You met 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 fine actress, Tony—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—simply 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.”

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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 backing 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 elaborate 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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"And here I was dreaming of a pet boa-constrictor and my name in electric lights all over Broadway," she grinned. "Some dream, but I'm awake now." She began to remove her makeup.

"You'll get there. I'm sure of it," Tony said earnestly.

"Thanks, old dear. Do you know, I can't help laughing when I think of what dear little Alice is going to say when she hears she's got 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 longue* while her maid arranged her hair.

"Well, what's the matter now?" she inquired, blowing the smoke of her cigarette toward the ceiling. "Am I late again?"

"No. In fact we won't begin for an hour or more. I stopped to tell you."

"Huh! 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 hurled 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.

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 demure beside a pile of important looking packages. Mr. Davidson's chauffeur, having taken his cue from his superior, carried the packages obsequiously from the car. Mr. Spellman, who met the two of them at the door, hastily conducted Irene to her dressing room.

"Hurry, please," he whispered, aware of a

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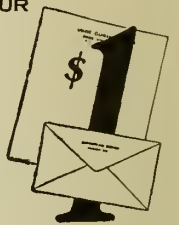
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volley of caustic remarks from Miss Carroll's door across the hall. "We've lost a lot of time."

"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 stonily.

"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 greeted 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 her 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 unbelievably short time, assisted 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 gloom—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-cloth 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 flagrantly naked, her young breasts barely covered by a filmy net. The chiffon stockings beneath the wisp 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 the battery of eyes which had for a moment focussed itself upon her turned to Miss Carroll. What would she do—what answer would she



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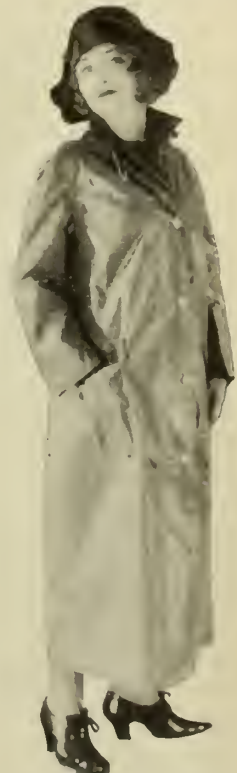
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make to this blazing challenge? Her own costume, costly as it was, seemed by comparison almost dowdy.

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 which tinkled metallically, 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 pacific mood. Before he could speak, Irene replied to Miss Carroll's remark with feline smoothness.

"What is the matter with my costume?" she said. "Mr. Davidson himself approved it."

"And, no doubt, paid for it, as well," Miss Carroll flung 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.

"Haven't you enough confidence in your ability as an actress, Miss Carroll," she said, a cool, deadly smile playing over her face, "to appear before the camera opposite a well-dressed woman? Or are you so afraid of yourself that you require the members of your company to dress like frumps?"

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 across 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 its school.

He made "Her Temporary Husband" for First National and it's rated as one of the fastest gloom dispellers 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 Chances."

"The Covered Wagon" Wins Gold Medal

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42]

for 1922 on the merits of "Robin Hood."

The medal itself is a thing of beauty. It is of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights, and is impressive not only because of its size but because of its beautiful design. It measures two and one-half 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.

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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 eyes and hair are of the color of chestnuts in the autumn sunshine. Yea, dark, glistening brown. He goes to Paramount Studios even when not working. A busman's holiday.

C. W. G., WAUKEGAN, ILL.—Mr. Mysterious "Hello." A new name for the much named. I'm both cynical and good-natured, you say, and you turn to me first in the monthly feasts which PHOTOPLAY spreads. You are a girl of taste and kindness, C. W. G. The tall, good looking actor who played in the screen version of "Get Rich Quick Wallingford" is Sam Hardy. He was in "Little Old New York." Musical comedy successes included him. He supported Lenore Ulric in David Belasco's stage production of "Kiki" through its long run. Aileen Pringle did not "come out of nowhere" to play in the leading rôle of "Three Weeks." You wouldn't call San Francisco nowhere, would you? Come, let us both bow low from the waistline and beg its pardon. She was on the stage for two years in London. She came to pictureland in 1919. Her husband is Charles McKenzie Pringle.

FRANCES, OCEAN GROVE, N. J.—You wrote out of a tender heart, little friend. Thanks for such. Rupert Hughes wrote and directed "Souls for Sale." Ramon Novarro finished his work for "The Red Lily" 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 will deny it? John Barrymore's daughter was born March 3, 1921, so is in her fourth year. The actor who chewed tobacco so diligently in "The Covered Wagon" is Johnny Fox. Ronald Colman, 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 born in Brooklyn, N. Y. David Powell came to us from Scotland. Gareth Hughes' latest picture was "Desert Law." He is arranging for a series of stage plays.

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. Distinctly not. But I make no 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 a bachelor, or is while we are preparing to go to press.

C. H., ST. LOUIS, MO.—Aha! A mere male 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]



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You'll save enough on the first few Marcel's to pay for the entire outfit. And then you can have all the Marcel's 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 this delightful fluid may be purchased separately at a very low cost.

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What the Stars and Directors Are Doing NOW

WEST COAST

(Unless otherwise specified studios are at Hollywood)

BUSTER KEATON STUDIO, 1025 Lillian Way.
Buster Keaton directing himself in "Seven Chances" with Snitz Edwards and T. Roy Barnes.

Roland West Prod. Roland West has just completed "The Monster" with Lon Chaney and Gertrude Olmstead.

CENTURY FILM CORP., 6100 Sunset Blvd.
Edward Luddy directing "Harem Follies" with Bert Roach and Century Follies Girls.
Al Herman directing "On Duty" with Wanda Wiley.
Edward Luddy directing "The Aggravating Kid" with Buddy Messenger.
Al Herman directing an untitled comedy with Lillian Karr and Century Follies Girls.

CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIO, 1416 La Brea Ave. Inactive.

CHRISTIE COMEDIES, 6101 Sunset Blvd.
Harold Beaudine directing "Why Hurry" with Jimmie Adams and Kathleen Myers.
Neal Burns in between pictures.

Walter Hiers Prod. Archie Mayo directing "Slim Chance" with Walter Hiers and Duane Thompson.

Bobby Vernon Prod. Walter Graham directing "High Gear" with Bobby Vernon and Marion Harlan.

COLORADO PICTURES CORP.
Jack Adolph directing "The Birth of the West" with Robert Frazer and Clara Bow.

F. B. O. STUDIO, Melrose and Gower Sts.
Del Andrews directing "The Go-Getters" with Alberta Vaughn and George O'Hara.

Gothic Prod. Al Santell directing "One Parisian Night." Cast not named.

Independent Pictures Corp. Reeves Eason directing "Trigger-Fingers" with Bob Custer.

Harry Garson Prod. Harry Garson directing "The No Gun Man" with "Lefty" Flynn and Gloria Grey.

Ben Verschleiser Prod. Edward Le Sainte directing "Three Keys" with Edith Roberts and Jack Mulhall.

Tiffany Prod. "Hail the Hero" with Richard Talmadge.

Douglas MacLean Prod. George J. Crone directing "Sky High" with Douglas MacLean and Ann Cornwall.

FINE ARTS STUDIOS, 4500 Sunset Blvd.
Norman Taurag directing an untitled comedy with Lige Conley and Joan Meredith.
Lloyd Bacon directing "Poor Butterfly" with Ruth Hiatt. (Mermaid Comedy) William Campbell directing "Goat Getters" with Jack McHugh. (Juvenile Comedy) Albert Ray directing an untitled comedy with Cliff Bowes and Virginia Vance. (Cameo Comedy).

Lloyd Hamilton Prod. Fred Hibbard directing "Crushed" with Lloyd Hamilton and Dorothy Seastrom.

FOX STUDIO, 1401 N. Western Ave.
Rowland V. Lee directing "In Love with Love" with Marguerite de la Motte and Allan Forrest.
J. G. Blystone directing "Dick Turpin" with Tom Mix and Kathleen Myers.
Henry Otto directing "Folly of Vanity" with Billie Dove and an all star cast.
W. S. Van Dyke directing "Gold Heels" with Bobby Agnew and Peggy Shaw.
Emmett Flynn directing "The Dancers" with George O'Brien and Dorothy Mackall.
Maurice Elvey directing "Curly Top" with Shirley Mason and Wallace MacDonald.
Denison Clift directing "Ports of Call" with Edmund Lowe and Hazel Keener.
Ed. Mortimer directing "The Trail Rider" with Buck Jones and Luey Fox.

FIRST NATIONAL PRODUCTIONS, United Studios.
Samuel Goldwyn Prod. George Fitzmaurice directing "A Thief in Paradise" with Ronald Colman, Doris Kenyon and Aileen Pringle.
Frank Lloyd Prod. Frank Lloyd directing "Judgment" with Antonio Moreno and Patsy Ruth Miller.
Ritz Carlton Prod. Joseph Henabery directing "The Scarlet Power" with Rudolph Valentino and Nita Naldi.
Joseph M. Schenck Prod. Norma Talmadge Prod. Inactive.

Constance Talmadge Prod. Production will soon commence on "The Man She Bought."

GERSON PICTURES CORP., San Francisco, Cal.
Duke Worne directing "Ten Days" with Richard Holt and Hazel Keener.

HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd.
Harold Lloyd Prod. Production will soon commence on an untitled comedy with Harold Lloyd and Jobyna Ralston.

THOMAS H. INCE STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.
Thomas H. Ince Prod. R. William Neill directing "The Desert Fiddler" with Charles Ray and Barbara Bedford.
R. William Neill directing "Broken Laws" with Mrs. Wallace Reid and Percy Marmont.
Hunt Stromberg Prod. Lloyd Ingraham directing "Soft Shoes" with Harry Carey and Lillian Rich.

LASKY STUDIO, 1520 Vine Street.
Irvin Willat directing "North of the 36" with Jack Holt, Lois Wilson, Ernest Torrence and Noah Beery.
William de Mille directing "Locked Doors" with Betty Compson, Theodore Von Eltz and Theodore Roberts.
Paul Bern directing "Tomorrow's Love" with Agnes Ayres and Pat O'Malley.
Herbert Bronson directing "Peter Pan" with Betty Bronson, Ernest Torrence and Mary O'Brien.
Raoul Walsh directing "East of Suez" with Pola Negri and Edmund Lowe.
George Melford directing "The Top of the World" with Anna Q. Nilsson, James Kirkwood and Sheldon Lewis.
Victor Fleming directing "The Devil's Cargo" with Wallace Beery, Pauline Starke and William Collier, Jr.
William Howard directing "The Code of the West" with Constance Bennett and Matt Moore.
Cecil B. De Mille directing "The Golden Bed" with Lillian Rich, Vera Reynolds, Rod La Rocque and Theodore Kosloff.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.
Reginald Barker directing "Dixie" with Frank Keenan and Claire Windsor.
Victor Seastrom directing "Kings in Exile" with Alice Terry.
Rupert Hughes directing "Excuse Me" with Conrad Nagel and Norma Shearer.
King Vidor directing "The Wife of the Centaur" with Jack Gilbert, Eleanor Boardman and Aileen Pringle.
Eric Von Stroheim directing "The Merry Widow" with Mae Murray and Jack Gilbert.
Maurice Tourneur directing "Never the Twain Shall Meet" with Anita Stewart and Bert Lytell.
Production will soon commence on the following:
Hobart Henley will direct "The Square Peg." Cast not named.
Robert G. Vignola will direct "The Summons." Cast not named.

MILLION FILMS, 6070 Sunset Blvd.
David Kirkland directing "The Tomboy" with Dorothy Devore and Herbert Rawlinson.

PICKFORD-FAIRBANKS STUDIO, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd.
Inactive.

PRINCIPAL PICTURES CORP., 7250 Santa Monica Blvd.
Sam Wood directing "The Re-Creation of Brian Kent" with ZaSu Pitts, Mary Carr and Kenneth Harlan.

HAL ROACH STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.
Production will soon commence on the following:
The Spatas: Sidney D'Albrook, Frank Butler and Laura Roessing in "Hot Stuff."
Charles Chase in "Accidental Accidents."
Jimmy Finlayson and Ena Gregory in "Hot Heels."
The Gang in "Fast Company."
Arthur Stone in "Just a Good Guy."

W. D. RUSSELL PROD.
Paul Hurst directing "Battlin' Runyan" with Wesley Barry.

SENNETT STUDIO, 1712 Glendale Blvd.
Production will soon commence on the following:
Sid Smith, Billy Bevan and Madeline Hurlock in "Galloping Bungalows."
Harry Langdon and Natalie Kingston in "All Night Long."
Billy Bevan, Sid Smith and Madeline Hurlock in "The Cannon Ball Express."
Harry Langdon in "Feet of Mud."

UNIVERSAL STUDIO, Universal City, Cal.
Edward Laemmle directing "Married Hypocrites" with Pauline Frederick.
Edward Laemmle directing "The Great Miracle" with Alma Rubens and Percy Marmont.
Rupert Julian directing "The Phantom" with Lon Chaney, Mary Philbin and Norman Kerry.
King Baggot directing "Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman" with House Peters.
Harry Pollard directing "California Straight Ahead" with Reginald Denny and Gertrude Olmstead.

VITAGRAPH STUDIO, 1708 Talmadge St.
J. Stuart Blackton directing "The Beloved Brute" with Marguerite de la Motte, Victor McLaglen and William Russell.
J. Stuart Blackton directing "Redeeming Sin" with Alla Nazimova and Lou Tellegen.

WARNER BROS. STUDIO, 5842 Sunset Blvd.
Mal St. Clair directing "The Lighthouse by the Sea" with Rin-tin-tin and Louise Fazenda.

William Beaudine directing "How Baxter Butted In" with Willard Louis.
Harry Beaumont directing "A Lost Lady" with Irene Rich, Victor Potei and George Fawcett.
"Eve's Lover" with Marie Prevost and Tom Moore.

FRANK E. WOODS PROD., San Mateo Studios, San Francisco, Cal.
Paul Powell directing "On the Shelf" with Pat O'Malley.

EAST COAST

BIOGRAPH STUDIO, 807 East 175th St., N. Y. C.
Production will soon commence on the following:
"The Interpreter's House" with Doris Kenyon and Milton Sills.
"The One Way Street" with Anna Q. Nilsson and Ben Lyon.

PARAMOUNT STUDIO, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.
Allan Dwan directing "Argentine Love" with Bebe Daniels, Ricardo Cortez and James Rennie.
Paul Sloane directing "A Man Must Live" with Richard Dix, Jacqueline Logan and Edna Murphy.
Dimitri Buchowetzki directing "The Swan" with Adolphe Menjou, and Frances Howard.
Joseph Henabery directing "Tongues of Flame" with Thomas Meighan, Bessie Love and Eileen Percy.
Production will soon commence on the following:
Sidney Olcott will direct "Salome of the Tenements" with Jetta Goudal and Godfrey Tearle.
Edward Sutherland will direct "Bed Rock" with Thomas Meighan and Lila Lee.
Frank Tuttle will direct "Miss Bluebeard" with Bebe Daniels.

TEC-ART STUDIO, 318 East 48th St., New York City.
Will Nigh Prod. Will Nigh directing "Fear-Bound" with Marjorie Daw and Niles Welch.
Inspiration Pictures. John Robertson will direct "New Toys" with Richard Barthelmess and Mary Hay.

ST. REGIS PICTURE CORP.
E. H. Griffith directing "The Ultimate Good" with Conway Tearle and Madge Kennedy.

WHITMAN BENNETT STUDIO, 537 Riverdale Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.
Whitman Bennett directed "His Woman" with Patsy Ruth Miller and David Powell.

IN EUROPE

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP., in France.
Leonce Perrett directing "Madame Sans Genc" with Gloria Swanson and Charles de Roche.
Allan Dwan will direct "The Coast of Folly" with Gloria Swanson.

METRO-GOLDWYN CORPORATION, in Rome.
Fred Niblo directing "Ben Hur" with Ramon Novarro, May McAvoy, Francis X. Bushman, Carmel Myers, Kathleen Key, Nigel de Brulier, Claire McDowell, Frank Currier and Anders Randolph.
In France. Production will soon commence on "Mare Nostrum," Rex Ingram directing with Antonio Moreno and Alice Terry.

BUSINESS OFFICES

Associated Exhibitors, Inc., 35 West 45th St., New York City.
Associated First National Pictures, 383 Madison Ave., New York City. Richard Barthelmess Prod., Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Ave., New York City.
Distinctive Pictures Corporation, 366 Madison Ave., New York City.
Educational Film Corporation, 370 Seventh Ave., New York City.
Famous Players-Lasky Corporation (Paramount), 485 Fifth Ave., New York City.
Film Booking Offices of Amer., Inc., 723 Seventh Ave., New York City.
Fox Film Corporation, 723 Seventh Ave., New York City.
Metro-Goldwyn, 1540 Broadway, New York City.
Palmer Photoplay Corporation, Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Pathe Exchange, 35 West 45th St., New York City.
Principal Pictures Corporation, 1540 Broadway, New York City.
Producers Distributing Corporation, 469 Fifth Ave., New York City.
Rothacker Film Mfg. Company, 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.
B. P. Schulberg Prod., 1650 Broadway, New York City.
United Artists Corporation, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City. D. W. Griffith Prod., 1476 Broadway, New York City.
Universal Film Mfg. Company, 1600 Broadway, New York City.
Vitagraph Company of America, 1600 Broadway, New York City.
Warner Brothers, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

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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!

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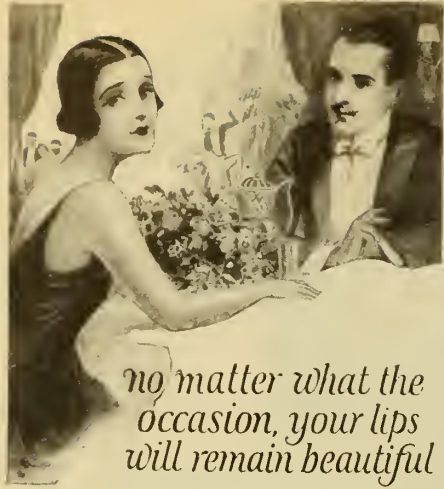
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LIPSTICK
"On Every Woman's Lips"

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Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE III]

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.

MARIE B., CHICAGO, ILL.—M' M' The uncertainty of the heart of the female of the species. Three favorites and you cannot decide among them. You must have their photographs ever before you before you can determine the leader. The good old Answer Man will help you to make up your mind. Write Lasky Studio for Rod La Rocque's picture; Metro-Goldwyn for Ramon Novarro's face; Ince Studios for Cullen Landis' 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, OSHKOSH, 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.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 133]

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 aid through a striking performance by Pauline Frederick, who depicts the woman from dowdy wife to novelist butterfly, to a nicety. 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

ANOTHER story of Manhattan's night life, of a rose of the cabarets who maintains her sweetness despite all the temptations of New York's roaring '40s. 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 heart strings in the screen telling and should prove popular with film fans who like a tale of simple folks striving to attain happiness in their homely, honest way. Radio is an innovation, and Herbert Bosworth as Terry Dunningan, 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.

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THE PAINTED LADY—Fox

THE picture lags until the hero and heroine meet. Then—action galore—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 over-act. The story concerns a girl innocently 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 cutest trains I had ever seen. The engines were tiny and I climbed into a cab with the engineer and he told me that the little trains 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 out of the train everybody rushed toward me, and just then I saw the finest dog—his name is Jack the Retriever—and he collects coins for the English 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 Butzoff 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 fur hats and red coats and 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*



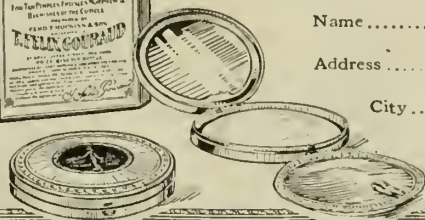
There is no supernatural reason why forty years have dealt so gently with my skin and complexion. No mysterious gift of nature to help my appearance compete with youth—to play side by side with you girls and still feel one of you in looks. What I have done with my appearance every woman can do with hers. The beauty and freshness of youth can be with you for many years to come. My secret, if you call it such, has been

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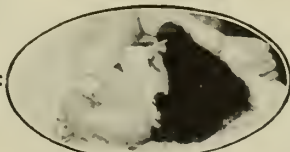
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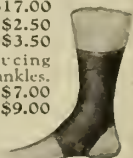
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FOR 38 YEARS, W. L. Douglas' name and portrait have stood for quality, for economy and for satisfactory service. W. L. Douglas shoes are exceptionally good values. Only by wearing them can you appreciate their superior qualities. *The exclusive, smart models, designed especially for young men and women, are leaders everywhere.*

W. L. DOUGLAS \$7.00 SHOES are remarkably good value. Seldom have you had the opportunity to buy such *high-grade* shoes at this popular price. Shoes of equal *quality, comfort and service* are rarely found in other makes at our prices.

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W. L. Douglas Shoe Company, 126 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

soldiers like that in America, dressed like that I mean.

Then we went to Westminster Abbey. They told me that it was built over nine hundred years ago. Mrs. Newell told me that if I remembered all of the things about the Abbey that I had studied, and could answer all of her questions I could have a holiday without any lessons. It was easy. I knew all about the Poets' corner where Lord Tennyson and other famous poets were buried, and about Oliver Cromwell, and Mary Queen of Scots. We saw wax figures of Lord Nelson, he was admiral of the English navy and Queen Elizabeth. We saw the coronation stone which is under the chair that all the Kings of England sit on when they are crowned. The chair is full of initials that boys have carved on it and I wanted to put my initials on it only the Verger said that no one was allowed to do it any more.

Then we went into the part of the Abbey where the Knights of the Bath had their banners, but the part I liked best was the dungeon where the kings of olden times used to keep their treasure when there was a war. I opened the dungeon with the big iron key that's over nine hundred years old. I could hardly sleep that night thinking about it all.

THE next day was Sunday and we went to church at Westminster Cathedral, and in the afternoon we went to the London Zoo. It's just like the Bronx zoo only not quite so large. I fed the lions and tigers red meat and threw fish to the seals and polar bears.

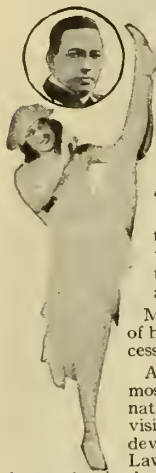
On Tuesday we went to the Tower of London and everything was fine. The Beefeaters met us. They are big men dressed just the same as they dressed when Queen Elizabeth ruled England. We went all through the Tower and saw all the guns and cannons and swords they used hundreds and hundreds of years ago. Some of the cannons were no bigger than my toy cannons. The best of all was the knights armor like Sir Lancelot wore, and they had one suit of armor for a little boy just about my size, I certainly would like to have it to play with, but it belongs to the Tower museum. I saw the room where the little prince and princess were put to death, and the chopping block and the axe that they used to behead people with in those days, but now they don't use it any more. They had lots of soldiers at the Tower too—London has soldiers almost everywhere, and that's what I like about it.

On Wednesday we went to the Empire Exposition at a place called Wembley. It's an awfully big place, and I had so much fun steering the boat on the canal that goes through the grounds. We rode in the coach that the king and queen use when they visit Wembley and six big Bobbies, that's what they call policemen in London—rode with us because the crowds were so big. All of England's colonies had exhibits of things that they made.

The rest of the week we rode around London and out to Windsor castle. I liked London very much and so did mother and daddy, and the only thing we couldn't get used to was driving our automobile on the left side of the street.

On Saturday we took the train for Paris. There were a lot of people at the station to say good bye, and I waved to them and said "Cheerio," because you can say that for good bye the same as hello. I was sorry to leave England so soon because everybody was so wonderful to me, and when I grow up I'm going back there again to visit.

[Next month Jackie will tell PHOTOPLAY readers how he crossed the English Channel and what he saw and did in Paris.]



Win Fame As a Stage DANCER!

THEATRICAL producers are constantly demanding new, well-trained dancers. Stage dancing is the one specialty in the theatre that often leads quickly to fame and financial success.

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A FAN writing to the Chicago Tribune says: "Elinor Glyn's first spasm in the movies was entitled 'Three Weeks,' the next one was 'Seven Days.' After that came 'Two Days,' and the current blurb is called 'His Hour.' She's down to the minute now, so she can't have many titles left."



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The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

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 bidders away from Mary Pickford. It might have served 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 \$670,000 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 \$208,000 a year, while this stranger stepped in and helped himself to more than three times as much.

Mary Pickford appears to have discussed matters rather freely with Mrs. Cora 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 one 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 arranged 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. Examination of the records 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 as a 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. Edwin Thanhouser suggested that important negotiations were under way which would give the company much greater prospect of profit.

"I move, then, 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.



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Charmeuse
Jasmin
Passionate
Rose-Joli
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Exactly as imported from France

The Lure of L'Arôme Intime

In your acquaintance there are I women who, with neither remarkable beauty nor great intellect, nevertheless seem to have irresistible influence over men.

The French—ever connoisseurs of feminine charm—call it *l'arôme intime*. It is that seductively delightful fragrance which so subtly emphasizes the individuality and magnetism of these women.

Yet it must be used with *finesse* or its influence is oppressive. Fracy *odeurs* provide the delicacy that good taste requires—their double concentration making them wonderfully lasting, yet never heavily strong.

Our own corps of *parfum artistes* in France completely create these *odeurs* from the finest flower essences, held and mellowed by the best French perfume alcohol, (which can neither be imported nor made here).

Learn the Secrets of L'Arôme Intime and d'Adapter le Parfum au Costume

Learn how *la Parisienne* uses these secrets as indispensable parts of her *toilette* that it may interpret and emphasize her individuality—and that it may bring her the charm that lies in *l'arôme intime*.

Send the coupon for booklet and samples. For a limited time we will send these at a price below cost: 15c per *odeur*, 35c for any three and 50c for all five. Only one set mailed to a per-son. Booklet also tells you how to test perfumes.

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Odeurs
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35c "Danderine" does Wonders for Any Girl's Hair



Girls! Try this! When combing and dressing your hair, just moisten your hair-brush with a little "Danderine" and brush it through your hair. The effect is startling! You can do your hair up immediately and it will appear twice as thick and heavy—a mass of gleamy hair, sparkling with life and possessing that incomparable softness, freshness and luxuriance.

While beautifying the hair "Danderine" is also toning and stimulating each single hair to grow thick, long and strong. Hair stops falling out and dandruff disappears. Get a bottle of "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter and just see how healthy and youthful your hair appears after this delightful, refreshing dressing.

A New Perfume



As a lover of rare perfumes, you will be charmed by the indescribable fragrance of Rieger's new creation—

Honolulu Bouquet

Perfume \$1.00 per oz. Toilet water, 4 oz. \$1.00. Talcum, 25c. At druggists or department stores.

Send 20c (silver or stamps) for generous trial bottle. Made by the originator of—

Rieger's Flower Drops

Flower Drops is the most exquisite perfume ever produced. Made without alcohol. Bottle with long glass stopper, containing enough for 6 months. Lilac or Crabs \$1.50; Lily of the Valley, Rose or Violet \$2.00. At druggists or by mail. Send 20c stamps for miniature bottle. Send \$1.00 for Souvenir Box of five 20c bottles—5 different odors.

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Send 20c for TRIAL BOTTLE

Then Freuler got back into his car and drove rapidly to his New York office. He snatched up the telephone and called the Thanhouser Film Corporation.

"This is John R. Freuler, the president of the Mutual Film Corporation speaking," he said. "I have heard rumors that the Thanhouser corporation contemplates ending its relations with Mutual and going to a competing concern. I, as the president of Mutual, must be informed about this," he demanded.

The tangled corporate relations of the time were filled with similar bits of commercial comedy.

It was becoming apparent to Freuler that if Mutual was going to have pictures fit to meet the demands of the new order he would have to get them made. The Pickford project was therefore especially alluring.

So following the call from Mrs. Wilkening there was a meeting in her office with Mary and her mother and this impressive magnate who had so conspicuously crowned Chaplin King of the cinema.

Mary Refuses to Be Second to Chaplin

After Mary confided in her dressing room conversations that she felt she should do as well as Chaplin, Mrs. Wilkening went out to see what kind of competitive offers for Pickford might be found. Mary admitted, of course, that she would prefer to stay with Zukor and Famous Players—but there was this Chaplin contract. Maybe Zukor could be brought to see her greater value.

Mrs. Wilkening went down to the Mutual offices at Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue to see John R. Freuler, there in that same room with the green carpet and the mahogany table where the momentous Chaplin deal was decided.

Freuler was very much interested. The Chaplin contract had already done wonders for the morale of Mutual, in which Freuler was heavily interested. It represented the one real quality product on the Mutual schedule. Freuler was engaged in an internal war for pictures fit to compete with the new higher standard now being set, notably by Famous Players and Triangle. The old line picture makers of Mutual had prospered under the old program footage basis by which they sold their output in bulk, and they were resisting stubbornly any urging to higher quality or to a percentage system of selling which would have put them on their merits. The one hope for Mutual was to supplant them before they had destroyed the good name of Mutual.

The conversation inescapably turned to Chaplin. That Chaplin contract had given Mary a full realization of what she ought to get.

"Well, I think," observed Freuler with his habitually detached and deliberative manner, "that we might make Miss Pickford happy, yet. You might sign a contract with this pen—it is the one Mr. Chaplin used."

Freuler displayed the big barreled Waterman which had fired the winning shot in the Chaplin negotiations. Perhaps it was for this very moment that Freuler had been willing to pay Nathan Burkan, Chaplin's attorney, thirty-five dollars for that same pen.

New Contracts for Mary Discussed

"But before I offer any figures, I must consult some of our exchanges and exhibitors to see how much your pictures would be worth," Freuler added.

Mary did not like that. She assumed that most anybody should know she was worth a lot.

"But," protested Freuler, "maybe my investigation will show that you are worth a great deal more than I could possibly offer offhand."

That thought gave a better angle.

Freuler went back to his office and dictated a "pink letter." A pink letter in the Mutual's intelligence system was a confidential circular



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 fluffy cream base makes it spread as smoothly as a powder. In two shades—Orange (showing pink on the skin) and Rose. 75c.

Match your Pert Rouge with Pert Waterproof Lipstick. Rouge and Lipstick for sale at drug and department stores.

Send a dime today for sample of Pert Rouge.

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Different in reducing action from all other reducers. Slip on when you go to bed and note amazing results next morning. Reduces and shapes ankle and lower calf. Slips on like a glove. No strips of rubber to bind and cause discomfort. Nothing to rub in or massage. Enables you to wear low shoes becomingly. Worn under stockings without detection. Used by prominent actresses. 50c \$2.95 and we will send you Lenor Ankle Reducers in plain package subject to your inspection. Give size of ankle and widest part of calf.

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This Ring \$88 1-3/16 Carat Correctly Cut

Baby Loves A Bath With Cuticura Soap



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Write for 50 Sets St. Nicholas Christmas Seals. Sell for 10c a set. When sold send us \$3.00 and keep \$2.00. No Work—Just Fun. ST. NICHOLAS 2314 Glenwood Road, Dept. 42, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

or bulletin system, in which communications from the president's office went out on a special cerise tinted and specially 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 file 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 every 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 informed.

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 111 Fifth avenue, the office of the American Tobacco Company, was filled with motion picture ambitions. It seemed that Benjamin B. 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 amazingly conspicuous. 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 ensued 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 mutton chop 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 to make 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.

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.

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 met. Mary 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 ahead. But Hampton had to have something tangible if he were to promote a project.

On that brave day, the celebrated seventeenth of March, 1916, he got a tiny note on a piece of blue paper, reading:

I have positively made up my mind to leave Famous Players.
MARY PICKFORD.

The next day Hampton achieved a real option in a lengthy letter written by Mrs. Wilkening and signed by Mary Pickford. Mary's courage was increasing a shade. Mary got a thousand dollars down on the option, and gave Hampton thirty days in which to make his arrangements for a corporation which was to give the star fifty per cent of the stock and a drawing account of \$7,000 a week. This was not so big as the Chaplin contract, but there was balm in the idea that it was bigger than the Famous Players deal at \$4,000.

It might be well if the little girls with curls and an internal conviction that they could easily outdo Mary Pickford, if they had a chance, might read this and have a notion of

\$2 XMAS GIFTS Sent for \$2

BY1—Lady's 18K white gold ring; hexagon center set with perfect cut blue white diamond. \$22.

BY2—Lady's Elite ring; perfect cut blue white diamond is set in 18K white gold prongs. 14K natural gold shank. \$65.

BY3—Lady's 2.0 K white gold orange blossom ring set in 3/4 Carat size 18K white gold cup with a perfect cut blue white diamond. \$75.

BY4—Lady's rectangular shaped wrist watch of solid 14K white gold; highest grade 15 ruby and sapphire jewelled movement. Lifetime guarantee. \$22.

BY5—Lady's hand carved 18K white gold ring set with a perfect cut blue white diamond. \$50.

BY6—Lady's 18K white gold ring; center set with absolutely perfect, blue white diamond; two flawless diamonds on sides. \$100.

BY7—Lady's genuine Bohemian onyx set with perfect cut blue white diamond; 14K white gold shank. \$18.50.

BY8—Platinum front Scarf pin set with perfect cut blue white diamond; 14K white gold pin. \$27.50.

BY9—Lady's 7 diamond cluster ring; 19K white gold. Each side of diamond center is set with a triangular shaped sapphire; looks like \$750 solitaire. \$67.50.

BY10—Diamond set rectangular shaped wrist watch; 14K solid white gold; set in platinum with 4 perfect cut blue white diamonds; highest grade 15 jewelled movement. Lifetime guarantee. \$42.50.

BY11—Lady's lace ring of 19K white gold; set with perfect cut blue white diamond. \$45.

BY12—Solid platinum lace work lady's ring set with a perfect cut blue white diamond of first quality. \$100.

BY13—Lady's platinum set 7 diamond cluster ring; 2.0 K white gold shank; resembles \$750 solitaire. \$57.50.

BY14—Three perfectly matched blue white diamonds set in 18K white gold top; 18K white or green gold shank. \$75.

BY15—A gentleman's 18K white gold ring; center set with a perfect cut blue white diamond; French blue sapphires on sides. \$75.

BY16—Gentleman's platinum diamond cluster ring; 18K white gold octagon top; 14K green gold shank; resembles \$900 solitaire. \$90.

BY17—Wedding ring of 18K white gold set with five perfectly matched blue white diamonds. \$35.

BY18—Lady's 7 diamond platinum set cluster diamond ring; 14K natural gold shank; resembles \$600 solitaire. \$48.50.

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 Simply send \$2.00 and your choice goes to you charges paid. You have ten days in which to decide. Money back instantly if you are not satisfied as to the quality and value.

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 Send only \$2.00 and your choice goes to you in handsome gift box all charges paid. Guarantee Bond attesting to quality and value accompanies each shipment.

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No. 27 Dazzling, Blue White Diamond, Solid 18-k White Gold, Price \$100. Pay \$10 down, then **\$2.50 A WEEK**

No. 36 Blue White Diamond, Solid 18-k White Gold, \$125. Only \$12.50 down, then **\$3.25 A WEEK**

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 Vitamines absolutely Free. No money, just name and address for sample. Alexander Laboratories, 1061 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo.

MAKE MONEY SELL MADISON SHIRTS

Direct from our factory to wearer. Easily sold. Over one million satisfied wearers. No capital or experience required. Largest steady income. Many earn \$100. to \$150. weekly. Territory now being allotted. Write For Free Samples. Madison Shirt Co., 503 B'way, New York

the mazes of stern hard business through which she has had to pick her way and fight for supremacy. The fighting and business agility have 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.

Mrs. Wilkening and Mary now had two deals on the string. It was time to see how Zukor would react.

Mrs. Wilkening went to see Zukor with the news. "He really questioned that she had signed with Mr. Hampton, and he said if he lost Miss Pickford then he intended to go out of the motion picture business, which he had no intention of doing," Mrs. Wilkening 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 newspapers. *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 Morosco 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 Times* inclined to be cautious about that Pickford paragraph. A reporter called up Mary, who was quoted as saying she was then working under a temporary or tentative contract with Famous Players. That was the contract of the handshake with Zukor. There are of course such things as tentative handshakes.

Pictures Looking for a Leader

The whole motion picture industry was tentative. The tentativeness was getting more intensely tentative every tentative day. Every thought or move of the day was filled with ifs, ands and buts. A few millions in actual cash and a strong hand could at this moment have put a dog collar on the whole business and led it down Wall street. The old order of the program nickelodeon days had passed out entirely and the new order of the feature period had not jelled yet. It was the supreme psychological moment, but the psychologist did not appear.

So it chanced that the motion picture went along to work out its own destiny.

Adolph Zukor took some of his late long walks again, being of the peripatetic school of philosophic strategists. Meditations mean mileage with him. When he internally yearns for action that is not to be had at once, he takes it out on his feet and the sidewalks of New York.

The very next day after the story of the merger talk and the Pickford-Hampton deal, *The Times* carried a brief statement from Zukor to the effect that Miss Pickford was in fact under a contract which was a renewal of the 1915 contract at double the money. It was that handshake again, not so tentative in Zukor's view.

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 carfare when she went job hunting at the Biograph studio.



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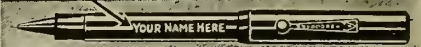


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Because it was the Chaplin contract with its reaction on Pickford which had become the source of the ferment in the industry, it is necessary to compare their places before the screen world. Pickford was obviously in this situation more important commercially. This did not mean she was the greater star. It did mean that she was a bigger leverage in the hands of a selling organization. She appeared in a rather continuous supply of five-part feature pictures, eight or more a year. Chaplin appeared in two-reel comedies. The big feature length comedy was not yet established. Relatively, Pickford appeared in larger packages. Pickford was a staple, Chaplin was a spice.

Meanwhile the announcement that Chaplin pictures made by the Lone Star Corporation, although marketed through Mutual exchanges, were to be sold independently of the Mutual program, so that no theater would be compelled to take anything else with them, had its effect on Pickford.

And still the angling for offers went on. William Randolph Hearst and Mary Pickford met in Mrs. Wilkening's office. Hearst wanted a proposition. Pickford wanted an offer. It did not come to figures.

Hampton was seeking to place his Pickford option. He found Vitagraph over in Flatbush interested. A bright picture of an infusion of new capital and Vitagraph domination of the film business was painted.

The gloriously pictured prospect opened the way for a promotional reorganization of the Vitagraph company, which had stood unchanged since that remote day when William F. Rock with his handful of films joined J. Stuart Blackton, the cartoonist and lecturer, and Albert E. Smith, the spirit cabinet performer, with their "American Vitagraph" version of the Edison projecting kinetoscope. On May 5, 1916, a statement was issued over the names of Smith and Blackton announcing that plans had been completed for a new concern, Greater Vitagraph, with a capitalization of \$25,000,000.

Mary Refuses to Extend Option

But the Hampton-Pickford option lapsed before any deal could be completed. Mary refused to extend that option. There were plenty of prospects for her now.

Albert E. Smith was still hopeful of capturing Pickford for Vitagraph. He opened negotiations with favorable prospects. Unknown to any of the other factors in the Pickford bidding contest, Smith seemed about to escape with the prize. Vitagraph was not even known at the time to be in the bidding.

Smith and Pickford had become friendly. There was a new baby at the Smith household, and Albert E., the father, was as proud as fathers usually are in such circumstances. Considerable discussion of the world's most wonderful little Smith percolated into the Smith-Pickford negotiations.

A conference which was expected to about complete negotiations was held at the offices of Denis O'Brien, of O'Brien, Malevinsky & Driscoll, attorneys for Pickford.

Smith, hat in hand, bowed his adieu for the day. "And, now, when am I going out to see that wonderful baby?" Mary trilled.

Smith's mind was intense upon that contract which seemed right in his grasp. He expected to close with Pickford at \$10,000 a week.

"Just as soon as we get this business signed up and out of the way," Smith replied. Business was first in his thought.

"If that's it, I'll never see the baby," Mary tossed back at him, and turned away.

An Error That Cost Dearly

That was the end of Vitagraph's negotiations. In a flash Smith knew that Pickford had taken offense, as though the idea were to make the social visit a reward of the contract. But it was too late. Big business hangs on little threads

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John R. Freuler returned to New York laden with data and encouragement. Again he met Pickford and presented a proposition, which included a drawing account of \$10,000 a week, a fifty per cent interest in her company and a bonus of \$150,000 on the signing of the contract. This was backed by a guaranty that her earnings under this arrangement would be not less than one million dollars a year.

A million a year guaranteed—if she would put her name "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, who had drawn up that remarkably complete Chaplin contract. They prepared the momentous and costly words which were to appear above the aforesaid dotted line.

Mary went back to Famous Players and told the glad news to Adolph Zukor. Some days later a telephone call advised Samuel M. Field that Miss Pickford was not going to sign that contract.

June 24, 1916, 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 per cent of the net profits, guaranteed to be not less than \$1,040,000. The guaranty was to be paid as salary, ten thousand dollars each Monday. In addition, there was a bonus of \$300,000, payable when earned by the pictures. This was to compensate Mary's pride for the fact that Chaplin got \$150,000 bonus for signing his one year contract.

The contract also 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 parlor 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 stories, casts and everything else. Just by way of completeness Mary under this contract collected \$40,000 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 comfortable assurance of the Zukor 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 in motion picture writings on the subject, which are mainly those of press agents, to say that it was 1912 and the famous players in famous plays idea 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, by other men and external forces. Now in this year he began of his own notion purposely and consciously the campaigns which in the swift development of motion picture affairs were to give him the most powerful position in the industry. The skill and strategy by which he now began his ascendancy was of a technique common to all businesses, with nothing peculiar to the motion picture 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 \$35,000 per picture. Costs were



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going up rapidly. Pickford had to be paid that ten thousand dollars every Monday. Obviously her pictures could not be sold to Paramount under any such contract.

Zukor Gets Busy

The old issue of production versus distribution was up again. Zukor decided to control distribution.

On June 13, 1916, W. W. Hodkinson, the organizer of Paramount and founder of the distribution idea in that concern, was abruptly succeeded by Hiram Abrams as president.

A few weeks later a merger of Famous Players with the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company and various minor concerns, including Bosworth, Morosco and Pallas, was announced—with Adolph Zukor president. The name of the new concern was Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. Jesse L. Lasky continued to be more especially occupied with production, with Zukor the business executive. Samuel Goldfish, Lasky's brother-in-law, was the business executive of the Lasky studios in Hollywood, as from the beginning.

Zukor was joining the strands and consolidating the powers of the group, extending his individual power as he progressed.

To enable him to escape the strictures of the Paramount contract and perhaps as well to hold the weapon of another distribution organization, Zukor formed Arcraft Pictures Corporation to distribute the new and more costly Mary Pickford productions under her new arrangement. Arcraft was announced, with some secrecy or at least with incomplete frankness concerning its relations, August 10, 1916.

September 3, 1916, Samuel Goldfish was disconnected with the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. Business differences and sundry personal affairs having no relation to the film industry were involved. Goldfish is said to have received one million dollars in cash for his interest in the concern.

Zukor was clearing his path. Inevitably friction arose between Paramount and Arcraft. It must have been foreseen that it would arise. Famous Players-Lasky Corporation was tied to a twenty-five year contract with Paramount on a guaranty of \$35,000 a picture. That contract and its presumptions had been outgrown almost as soon as it was signed. Evasion of it by the Arcraft route was promising litigation, war and ruin.

Zukor Moves for Control

Zukor moved again. With stock and cash the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation bought Paramount Pictures Corporation and became its own distributor, in this autumn of 1916.

Zukor now ruled the road from the camera to the theater. He had control of production and distribution. He was the president of a \$25,000,000 corporation. And he had Mary Pickford.

This was a considerable journey from the obscure humility of the day, in 1912, when he waited for a word at the office of the Patents Company seeking a license for his "Queen Elizabeth" picture with Sarah Bernhardt in the title rôle. It was only four years, the length of a college education. Zukor had taken his degree.

There were still battles ahead. His position of eminence made many of the conspicuous aspects of the evolution of the screen industry flow through his office. He was becoming the instrument of expression of forces which made him both fame and foes.

The public expressing itself through the box office had built up the greatness of stars, most notably Pickford and Chaplin. The special and highly individual nature of the Chaplin product, coming into the hands of the program ridden Mutual Film Corporation in this transitory period, forced an individual selling campaign and broke down the old program schedule of bulk selling. So twin forces were at work, the mercantile pressure of this lone star

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See how this side of face denotes the woman's age, 64 years.

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Facial Film was born in France. Because of the tremendous cost, its use has been restricted until now. Its base is *neoplasma*, worth \$5,000 a pound! The perfecting 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 inexcusable. Even deep furrows may now be removed from the countenance; wrinkles succumb to a single application of *neoplasma* film; every minor blemish in skin young or old dissolve almost with the first touch.

When women realize the full significance of this discovery there will be no "old" young faces—no "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 this regeneration of tissue. So are the fine lines 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 nervous 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 this 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, but it is a physical reagent accomplishing the same astonishing changes for which women have undergone plastic surgery. The results are the same—without the risk, discomfort or expense. You have read of the remarkable results of "face-lifting"; *neoplasma*

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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 road showing of the bigger 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 progress will move on. The endless war of quality against volume will continue. It is the basic struggle between the individualism of art and the leveling, averaging tendencies of business. Art is venturesome and experimental. Capital and business always want to play safe. There is no solution of the issue, only compromise.

This year of 1916 brought to the screen two interesting productions 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 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 reinforcement 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 were handsome battle scenes off Long Island. The picture had a musical score by Victor Herbert and a flowery 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 formative year of 1916 was also made gay by two handsome clashes.

When Charles Chaplin went over to the Mutual, Essanay held back its last Chaplin picture to release it on the flood tide of the publicity resulting for his new and remarkable



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contract. This last Essanay-Chaplin was a burlesque on "Carmen," which had come to screen attention through the Lasky version with Geraldine Farrar, and the Fox version with Theda Bara. The picture itself is important to history as marking the time when the screen began to recognize itself as an art. Parodies and burlesques are surest evidences of fame. That the motion picture began, in "Carmen," to make fun of itself, is one of the first evidences that the screen knew it amounted to anything. Only the great are worthy of burlesque.

Trouble Over "Carmen"

Now there was a marked difference of opinion between Chaplin and Essanay about this Carmen picture. Chaplin asserted it was made for an ordinary two reel comedy. Essanay re-edited the picture and issued it in feature length. That was a rather necessary step if the maximum of return was to be realized. Chaplin declared that padding the picture injured his reputation as a comedian. He sued for \$100,000 damages. Essanay retaliated with a suit alleging a breach of contract by Chaplin. Several publicity broadsides were exchanged, resulting only in better business for the Chaplin "Carmen," which opened at the Broadway Theater, April 9, 1916. Chaplin lost his damage suit, and the Essanay contract suit was subsequently settled.

Herbert Brenon, the director now making "Peter Pan" for Famous Players-Lasky, spent most of 1916 in violent controversy with William Fox on issues growing out of "The Daughter of the Gods." This picture starred Annette Kellermann. It was made on a most lavish scale in Jamaica. Extravagant publicity stories told of 20,000 extras, the importation of herds of camels, the building of gnome city, the restoration of a Spanish fort at a cost of \$100,000 and the like. The picture was reported to be costing William Fox more than a million. Presumably it did cost nearly half that.

Brenon clamored for publicity. Meanwhile Fox was not entirely satisfied with reports from Jamaica. J. Gordon Edwards, his director-in-chief, was sent to look things over, but he let Brenon continue.

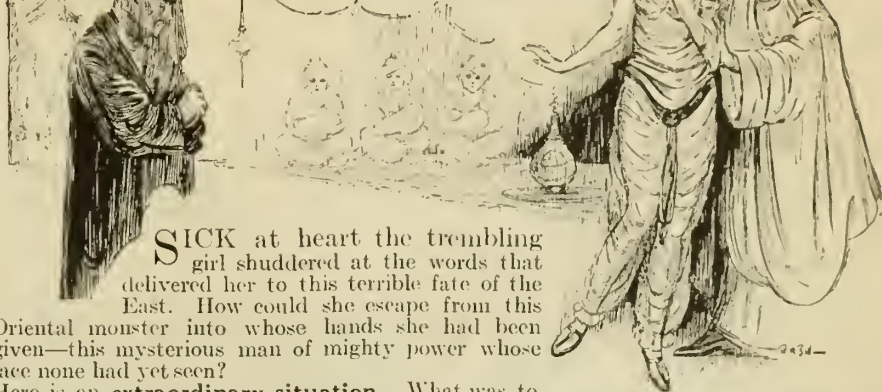
Brenon publicity was going strong, too strong to please William Fox. A story was sent out from the New York office of the Fox concern under the title of "King by Cable," explaining that Fox was himself personally directing every inch of "The Daughter of the Gods," using the Western Union for a megaphone.

When the miles of negative were finally landed in New York and the picture was, as he thought, done, Brenon resigned. Fox was deeply unhappy about the picture. He considered it something less than a total loss. It was time to call a doctor. He recalled what he considered good editorial work on "The Honor System," a picture made at his Western studios. The main title credited the editing to one H. G. Baker. Fox wired to have Mr. Baker sent on to New York. He was much surprised when H. G. Baker walked in, in the person of Miss Hettie Grey Baker, the same who is now editor-in-chief of the Fox productions.

Herbert Brenon Starts a War for Screen Credit

When Herbert Brenon learned of the re-editing of his picture, and heard that Fox had decided to leave him out of the credits on the film and advertising the war started. The first move was an injunction suit, in which the application was denied in the New York supreme court August 25, 1916. Brenon contended unsuccessfully that his verbal contract had assumed full publicity credit. The hearing was ornamented with the exhibit of a letter, which Brenon said he received from Fox in Jamaica, reading:

"She is Yours Master"



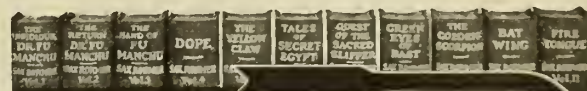
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It is a reasonable presumption that if William Fox was doing any praying about "The Daughter of the Gods" it was with reference to the cost sheets.

Meanwhile when he did not legally have to give Brenon credit for the picture Fox decided to do it.

When arrangements for the premiere at the Lyric were made instructions were issued not to give Brenon an invitation and by way of special precaution guards were stationed at the stage door and entrances to the theater to keep Brenon out.

Brenon's personal press agent sent a shouting telegram to the newspapers of New York: "Brenon is refused seats at opening 'The Daughter of the Gods.' First time author barred from premiere own play."

William Fox was in the lobby that night of October 17, 1916, when one of his confidential employees approached with the news that Brenon was in the house.

Fox summoned the captain of the guard to receive his remarks, which were ample unto the occasion.

The house 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 presumably enjoyed himself. He did mar 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. Who 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]



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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 is not always true to fact, in spite of advertisement to the contrary."

For example: "It is foolish," he thinks, "accurately to 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 profitable 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 commonplaces in screen versions of old Egyptian life. Together with other historical pictures he finds many things to criticize in "The Ten Commandments"—costumes, gods, architectural detail. He notes that this picture is especially rich in its historical inaccuracies.

In spite of all this, 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 many so-called Egyptologists' efforts. Why not then," Mr. Bryan concludes, "secure the help of real Egyptologists for accuracy?"

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Why the Prince of Wales Would Make a Film Star

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

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 not more than two weeks ago we had spent 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 should say. 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 we were informed that the cherub was Edward Albert, grandson of King Albert Edward. In the course of the picture Edward Albert appeared again and again at various funerals, coronations and on other solemn occasions, and we had to be forcibly restrained from including in the fifteen hundred feet every scene in which the Happy Prince appeared. So, you see, 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 in the Herald Tribune office. As soon 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 time 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 handsome, 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 did Douglas MacLean in "Bell Boy 13." 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 the Happy Prince's personality 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 begin to dream day dreams of him.

So the day he accepts an offer to appear on the screen that day may Ramon Novarro, Antonio Moreno and Rudolph Valentino tremble at the great Nordic menace.

With everybody, including the Queen of Roumania and Lady Diana Manners crowding Mary and Doug right off the silver sheet, it 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 democratically telling the director to "Shoot." 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 you feel is as much a part of his attractive personality as the part in his hair. Once I observed Ray at a Los Angeles restaurant bashfully mustering 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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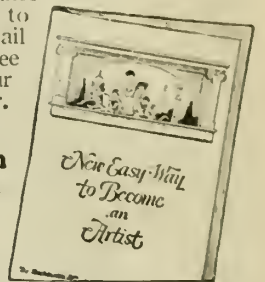
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rather than protest. In the same way the Prince of Wales has shown himself willing during his visit to put up obligingly with anything rather than make a remonstrance or order 'Off with his head!'

"Can't you picture the noble Wales playing the sort of bucolic romances in which Ray has done so nobly? He has shown such a readiness to don overalls on his Canadian ranch that it wouldn't be a step out of the way for him to be shown chopping wood and pitching hay on the farm, and even vivisectioning the old flivver in order to take Bessie, the village belle, for a bouncing bout.

"Some time ago I heard an earnest young man urging Ray to appear in a film that used the polo field for the hero's stamping ground. Ray was reluctant, but only because he doesn't know which end of the mallet the horse uses. Now, can't you imagine the Prince, with his skill at polo, just rushing pell-mell through such a picture, to score the final goal off the heroine's heart?"

Another one said, "The Prince might find it difficult to overcome his boyish nervousness in making the inevitable personal appearances if he were on the screen. And yet I don't know but that his trick of letting his hand flutter to his necktie in an embarrassed moment wouldn't be particularly fetching on the stage. I saw the first personal appearance of Glenn Hunter, a screen star of a similar type to the Prince. In response to the applause Hunter shuffled shyly out before the footlights and gurgled a few words, while he kept tossing his hat in the air like a schoolboy coerced into the parlor and made to show off before company. That floppy hat worn by the Prince on Long Island would be excellent for tossing in the air at personal appearances."

However, to us, the Prince is not in the least like anyone on the screen. That disarming ingenuousness which is one of his most alluring features is all his own. He seems so open and frank—whenever anyone smiles at him, he smiles right back, as if loath to let a good smile go unrequited. When one thinks of what he could do on the screen, with that flashing smile, those straight, high-bred features, that silvery gold hair and that graceful build—well, it would be a shame for one hundred per cent Americans like Charles de Roche, Lou Tellegen and Ricardo Cortez!

The Prince has the most compelling personality we have ever seen—and in our acquaintanceship with all the film stars we have known people who were just drenched with personality. Surely if any other monarch came here he wouldn't crowd Broadway till the policemen wrung their hands and blew their whistles.

THE silent drama seems to be waiting, hushed and more silent than ever, for the advent of someone just like the Prince. Directors have been saying for some time that the Latin type is going out, and, if eventually, why not now? This is the hour of the robust Anglo-Saxon—make way for the beautiful blond beast! It might be that the Prince could lead that Nordic invasion of the screen, rescuing it from the dark-eyed intruders.

If the Prince should ever go to Hollywood, one trembles to think of the upheaval it would mean to the social life of the film colony, already seething. The competition to be his leading lady would be utterly fierce and primitive. Hardly any of the actresses in the movie center would be speaking to one another. Pola Negri might be challenged by Barbara La Marr. And if the Prince ever played opposite Claire Windsor, can you figure what a gorgeous spectacle that would be?

The Prince is so very good looking, too, that he wouldn't have to engage Bull Montana or Louis Wolheim for the sake of contrast.

It might be a great strain on the cameraman, chosen to grind out the royal features, for the Prince during the shooting season at the Burden estate smilingly insisted that the photographers tell him funny stories. This would mean every cameraman his own Bugs Baer.

But possibly the Prince, in grateful return for the way his films were produced, would award the director the order of Knight of the Garter. 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 Edward Albert 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 rôles where she might bound in, twirling a sunbonnet and shaking her saucy curls. Ramon, then age twenty, clamored for whiskers and decrepitude.

"You are young, you should play rôles 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 illumined with flaring 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 histrionic achievements. I have a staff of experts working on the letter and to date they have deciphered the following momentous line: "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 fistic 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 very 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. Toodleo—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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Studio News and Gossip

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97]

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—Irish, it is, too—rather got the better of her under the great starmaker'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 waived by mutual consent.

Then they tried little Vera Reynolds in "Feet of Clay"—in the rôle 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 lends itself to 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 picture, "Broken Laws."

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 divorced. The following year Harry Davenport married Doris Rankin, a well known stage actress with a small son, Arthur. Later, Davenport legally adopted the boy, so he and Dorothy are half 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 a capital stock of \$3,500,000. Aside from a statement that the object of the company was to produce motion pictures, her attorneys refused to discuss her 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 to produce Kipling's "Kim," 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 mansion revolves about 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 understood 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 may 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 photographed 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 pictures as a mother with her babe. After all, no picture has ever equalled for charm and beauty and loveliness the picture of the Madonna and her child.

What harm can come to the child is also



The Laughing-Eyed Flapper

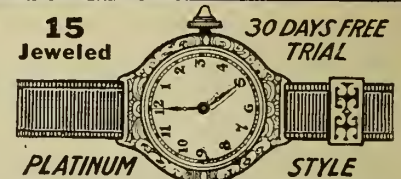
HER eyes are naturally mischievous but she's hardly the person to be content with that. She must accentuate their lure by darkening the lashes with Winx.

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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 clean, sweet, decent publicity—mother and child—could have been. I have personally had dreadful arguments with people who contended that there must 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 Leatrice. 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 them.

At any rate, probably both Gloria and Leatrice have been advised in their course—and by someone they trust implicitly. And possibly they are right.

POOR John Bowers! A man must love his heart—or his bank account—greatly to make such a sacrifice.

John has been cast for the rôle of *Percus DeJong* in Colleen Moore's "So Big"—and he's 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 hit upon the exact shade of Marguerite de la Motte's soft curls. They are engaged, you know, and so are seen constantly together. And the sight of those two heads, exactly the same color, really is funny.



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But the appearance of young Derek Glynne as the leading man opposite Miss Wood, caused considerable of a stir 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 ever since to live it down. Hollywood will have its little jokes, and Derek seemed fated to go through life marked as the ideal Paul, which isn't altogether an enviable position.

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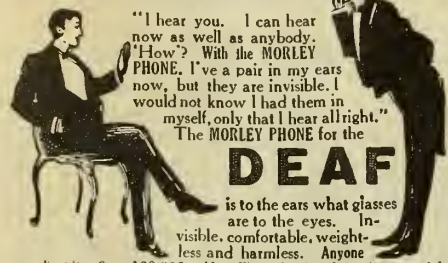
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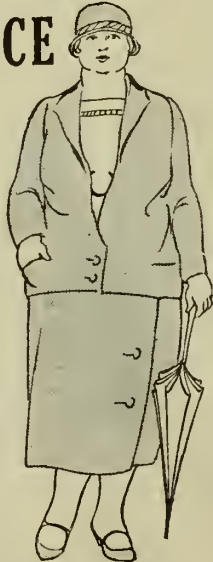
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In this charming stage play he has an opportunity for the first time to show what he can do—that he is a capable and polished actor, a very good looking chap in a manly, British way, and a delightful dancer. He was quite a sensation on the opening night and at a party given later in Miss Wood's honor proved to be what is usually known as a "regular guy."

With the present hectic and frantic quest for young leading men running its course in Hollywood, young Glynne should have a chance now to become a real success.

By the way, there is certainly a real need of young leading men, with real charm and some ability and a certain measure of good looks. But they must be found within the ranks of experienced players, for there is no time to train outside talent.

Ben Lyon, Ian Keith, recruited both from the New York stage, Eddie Phillips, who is putting on weight and years enough to make him a leading man instead of a juvenile, and Glynne seem at the moment the best available material.

YOUNG Bill Reid, small son of Mrs. Wallace Reid, was listening to a conversation in his mother's drawing room the other evening when some guest, wishing to be kind and include him in the talk, said, "Well, Bill, are you a Democrat, too?"

"Nope," said Bill, coldly, "I been baptized." Which, considering the recent election, has its points.

IN a moment between acts at the theater the other evening—we happened to sit side by side—Mildred Harris confided to me that she had at last found the great love of her life. She admitted that after she and Charlie separated she didn't think she could ever really love again, but this time she has found the real thing for sure.

He is a young amateur golf champion and polo player, who hails from Florida, and Mildred says they may be married almost any time now, if she can make up her mind to "serve two masters" and have a career and a husband at the same time. She doesn't seem to think they blend very well.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE has a lot of new dresses—and they are new dresses what are new dresses, believe me. Connie has set a style and cut all her own and it promises to be fascinatingly popular with the younger girls of the picture colony, who are apt anyway to take the dashing youngest Talmadge as their model.

Connie's new dresses end just below the knee, are perfectly straight and very tight, likewise sleeveless. The effect is startling, but very chic and effective—most Parisian, in fact. The other day she had on one of white crepe de chine embroidered in scarlet, with a small white hat and scarlet shoes and white stockings, and she stopped traffic around the United Studio all during the noon hour. We'll try to show some of them to you next month.

AN oversized edition of Farina, one Eugene William Jackson by name, has been added to "Our Gang" at the Hal Roach Studios. It seems the little black pickaninny felt he needed racial companionship before the camera and, fearing one of Farina's attacks of "temperment," Mistah Jackson was engaged.

The newcomer is still on probation, so far as the other members of the gang are concerned, but is strongly vouched for by Farina. It's all right for Hal Roach to engage him but 'Gene will have to prove he's a "reg'ler feller" before his complete acceptance socially.

The combined efforts of Roach and Bob McGowan, their beloved director, both of whom ranks above the President of the United States in the gang's estimation, backed up by Farina's tears and curses, couldn't foist a Little Lord Fauntleroy upon these typically American kids.

So 'Gene is bending his best efforts to winning the friendship of Mickey, Jackie, Joe and Mary. The jury is still out.

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Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114]

V. G., MOUNT HARRIS, COLO.—Mary Pickford has adopted her niece, the daughter of her sister, Lottie Pickford Rupp. Miss Pickford is in her thirty-first year. John Collins was Viola Dana's husband.

B. B., CASPER, WYO.—“Charming John Bowers” is thirty-six, Bee. Married? Alas, yes! You think Clara Bow is “the cutest little girl in the movies.” Thanks for Clara. She is still with Warner Bros. Betty Blythe is the wife of Paul Scardon, director.

ANNA, SONOMA, CALIF.—Mary Pickford's birth date is April 8, 1893. That of Douglas Fairbanks is May 23, 1883. Miss Pickford first appeared before the public when she was five. Her debut was on the stage. Her height is exactly five feet.

B. E., CASPER, WYO.—A pleasant voice from Wyoming asserts that Antonio Moreno is the handsomest man on the screen. Not at all difficult to look at, I concede. You ought to see me. But of course I'm not on the screen. I register bitterness. Mr. Moreno is thirty-six. He was born in Madrid, Spain. He has been married several years to the former Mrs. Daisy Hanziger, a non-professional of Los Angeles. He was at the Paramount recently and is now engaged at the United Studios. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is thirteen. Estelle Taylor has been married but has separated from her husband, Bertram Peacock. She is twenty-four. Alice Terry is about twenty-eight.

R. P., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Mine is the world's post war motto, old man. Service, Lillian Gish is still under the management of Inspiration Pictures; Monte Blue, Warner Bros.; Blanche Sweet, Metro-Goldwyn; Alice Terry, Metro-Goldwyn; Ronald Colman, Constance Talmadge Productions. Twenty-five cents should be sent with a request for a photograph to cover the necessary expense. You don't want your idols to “go broke,” Dickie.

ALINE S., WEST SAYVILLE, N. Y.—Certainly, Miss Aline. Back numbers of PHOTOPLAY can be obtained by writing PHOTOPLAY Publishing Co., 750 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., and sending twenty-five cents for each copy.

GINGER, CHEROKEE, KAN.—If the letters were slightly changed they would stand for a watch chain. In their present form F. B. O. means Film Booking Office. There, should you be strolling one fine afternoon, and be admitted, you might find Alberta Vaughn. Anita Stewart appears in Cosmopolitan Productions and poses for fashion pictures in misses' gowns and hats. Estelle Taylor and Antonio Moreno toil in the Lasky Studios.

M. J., DULUTH, MINN.—Patsy Ruth Miller can't vote for president this year. She is still “sweet and twenty.” There is a rumor that she will marry Matt, the presumably incorrigible bachelor of the Moore brothers. Owen and Tom Moore, respectively, were the husbands of Mary Pickford and Alice Joyce. Both were divorced and have remarried.

JIM, DUMAS, ARIZ.—These are the actual height and weight of the three actresses whom you so fervently regard, and whom, you can't believe after seeing them in pictures, are as physically slight as reported. Barbara La Marr, five feet four inches, one hundred twenty-seven pounds. Anna Q. Nilsson, five feet, seven inches, one hundred and thirty-five pounds. Nita Naldi, five feet, eight inches, one hundred and thirty-six pounds. “Pretty little Louise Lorraine,” as you gallantly call her, went to South America to act in a picture.

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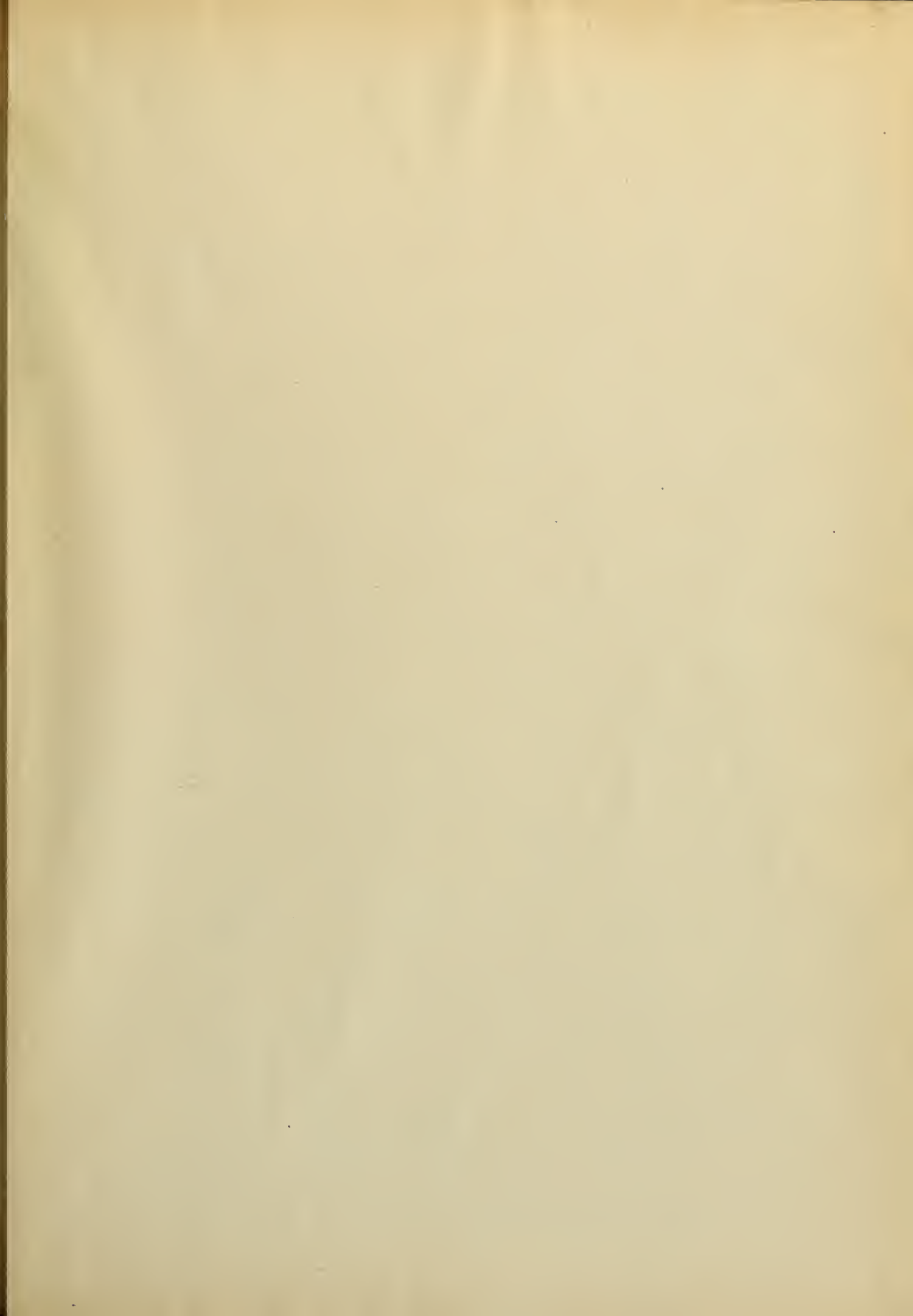
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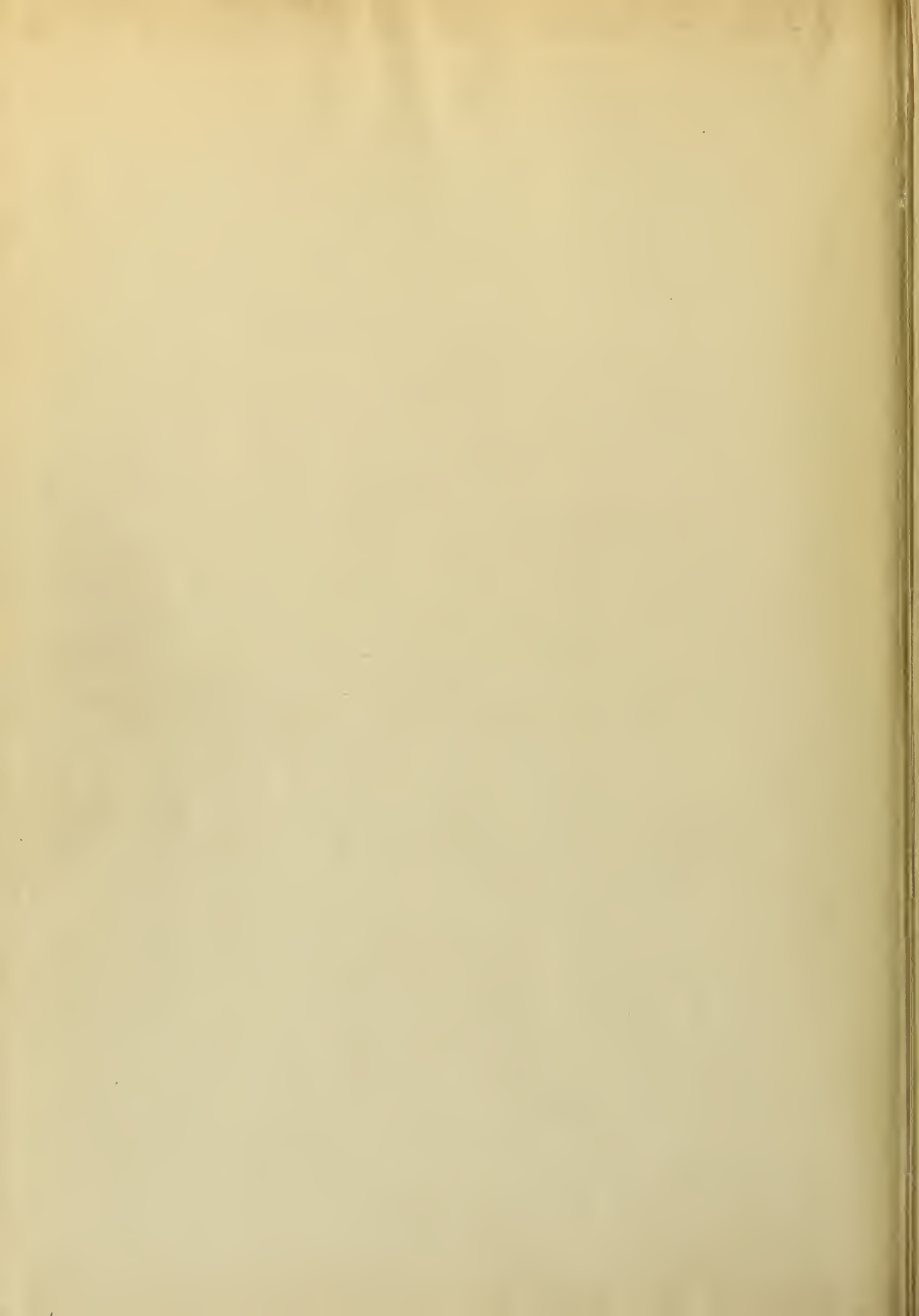
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