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The National Guide to Motion Pictures

N.S.E.

PHOTOPLAY

July

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Ipana

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He will be the special featured player in the Great Paramount special, "The Vanishing American."

Bebe Daniels

IF a modern song of blue skies, joy and a merriment were to turn into a human being its name would probably be Bebe Daniels.

Way back in "Why Change Your Wife" Bebe made a great hit. Some of her other Paramount Pictures are "The Exciters," "Nice People," "Affairs of Anatol," "Glimpses of the Moon," "Heritage of the Desert," and "Sinners in Heaven."

Who will ever forget the vision of loveliness she was as Princess Henriette in "Monsieur Beaucaire"? As a fitting reward she was starred in "Dangerous Money," "Argentine Love" and "Miss Bluebeard." Her next features will be "The Manicure Girl" and "The Wild Wild Girl."



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"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. XXVIII

No. 2

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Hollywood Wears the High Hat



IT is no longer good form to sport a brown derby at formal functions in the best movie circles. Neither is it good taste to fight in public. Social life has reformed and Herbert Howe, brilliant chronicler of the movie metropolis, sheds a few bitter tears over the fading of the old democracy, when actresses and actors had not learned to be ladies and gentlemen.



Read

Herbert Howe's

*amusing
article—*

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Milton Sills in "The Making of O'Malley"

THE romantic drama of a cop who laughs at bullets but flinches before a child's unhappiness furnishes the story for Milton Sills' first starring picture. It's a he-man role in which the happy combination of action and human sympathy provides a splendid tribute to "the world's finest." Dorothy Mackaill is the winsome leading lady and the picture, directed by Lambert Hillyer, is based on Gerald Beaumont's story of the same name.

Milton Sills, Dorothy Mackaill and Helen Rowland as they appear in "The Making of O'Malley."



"The Desert Flower"

AS Maggie Fortune in the adaptation of Don Mullally's stage success, Colleen Moore—favorite star of "So Big," "Sally," and so many other hits—has a new role, the sympathetic, appealing part of a fighting waif. They called her the desert flower because she lived uncultivated in an arid waste; but once she took the reins in her hands—she grew at an amazing pace. Lloyd Hughes makes a likable hero as the millionaire hobo. You'll like his moral regeneration at the hands of the "Desert Flower." Irving Cummings directed.

Colleen Moore in "The Desert Flower"



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Experience is like an inheritance—its value depends upon how you apply it.

That's why First National's years of experience in the motion picture business are important to you—those years have been devoted to intensive study of the kind of entertainment motion picture fans want.

This policy has been responsible for such a consistent line of successes as "The Sea Hawk," "Sally," "Declassé," "Classmates," "Secrets," "Chickie" and countless others. It will be responsible for many future successes. It IS responsible for the truth of the slogan: "If it's a First National Picture you'll enjoy it."

"The Talker"

WHEN you talk about "The Talker" you're talking about one of the most entertaining pictures Sam Rork ever produced. It's the drama of the wife who overtalks about her rights so much that she herself self out of a home—until the surprising climax develops. Anna Q. Nilsson and Lewis Stone, who in the last few years have put domestic dramas on a new plane of entertainment, have the leading roles. The rest of the cast includes such favorites as Shirley Mason, Ian Keith and Tully Marshall. Alfred Green directed.



Shirley Mason,
Lewis S. Stone
and Anna Q. Nilsson in "The Talker."

Richard Barthel-
mess, in "Soul
Fire." The vision
is Bessie Love.



Richard Barthelmess in "Soul Fire"

RICHARD BARTHELMESS at his best, and that means Entertainment with a capital E. He's a vividly compelling figure as Eric Fayne, the young artist who believes that great music must come from the soul. Disinherited, buffeted by fate, he wanders like wind-swept flotsam over three continents until he finds love and inspiration in the South Sea Isles. Charming Bessie Love provides the inspiration in a climax of striking intensity in this drama which was directed by John S. Robertson and adapted from Martin Brown's stage success, "Great Music."

Pictures



Pictures You Ought to See

"Chickie"—Dorothy Mackaill in the title role of a vivid picturization of the trials, thrills and romance of an everyday working girl. From the newspaper serial with millions of readers. Directed by John Dillon.

"Declasse"—Corinne Griffith, more beautiful than ever, in a superb presentation of the Zoe Akins play about the titled English woman who prefers honor to comfort. Directed by Robert G. Vignola.

"Heart of the Siren"—Barbara LaMarr enacts the tempestuous career and romance of a Spanish prima donna with Conway Tearle as the lover. Directed by Paul Rosen.

"My Son"—A poignant story of Mother Love from the stage play. Nazimova is superb. An Edwin Carewe production.

"His Supreme Moment"—Ronald Colman and Blanche Sweet are featured in a spectacular picture of love, adventure and mine that travels from a Broadway premiere to a Peruvian mine. Presented by Sam Goldwyn as a George Fitzmaurice production.

"The Necessary Evil"—A vivid drama of how a son survived the test his father stumbled on. Ben Lyon and Viola Dana in the leads. Directed by George Archambaud.



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

ACROSS THE DEADLINE—Stoner—Another good story. It's mildly entertaining. (June.)

ADVENTURE—Paramount.—Fast action, good comedy and nothing serious to strain your brain. Pauline Starke and Wallace Beery are in it. (June.)

AIR HAWK, TIE—F. B. O.—An air thriller with Al Wilson as the man of mystery doing some wonderful stunt flying. (February.)

AIR MAIL, THE—Paramount.—A hit-making story of thrilling adventures in the government air service. (May.)

ANOTHER SCANDAL—Hodkinson.—A daring story of a grass widow who tries to steal away a husband. Sophisticated or cheap, it all depends upon the viewpoint. (January.)

ARIZONA ROMEO, THE—Fox.—The story is good and silly but you'll enjoy it because of Buck Jones. (April.)

ARGENTINE LOVE—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels brilliant in this South American romance. Story follows hackneyed formula, but excellent work of the cast makes up for deficiencies of plot. (February.)

AS MAN DESIRES—First National.—A colorful and romantic melodrama of the South Sea Isles. (April.)

BAD COMPANY—First National.—Madge Kennedy and Conway Tearle should know better than this. (February.)

BARRIERS BURNED AWAY—Associated Exhibitors.—Just a fairly entertaining film with the great Chicago fire of 1871 incident to keep the hero and heroine united. (February.)

BATTLING ORIOLES, THE—Pathe.—Brisk, amusing in many places, but a bit tiresome. (January.)

BELOVED BRUTE, THE—Vitaphone.—A Western story concerning the widespread exploits of the hero whose strength so fascinates the girl he loves that she capitulates. (January.)

BOOMERANG, THE—Schubert.—It might have been funnier than it is. Anita Stewart and Bert Lytell head the cast. (May.)

BORN RICH—First National.—The younger set to the fore again. Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor are the husband and wife in the inevitable triangle, which is happily broken up. (February.)

BRASS BOWL, THE—Fox.—A series of mysterious adventures interwoven with a fascinating romance. Edmund Lowe plays a dual role. (January.)

BREED OF THE BORDER—F. B. O.—Just one of those Westerns with Lety Flynn as the quick-drawin', hard-ndin' hero. (May.)

BRIDGE OF SIGHS—Warner Brothers.—Lugubrious lokum with Dorothy Mackall again bidding for your sympathy. (June.)

BROKEN LAWS—F. B. O.—Mrs. Wallace Reid's new picture sounds a caution to indulgent mothers. For parents and children alike. (April.)

BURNING TRAIL, THE—Universal.—An eastern-up Western with William Desmond. (June.)

CAFE IN CAIRO, A—Producers Distributing.—Eng-up melodrama with Arabs and Priscilla Dean. (June.)

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT—Preferred.—A propaganda picture against capital punishment with George Hackathorne excellent in the leading role. Depressing. (April.)

CHAMPION OF LOST CAUSES—Fox.—A story of a clever crook. But—sad entertainment. (April.)

CHARLEY'S AUNT—Producers Dist.—Don't miss this. Syd Chaplin becomes a perfect screen comedienne. (April.)

CHARMER, THE—Paramount.—Pola Negri triumphs over a bad story and worse comedy. (June.)

CHEAPER TO MARRY—Metro-Goldwyn.—A matrimonial drama along the gold-digger type. Amusing. (April.)

CHEAP KISSES—F. B. O.—This is C. Gardner Sullivan's first production. The story, although about the hazz age, is quite different from others. It is amusing and enjoyable. (January.)

CHICKIE—First National.—Dorothy Mackall gives an appealing performance of a poor working girl. (June.)

CHRISTINE OF THE HUNGRY HEART—First National.—A dull and episodic treatment of the neglected wife theme. (January.)

CHU CHIN CHOW—Metro-Goldwyn.—Another spectacular production that doesn't amount to a row of pins. (April.)

CONFESSIONS OF A QUEEN—Metro-Goldwyn.—Proving that kings and queens are also human, especially kings. Lewis Stone and Alice Terry enact scandal in a royal family. (June.)

COURAGEOUS GORDON, THE—Capital Prod.—Wesley Barry's son goes to the wide open spaces to remove his yellow streak, and does. Children will enjoy it. (February.)

CRIMSON RUNNER, THE—Producers Distributing.—Exciting times in Vienna with Priscilla Dean as a fascinating lady crook. (June.)

CURLYTOP—Fox.—Shirley Mason frets through a goody-goody role in London's wicked Limehouse district. Tiresome. (March.)

DADDY'S GONE A-HUNTING—Metro-Goldwyn.—A lighthearted story of domestic unhappiness played by Alice Joyce and Percy Marmont. (May.)

DANCERS, TIE—Fox.—Nothing out of the ordinary. An Englishman returns to his childhood sweetheart only to find her a victim of the jazz craze. (March.)

DANGEROUS FLIRT, THE—F. B. O.—Intriguing little drama speeded with a dash of the risqué. Evelyn Brent is good. (February.)

DANGEROUS INNOCENCE—Universal.—Adapted from "Ann's an Acker." Nice light romance with Laura La Plante. (May.)

DARK SWAN, THE—Warner Brothers.—Not a world beater. Another variation of the ugly duckling with half-strippers in love with the same man. (Feb.)

DAUGHTERS OF THE NIGHT—Fox.—Wild and improbable melodrama. Two brothers run away from home. There's a villain, a fire, a chase, parental forgiveness and happy ending. (February.)

DECLASSE—First National.—Corinne Griffith saves it from being rather tedious society drama. (June.)

DEADWOOD COACH, THE—Fox.—Tom Mix shoos, rides, climbs, leaps and leaves his way through this rousing melodrama. You'll like it. (April.)

DENIAL, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—Claire Windsor doubling as mother and daughter in a heavy-handed story. But there's a good Spanish-American war sequence. (May.)

DEVIL'S CARGO, THE—Paramount.—One of the finest pictures we've seen in some time. It is sprinkled with good comedy relief. (March.)

DICK TURPIN, COX—By far the best thing that Tom Mix ever did. (April.)

DIXIE HANDICAP, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—The old racing thrill, moulded into a melo-racer-thriller intended to stimulate the most blasé. (March.)

DRESSMAKER FROM PARIS, THE—Paramount.—A fashion show with fourteen-count—enough beautiful models. Letrize Joy is featured. (May.)

EARLY BIRD, THE—C. C. Burr.—Johnny Hines at his best. Many thrills and more laughs is this fast-moving comedy, which centers around a milkman and the daughter of the milk-trust magnate. (February.)

EAST OF SUEZ—Paramount.—Pola Negri does not measure up to her previous screen effort. An intriguing story, splendid sets, good cast and excellent characterization. Not a family picture. (March.)

ENTICEMENT—First National.—Be sure to leave the children home. A story of a girl's trust in man. (April.)

EXCUSE ME—Metro-Goldwyn.—A rollicking comedy filled with plenty of good laughs in a novel setting—a transcontinental railroad. (April.)

FAST SET, THE—Paramount.—A bit soggy. A novelty and it has been drifted apart. The husband introduces a girl of the streets into their midst. Usual ending. (February.)

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.

CLASSMATES—First National.—This time Richard Barthelmess has for his leading lady Madge Evans, in her first grown-up role. The average screen follower will adore Richard as a West Point cadet. (January.)

CLOUD RIDER, THE—F. B. O.—Dandy real-honest-to-goodness aeroplane stunts in this picture. Entertaining. (April.)

CODE OF THE WEST—Paramount.—The city flapper and the noble Westerner are with us again. Attractively staged and well acted. (June.)

COMING THROUGH—Paramount.—A pleasing Tom Mixian vehicle. Cast good, action splendid. (April.)

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE—Hepworth.—You'll enjoy this picture better if you stay at home. It's the world's worst. (March.)

CONTRABAND—Paramount.—Merry melodrama with bootleggers as the villains. Lois Wilson and Noah Beery are in it. (June.)

FIFTH AVENUE MODELS—Universal.—An interesting picture with Mary Philbin splendid in the leading role. (April.)

FIRE WHEN READY—F. B. O.—The fifth episode of "The Go-Getters," and is just like the rest of those nonsensical things that you chuckle over and wonder what it is all about. (January.)

FLASHING SPURS—F. B. O.—A ranger is the hero. Lots of fighting and shooting if you like that sort of stuff. (March.)

FOLLY OF VANITY—Fox.—A fantastic trip through Neptune's realm. Stupid. (April.)

FOOLISH VIRGIN, THE—C. B. C.—One of the worst pictures of the year. (February.)

FOOL, THE—Fox.—Melodrama with a moral. A dull but impressive version of a stage success with Edmund Lowe in the leading role. (June.)

FORBIDDEN PARADISE—Paramount.—The combination—Pola Negri and Ernst Lubitsch. The result—a great picture. The story is of a queen who loved not wisely but too well. (January.)

FORTY WINKS—Paramount.—Don't miss this picture. There is more entertainment in it than the title implies. Story hinges on the recovery of coast defense plans. A garter is the only clue. (March.)

FRIVOLOUS SAL—First National.—Good cast, wonderful scenery and two dandy fights. The action centers around a girl and a small boy who help a man find himself. (March.)

GALLOPING VENGEANCE—F. B. O.—A Bob Custer Western. Not so good. (May.)

GARDEN OF WEEDS, THE—Paramount.—Betty Compson, directed by James Cruze, is a chorus girl who goes wrong, but is saved by true love. Not for children. (January.)

GERALD CRANSTON'S LADY—Fox.—Highly emotional stuff of a self-made captain of industry who purchases the titled daughter of an earl in marriage. (February.)

GOLD AND THE GIRL—Fox.—Buck Jones vanquishes a gang of swindlers who are robbing the gold mine. Leave it to Buck, every time. (May.)

GOLDEN BED, THE—Paramount.—A lavishly staged spectacle. A trite story of a faithless, extravagant woman who kills two men and drives another to prison. (March.)

GOLD HEELS—Fox.—A trite horse racing story. The racing shots are the only redeeming feature. (April.)

GOOSE HANGS HIGH, THE—Paramount.—A perfect screen comedy with a perfect cast. Bring the whole family. (April.)

GRASS—Paramount.—The story of the migration of the Lost Tribe of Persia, filmed in the Near East. One of the most impressive pictures ever made. (May.)

GREAT DIAMOND MYSTERY, THE—Fox.—A leader mystery tale in which a young girl writer of murder tales saves her sweetheart from the electric chair. Passable. (January.)

GREAT DIVIDE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A pleasing romance with a colorful background and splendid cast. (April.)

GREATEST LOVE OF ALL, THE—Selznick.—George Beban comes into his own in a quaint "Italian Main Street" production. (January.)

GREED—Metro-Goldwyn.—Realism, yes, but this picture emphasizes the most sordid and repulsive aspects of life. A powerful picture—and a terribly depressing one. (February.)

HEADWINDS—Universal.—How to win a girl, with House Peters playing the caveman. Improbable plot but lots of action. (June.)

HEART OF A SIREN, THE—First National.—If you like Barbara La Marr, here's your candy. Clifton Webb contributes some clever comedy. (May.)

HER HUSBAND'S SECRET—First National.—Beautifully photographed but drearily developed. (April.)

HER NIGHT OF ROMANCE—First National.—Vivacious comedy. Conkie Talmadge simply scintillates as the wealthy heiress, victim of a nervous disease, who—well, see the picture. (February.)

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED—Metro-Goldwyn.—A remarkably fine picture. Lon Chaney does the best work of his career as the famous clown. (January.)

HIS SUPREME MOMENT—First National.—Some beautiful colored photography, plenty of food story and Blanche Sweet and Ronald Colman. (June.)

HOT WATER—Pathé.—Harold Lloyd still continues to furnish fans with laughs. This time he's a married man with a nagging mother-in-law. If you have one of these you'll sympathize with poor Harold. (January.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]

Watch this Column

REGINALD DENNY



It is a big thing to say of any star that every picture he has made has been a success, yet it's true of REGINALD DENNY—from "*Leather Pushers*" days to the present time. I believe his great popularity is largely due to the fact that he typifies young American manhood and because he is clean-cut, wholesome, daring, natural and full of life and fun. What do you gather from the fact that he is just as popular in Universal's foreign market as he is in our own country?

DENNY was universally commended in the "*Leather Pushers*," in "*The Reckless Age*," "*Sporting Youth*," "*Fast Worker*" and "*Oh, Doctor*," and I am confident he is due for more fine compliments in his newest picture, "*I'll Show You the Town*," adapted from Elmer Davis' splendid novel of the same name. The associating cast is unusually good, and Harry Pollard, who directed DENNY in all but one of his former pictures, held the directing reins in this one. Your opinion of this young man and his talents will be welcome.

Every year there is always one picture which stands head and shoulders above all the rest. This year, in the estimation of leading critics, it will be Universal's magnificent spectacle, "*The Phantom of the Opera*," from the weird, fantastic story by Gaston Leroux, and laid in and around the Paris Opera House. In this picture LON CHANEY stars as the "Phantom," and MARY PHILBIN and NORMAN KERRY as the lovers. The cast embraces more than 5,000 people.



VIRGINIA VALLI

Universal Jewels which are having almost spectacular success and on which the reviews are more than pleasing are here commended to your attention: "*Smoldering Fires*," with PAULINE FREDERICK and LAURA LA PLANTE; HOUSE PETERS in "*Raffles, the Amateur Cracksman*"; HOOT GIBSON in "*The Saddle Hawk*"; and "*Let 'Er Buck*"; HERBERT RAWLINSON and MADGE BEL-LAMY in "*The Man in Blue*"; EUGENE O'BRIEN and LAURA LA PLANTE in "*Dangerous Innocence*"; VIRGINIA VALLI in "*Up the Ladder*"; and REGINALD DENNY in "*Oh, Doctor*."

Carl Laemmle

(To be continued next month)

Address Dept. B for our new booklet illustrating "The White List," Universal's Pictures

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
730 Fifth Ave. New York City

Says Rudy Isn't the Same

Long Beach, Cal.

"She said that Valentino cannot act. . . If Miss Morrow were to come to Welch, she would find here more enemies than friends because of that statement." What a silly and childish remark! Miss Morrow was merely expressing her opinion, and to a certain extent I agree with her. I think Valentino's acting is merely mediocre. Publicity did more for him than he ever did for himself. To my way of thinking the only thing he ever did worth while was his rôle in "The Four Horsemen." Since then he isn't the same. Jack Gilbert in my opinion is far, far superior as far as acting is concerned. I am sure his portrayal in "The Snob" won him many admirers. I admire his courage, as courage he must have to characterize such a hateful rôle as a snob. I wonder if Valentino would have accepted that rôle. Towards Valentino I feel wholly indifferent; I never did admire him. But to Jack Gilbert, the creator of the "snob," I take off my hat.

(MRS.) R. T. FOGEL.

"Beaucaire" Dazed This Fan

Oakland, Cal.

We romantic folks are glad Valentino is back to the screen world.

Just saw "Monsieur Beaucaire." Again and again its dazzling magnificence sent me from the theatre in a daze.

The spirit of chivalry seemed as much a part of Valentino as his breath. Oh! how he could love and how he could fight for his love! And didn't he acquit himself gallantly? Someone has called him an "elegant Rudy." Who can deny him this honor after seeing him live at the magnificent court of Louis XV. Honor to whom honor is due! Rudy is a great artist and his "Beaucaire" is one of the greatest rôles the screen has given us. We are waiting for his next.

R. MAY.

More About the Valentinos

Minneapolis, Minn.

I always devour PHOTOPLAY from cover to cover, every bit of it is so interesting. This time I found an article by the Editor that expressed my thoughts exactly. That was the article on the Valentinos. "Why have they always been on the outs with some one?" I've been asking myself time after time.

Richard Dix is "too good-looking," but when Tom Meighan is being shown I get a special invitation to go. I wish someone would tell Tom to play "Lord Jim."

Can someone please tell me why the pictures cannot be shown after the death of the star? . . . for one, should love to see all of Wally Reid's pictures over, especially "Clarence" or any containing just a glimpse of Bobby Harron or Martha Mansfield.

JACQUELINE MCDOWD.

You Will See Her as a Little Girl Again

Rangiora, New Zealand.

Here's a bouquet for the world's dear little sweetheart and the man with the million dollar smile. In other words, Mary and Doug. I consider them just superb, both as film stars and as themselves. I saw "The Thief of Bagdad" four times and enjoyed myself more each time. But it couldn't equal that other marvellous picture he made, "Robin Hood."

Words cannot express my opinion of Mary's picture, but we want our little girl again Dorothy Vernon was lovely, of course, but not as appealing as her little girl rôles.

Harold Lloyd, too, is out on his own. I'd never miss one of his pictures. I also like Thomas Meighan immensely.

MARIE ANSFORD.

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.

Wants a Fair Chance for Rudy

Huntington, W. Va.

May I express through the columns of your magazine my thanks to Mr. Cecil B. De Mille for the fact that he has signed Edward Burns and is to give him his chance in pictures? I feel that Edward Burns could be one of the truly great artists of the screen.

A word for Mr. Valentino. No matter what the critics may say about this actor we know that he has accomplished good work and, if given a fair chance, will continue to do so. No one can see his pictures, any of them, then come away and say he isn't a good actor. Why do they pick on him? Seemingly, someone is always hounding him.

ALMA COOPER.

Cheers for "The Sainted Devil"

Pitkin, La.

After seeing "The Sainted Devil" I wish to express sincerest appreciation for the acting of "Rudy" and Nita. The only thing I didn't like was the way it dragged in several places, and I am sure no woman was ever as big a fool as *Dona Florencia*.

ROBERT MORRIS.

A Disappointed Fan

Salt Lake City, Utah.

Saw Gloria Swanson in "Madame Sans Gene" last night; there has been a world of money spent on this play, and while this feature may appeal to some who like an elaborate spectacle, yet the play was a disappointment to me.

I think "The Code of the West" is by far the best Western shown since "The Covered Wagon."

FARLEY J. JACKSON.

Chicago Is Calling You, Richard

Chicago, Ill.

Whenever Richard Dix comes in a picture I give up everything else to see him. He is so clean-cut and is one of the best-looking actors on the screen. I hope Mr. Dix will play in many pictures. When is he coming to Chicago? I hope soon, for a personal appearance.

EMMA MAY ZELINSKI.

Asks Lady Luck to Smile on Lloyd

Utica, N. Y.

Right here and now I place a large-sized wreath of his favorite flowers at Lloyd Hughes' feet, if that's where you put wreaths. Maybe it should be a crown. I've been watching his work for some time, in fact ever since I first saw him on the screen in "Tess of the Storm Country." If I'm any sort of a prophet he'll be one of the big hits of the movies before very long.

Best wishes for the future of Mr. Hughes; you have ability and I hope Lady Luck will smile on you.

MARTHA GERAULD.

Here's Where We Take a Curtain Call

Philadelphia, Pa.

I wish to express my thanks to Pola Negri, who in the April issue of PHOTOPLAY has said, "Robert Frazer is the screen's greatest lover," which to me is the truth. I have seen him in a few pictures and have already placed him as first on the list of all my favorites.

If I were to choose among Robert Frazer, Richard Dix, Ramon Novarro, Richard Barthelmess, Ben Lyon, Harrison Ford, I would ask to be blindfolded to make my choice. They are all my favorites.

PHOTOPLAY is my best magazine, heading the list of all picture magazines. It should be published at least twice a month.

MRS. SAM MILLER.

Want to See Pictures of Younger Actors

Portland, Ore.

I am trying to express the sentiments of two high school girls concerning the pictures in PHOTOPLAY. We especially liked the picture of Bebe Daniels in your last issue. Why can't we have more pictures of the younger actors, such as Bobby Agnew, William Haines, Ben Finney and William Collier, Jr.?

J. H.

A. S.

Asks Fair Play for Screen Luminaries

Los Angeles, Cal.

I wish to throw one bouquet and one brickbat. The bouquet is for Ricardo Cortez. I have seen "The Spaniard" twice, and I admire his work very much. I think he and Jetta Goudal make a wonderful team. Why don't we readers of PHOTOPLAY hear more about Mr. Cortez? I have only seen his picture in the magazine twice!

Here comes my brickbat. I think it is shameful the way many people criticize the stars. If they don't care for the stars why do they write and insist that such terrible actors as so-and-so be taken off the screen? A good many other fans may like those stars immensely. The critics needn't see their pictures.

In spite of my brickbat I am a great admirer of PHOTOPLAY.

A. E. T.

EXCELLA Magazine and Famous Players-Lasky Corporation offer you this splendid chance.



WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A MOTION PICTURE ACTRESS?

Contracts for Two Girls to Play in a Paramount Picture actually Guaranteed

EXCELLA Magazine will begin a nation-wide screen contest on June 1, and the two final prize winners will be given parts in the new Paramount Picture, "Polly of the Ballet," starring Greta Nissen and directed by that wizard of the screen, William C. DeMille.

This is a positive guarantee backed by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and EXCELLA Magazine.

In addition to guaranteeing parts in "Polly of the Ballet" to the first two prize winners, there will be 35 cash prizes amounting to \$2,500.00.

*Full details in the July issue of EXCELLA Magazine
ON SALE NOW*

Tell your friends about it

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11]

HOUSE OF YOUTH—Producers Dist. Corp.—Story of "flaming youths" of today. The hero and heroine quit the wild life to open a fresh air farm for poor kiddies. (February.)

HUSBANDS AND LOVERS—First National.—A detestable study of a married couple. The couple is superbly done by Lewis Stone and Florence Vidal. (January.)

HUNTED WOMAN, THE—Fox.—A lady in search of her husband. Romance complicated by crooks. Nothing extra. (June.)

IDLE TONGUES—First National.—Action interesting, but the plot is dull. (February.)

IF I MARRY AGAIN—First National.—Doris Kenyon and Lloyd Hughes make this romantic hodge-podge worth seeing. (April.)

INEZ FROM HOLLYWOOD—First National.—Title will attract, but this story of a screen vamp (Anna Q. Nilsson) who isn't really what she's painted is a trifle overdone. (February.)

INTRODUCE ME—Associated Exhibitors.—Another good reason why Douglas MacLean is rapidly becoming one of our most popular comedians. Fine entertainment. (May.)

ISLE OF THE VANISHING MEN, THE—Adler.—Life among the cannibals, which is considerably more interesting than it is in the average movie. (February.)

ISN'T LIFE WONDERFUL—United Artists.—A Griffith production that approaches perfection. You live the struggles and hardships of a family of Polish refugees settled in Germany after the War. (February.)

I WANT MY MAN—First National.—Murdered version of "The Interpreter's House." Heavy heroes by Milton Sills. (June.)

JIMMIE'S MILLIONS—F. E. O.—A tiresome picture. Richard Talmadge fights, runs and climbs buildings throughout. (April.)

KISS IN THE DARK—Paramount.—S'phisticated satire that sometimes misses fire. But that isn't the fault of Adolphe Menjou. (May.)

LADIES OF THE NIGHT—Metro-Goldwyn.—A well-told story of the two social worlds with some good comedy. Excellent acting by Norma Shearer, who plays a dual role. (May.)

LADY, THE—First National.—This mother-love story gives Norma Talmadge to do a great emotional actress. Be sure to see this! (April.)

LAST LAUGH, THE—U. F. A.—One of the greatest character studies ever produced. (April.)

LAST MAN ON EARTH—Fox.—Stay away from this picture. It is the dullest shown in many months. The title tells the story but not badly enough. (Feb.)

LAUGHING AT DANGER—F. B. O.—The much needed relief of this is just one factor in Richard Talmadge's fight to win the girl. Action and athletics galore. (February.)

LEARNING TO LOVE—First National.—Constantine Talmadge endeavors to show modern girls the various ways to capture a husband. Good comedy. (April.)

LET 'ER BUCK—Universal.—Hoot Gibson swears through this as he re-makes the great outdoors and the hero of the hour. (March.)

LIGHTHOUSE BY THE SEA, THE—Warner Brothers.—Rita runners plot to frustrate U. S. Revenue officers by subduing the keeper and his aids. Enter Rin-Tin-Tin and all is saved. (March.)

LILIES OF THE STREET—F. B. O.—Just white slave stuff which tries to be sensational but doesn't succeed. (June.)

LOCKED DOORS—Paramount.—In which the woman uses her wiles to a divorce when his wife falls in love with a young gallant. Theodore Roberts is at his best. (February.)

LOST CHORD, THE—Arrow.—A sobbing melodrama based on the song by Sir Arthur Sullivan. (March.)

LOST LADY, THE—Warner Bros.—A drab story. Irene Rich gives one of the finest performances of her career. (April.)

LOST WORD, THE—First National.—A spectacular production introducing pre-historic animals. Cleverly done. (April.)

LOVER OF GAMILLE, THE—Warner.—Taken from Sacha Guitay's drama of a famous pantomime clown and his unhappy love for "the lady of Gamille." In the film it somehow borders upon saccharine sentimentality. (January.)

LOVE'S BARGAIN—F. B. O.—An interesting and convincing story of domestic life in the theater world. (May.)

LOVE'S WILDERNESS—First National.—The "wilderness" is picturesque, but the "love" is unconvincing. Curline Griffith, as the heroine, makes an unfortunate choice the first time, but finally marries the right man. (February.)

MADAME SANS GENE—Paramount.—Gloria Swanson in her greatest role. The celebrated story was filmed in its authentic French backgrounds. Don't miss it. (June.)

MADONNA OF THE NINETEENS—First National. Marking the return of Nazimova but otherwise a drabby and sordid tale. This is not for children. (January.)

MAN AND MAID—Metro-Goldwyn.—One of Elinor Glyn's dime novels. Milder than usual. (June.)

MANHATTAN—Paramount.—This is Richard Dix's first starring picture and it's filled with thrills and fine entertainment. (January.)

MAN MUST LIVE, A—Paramount.—Good entertainment. Richard Dix, as the hero, decides sympathetically not to work while on an empty stomach and starts to treat the world rough. (February.)

MANSION OF AGING HEARTS, THE—Schubert.—An unconvincing story that shouldn't have been filmed. (May.)

MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY, THE—Fox.—The famous Edward Everett Hale story of the young army officer who cursed his country. Adequately enough done but too long. (March.)

MARRIAGE IN TRANSIT—Fox.—Secret service plot No. 48. Routine entertainment. (June.)

MEN AND WOMEN—Paramount.—Stilted and old-fashioned drama which even Kiegan Dix cannot make interesting. (June.)

MIDNIGHT EXPRESS, THE—C. E. C.—A tell-tail thriller plus an improbable story. (February.)

MIDNIGHT GIRL, THE—Chadwick.—Proving that it is still possible to do a good first act alone. It's scarcely interesting, but not unenjoyable. (May.)

MIDNIGHT MOLLY—F. B. O.—Evelyn Brent in a dual crook role proves to be rather interesting. (April.)

MILLIONAIRE COWBOY, THE—F. B. O.—A picture filled with pep, thrilling situations and a peach of a climax. (January.)

MIRACLE OF THE WOLVES—Special. A gorgeous and impressive French production that accurately recreates the France of Louis XI. But it's badly cut and edited for American audiences. (May.)

MISS BLUEBEARD—Paramount.—Plenty of laughs can be obtained from the love affairs of a French actress. Bebe Daniels plays the leading role. (April.)

MONSTER, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A real thriller with lots of mystery. (April.)

MY HUSBAND'S WIVES—Fox.—A silly story of a winning girl who marries her school-chum's ex-husband. (January.)

MY SON—First National.—Some real acting by Nazimova and Jack Pickford. Outside of that, just a movie. (June.)

MY WIFE AND I—Warner Brothers.—Constance Bennett again as a home-wrecker, with Irene Rich as the wife. Another domestic drama. (June.)

NARROW STREET, THE—Warner Brothers.—You'll get plenty of entertainment and good clean fun out of this story of a simple office clerk who rose to general manager and husband of the magnate's daughter. (March.)

NEW LIVES FOR OLD—Paramount.—Fine entertainment. Well cast, well directed and fine photography. (April.)

NEW TOYS—First National.—A comedy of married life. Dick Bartlesheim and Mary Hay (Mrs. Bartlesheim) are the married couple. (April.)

NIGHT SHIP, THE—Dumas.—It isn't supposed to be funny but it is. (June.)

NO GUN MAN, THE—F. B. O.—Lefty Flynn is the only redeeming feature. It will please the young boys, though. (March.)

NORTH OF 36—Paramount.—Gripping drama of pioneer adventure. Features a great cattle drive. (February.)



DRAW ME and A PRIZE

If you like to draw, copy the picture of the girl on surf-board and send us your drawing—perhaps you will win first prize. This contest is for amateurs only (17 years old or more), so do not hesitate to enter, even if you have not had much practice.

1st Prize \$100.00
2nd Prize . . . \$50.00
3rd Prize \$25.00 5th Prize \$10
4th Prize 15.00 (6th to 15th \$5.00 Prizes, ea.)

FREE! Everyone entering this contest will receive a beautiful full-color reproduction (suitable for framing) of a painting by a nationally known artist.

Try your hand on this drawing. Capable artists readily earn \$50, \$75, \$100, \$150 a week and upwards. Hundreds of ambitious young men and women have doubled and tripled their incomes, through the Federal Home Study Course, recognized by authorities as America's Foremost Course in Commercial Art. Exclusive lessons by nationally known artists and illustrators; personal, individual criticism of each lesson. You should be able to succeed as others have done through our course. Enter the contest—see what you can do.

Rules for Contestants

Contest open to amateurs only. 17 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are barred.

1. Draw only picture—no lettering.
2. Send one drawing only, making picture exactly 5 inches high, on paper 6 inches wide by 7 inches high.
3. Use only pencil or pen.
4. No drawings will be returned.
5. Write your name, address, age and occupation on back of drawing.
6. All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by July 15, 1925. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Faculty members of Federal Schools, Inc. All Contestants will be notified of prize winners.

FEDERAL SCHOOL OF Commercial Designing

322 Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Commercial Foremost School of Commercial Art

OH, DOCTOR!—Universal.—The story of a hypo-chondriac youth who becomes a daredevil and wins his nurse. (January.)

ONE WAY STREET—First National.—Just a dull picture. Not for the children and not for their fastidious elders. Anna Q. Nilson works hard, however. (June.)

ONLY WOMAN, THE—First National.—A frigate story of a young girl forced into a loveless marriage with a waster. Norma Talmadge's acting is adequate. (January.)

ON THE STROKE OF THREE—F. B. O.—Insane. Small town inventor goes to New York, is double-crossed but finally wins fortune and girl at same time. (February.)

ON THIN ICE—Warner Brothers.—Gangsters, bank robberies and policemen. A good crook story well acted by Tom Moore, William Russell and Edith Roberts. (May.)

PAMPERED YOUTH—Vitagraph.—A main street story of a spoiled, snobbish, high handed young man. Not so good. (April.)

PARASITE, THE—B. F. Schulberg.—A society drama of a divorced woman who tries to regain her husband's love. Not much. (April.)

PERSIAN NIGHTS—F. B. O.—Latin Quarter stuff in sat gay Paree with Apaches and such-like to keep things going. (May.)

PERCY—Associated Exhibitors.—Charles Ray returns to the old homestead. A fine comedy performance by Charlie Murray. (June.)

PETER PAN—Paramount.—A perfect picture of a perfect story, with a perfect cast. Everybody in America should see it. (March.)

PLAYING WITH SOULS—First National.—The story of a bad boy who tries to go to the bad. He doesn't, but the picture does. (May.)

PROUD FLESH—Metro-Goldwyn.—Excellent satire, charmingly presented with three fine performances by Harrison Ford, Eleanor Boardman and Pat O'Malley. (June.)

QUO VADIS—First National.—A picture dealing with the martyrdom of the Christians during the reign of Nero. (April.)

RAG MAN, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—Jackie Coogan—grown slightly taller—in an appealing and amusing picture. (May.)

RAINBOW TRAIL, THE—Another Zane Grey story. Good for small boys. (June.)

RECKLESS SPEED—Capital Prod.—Just a fair picture. Wealthy oil man is being swindled out of his well, but bravery son saves the day—and well. (February.)

RECOMPENSE—Warner Brothers.—Sex stuff and grief with Monte Blue and Marie Prevost enjoying the agony. (June.)

REDEEMING SIN, THE—Vitagraph.—Nazimova romping through the role of an Apache can't be handed much. (April.)

RIDDLE RIDER, THE—Universal.—A new serial with a hero who is a newspaper editor by day and a mysterious "Riddle Rider" at night. The usual serial stuff with action galore. (January.)

RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE—Fox.—Considering the story, it's a disappointment. But good scenery, good photography.—and Tom Mix. (May.)

RIDIN' KID FROM POWDER RIVER, THE—Universal.—A conventional Western melodrama revolving round the feud between cattlemen and nestors. Too much mystery for a conventional plot. (January.)

RIDIN' PRETTY—Universal.—Just another Westerner—no better—no worse than the average. (March.)

ROARING ADVENTURE—Universal.—Another Jack Hoxie westerner—no better—no worse. (April.)

ROMOLA—Metro-Goldwyn.—George Eliot's novel proves a poor vehicle for the Gish sisters. Elaborate Florentine settings, but little human interest. (February.)

ROUGHNECK, THE—Fox.—Robert Service's melodrama well acted by George O'Brien. Plenty of pep and punch. (February.)

SACKCLOTH AND SCARLET—Paramount.—A perambulating plot that fails to make its point. Alice Terry, Orville Caldwell and Dorothy Sebastian are in it. Not censor-proof. (June.)

SADDLE HAWK, THE—Universal.—How a sheep-herder made good as a cowboy, if that means anything to you. A Hoot Gibson film. (May.)

SANCTED DEVIL, A—Paramount.—Rudolph once again in colorful South American atmosphere. Of course, there are the ever-present vamps. Involved and poorly told. (February.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]

Girls! Women!

win \$3000 in cash prizes
and a part in a Pathéserial
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"Sunken Silver" BEAUTY CONTEST



Here's your chance to win \$1000 in cash and a place in the movies! Or you may win one of 24 other big cash prizes from \$750 down.

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Snapshots—if clear—are acceptable. Contest open to women and girls only, who are not now acting on the stage or in motion pictures. Name and address, printed plainly, must appear on back of photo and at the top

of letter. Pathé reserves right to publish photos submitted.

Mail photo and letter early enough to reach our office ON OR BEFORE AUGUST 15, 1925. Address it to "Contest Editor, Sunken Silver" at Pathé Exchange, address below.

Don't let this remarkable opportunity slip away from you! Do not delay, do not hesitate. Send in your photograph NOW!

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You should see every one of the 10 big weekly chapters of this enthralling, amazing Pathéserial. See the lovely Claire Standish (Allene Ray) in her heroic fight among tropical jungles for the fortune that is rightfully hers. See the remarkable ability and dazzling beauty that have brought her fame, as your own beauty and ability may bring you fame and fortune through the "Sunken Silver" Contest announced here. Ask at your local theatre when "Sunken Silver" will be shown. Don't let anything prevent your seeing this greatest Pathé serial ever produced!

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Pathéserial



HIT BACK

By BENNY LEONARD

Undeafed Lightweight Champion of the World

IF FATE has jabbed you in the solar plexus—**HIT BACK**. If Nature has been unkind to you, has laid you low with sickness or cursed you with a frail weak body—**HIT BACK**.

Are you content to lie down like a yellow dog and whimper, just because you were not born with a strong physique, with big muscles, broad chest, brawny limbs? Are you stified to go sluffing wearily to your work with run down, half-blooded body? Are you willing to admit defeat—to allow your infirmity to keep you forever down and out, just struggling for a bare existence—scourged by your boss, a disgrace and a hindrance to your wife and family and shunned by society wherever you go? If you are, then you are doomed to misery and failure. You are destined to be a loser for **WEALTH, HAPPINESS, SUCCESS.**

My message to you is: Step out of it, old man **HIT BACK**. I tell you lots of no better examples of this reasoning than I was on my own life. I was a weak, run-down, puny youngster. They called me the "powder puff."

But I didn't accept that as my fate. My mind to the hit back—plus sheer audacity—the championship of the world—was within the grasp. I decided to **HIT BACK**. From that day to this I haven't stopped hitting back.

And here is the way I've done it. By scientifically striking the human body and getting it working out the theories with my very own body. I have discovered a method of physical development that has won a world of fame, the only one who holds all our infirmities and physical shortcomings.

I thought my system, I have been a every competitor in the world. So many people were asked how they might use my methods—and so many did adopt them with such great success that I am now devoting practically all my time to spreading my invaluable lessons in muscle and body building to all the people I can possibly reach by letters.

It is the very last word in physical culture, if you do not believe in old fogy ideas, if you wish to adopt the best methods of this day, of 1925, if you wish to gain the love and respect of women, if you want to make good in your job and reach the top in whatever you hold nearest your heart. Then there is only one way, my friend, and that is **HIT BACK—HIT BACK** like a punch.

Benny Leonard

Discoverer and Conductor of the famous Benny Leonard Home Course of Muscle and Body Building
123 West 31st St., New York City

Send for my FREE Booklet full of interesting reading. No obligation.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

BENNY LEONARD
123 West 31st St., (Dept. 123) New York, N. Y.
Send me the book "How to Hit Back," entitled "How I Can Tell You" must contain some really interesting reading matter. Will you please send me a copy of the booklet and return to me the coupon with the letter stamp or coin to cover costs of getting this book out and sending it. There's no obligation.

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

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

SALLY—First National.—A scintillating and beautiful version of the popular musical comedy, with Colleen Moore as the delightful, dancing heroine. (May.)

SALOME OF THE TENEMENTS—Paramount.—How *Soyez* of the East Side captured the heart of a wealthy guy. Good New York stuff, with Jetta Goudal in the leading role. (May.)

SALVATION HUNTERS, THE—United.—Unrelieved tragedy. Slow-moving tale of a boy, a girl and an orphan wail, crawling up from the mud. (February.)

SANDRA—First National.—A weak story wretchedly told. Bad acting and directing make this an unsuitable vehicle for Barbara La Marr. (January.)

SCAR HANNAN—F. B. O.—The usual Western, with Yakima Canutt, rodeo star, exhibiting some wonderful feats of horsemanship. (May.)

SCARLET HONEYMOON—Fox.—A light and gentle romance that won't destroy your faith in Santa Claus. (May.)

SCHOOL FOR WIVES, A—Vitagraph.—Proving that money is a curse, especially to Conway Tearle. Supposed to be a society drama. (June.)

SEVEN CHANCES—Metro-Goldwyn.—Another amusing one (from Buster Keaton). (June.)

SIGN OF THE CACTUS, THE—Universal.—Jack Hoxie becomes a Robin Hood of the West. Nothing to get excited about. (March.)

SILENT ACCUSER, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A melodrama with a slot. Enter the Great, as the star. The dog's acting is the one saving grace. (January.)

SILK STOCKING SAL—F. B. O.—Story of a woman crook, quick on the trigger and vamps enough to save the hero from the electric chair for a crime he never committed. (February.)

SIREN OF SEVILLE, THE—Producers Distributing Corp.—An enjoyable picture of old Seville with its romances, jealousies, bull fights, man fights and woman fights. Priscilla Dean proves herself one of the screen's best actresses. (January.)

SLEEPING CUTIE, THE—F. B. O.—Two pals substitute in a baseball game. They know nothing about the game and their manoeuvres are a scream. (March.)

SMOLDERING FIRES—Universal.—Don't miss this picture. Intriguing situation of a woman of forty is lives with a youth of twenty. Pauline Frederick, loves her lover, and wins her audience. (Feb.)

SNOB, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—Monty Bell again directs another hit. John Gilbert is excellent as the prodigal son and Norma Shearer is admirable as his wife. (January.)

SOBIB—First National.—A thoroughly enjoyable picture. Collect Moore's stunts before the public eye a real actress in this story of mother-love and sacrifice. (March.)

SO THIS IS MARRIAGE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A second-hand endeavor to win the wife by means of a story, told in unflashily in colored flashbacks. (March.)

SOUL-FIRE—First National.—Colorful plot and live romance with some fine acting by Richard Barthelme and Bessie Love. (June.)

SPEED SPOOK, THE—C. C. Burr.—A racing driver saves a publicity stunt to put the girl's father on his feet. Plenty of speed and excitement. (Jan.)

STAR DUST TRAIL, THE—Fox.—Another bad joke on poor little Shirley Mason. (May.)

STORY WITHOUT A NAME, THE—Paramount.—There is enough action crowded into six reels to make at least several exciting serials. Taken from PHOTOPLAY's prize contest story. The winning title is "Without Warning," which now supersedes the original title. (January.)

SUNDOWN—First National.—Suffers by comparison with other epics of the West. Cast is excellent, but the plot doesn't sustain interest. (February.)

SUPER SPEED—Rayart.—All the lokum of the old neck-and-neck piled into this picture. Hard on the eyes. (April.)

SWAN, THE—Paramount.—Without Adolphe Menjou in the cast, all that is left is a bit of beautiful and expensive scenery. Dull. (April.)

TAMING THE WEST—Universal.—Wherein the great open spaces reward another bad boy. Again Hoyt Gibson. (May.)

TEETH—Fox.—Duke, the dog, is the latest addition to the Tom Mix organization. There is not much romance in the story, but plenty of thrills. (Jan.)

THEIR IN PARADISE, A—First National.—The hero marries as another man, falls in love with one girl and is loved by another. A splendid picture with no dull moments. Not for the children. (March.)

THIS WOMAN—Warner.—This almost wins the brown derby for lack of plausibility. Full of movie machinations. (January.)

THUNDERING HERD, THE—Paramount.—Equally as good as "The Covered Wagon." Plenty of action, good cast and beautiful photograph. (April.)

THUNDERING HOOPS—F. B. O.—A peach of a Western, starring Fred Thomson. Filled with all the thrills one can think of and a few more besides. (Jan.)

TOMORROW'S LOVE—Paramount.—An amusing comedy-drama of youthful married life, strengthened by a smashing finish. (March.)

TONGUES OF FLAME—Paramount.—Tommy Meighan strolls placidly through exciting action as the law enforcer who tracks the arranged Indian from unscrupulous capitalists. (February.)

TOO MANY KISSES—Paramount.—Richard Dix goes to Spain and finds romance, thrills and all the other necessities of good farce comedy. (May.)

TOP OF THE WORLD, THE—Paramount.—Nothing to rave about. James Kirkwood appears in a dual role. (April.)

TORNADO, THE—Universal.—House Peters as *Tornado* battles all the roughnecks in the woods and finally demolishes the villain with the aid of a tornado. (February.)

TROUPLING WITH ELLEN—Producers Dist. Corp.—Two men love a little chorus girl. One is a millionaire and other is poor orchestra leader. Will please average audience. (February.)

UP THE LADDER—Universal.—Fair. A man becomes a successful inventor and then forgets the who he married. But he comes down off his perch in the end. (April.)

WAGES OF VIRTUE, THE—Paramount.—Gloria Swanson gives a real performance of the best of her "Carmela." Here we have a wealth of tragedy and comedy. Gloria excels in both. (Feb.)

WAKING UP THE TOWN—United Artists.—Mild fun. A small town story with Jack Pickford and Norma Shearer. (June.)

WAY OF A GIRL, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—An original light comedy with Eleanor Boardman, Matt Moore and William Russell. A pleasant evening. (June.)

WHITE MAN—Sensberg.—Alice Joyce, after an absence of one year, returns to her admirer. The action chiefly concerns a man's honor and respect for a woman. An excellent cast. (January.)

WHITE SHEEP, THE—Pathe.—Effective and amusing all the way. Dramatic story of a tough family wins girls away from his rowdy brother. (February.)

WIFE OF THE GENIUS, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A nice and snappy entertainment with Jack Gilbert, Allen Pringle and Eleanor Boardman. Not for children. (March.)

WINNER TAKE ALL—Fox.—This is different from the usual Charles Jones story. It is filled with snappy action and a lively climax. (January.)

WITHOUT WARNING—Paramount.—This title won the \$2,500 prize in PHOTOPLAY'S \$5,000 contest. It supersedes "The Story Without a Name," under which title the picture was first released. See above under original title for Brief Review of this film.

WIZARD OF OZ, THE—Chadwick Pictures.—Larry Semon in a lively version of the popular classic. Great for the children. (June.)

WORLDLY GOODS—Paramount.—A young husband is a bluffer and wife wears of his idle talk. Divorce threatens, but then he makes good and all is cozy. (January.)

YOUTH AND ADVENTURE—F. B. O.—Richard Talmadge returns to his hero's through a heroic picture that will delight the youngsters. (March.)

Watch for "Hollywood Wears the High Hat"

In August PHOTOPLAY

Just Published!

A Daring NEW Book On Delicate Subject!

Why do most wives fail to hold their husbands? Can a shop-worn girl marry happily? What is the secret of sex attraction? Do you know how to make people love you? What should a man do to captivate a woman? How can a single girl attract the man she desires? How can a husband keep his wife a sweetheart? What makes men unfaithful? Can a dying love be revived? How can both men and women retain their charm always, regardless of age?

ELINOR GLYN, famous author of "Three Weeks" and "The Philosophy of Love," has written an amazing NEW book which fully answers these precious questions—and countless others even more vital to your happiness. "This Passion Called Love" is the title of her brand new book just published. It is not a novel—it is a Wonder Book of Love which strips bare the most intimate relations of men and women—it is a priceless solution of all the perplexing problems of love and marriage, about which most of us know so little and concerning which we should be so well informed.

"This Passion Called Love" will create a sensation and take the country by storm because it tells people the naked truth about the most important things in life—Love and Passion! Of course, narrow-minded critics will say the book is not fit to be read—that it ought to be suppressed. Others will claim that Elinor Glyn should not have dared write about such a breath-taking subject—that she has handled delicate problems with too much frankness. But we want you to read the book before passing an opinion. *This you can do at our risk—without advancing a penny!*

Fearless Answer to Frank Questions

JUST ask yourself these questions frankly: Do you know how a wife can keep her husband home nights? Do you know what "petting" does to women? Do you know how to put obstacles in a man's way and make him want you all the more? What kind of women do men love? How can a woman control the polyamorous nature of man? Why do most people lose their charm at 50, when they still could be fascinating at 50?

Would you like to be the kind of man all women love? Do you know how to say the things that captivate a woman? Will you with the girl you want—or will you take the one you can get? Do you know how to keep a woman in love? Do you know the little things that make women like you?

What does the modern young girl do that disgusts men? What liberties should a wife allow her husband? What are the three ways women may attract men? What should be done when the one you love becomes infatuated with someone else?

How can the clever wife detect that she is being deceived? What about birth control? Should the number of children ever be limited? Is marriage happier with babies or without them? Do you know how to make yourself popular? Do all men make love to you—or are you a "wallflower"? Do you know how to use properly the successful methods of "vampires"? How to make yourself desirable to a man? How to acquire manners that charm?

In "This Passion Called Love," Elinor Glyn fearlessly gives the answer to every question about love, marriage, passion, infidelity—and many other things we dare not even mention here! She boldly answers every tender question all brides wait answered on the eve of their wedding. She shows how love may be controlled, to bring lasting happiness. Tells the unmarried girl how to be attractive—the wife how to hold her husband's love. Shows women how to "manage" men, but not seem to. How to attract people you like. How to tell when a man really loves you. How to satisfy your own appeal. How to dress to lure the opposite sex. She tells men how to keep women in love—warns women about the things that drive desirable men away—explains why most marriages end in indifference, disillusion, or despair. And best of all, she reveals in plain words the complete psychology of successful marriage, and gives countless fresh suggestions that will enable all men and women—both married and single—to find the divine happiness of perfect mating and to get more joy out of it than was ever dreamed of!



SEND NO MONEY

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You need not advance a single penny to get the coupon below—or write a letter—and the book will be sent on approval. When the postman delivers the book to your door—when it is actually in your hands—pay him only \$1.98, plus a few pennies postage, and the book is yours. Go over it to your heart's content—read it from cover to cover—and if you are not more than pleased, simply send the book back in good condition within five days and your \$1.98 will be refunded gladly.

Elinor Glyn's books sell like magic—by the million! "This Passion Called Love," being the most sensational and the most helpful book she has ever written, will be in greater demand than all others. Everybody will talk about it—everybody will buy it. So it will be exceedingly difficult to keep the book in print. It is possible that the present edition may be exhausted, and you may be compelled to wait for your copy, unless you mail the coupon NOW. Mail it to The Authors' Press, Auburn, N. Y., before too late. Then be prepared to read the most helpful book ever written!

The Authors' Press, Dept. 604, Auburn, N. Y.
Please send me on approval Elinor Glyn's new book, "This Passion Called Love." When the postman delivers the book to my door, I will pay him only \$1.98, plus a few pennies postage. It is understood, however, that this is not to be considered a purchase. If the book does not in every way come up to expectations, I reserve the right to return it any time within five days after it is received, and you agree to refund my money.

Do-Lite Leather Edition: We have prepared a Limited Edition, elegantly bound in Royal Green Genuine Leather and \$3.98, plus a few pennies postage. No extra charge. No expense spared—made a gorgeous gift. If you prefer this book, place a cross in the little square at the right, and pay the postman only \$2.50 plus postage.

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IMPORTANT!—If you reside outside the U. S. A., payment must be made in advance. Retailer Edition, \$2.14. Leather Edition, \$3.14. Cash with coupon.

Priceless Secrets Revealed in "This Passion Called Love"

- How a wife can keep her husband in love.
- How to win the girl you love.
- How a plain girl, if she play her cards properly, can be more alluring than a dazzling beauty.
- What to do when marriage seems a failure.
- How husbands and wives can avoid being cheated out of happiness.
- Fearless advice to those about to marry.
- Babies and birth control.
- Mistakes of the honeymoon.
- How wives trick their husbands.
- How a woman may always remain desirable.
- How to satisfy a man's craving instincts.
- Unsatisfactory husbands—and what they should do.
- How to make someone love you.
- How the busy housewife may keep herself attractive.
- Little wives that women may properly use to charm men.
- How warped tendencies may be controlled.
- How to "outwit" the other woman.
- How the girl in business can marry happily.
- Actions that make a woman charming.
- The kind of men all women love.
- How to preserve your youth and attractiveness.
- The important problems of new-wives.
- Fatal mistakes of wives.
- How to find the joys of love.
- What the success of marriage depends upon.
- How to recognize a person who could not remain true.
- Wise words to young men.
- What every single girl should know.
- A warning against grave dangers.
- How to judge a man's time for marriage.
- And hundreds of other priceless revelations.



Among Philadelphia Debutantes—

This soap is 7 times as popular as any other for the care of the skin

NEW YORK'S lovely debutantes, inimitable for chic, daring, vivacity—

Boston's debutantes, girls with the dazzling freshness and grace of flowers—

Washington's, Baltimore's debutantes—charming descendants of an aristocracy famous for beautiful women—

Philadelphia debutantes, with their old-world beauty and breeding—

How do all these young society girls take care of their skin? What soap do they use to keep their skin soft, smooth, flawless?

An overwhelming majority prefer this one soap

It was to learn the answer to these questions that we conducted an investigation among the debutantes of five leading cities.

We discovered these facts—

Among New York's one hundred and sixty debutantes of the season, Woodbury's Facial Soap is more than three times as popular as any other; among Boston debutantes, nearly five times as popular; by the debutantes of Washington and Baltimore, preferred six times over to any other soap; and among Philadelphia debutantes, seven times as popular as any other.

"I use it because of its pleasant and softening effect on the skin."

"It imparts a smooth glow to the skin, and relieves an oily condition."

"Mother insists it is the best toilet soap; it makes my skin feel nice and smooth."

HOW TO CORRECT AN OILY SKIN

First cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and luke-warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's in your hands.

Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

This treatment will make your skin fresher and clearer the first time you use it. Make it a nightly habit and you will see a marked improvement.

"It improves my skin (i. e. blackheads and large pores)."

These are characteristic comments made by the Philadelphia debutantes, in telling why they use Woodbury's Facial Soap.

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for absolutely pure ingredients. It also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap.

Around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is wrapped a booklet containing special cleansing treatments for overcoming common skin defects. Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter! A 25-cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.



AMONG Philadelphia's lovely young debutantes of the season, Woodbury's was found to be seven times as popular as any other soap, for keeping the skin smooth, soft, and flawless.

FREE OFFER

A GUEST-SIZE SET, containing the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Cut out the coupon and send for the free set today!



THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.
507 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me FREE

The new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder, and the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 507 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont. English Agents: Quelch and Gambles, Ltd., Blackfriars Road, London, S. E. 1

Name..... Street.....

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



Melbourne Spurr

*New
Pictures*

ALLOW us to present the new Marion Davies. For Marion has emerged from costume pictures and spectacles. In "Zander the Great" she establishes herself as a piquant comedienne. Her performance is one of the outstanding hits of the year.



Melbourne Spurr

SOMETIMES we disagree with Nazimova's film portrayals; more often we admire them. But she always remains one of the colorful and dominant actresses of motion pictures.



Meibourne Spurr

EVEN in the screen world of feminine loveliness, Mary Astor's beauty is in a class by itself. She is a miniature edition of Maxine Elliott. You will see her soon in "The Unguarded Hour."



Russell Ball

A YOUNG emotional actress of great achievement and greater promise, Dorothy Mackaill has a clear path to stardom. Her portrayal of Chickie was a poignant and beautiful one. She is now appearing opposite Richard Barthelmess in "Shore Leave."



WHEN Lila Lee left the stage, she was one of its most popular child stars. Now she is returning in a farce that will soon be presented on Broadway. The former "Cuddles," of vaudeville fame, is now the grown-up Mrs. James Kirkwood.



Witzel

MAY we venture to predict that, in a year from now, Pauline Starke will be one of our most important stars? Pauline has successfully developed a distinctive and interesting screen personality.



Melbourne Spurr

LEATRICE JOY once said that she would never permit her daughter, Leatrice Joy Gilbert, to face the camera. But you can easily see why the proud mother relented and now allows the world to know that she has one of the prettiest babies of them all.



Damp towels are dangerous hamper companions for chiffon stockings

What happens when delicate silks are put in a hamper with the towels, sheets and colored cottons of the weekly wash?

Simply this: they wear out long before they have given the service you have reason to expect of them.

Why? Because, even though not obviously soiled, they contain perspiration acids from the skin, which are kept moist by the hamper dampness and destroy the silk fibres.

So to preserve fragile garments and prolong the length of their service, many women have made it a habit to tub them in Ivory suds as soon as possible after they are worn, whether they LOOK soiled or not.

In this way acid action and the fading and streaking that come from tossing such garments into stuffy Hampers are all prevented. All delicate things reward this simple care with far longer life.

Of course, to tub such delicate things

for chiffon stockings

frequently, great care must be taken in the choice of the soap, for a soap that is the slightest bit too strong will spoil your whole effort by injuring the fabrics and colors.

Ivory (cake or flakes) is safe. For, as you know, Ivory has for 46 years protected something far more sensitive—the complexions of millions of women.

A soap safe enough for daily use on your face is safe for anything that will stand the touch of pure water. The best test we know of for determining the

safety of a soap for delicate silks and woolsens is this: Ask yourself, "Would I use it on my face?"

BLANKETS—

how to wash them safely

Harsh soap, rubbing and extremes of temperature cause sensitive wool fibres to mat down, shrink and become hard and scratchy. Keep your blankets fluffy this way:

For 1 double or 2 single blankets, dissolve 1 teacupful of Ivory Flakes in hot water; pour into washtub $\frac{2}{3}$ full of lukewarm water, and beat up a thick suds. Shake the dry blanket well to remove dust; plunge into suds, working up and down with the hands, squeezing suds through it. Press water from the blanket and repeat operation in fresh suds of same temperature.

Rinse in three clear lukewarm waters. In the last rinse, dissolve enough Ivory Flakes to make water milky. Wring loosely and hang in open air.

IVORY

99 $\frac{4}{100}$ % PURE

CAKES FLAKES

PHOTOPLAY

July, 1925

Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

WILLIAM A. BRADY, the New York theatrical manager, in a newspaper interview says that stage censorship is inevitably coming. As to who is to blame for this condition he is purposely vague, but he does use the word "they," and everyone knows he means by that certain theatrical producers. It is too bad that "they" are so short-sighted as to run the risk of crippling drama and cutting profits by a too intense greed of the moment. One would think that with the example of the cramping effects of motion picture censorship before them even the most reckless of stage producers would use a little common sense and not push their daring too far.

WHAT constitutes melodrama? Earl Sande's feat on Flying Ebony at Churchill Downs inspires us to ask the question. The story of that race could be lifted almost bodily from real life on to the stage or the screen. Here is a horse that the wise ones said didn't have a chance, and here is a rider who, by all the traditions of the track, ought to have been through. Last year a broken leg and smashed ribs were supposed to have killed Sande's nerve, yet he comes back and out of a ruck of twenty-one horses lifts his mount to victory. Put that on the screen and the boosters for "art" would call it melodrama.

THE trouble with the art hounds is that they do a little censoring of life itself. With them, if a man finds his wife with a philanderer, that's a "situation." If the aforesaid philanderer is kicked down the stairs, that's "comedy"; if the outraged husband uses a gat, that's "melodrama." To them there is no drama unless any subject is discussed in snappy epigrams. Life isn't permitted to function normally unless the highbrow so wills.

IF one of the old time movies comes to your local house as a novelty feature of the program, don't miss it. For one thing you'll laugh until your sides ache. But more important, you'll get a true perspective of present-day photodrama. The most badly conceived, directed and played picture of today is a gem compared with those early fumbles into the realm of the cinema.

PERHAPS the best evidence of the real standing of the motion picture industry are certain advertising figures. One of the largest organizations in the field reaches

annually sixty million people through its advertising. These advertisements appear in nearly every national magazine and in over two score farm papers. Men who are willing to advertise their wares on so vast a scale evidently take their business quite seriously, and in spite of all fault finding and adverse criticism they know in the long run that the public is behind them. Men who are doing petty things don't dig their foundations so deep.

MANY parents believe that there aren't enough productions for children. Possibly they are right, and yet there is reason to believe that the grown-ups when they offer this criticism are looking at life through the eyes of their own childhood or adolescence. Louise M. Alcott, Horatio Alger and such others went over big with them, but many youngsters today complain that even Robert Louis Stevenson is dull reading. Parents have an idea that educational subjects and fairy tales would screen well. Children when taken by mothers and nurses to see such pictures are politely interested, but it's on the afternoons when "The Big Death Mystery" serial is on that the boys whistle and cheer. We can hardly expect them to get their minds readily off their present environment of radio, motor cars and jazz, and tune them in to the placid reflections of a past generation.

NOW it's "vaudeville screen entertainment"—short-reelers only. E. W. Hammons, president of Educational, is going to erect or acquire twenty houses devoted to this purpose. That is, at least, the announcement. The novelty of the plan is one reason why it ought to succeed. Another and still better reason is that many people with only an hour or less to spare would like to drop into a picture house. They can come away satisfied without having to leave in the middle of a five- or six-reel play.

THE movies of fifteen or eighteen years ago were, in fact, much on the vaudeville order. One can hardly give a different classification to those one- and two-reel performances. We can recall having seen eight reels of six different subjects for a nickel. But the public's picture tastes are grownup today and something mighty good and novel will have to be offered to make the new venture a success. But it can be done. There is room for experimentation in short subjects that may show results both surprising and impressive.



How Hollywood welcomes a local girl who makes good



Gloria and the Marquis at the triumphant home-coming

Hollywood's First Nights

As reported by Adela Rogers St. Johns

A MOB outside, clamoring and cheering, packing the streets in every direction. Windows in every office building for blocks filled with eager faces. Men and women and children standing tiptoe on the tops of their cars, parked beside the curb. Long lines of limousines fighting their way inch-by-inch through the sea of humanity. Frantic policemen, helpless before the wild enthusiasm of the crowd.

Inside, the most distinguished and gorgeous audience in the world, necks craning constantly toward the back of the house.

The flags of America and France, side by side.

The great symphony orchestra playing, "Home, Sweet Home."

Then—a small, hesitant figure, wrapped from top to toe in folds of shimmering silver, advancing slowly down the aisle.

And Gloria Swanson had come home.

It was an opening—that first night of "Madame Sans Gene" in Los Angeles. It was a home-coming—and such a home-coming as probably no other woman in this age has ever known.

The brass bands at the station—the flags and banners, "Our Gloria"—the mountains of flowers—the wild cheering of the throngs. The studio, gone mad with enthusiasm from the greatest executive to the smallest property boy, sweeping her off her feet, strewing her every step with masses of roses. The opening itself, with such a reception as in the past has

been given only to a beloved sovereign—all that was only the outward sign of Gloria's home-coming.

It was the love, the admiration, the welcome that radiated from every face, that beat in every heart that was the real thing. There can be no question about it now. Gloria Swanson is queen.

Even the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye, the tall, handsome, kindly looking young Frenchman who is Gloria's new husband, sank into the background, anxious as everyone was to see him. "Hank," the gang called Henry, on the trip by special train across the continent. And he looks like that, in spite of his soldierly air, gift of his distinguished service to France during the war, and his evident stamp of aristocracy.

But it was Gloria's night.

And as she stood there to make her bow, on a little raised platform, introduced by Cecil De Mille, who had so much to do with making her what she is, something of all it meant was written in the quivering lips, the tear-filled eyes, the softened face. She swayed so as the thunders of applause struck her that she had to steady herself with a hand upon her husband's shoulder to keep from falling.

There you saw written, in the sweetness and the love and the new womanliness, the history of the little girl who first came to Hollywood only ten years ago, begging for a job at two dollars a day, of the girl who left Hollywood only two or three years ago with her future very much in the balance.

It wasn't the new manner, the poise and presence and culture that Gloria has acquired that made the audience to the highest seat in the gallery rise and cheer her madly. It wasn't Madame la Marquise that they were greeting.

It was little Gloria Swanson, whom they'd known since she was a bathing girl on a comedy lot, who had come back to them with the sceptre in her hand and that new, big, fine look in her face. For the grit, the sheer determination, the genius, the force and fire were all melted together into a sweetness that, I, at least, have never seen before in Gloria's face.

Altogether it was such a night as we will probably never see again. All the circumstances can never be combined. Gloria's popularity, that has been sweeping the country like wildfire, her amazing marriage, quite the biggest marriage any motion picture star has ever made, her illness in Paris when for days we thought we might lose her, her long absence—all these contributed to make for her a great and heart-stirring background.

And against that background she stood out the best known woman in the world today, and the most interesting feminine personality of the present generation.

A FEW highlights on Gloria's home-coming:

The way Gloria and her husband laughed together over everything, like a couple of happy children.

The company of motor cycle cops that escorted Madame la Marquise through town and out to the Hollywood studio, every siren shrieking.

Gloria and the Marquis, after the excitement of the studio was over, retiring to Gloria's Beverly Hills home and shutting the door very, very firmly between themselves and the world.

At the opening—

Norma Shearer's lovely long hair, brushed straight back off her forehead and leaving her ears uncovered, dressed quite elaborately and in such contrast to all the different bobs.

Gloria's own new bob, which isn't a bob at all, but a haircut just like your little brother gets.

Jetta Goudal's stunning head dress. Shimmering cloth of gold, changing to scarlet and purple in the lights, wrapped exactly like the "White Sister."

Lois Wilson, weeping openly with delight over "her Gloria." For Lois' loyalty to Gloria has been long and unshakable and very sweet.

Alice Joyce, in a wine-red velvet cloak, serene, soft, smooth as a strand of pearls, accompanied by Adolph Zukor.

The break in Cecil De Mille's voice, when having introduced Mr. Zukor, and Mr. Jesse Lasky, and Mr. Sidney R. Kent, he said, "But there's some one else. A little girl who——" It's the first time anyone ever saw C. B. overcome with emotion, but he was, really.

The tremendous and spontaneous burst of applause given Ernest Torrence, as he came down the aisle on his crutches. Outside of Miss Swanson, he got the biggest hand of the evening.

May Allison, back in Hollywood, all softly wrapped in Nile green chiffon and looking lovelier than I ever saw her.

Douglas MacLean in the lobby afterwards, perfectly hoarse from shouting so much—lots of the men there sounded like they'd been to a football game.

Nita Naldi in a cloak of gorgeous purple and red ostrich feathers, the long, soft kind.

The pink camellias in Leatrice Joy's hair, just two of them holding back her black tresses. Very effective.

Allan Dwan, with Bessie Love on one arm, her shoulders and short-clipped head emerging from an enormous cloud of green tulle, and Constance Bennett on the other, very blase and blonde in chinchilla.

Claire Windsor standing in the gutter with her silver slippers gray with dirt, trying to get through the crowd to her car.

Some of the old gang from the Lasky studio whooping like wild Indians at the sight of Gloria.

The amazing reception given Sidney R. Kent, Paramount executive, which proved a personal popularity beyond what most executives can ever boast.



A flashlight of Marion Davies and Norma Talmadge at the opening of "Zander the Great"

THE opening of a Marion Davies picture is certainly an event in Los Angeles. I don't know why everyone makes so much more fuss about it than about any other opening, but they certainly do. The stars all turn out in their best bibs and tuckers, and the crowds mass the streets for blocks, and there is an atmosphere of gala excitement in the air, like a carnival or a festa or something.

Maybe they catch it from Marion herself, who is always like that.

Anyway, when "Zander the Great" opened at the Criterion in Los Angeles, it took the whole police department as well as a lot of ropes to keep back the crowds.

Marion herself was all in white, when she jumped out of her big car and started waving at the crowd—white chiffon, made very simply, with a belt of rhinestones about the hips and a full skirt, and over it a cloak of white and gold brocade, with a double ermine collar. With her were Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Chaplin—Mrs. Chaplin muffled in a gorgeous coat of gray squirrel with gray fox collar and cuffs, worn over a dinner frock of gray chiffon, heavily beaded in orchid; Joe Schenck and Norma Talmadge, and oh, Norma did look too lovely, in rose color, with a divine cape of rose chiffon, the collar made entirely of big, soft silken roses; Buster Collier and Constance Talmadge, Mrs. Elinor Glyn, in [CONTINUED ON PAGE 128]

Now, Did You

That Clara Beranger and
Geraldine Farrar
are almost doubles?



Clara Beranger's resemblance to Geraldine Farrar sometimes fools even acquaintances of the prima donna



PEOPLE that look alike are supposed to have the same general qualities. And doesn't it seem as if there is a lot to this theory, for the various notables pictured on these two pages certainly have similarity of pursuits. It is true that while Geraldine Farrar is a singer and Clara Beranger a scenarioist, yet ultimately their purpose is the same—to please the public through entertainment. It is more than chance, too, that

When Elinor Glyn noticed that Aileen Pringle looked like her, she selected her for the leading role in "Three Weeks." Miss Pringle further accentuated the similarity by dressing in the Glyn style



Even a definite and unusual type like Adolphe Menjou has his double. In "The Air Mail," Richard Tucker, by a camera freak, suddenly found himself looking like Menjou. The latter has his own typical wondering look, as though he were a bit surprised himself by the striking likeness. We don't know whether Adolphe would be at home in an aeroplane, but we've never seen him any place where he was not quite at his ease

Ever Notice—

*That Monte Blue and
Rod LaRocque are
enough alike to be twins?*

Elinor Glyn should have selected her own type in Aileen Pringle to visualize her brain creations. A character analyst could tell the fine points of difference between May McAvoy and Jacqueline Logan, but to our uninitiated eye they might be twins. It's too bad that all these persons are too famous to take a holiday. Otherwise Adolphe, or Rod, or Monte, might bribe his double to perform for him while he sneaked off on a little fishing trip.



The fact that Monte Blue and Rod LaRocque are doubles hasn't worked against the success of either actor



Priscilla Dean and Joseph Schildkrad are enough alike to be brother and sister. In fact, Priscilla looks even more like Joseph than he does himself—if you know what we mean

At first glance, can you tell which is May McAvoy and which is Jacqueline Logan? The girls might be twins and yet their personalities are so distinct that it takes the impartial eye of the camera to reveal the unusual resemblance. Right here we're going to suggest a new fad—make mental notes of all your screen favorites and see how many you can pair off into the same family class. It would be interesting, anyway





Here you see Ruth Mix with her pony, "Man." She's almost as much at home on horseback as her illustrious father

A Chip Off the Old Block

She's Tom Mix's daughter, Ruth, and a "regular" girl

By Ivan St. Johns

Ruth Mix looks fifteen or sixteen years old and rides like an Indian, and why shouldn't she, for she was born on her grandparents' big cattle ranch, "The Flying Z," near Dewey, Oklahoma, and has spent almost all of her short life on horseback.

A range bred pony about fourteen hands high, the little pinto, "Man," is the apple of Ruth's eye. A gift from one of the Flying Z cowboys, she broke and gentled him herself and has devoted all of her spare time to his education.

And besides being an all-around cow horse, "Man" is a trick and high school horse of real talent. He will follow his mistress about like a dog, kneels for her to mount and does almost everything but talk. He looks much like a pocket edition of Bill Hart's famous pinto and is every bit as smart, according to Ruth.

When you meet Ruth the first question she asks is "have you seen 'Man'?" Of course I hadn't, so there was nothing for it but that I should get in their big touring car and, accompanied by Ward Lascelle and Mrs. Mix, drive out to the ranch to the pony.

It was time for Ruth's daily visit, anyway, and "Man" was expecting us. At her whistle he almost broke through his box stall to get out and when one of the boys opened his door he fairly tore for the car and his mistress. Then out came the saddle. Ruth refuses to let anyone saddle up for her and you can't blame her much, owning, as she does, such a pony and such a riding outfit. Her handsome little saddle is silver-mounted, as are the bridle and the martingales, the gift of none other than Raymond Hitchcock.

Then Ruth put "Man" through his paces. Dressed in a suit of buckskin and a broad brimmed sombrero, and quirt in hand, little Miss Mix looked like a picture of the old west.

Without so much as a word she started from the corral, "Man" following along at her heels like a big, faithful dog. Then, at a signal, he knelted and his mistress mounted. A flip of the quirt and they were off across the open country in a cloud of dust. And then, circling, they were back again at top speed. When it looked as though they were headed straight into our auto, "Man" sat suddenly down upon his haunches (at least it looked that way) and the pair was with us again.

And what do you think this little girl's idea of a vacation is? Well, this summer Mr. Lascelle has promised to give her several weeks off and she's going up to Calgary, Canada, for the annual Stampede.

I'll say she's a chip off the old block!

NOW comes the second generation of daring riders. Ruth Mix, daughter of Tom Mix, is to be starred in a series of western dramas, and believe me, Ruth has inherited all her daddy's ability to sit on a horse under any and all circumstances. As a cowgirl, she's a "regular hand," so all the boys tell me.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was the first of the second line to step forward and demand recognition and in his last pictures he has proved himself a talented and capable little actor. Now comes this slim, black-eyed, black-haired daughter of the great western star as the first girl to carry on the screen tradition of a family.

For unless I am all wrong, little Ruth Mix has not only the sensational riding and stunt ability of her famous father, but much of his lovable and indomitable screen personality as well.

Anyway, Ruth and her little trick pony, "Man," about whom I will tell you more later, have been signed by the Ward Lascelle productions and are soon to start their first western thriller, "Tol'able Ruth."

Ruth, who besides having Tom Mix for her father and Olive Stokes Mix, who is part Cherokee Indian, for her mother, also claims Raymond Hitchcock for a god-father. Last year she was a headliner in vaudeville, but like so many others, she has decided to give up the stage for the screen. A home in Hollywood, where she can have her beloved "paint" pony, "Man," always with her is much preferable to fifty-two weeks on the road.

The Chinese Jane

The Orient
claims
its own,
as this
short story
proves

Illustrated by
Harley Ennis Stivers



The princess was lovely, languid and pungent. If she cared it was to the faraway music of gongs

Harley
Ennis
Stivers

CONRAD NOEL'S conception of the Orient, as you can guess, was considerably more oriental than any actual spot east or west of Suez. His Persia as you see it on the screen is the country you think it is, not the bot, smelly actuality.

Noël is the director who has improved on the Bible, on the "Arabian Nights," on Omar Khayyam and on Kipling. He has never been across the Pacific and so is not hampered in the least by facts. And his imagination is a gloriously colorful thing.

The set he was using for "The Kashmir Shawl," for instance. It was a thing of teasing high sweeps of tapestry. Your eye started to follow the lines of its dusky drapes and got lost in the realm of pure fancy. There was actual color in the fabrics but not so much as you thought you saw. There was no incense at all on the set, just powder from smoke boxes which photographs better; no chests of spices, and yet you'd swear that you could smell both.

And there was no Persian princess reclining, jewel draped, on a tremendous sullen floor pillow, but you would have thought that May Lou was one.

You would never have guessed that she was the same girl whom you might have seen leaving the laundry of her august father, John Long H'wang that morning, and being driven to the studio in a battered Ford coupe by her brother Frank.

By Frank R. Adams

If you had seen May and Frank driving to work you would not, as a matter of fact, have thought that they were any different from the occupants of any other battered Ford coupe, of which you might have seen a great many along the Hollywood highways.

Because, save for a certain expression around the eyes, May and Frank looked pretty much the way you and I do. They had been born in Los Angeles and had never been any nearer to China than that. They dressed the way you and I do and talked the way we do, only perhaps a trifle more so, as will appear.

May Lou, with whom this chronicle is principally concerned, had bobbed her hair and wore sport costumes and dancing frocks that were just exactly up to the second as far as style was concerned. That is, she dressed that way on the street. In the studio she probably wore less than any other motion picture actress, including Mae Murray even. Because May Lou was always cast for Persian princesses, Hindu houris and similar travelers on the road to Mandalay. And the characters fitted her like her costume which, as above mentioned, consisted principally of her own golden bronze hide.

As now, for instance. Conrad Noël, once O'Neil but later idealized like one of his sets, gazed at the princess on the sulky pillow and forgot that he had made her himself out of the

prosaic raw material of May Lou H'wang (the daughter of a laundryman), several wisps of chiffon, a property box full of glass jewelry and a few softened flood lights put in the right places.

The princess was lovely, languid and pungent. If she moved it was to the faraway music of gongs, reeds and goatskin drums. It was a strange thing that the more clothes you took off from May Lou the less like an American girl she seemed. Her mystery increased as she was revealed.

Conrad Noël wondered if her flesh did have the lithe suppleness of leopards as he imagined it might, or—
"Everybody is ready, Mr. Noël," the assistant director announced respectfully.

"All right," Noël accepted the deference. "Run through the scene just as we did it last time, and then we'll shoot it."

Noël did not often indulge in day-dreams on the set. Nor did he continue in his mental wanderings any further that afternoon. Instead, he shot a dozen more scenes in that sequence and "wrapped 'em up," before quitting time.

"Woof!" said May Lou, putting a pair of slippers on her bare feet preparatory to walking to her dressing room. "If anybody said to go through that last scene again I'd tell 'em to go cook a radish. Mike," to an electrician, "give me a drag from your cigarette. I'm so tired that the only way I'll get home is on casters."

LEAVING the set she had to pass Mr. Noël, still seated in the folding canvas chair with his name on it, which was his throne. He did not notice her, apparently, but when she was nearest he said, "May Lou."

"Yes, Mr. Noël." May Lou purred at his side.

"I don't want you to be friendly with the electricians and mechanics around here."

"Why not? Why should I high-tail anybody? They all know me for just what I am."

Noël looked at her now. "Just what are you, May Lou?"

"Why, nothing but a common or garden Chinese jane."

"Well, I've decided that you're going to be something different. So no more sharing cigarettes with this crew."

That seemed to be all. May Lou moved along. When she was out of sight around a corner she rubbed her cheek with her hand. She felt somehow as if it had been cut with a whip and it still stung a little. She decided that she liked it.

The next week the local newspapers carried the princess story. May Lou H'wang was, according to the imagination of the press agent, a fugitive member of the royal family exiled from China since the republic. It was a good story, embroidered on heavy silk and fragrant with eastern spices. Conrad Noël's press representative had been working with him a long time and could accompany him on a flight of fancy without any further preparation than filling his fountain pen.

That wasn't all that happened to May Lou, either. Her salary was raised dizzily and she was instructed how to spend it. That included the rental of a hillside bungalow away from all association with the laundry, the purchase of an entirely new wardrobe, not Chinese, but foreign looking, as far from flapper styles as it was possible to get.

Conrad Noël called sometimes at her bungalow to see how she was getting along. He never stayed more than fifteen minutes and his conversation was limited chiefly to instructions as to what she should and should not do. He was making her over

according to a pattern in his mind. When he had finished she would be, like one of his studio sets, a thing more flawless than nature. May Lou was being molded into a princess out of a story book, a creature infinitely more regal than any real one could possibly be.

He hinted that slang did not fit in with the new characterization. She dropped it, save in moments of extreme privacy as when she was with her sport model brother, Frank.

"Be yourself," he had implored when he had called to bring her house laundry from the paternal plant. "I knew you when you was able to vote in American."

Then May Lou laughed and relapsed into the Lardner language she was accustomed to.

But with other people she watched herself. What Hollywood nymph wouldn't if Conrad Noël, who made stars, had suggested it?

In connection with Noël's plan for building up a personality around May Lou something happened which seemed to be a very fortunate circumstance. Whether it really was fortunate or not is a matter of which Director Noël himself is the best judge.

The something which happened was the arrival in Los Angeles of Suie Sing Wong, lately a lieutenant in the army of Young China and more recently still a post graduate in medical science from Oxford. He was on his way back to China to take an official position of some sort under the chaotic government which prevailed.

He sent a polite note to the studio, which in turn was referred to the press agent of Conrad Noël's unit, requesting the privilege of seeing May Lou H'wang at work. This looked like a good story, and Joe Connell, the P. A. above referred to, thought he would work it up a little.

SO, with the grudging (but not very) consent of Conrad Noël, who hated publicity as a lizard dislikes the sunlight, it was arranged that May Lou, just then working in an especially gorgeous set and an infinitesimal costume that made her look like a splendid and slightly naughty goddess, should receive Suie Sing Wong

at the studio and, in the afternoon, entertain him at tea.

May Lou was, for the first time in her impudent young life, distinctly frightened.

"Gee," she said, dropping her character inadvertently and lapsing into the language in which she thought, "this real salt water Chink is going to see through me like a windshield. He's going to be wise to the fact that I don't know a thing about China except that chow dogs come from there. The only Chinese I can speak is a couple of cuss words and a little pidgin English. Wouldn't I spill the limas all over the lot if I said to this bozo, 'No tlicker no wasbee, allee samee first chop laundee'?"

"Here, here," interrupted Conrad Noël, appalled at the sudden disintegration of the character he had so carefully built up. "Your instructions are not to say anything. In the first place Chinese women aren't supposed to talk when men are around—I read that in a book—and in the second place a princess, even without a throne, would scarcely speak much to an officer of the revolutionary army that overthrew her dynasty."

"Wait, chief," Joe Connell interjected, "this chap was mixed up with the outfit that tried to restore the monarchy, wasn't he?"



MAURICE'S DAUGHTERS

HERE are Helene and Dolores Costello. You will see more of them on the screen because they have been signed by the Warner Brothers to appear in their productions.

Of course you remember their father, Maurice Costello. He was the first matinee idol of the screen when he was leading man for the old Vitagraph Company. Incidentally, he was also one of the first actors of real distinction to be developed by the then-infant industry.

Helene and Dolores were children then, when father was at the height of his fame. And they often played around the old studio in Brooklyn. Now they have grown up and have taken a few small parts in pictures. Acting comes naturally to them; from their father they have inherited both ability and charm. They belong to that select group of young players to whom the screen has become a tradition.

So make way for the second generation!

"How should I know?" Conrad demanded irritably. "Anyway, Chinese politics is going to be a taboo subject at this tea party. Because you're so wise we'll let you do most of the talking, Joe, while the princess and I will sit back and get an education in diplomacy."

Sue Sing Wong arrived and was duly impressed. Anyone would have had to be. Half a million dollars isn't spent to secure an effect of magnificence without securing an effect of something—especially if it is spent by an artist in lavishness.

And May Lou was regal. Inside she may have been quivering "like a dinge at Ku Klux necktie party," as she told



Angry, he released May Lou. "I don't receive visitors here," he said

her brother later, but Dr. Sue Sing Wong did not discover it.

On the contrary he fell for May Lou's charms, which were not hidden under any bushel by any means, as if he had been a moth getting acquainted with an arc-light. When he left he had made an engagement to call. Conrad Noël chafed her about it the next day. "I thought, Princess, that you Chinese were an unemotional, dispassionate people."

"Probably you thought wrong," May returned complacently, arranging over her lovely bronze hip the knot of gold ribbon which was her costume for that day. "I don't know anything about Chinks myself but I suspect somehow that they discovered sex a couple of thousand years before Elinor Glyn could even spell it. You've got to remember that a Chinaman never tells the neighbors all that he knows."

Which was true even of Princess May Lou herself. She did not tell Conrad Noël how often Dr. Sue Sing Wong came to see her nor of what they talked. She had an intuitive idea that Noël would not like it.

She received him in a Chinese house dress, black satin, high, tight-collared, long skirt with trousers underneath. Her lips were made up, not flapper fashion, but, as Conrad had taught her, in an exaggerated blossom. Fully clothed she looked smaller, and in the miniature loveliness of her extremely arti-

ficial little home she seemed especially pensive, not as if she were thinking deep thoughts but more as though she were waiting for something. It was a wistful expression of woman youth.

Dr. Sue Sing Wong told her during his third or fourth call the reason why he had come to Los Angeles on his way to China when it would have been so much nearer to have gone via Suez.

"In London," he said unemotionally, as if he were speaking of someone not himself, "I witnessed 'The Magic Carpet' in one of the great cinema theaters. The story was childish, but among the characters moved a very lovely woman whom I recognized as one of my own race. She was more than I dreamed that a woman could be and she aroused in me a vague unrest which certainly has no place in the breast of a scientist, especially of a scientist about to devote his life to the hopeless troubles of a pest-ridden country. To quiet that unrest I had to see her. So I came. I hoped to find that I had been tricked by a camera lens—that no such person existed."

He paused. May Lou listened breathlessly. She did not show it, of course, but any woman [CONTINUED ON PAGE 124]

CLOSE-UPS *and* LONG-SHOTS

By Herbert Howe

Satire, Humor and Some Sense

ASSAULTED by letters from my admirers the world over wanting to know what went wrong with the radio program I attempted on Happy Homes of Hollywood, I have decided to issue a statement.

Don't blame the radio. What you heard was not static—it was the Happy Homes.

For instance, Dagmar Godowsky-Mayo, a star of the program, sent word at the last minute that she was giving Frank Mayo a surprise party that evening to announce her marriage to another fellow.

The Chaplins were not at home, and a voice on the telephone speaking the language of Hashimura Togo suggested we tune in on the fights at the American Legion stadium.

Mrs. Ronald Colman was at home but Ronald was not, though subpoenaed.

The Vidors said there was nothing to say except that both their homes were very happy.

Bob Leonard when located had nothing to say, as he had assigned all radio rights to his wife, Mae Mayoy, who was broadcasting from the Eiffel Tower in Paris. Mae said Bob had deserted her, he having remained in Hollywood while she went to Paris.

The Conrad Nagels said they were happy but thought it bad publicity on account of the child; said they didn't want her pointed out by playmates as the child of those happy Nagels.

Little Farina, known in private life as Hot Dog Hoskins, sent an indignant note in hot Ethiopian declaring she was a respectable single man though colored.

After plugging in on one more happy home and getting nothing but the gongs of ambulance and patrol wagon I gave up in despair.

Hereafter I shall leave the subject of Happy Homes of Hollywood to Announcer Will Hays.

My next big radio program will be on the subject of Kindness to Animals and will be delivered from the bullfight arena at Tia Juana.

IT is with Hollywood as the poet said, "Love comes unseen; we only see it go." Or, rather, with Hollywood it's a case where the hand of the divorce law is quicker than the eye.

HOLLYWOOD leads the world as the realm of spectacular individuals. It holds courts as colorful as any of the middle ages. Europe has overthrown its monarchies, but we have Hollywood to supply the world need for pomp and circumstance.

What queen, dead or alive, ever incited

TOM MIX has remained on the pedestal for some time. Perhaps he reveals a reason for his stability when he says:

"It looked to me some years ago like the folks everywhere, especially the boys, had put me—as I am in pictures—on a sort of pedestal. That's the main thing. And I have tried to stay there. I'd hate to disappoint a single one of them and I won't take a chance, that's all."

Spoken like a man, Thomas. What the pictures need are more men . . . as any casting director will tell you.

such an ovation as given Gloria upon her return from France? Her triumphant entry of Hollywood was marked by flag-waving and flower-tossing. The peasantry howled outside the theater as she appeared in person, and stars of smaller spud jostled madly in an effort to obtain her glance. Had she arrived in a coach, the lords and ladies would have unhitched the horses and dragged her through the streets. As it was, they could only throw themselves under the wheels of the Rolls-Royce in the hope of making her pathway softer.

The only one, I venture to say, who viewed the spectacle for what it was worth was little Gloria herself. That's why she's queen.

HOLLYWOOD and Paris are the most interesting cities in the world. Both are international. Hollywood is no more American than Paris is French. My friends—meaning those who shake a samaritan cocktail—include Italian, Pole, German, Spaniard, Mexican and Yankee. The last is the least American of all, having been steeped in Hollywood for fifteen years.

Out of sheer protective feeling I all but shield a wheat cake at Betty Blythe when once she asked an interviewer if he didn't think the motion picture people would eventually become a race apart—like the Polynesian.

The interviewer guffawed at Betty, but I'll bet right now that Betty has the last laugh.

WRITERS who die and go to heaven never come back except as spooks. No more do the writers who go to Hollywood and die. If they do return they are usually gibbering ghosts of their former selves. Thus my prayers go out for the sophisticated young Michael Arlen as he ventures courageously into the lair of Pollyanna.

IF you want to get box-office results, said Shakespeare to Carl Laemmle, you must hold the mirror up to nature. As one producer to another, doesn't that sound logical? The trouble is that most directors and scenario writers, instead of holding the mirror up to nature, tilt it lazily at other screen productions. Thus pictures become a series of reflections, each further off from nature than the predecessor. I recently read a script with such directions as, "a typical Lillian Gish close-up," "an Adolphe Menjou smile," "a De Mille flash-back" and "a Griffith finish." Holy goulash!

"WHAT does the screen need?"

I asked Jesse L. Lasky.

"Just one thing," he replied, "young people of evident breeding and refinement."

To promote the discovery of such young people Mr. Lasky and Mr. Zukor have founded the Paramount Pictures School.

I once suggested that the picture corporations send their scouts for talent to the college campuses, as the Standard Oil Corporation does. While beauty and brains are not confined to fraternities and sororities, it is equally true that they are not the exclusive property of choruses and cabarets, to which producers have confined their explorations heretofore.

TO encourage other producers who may shy at Mr. Lasky's idea as being a bit dreamy, if not downright radical, I present two exhibits of breeding and refinement, each paying as well as any female Gunga-Din from the Winter Garden or any greased hoover from a dreamland dance hall.

The gentleman in question I heralded several years ago after viewing an obscure Triangle picture. With his distinction of breeding he shone forth from the screen as a Kohinoor in a Woolworth jewel case. Fresh from the campus of Trinity, he bore a name that was difficult to the untutored tongue, but he clung to it, declaring that if he had any personal distinction the public would learn to pronounce it. The name, now glibly uttered, is that of Mr. Richard Barthelme.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 132]



Peter B. Kyne—his name is his trade mark

Why I am Back in the Movies

By Peter B. Kyne

WHAT a furor a few words, uttered in frankness, sincerity and truth, can create in moviedom! Three years ago, at a business men's luncheon in Los Angeles, I made up my mind, between the soup and the nuts, that I was going to get out of the motion picture business and stay out until somebody should invite me back in on my terms and on a basis of business dealing indicating that at least one manufacturer of motion pictures was desirous of dealing with me on a fair, square, honest business basis, according me the courtesy, the respect and consideration to which I have always been accustomed at the hands of magazine editors and book publishers.

I was weary of broken contracts, broken promises, lies, evasions, stalling and business done by indirect methods. I was fed up on being treated as if I were an illegitimate child of the movies instead of a stout vertebra in the backbone of the industry. I was quite worn out because for twelve years I had been assuring motion picture manufacturers that my interest in a picture produced from one of my stories did not cease when I signed on the dotted line and pouted my check. They would not permit me to help them on the continuity or the interpretation of my stories, or write the titles.

Only once in all those years was I asked to a preview of my own story, and on that single occasion the producer was thoroughly "licked" on the production and had to call me in to make his celluloid corpse take up its bed and walk.

I was on the program to "make a talk" at that luncheon. It was a motion picture luncheon, designed to give Los Angeles business men an opportunity to meet with motion picture producers and interest them in motion picture enterprises. A number of prominent producers had accepted invitations to be present, but at the last minute sent telegrams to the effect that they had been called out of town or were "in conference." An attorney, whose practice is mainly among producers, therefore spoke in behalf of the industry. Among other trite remarks he said: "There are many sculptors in these United

States, but how few Rodins. Thousands of books are written in these United States every year, but how many of them are literature? Etc., etc." Then he went on to tell us that the motion picture industry was only twenty years old and bespoke for its extra tenderness and consideration because of its extreme youth!

His remarks irritated me. The last-minute telegrams of the movie guests irritated me, because many a time and oft on the Rialto have I been handed out the same line of bunk. Business men do not do these things. So when I rose to speak I told the audience that while I was one of those crass little commercial authors who turned out a salable novel every year which might or might not be literature—probably not because I do not know what literature is and have never met two people who had the same definition for literature—nevertheless I knew mighty blamed well that I was giving my public entertainment, which not very many motion picture producers were doing!

The American public will cheer for a man who will not straddle the fence. Theodore Roosevelt was beloved because he never fiddled around but went directly to the assault. My opening sentence drew a cheer of approval from the audience. I was to speak twelve minutes. They made me speak thirty-five. Having made up my mind to quit trying to sell motion picture rights to anybody except Mr. William Randolph Hearst, who buys them from me sight unseen and in advance of creation, I thought I might as well tell a few plain truths about the motion picture industry—its ignorance, its arrogance, its contempt for authors and the public, its total rejection of those principles of business conduct without which any other business could not survive six months.

I told my audience why bankers shied at motion picture paper; why, generally speaking, the credit of the industry was bad and I laid some stress on the vital necessity to the industry of close co-operation with the author—a co-operation as close, as personal and as delightful as [CONTINUED ON PAGE 116]



Charles Farrell puts his earnings into his wardrobe, while Marjorie Whitus puts her beauty into pictures. Just two of the aristocracy looking to the future

Hollywood's "Four Hundred"

By Nathan S. Dyches

an accredited rôle in William De Mille's "The Fast Set." Stella de Lanti achieved rank as the only other woman with Norma Talmadge in "The Fight."

This trio, whose names are as meaningless as the Hottentot tongue, are as familiar to the sight of inveterate film fans as the girl whose "skin you love to touch."

The day of contempt for the lowly estate of extra has passed. Too many of its votaries have won their way upward. Those we have enumerated have done much to dispel the odium it previously implied. As the situation in Hollywood is now constituted, membership in the "400" is essential to preferment by directors.

It is something to belong to the "400." It means recognition by directors, and their assistants — an all-important matter. Occasions

ARISTOCRATIC footstools!

You see them often on the screen, wondering who they are.

Beautiful film ornaments, haughtily graceful, well-dressed and handsome—but as superfluous to the conflict of forces in the drama as the oil paintings on the walls.

They are Hollywood's "400."

They are a set unto themselves, a set of social nonentities. They are the select coterie of minor players who form a background of splendor for the grander personages who strut in the foreground.

Not that nondescript horde of "extras" who make up the mob scenes; no, they have a rating in Hollywood: they are "atmosphere." A few of them earn as much as, or more than those who get their names in the cast of characters. It is not extraordinary for their services to command as high as \$50 a day.

At the threshold of stardom they take their stand. Some of them cross this threshold. For, it is out of this comparatively small group, whose faces are seen often on the screen, but not their names, that the celestials of the film firmament from time to time emerge.

Of this genre are Mary Philbin, Laura La Plante, John Patrick, Vera Reynolds, Buddy Post, and Betty Bronson.

The startling example of Betty Bronson and her recent ascension to the rôle of *Peter Pan* and *The Madonna* in "Ben Hur," has had too much mention to necessitate comment here, and forms a chapter meriting more consideration than the purposes of this article will permit. It is significant that it is out of the ranks of atmosphere that Betty was projected.

Another recent arrival is Marjorie Whitus, one of the most beautiful girls in Hollywood, who was given a rôle supporting Anna Q. Nilsson in First National's "Inez From Hollywood." And there are Cristina Montt and the "Duchess" Stella de Lanti, whose patrician charms add distinction to Corinne Griffith's "Love's Wilderness." Miss Montt created the rôle of the *Spanish Infanta* in "The Sea Hawk," following it with



arise when the director needs someone to fill in for a piece of minor business. It is necessary for that someone to be competent, but not important enough to bother with a regularly established actor, what with his demands for salary and screen credit and the delay in signing up. The director, therefore, takes his pick from the atmosphere players. Of course he selects those with whom he is familiar.



In this way some of the stars of tomorrow get their start. At first just "bits," awarded capriciously—crumbs thrown by directors as by a master to a faithful pet. These usually are

At the top left is Franz Gunn and beside her is Clara Morris, while below them is Gene Cameron. Do you recognize them? You will if you look close

"Aristocratic Footstools"

is the way some of
the extras have been dubbed
in Hollywood.

But some get fifty dollars a day
for their services,
so what's in a name?

maid parts, distantly comparable to the sou-
brette of the stage; and with the men they run
to butlers, office boys or other parts of mental
proportions.

Now and then a director becomes impressed
with the dexterity of an extra in handling a bit,
and in a moment of kindness, enlarges upon it
to permit a flash of genuine acting ability. John
Patrick owes his advance from the ranks to an
ability to make much of what originally was sup-
posed to be a small bit. It was in "Flaming
Youth," during the Bacchanalian debauch in the
Fentress home. Patrick, in a moment of alco-
holic frenzy, adorned himself with a lampshade
and pranced his way deliriously to fame.

Not a few of these atmosphere players of famil-
iar mien started their screen careers more aus-
piciously—and now wait with varying hopes for
a revisitation of Providence to give them another
start.

Virginia Adair, often called the best-known



Stella de Lanti is known as "The Duchess," but Cristina Montt is related to
four presidents of Chile and ran away to get into the movies. You've seen both



At the top are Gene Bar-
ham and Betty Mulligan,
while below is Virginia
Adair. Betty went to Hol-
lywood to visit her sister
and never left

extra girl in Hollywood,
was once a leading lady, in
the days when Westerns
were at the height of popu-
larity. An unwillingness to
submit to the insolence of a
director—one of the few
who, with others of his ilk,
have since met the retribu-
tion of banishment—swept
Miss Adair off the ladder
just as she was getting a
firm foothold. Of late she
was given a conspicuous
morsel, that of a Russian
courtesan in Mme. Glyn's
"His Hour." Following
that she played an Indian
ayah, supporting Milton
Sills and Viola Dana in First
National's "As Man De-
sires"—played it, indeed,
with such effectiveness that

Director Irving Cummings promised her a real rôle at the first
opportunity.

Frances Dare is another well-known little "nobody" who
once was a somebody. She had the feminine lead in an early
dramatization of Abraham Lincoln, produced several years
ago by Francis Ford, and was scheduled to be featured by
him again when disaster befell his film ventures.

Everyone who has attended the cinema regularly is bound
to have seen and retained a mental picture of Dellorice John-
stone, once known by the single designation "Dellorice." Her
eyes are the largest dying-fawn eyes, the most luscious lips
and dusky skin in filmdom. Usually she was to be seen gracing
De Mille's creations—his "Feet of Clay" may serve to recall
her. Just a tantalizing glimpse, a fleeting instant of sensual
allurement—and she is gone.

Fronzi Gunn's saucer-like eyes, and her sweet, sunshiny
blonde features are recognized at first sight. Fronzi has had
screen credit! She recalls the occasions—Lasky's "Gentle-
man of Leisure," in which she was the sweetheart of Casson
Ferguson; and "The Breaking Point."

Little Betty Mulligan is a novice for whom the fates augur
well. Betty was sent to San Francisco as the Muskogee, Okla.,
representative to the American Legion conclave, after win-
ning a beauty and popularity contest. She stopped off in
Hollywood to visit her sister, Jerry, who was working in pic-
tures. The Fox casting director saw her—and she never got
to the convention. Though her eighteenth birthday is long
to come, her "arrival" as an actress is looked for far in advance
of her majority.

On the male side Gene Cameron is worthy of mention.
Young Cameron seems destined to hew himself a place in the
closely-kept ranks of male satellites. He has good character
features, watches attentively the movements of bigger actors
and the advice of directors, and is able to act upon instructions
without being told twice. As a result of his alertness Robert
Leonard picked him out of the mob and gave him a nice plump
burlesquing a New York male modiste in Mae Murray's
"Circe." Once before Gene slipped into the credit sheet, in
"The Sign of the Rose." Charles Farrell is a handsome young
man whose chances to advance are [CONTINUED ON PAGE 111]

MADONNA

By Margaret E. Sangster

Drawings by Cameron Wright

OH, laughter lived in the studio, and mirthful eye met eye,
And shoulders shrugged at the vagaries of the great director's way;
And whispers leaped from each lonely place, when Cora La Due was cast
To play the part of the Virgin Maid in the Super Passion Play!
And extras wondered, with furtive nods, what the newspapers would say!

For Cora La Due was known to fame for the rope of pearls she wore,
For the gowns she bought on her trips abroad, for her deeply shadowed eyes—
And Cora La Due had laughed at trust, and had played with broken faiths,
And some of the stories folk told were true—and more than a few were lies—
But all of them meant publicity—and Cora La Due was wise!

There had been a boy in her vivid youth, she had loved him long ago,
She had married him, and had cast him off with a laugh as fine as lace . . .
And there had followed a millionaire and a poet with a song,
And there was talk of a man who died because of his soul's disgrace—
And rumor said that her scorn had flicked like a lash in a monarch's face!

Her body was slim and drooped a bit, like the stalk of a graceful flower,
Her hands were slender and very long, her feet were like lyric rhyme;
And her voice could soften to thrill a man, or could sound as high and clear
As the note of a bell in a frozen spire, a bell with a silver chime—
And she shrugged her shoulders in such a way that the calmest pulse lost time!

And she was cast for the Mother part, for the Blessed Virgin role,
And though folk laughed in the studios, they were careful to raise a hand
To shield their mirth! For Cora La Due was a name to conjure with,
And the Great Director was like the Shah of a groping Eastern land,
Who ruled with fear and who cut off heads when he could not understand!

OH, Cora La Due was very fair in the flowing robes of white
That were made so simply, her eyes were veiled when her lashes
fluttered down;
And they placed her—the Cooper Hewitts helped!—like a splendid cameo,
Against the outlines of black and white in a tiny, built up town,
But she longed, in a voice of broken pride, for her newest Paris gown!

The Great Director looked at her, there, and even his soul was thrilled,
For she was as lovely as all the dreams of the centuries, come true—
"Oh, say," he cried, "but we'll knock 'em all for a row of goals, we will,
For we'll give 'em something that's Bible old—and that's, for the
pictures, new!"
(Oh, making an epigram, folk said, was the best thing he could do!)

And then he spoke, "In the manger scree, with the baby in your arms,
You'll be a dream, if you ever were—oh, you'll make 'em sit up straight!"
But Cora La Due had turned on him, and her lovely face was flushed
With something akin to childish pique, and not far from grown-up hate—
"You put me on with a kid," she said, "and I'll get you yet—you wait!"



OF THE FILMS

THEY tell the story in lowered tones, how the star wept noisily,
When they brought the baby, a tiny one, from a dingy orphan home
To the old world set, and the rumors ran that the Great Director snarled
As he told her to come to get the child, that his lips were flecked with foam—
That he looked as ugly, and full of spite, as a twisted, sneering gnome.

The baby—fragile and very small—looked out on a world of hate,
Its very birth was a tragic thing, for its mother, then, had died;
And it did not know what the noises were, and it did not even care,
But it must have sensed, in a groping way, the fury and bitter pride—
For it stiffened out and it closed its eyes and, quite suddenly, it cried.

The Great Director was holding it, and he almost let it fall,
For the baby's form was a rigid thing, and its hands were clenched and hard;
And it cried till its face grew purple-red, while the extras hovered near,
And Cora La Due grew white and still and forgot that she was starred—
And the Great Director spoke only once—just once, and he said, "My God!"

The woman instinct is hard to kill—*oh, the stories folk had told,*
Of broken faiths, and of broken hearts and of romance gone awry!
It may be that Cora, herself, scarce knew why her yearning arms reached out,
Why she said, "You beast! Say, I'll murder you if you've made that baby cry!"
But her eyes as she spoke were sweet and kind as a wistful lullaby!

Her hands were slender and very long, as she took the crying child
From the frightened arms that were holding it, they were gentle hands, as well.
And she seated herself on a heap of straw, it was from the manger set—
And her voice was soft as the half hushed note of a murmured bridal bell—
And her down bent face gave the lie to all the stories that people tell!

She hushed the baby with words that came from a self she had not known,
She cuddled it to the robe of white that was drawn across her breast;
And as she held it the knowledge grew that her eyes had looked on life,
In a surface way—that her glance had missed life's meaning, life's very best!
Oh, her face was tender, and rather wan, as the baby sank to rest!

For it stopped crying—its puckered brow grew soft as a new born rose,
Its eyelids drooped and its fragile hands groped up to the woman's hair
And fastened into a strand of it—oh, her head was bending low,
And her face that was famed for loveliness—had never been half so fair!
And her lips were soft as the lips of one who has heard a faith filled prayer!

She sat, at ease, on the mound of straw—in the built up stable place—
And no one whispered a scornful word, for even the extras felt
The thrill that grew in the waiting air; the thrill of the long ago
That came to earth on an angel song, while the shepherds heard, and knelt—
And one could guess—through the sudden hush—how the myrrh and
incense smelt!

The Great Director? He raised his hand, and the cameras were fixed,
But Cora La Due—*she had laughed at hope!*—was playing her first
great part,
And the lights glared down but she did not know, for the baby, smiling, slept—
And on'y the Great Director spoke, and he murmured, "This is art!"
But the weight of the baby's head lay warm on the woman's throbbing heart!



STUDIO NEWS & GOSSIP



John Barrymore, on his return from his triumphant season in London, where he played Hamlet. Now he has gone West to the Warner Brothers Studio to take up the business of making pictures during the summer



When a Duchess came to call. The Dowager Duchess of Sutherland visited the Fox Studios and liked it so much that she spent a whole day there. Here you see her with Edmond Lowe Margaret Livingston and Lou Tellegen

IT is a source of real regret to everyone that Richard Barthelmess and his wife have decided to part. There will be no divorce; just a civil separation. Dick and Mary Hay found it impossible to adjust their separate careers and so another "ideal movie romance" has gone on the rocks.

In "New Toys" Dick tried the experiment of putting Mary in the movies; but her stage work claimed her interest and she accepted a dancing engagement at Ciro's, a popular night club.

Now Mary Hay has sailed to dance in Paris and Dick has taken a home in the country for the summer. Their little daughter will remain at home with her father, but when Mary returns the baby will spend six months with her father and six with her mother.

It is, in a way, an amicable arrangement, with no ill feeling, but everyone is sorry just the same.

EAST is East and West is West and nothing could be luckier. Gloria Swanson will make her next picture in Hollywood, while Pola Negri will start work in New York.

POLA NEGRI didn't bring home a titled husband when she returned from Europe. But she did bring one diamond bracelet, one 12 carat emerald ring and one uncut emerald of 66 carats. And, unfortunately, she forgot to declare the jewels at the customs and so she got almost as much publicity as if she had come home with a Marquis.

Pola's story is that she thought she had a right to bring in the jewels without making a declaration. As an alien, she is entitled to carry jewels, provided she guarantees to take them out of the country again. But Pola has applied for citizenship papers and so the authorities insisted on treating her like an American. Hence the misunderstanding with the Federal authorities.

ONE of Pola's first pictures in the East will be "The Crossroads of New York." Somehow or other, Michael Arlen has managed to find time to write it, between parties, dances and luncheons. Her second will be "Manon Lescaut." I hope the film doesn't follow the opera story which has the hero and heroine dying of thirst in a desert a few miles from New Orleans, where the country is so wet none of the houses have cellars. No inuendo intended.

IT was one of those sob stories, filled with grief and agony, and an old lady sat in the audience and wept copiously and audibly all during the picture.

Near her sat a young man of the callous and callow age that laughs at tears. Finally, his ridicule annoyed the grief-smitten woman. She turned on him in anger and said, "If you don't like it, why don't you leave the theater and let other people enjoy themselves?"

ROBERT J. FLAHERTY, the explorer-director who was responsible for the matchless "Nanook of the North," has returned from the South Seas with another classic. He spent two years near Pango-Pango and filmed his story with a cast of natives who, he says, have the physical beauty and grace of the ancient Greeks. The picture will be called "Moana of the South Seas."

MR. FLAHERTY took two pictures with him to explain to the natives what the movies are. He selected two of John Robertson's productions, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "Sentimental Tommy." The Stevenson story was received with reverence because the author lived near Pango-Pango and has become almost a legendary god to them. As for

"Sentimental Tommy," it was a source of endless delight and amusement to the Polynesian children.

HARRY REICHENBACH, who is, to put it mildly, a publicity man, is exploiting two productions, "Grass," and Robert J. Flaherty's South Sea Island production. Mr. Flaherty is an explorer of trackless regions, and so is M. C. Cooper, one of the producers of "Grass."

One day Mr. Reichenbach was bitterly complaining of Mr. Flaherty and Mr. Cooper. "I can't do anything with them," he wailed, "they never show up to keep their appointments for interviews."

"Are they temperamental?" he was asked.

"Temperamental? No! They just get lost and can't find the office. That's what happens to explorers in New York."

THEY say that Lillian Gish has finally selected a story for her first Metro-Goldwyn picture. Edmund Goulding wrote it and it is called "Annie Laurie." For a long time, Lillian had the scenario editors stumped. Most modern heroines aren't ethereal or soulful enough to suit her type. Hence the probable purchase of a story written especially for her.

DOROTHY GISH has signed a six year contract with Inspiration Pictures. She probably will be leading woman for Richard Barthelmess for one or two pictures and then be featured in stories selected especially for her. The Inspiration Pictures with which Dorothy has signed is not the same company

EAST AND WEST

By Cal York



After six months' separation, Alice Terry joins her husband, Rex Ingram, at Nice, France, where Rex is filming "Mere Nostrum." Antonio Moreno is taking them for a ride to show them the sights of the Riviera



The heroine of Robert J. Flaherty's new picture, "Moana of the South Seas." She is a native of the South Seas, selected by Mr. Flaherty for her beauty and grace. The photograph was made by Frances Hubbard Flaherty

which figured in Lillian's suit against Charles Duell, although the two organizations have some film properties in common. The new Inspiration Company is headed by Walter Camp, son of the late athletic authority, to whom the film business is more or less of a side issue. But the general manager is still J. Boyce Smith, former law partner of Charles Duell.

THE career of Inspiration has been both exciting and picturesque. It was given its name, so it is said, by Lillian Tucker Duell, then the bride of its president. Its first picture was made to star Teddy Gerard and was called "The Cave Girl." The second production, "Tol'able David," won the PROTECTOR gold medal and established Richard Barthelmess as a star.

Nearly everyone connected with the company has been involved in a law suit, probably because the officers of the company have been lawyers. Lillian sued Charles Duell. Henry King also brought suit. Barthelmess once threatened court action. Mrs. Duell should have christened the concern Litigation Pictures, Inc. Director and Mrs. John Robertson have stayed out of the legal war, however.

Yes, an excellent short story could be written about the amateurs that venture into the maelstrom of the movies. Meanwhile, the younger Inspiration Company feels that it is in duty bound to do the right thing by Dorothy, since its older brother enmeshed Lillian in a tangle of difficulties. Lillian, you know, was awarded a large sum of money from the original company.

SMALL theaters in little towns often don't get the best in movies. And when they do get the best, the film is usually shoddy and in bad condition. It is streaked and scratched and shows the effects of much usage.

Jackie Huff, Marion Davies' young discovery, was taken to see "The Covered Wagon" in a small theater near Los Angeles. The next day, Marion asked him how he liked it.

"Oh," he said, "I liked it fine, but it rained all during the story."

CAN you imagine spending two winters in "New York, with your charming apartment facing on Central Park West and a pair of perfectly good ice skates in a trunk, and then coming to Southern California in the summer time to learn to skate.

This is what May Allison has done. I called her at the Gaylord apartment the other morning and imagine my surprise when the maid informed me "Miss Allison is at the rink taking a skating lesson."

But then all of Hollywood is doing it these days. If you drop over to the indoor rink you are almost sure to see some of our very biggest stars endangering life and limb in a skating lesson. Blanche Sweet and Bessie Love are there almost every spare minute, Kath Bennett, sister of Enid, and Ivy Shilling, noted English dancer, the two Tolmadges, Norma and Connie, Norma Shearer, Lois Wilson and just seeds of others have the skating fever, and now May has joined their ranks.

By the way, May has returned to Hollywood and her host of friends there after more than a year and a half in New York, to do one of the featured roles in "The Viennese Medley," which is to be First National's most ambitious effort of the year. June Mathis, who was swept to fame by the success of "The Four Horsemen," will supervise this picture and will have complete charge. She has chosen for her director the chap who was Rex Ingram's assistant when they made that great masterpiece. In addition to Miss Allison, the only other member of the cast who has been selected is Anna Q. Nilsson.

A GROUP of tourists were paying a visit to the Famous Players-Lasky studio on Long Island. Naturally they were looking, with eager eyes, at all the wonders of those strange movies.

Standing near one of the sets was Bebe Daniels' maid. While Bebe worked, she had placed her jewels in charge of the maid and Elizabeth had decided to wear them for safety. On her arms were several diamond bracelets, and she sported some valuable rings.

"Who is that girl?" asked one of the tourists, indicating the bejeweled Elizabeth.

"That's Miss Daniels' maid," answered the guide.

"Think of that!" gasped the tourist. "And just look at her jewels. What salaries the maids of those movie stars must earn!"

TOM MIX and John Barrymore returned almost simultaneously from triumphs abroad. Mix had been exercising Tony on the Strand and the Rue de la Paix. Barrymore had been playing "Hamlet" in London. Mix got all the applause in the newspapers, which doesn't prove anything except that Barrymore doesn't like to be interviewed and that Tom Mix does.

Both left immediately for the Coast. Barrymore to go to the Warner Studios and Mix bound for the Fox lot—the great open spaces.

DON'T smile. But they do say that the production of "Ben Hur" has been suspended again. Perhaps it was consuming too much of the valuable time of the valuable Ramon Novarro. Anyway, Novarro is to appear in a story called "Messmates," to be filmed at the



Edmund Goulding paused a minute after directing "Wrath" and wrote a story for Lillian Gish called "Annie Laurie." He adapted the dog as a mascot when he went to Hollywood to make his debut as a director



You've probably seen her as a girl on magazine covers. She is Kathryn Hill, artist's model and wife of Ira Hill, the photographer. Miss Hill makes her debut in the movies in the leading role of "The Wanderer"

United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. Like Barthelme's "Classmates," it will be produced with the co-operation of the Government.

THERE is one important player in "Beggars on Horseback" not announced in the advance notices. The rôle of the Queen in the pantomime is not in the cast of characters thrown on the screen before the picture.

But when that part of the film comes along, you'll have no trouble in recognizing Betty Compton, even though she does wear a heavy blonde wig. Although Miss Compton is a star, she plays a small rôle in her husband's picture. I suppose it was wifely pride that made her want to be identified, in some way, with James Cruze's success.

PERHAPS even policemen occasionally have a sense of humor. Myself, I doubt it, but I'll tell you this one and let you be the judge.

Duane Thompson, one of the Thirteen Wampas Baby Stars of 1925, was hailed by a motor cop as she was driving from the studio to lunch. She'd made a left turn or something—some infraction of the rules, but just what she was not sure.

"Hey!" bellowed the minion, "don't you know the traffic laws?"

Feeling it was no time for bluff, Duane put on her very prettiest smile and told the truth.

The "big brute" considered her for a moment and then sternly concluded:

"Well, run along this time, sister. I don't know half of them myself."

MAKE a note of this. Eddie Sutherland, one of the brightest young directors in the business, has been engaged to direct Raymond Griffith, one of the fastest rising stars. Their first picture together will be "Are You a Mason?" Now watch them go.

NEW YORK has been filled with visitors from Hollywood. You see them at all the popular plays and at the night clubs. Broadway's name for the out-of-towners who come East on pleasure is "visiting firemen." Entertaining the visiting firemen is one of its best sports.

MARION DAVIES spent a few busy weeks in New York and then rushed back to the Coast. When she left, last summer, to film "Zander the Great," she announced that she would return immediately. She had no particular love for Hollywood.

As the subtitles say, the weeks passed into months and still no Marion. And then she came back, a real Californian. She has bought a house in Beverly Hills and plans to settle down there. She says she is in the movies now.

FOR the first time in her life, Marion is enjoying the fruits of success. If "Little Old New York" was her first real hit, "Zander the Great" is a picture that puts her among the front ranks of the stars. It is a personal triumph for her.

Marion used to be cursed by shyness. For a long time, she was buried in the studio and seldom cared to meet people. It was all work and no play for Marion. Now she has emerged as a wit, a mimic and a born comedienne. She is the least affected and most cordial of all the stars. Instead of turning her head, success has improved her. It has banished the imp of self-consciousness that threatened to blight her career.

Incidentally, the freckles that Marion wears in "Zander the Great" are her own. They weren't put on with a brush. She has always had them. She used to be ashamed of them but now she has decided that they are lucky.

MAE BUSCH came East to make a picture with Hugh Dierker called "Camille of the Barbary Coast." She was in town for only a few weeks and worked most of that time. However, she got around a bit and scattered some sunshine by telling a lot of new stories and anecdotes.

Here is one of Mae's stories. (Stop me if you've heard it.)

"Willie, who's downstairs?"

"It's the garbage man, pa."

"Tell him we don't want any."

BILL HART temporarily deserted Hollywood for a flying trip to New York, where he took part in the Lambs Gambol. Before leaving, Bill joined hands with the California authorities in a drive to rid Los Angeles county of mountain lions, which have been taking an unusually heavy toll of deer and cattle recently. Bill has agreed to almost triple the bounty offered by the state to the professional hunters who bring in the first twelve lions. This is just another little illustration of Hart's wonderful sportsmanship.

HAROLD and Mildred Lloyd also took a vacation trip to New York, going by way of the Canadian Rockies and, after spending a few weeks in New York, coming back through the Panama Canal. Harold planned all sorts of wonderful things for his wife, including a visit to her home town of Tacoma, Washington, and a lot of shopping on Fifth Avenue, but poor little Mildred wept her eyes out before she parted with her baby.

For, like many another woman, Mildred was torn between her husband and her baby. Mildred Gloria, aged nine months, had to be left behind.

"Of course my mother's with her," sobbed Mildred, "and the same nurse she's had ever since she was born, but just the same it's terrible to leave her. I can't bear it. But I couldn't take her on such a trip, and Harold had to go and he wanted me to go so much, and I wanted to go, too, because I miss him so and—oh, dear, isn't it awful?"

BARBARA LA MARR also returned and made a very quiet entrance for Barbara. They say she is here on business; some conferences about a contract. One story is that Barbara's pictures for First National haven't been entirely satisfactory. Neither "Sandra" nor "The Heart of a Siren" burned up any rivers. So Barbara may move her gowns and her beads to another company.



What time is it by your shoe buckle? A watch set in a jeweled buckle is a Paris innovation. Betty Compton is seriously thinking of introducing the fashion to Hollywood. There'll be more interest in watches, we'll say



All the beautiful waves worn by the stars at Paramount's Long Island Studio are the result of the artistry of Fred Graff. He is putting a few fresh waves in the tresses of Lila Lee before she goes on the set

JUNE MATHIS was once the toast—I might even truthfully say the smoke—of Salt Lake City.

This is how it happened. She was playing in stock in Salt Lake at the time and tremendously popular. So popular that a shrewd local manufacturer named a cigar after her.

And it was a good cigar, so that's how she became the smoke of Salt Lake.

"ARE you returning soon to New York?"

"He was a polite young man striving to prolong an altogether too brief conversation with a most attractive girl.

"No, indeed," she replied, "I'm to be married out here in Hollywood."

"To whom?" he asked, rattling for time and hoping for a reprieve.

"To Clyde Cook."

And that's the way the secret became known. We overheard it.

Alice Knowlton and Clyde Cook, one of the best laugh makers on the screen, are soon to be married.

Miss Knowlton is one of that bevy of beautiful girls that has made Flo Ziegfeld's Follies famous.

ANOTHER romance which started in Hollywood has now blossomed forth as a real, honest-to-goodness engagement. From Australia, where they are on tour in "The Lady," comes word that Pauline Frederick, well loved on both stage and screen, and Charles Coleman a member of her supporting cast, are to be married as soon as Miss Frederick's divorce is final. Coleman worked in pictures for a time and first met Miss Frederick when he supported her in "The Lady" at the Playhouse theater in Los Angeles. Coleman is the divorced husband of Evelyn Varden, once a Los Angeles stage favorite.

FAME is fleeting—and especially in the motion picture business.

A short time ago Chi Hong was being starred in comedies and

known as "the Chinese Charlie Chaplin." Today he is the valet and houseman of Lew Cody.

"Even if I never become a star myself," says Cody, "it isn't every actor who has the satisfaction of having a former star for his valet."

As a houseboy in one of Los Angeles' most fashionable hotels, Chi Hong attracted much attention by his impersonations of Charlie Chaplin. He was signed and starred in a series of comedies, then played leads for Hal Roach and Universal, but the demand for him died away and now he has a contract for life with Cody.

It was sure to happen. Natacha Valentino is now producing her own pictures. Instead of advising Rudolph, she has decided to hold full sway in a studio of her own. Alan Hale has been engaged to direct, but it is intimated that Mrs. Valentino may help him out. You remember Hale, of course, as the villain of hundreds of pictures.

Anyway, Nita Naldi has been signed as the heroine of the first of the series and young Pierre Gendron is the leading man. It will be called "What Price Beauty." Oh, yes, Mrs. Valentino will design the settings and the costumes and I wouldn't be a bit surprised if she hadn't written the scenario.

SOME one once said "Such is fame!" Or was it "Fame is fleeting?"

Anyway, here's one they tell on Gallagher, of Gallagher and Shean fame, and Raymond Griffith, new Paramount star, who before entering pictures years ago was quite a figure himself on the stage.

Erwin Connelly, once a vaudeville headliner and now in pictures, was entertaining Gallagher during a recent Los Angeles engagement. Connelly became more than a little irate when he mentioned Griffith as a great chap whom Gallagher should meet and the vaudevillian said he had never heard of Raymond Griffith.

Anyway a meeting between the stage and

screen comedians was arranged one day at the studio and during the introduction of his two good friends, Connelly said:

"You've heard of Mr. Gallagher, Ray?"

And Ray, always the courteous, replied:

"Sure, I've been in Mr. Gallagher's hat shop on Hollywood Boulevard lots of times."

Then Connelly had a real laugh.

WHEN a couple of ex-Follies girls meet and clash almost anything may happen. Here's one overheard in the Biltmore ballroom the other evening when Shannon Day and Nita Naldi collided on the dance floor.

Says Nita: "Don't mind me, dearie, I only work here."

"S'gret make-up, darling, you certainly look it!"—from Shannon.

CORINNE GRIFFITH came to New York and settled down to work on her new picture, "Classified," without any of the receptions—formal and otherwise—usually accorded to Hollywood visitors. She could have had 'em if she had wanted 'em, but Corinne keeps much to herself. She lives in the exclusive seclusion of the St. Regis.

NOT by way of gossip, but there can be no question that while Mae Murray is in Paris getting her divorce from Bob Leonard, that worthy gentleman has been easing his wounded heart with a lot of Ruth Roland's very fascinating society. Whether there is anything serious in it, no one will know until after Mae's divorce assumes that status where it's proper to know whether a man is serious again—if you know what I mean. Ruth and Bob have been friends for years.

It's funny, but not so very long ago I was talking with someone about the husbands and wives who worked together, and how well it turned out. Since then, a number of them have proved me wrong.

Bob Leonard and Mae Murray had been partners professionally as well as matrimonially for some time—he directing many of her pictures. King and Florence Vidor split first

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 98]

The Deuce With Reducing

Sometimes it is dangerous to melt away to a mere shadow of two hundred pounds

By Harriet Works Corley



If Walter Hiers should lose that extra chin, he would also lose his position as one of the most popular "heavy" comedians on the screen. Mr. Hiers can't be persuaded to touch lamb chops or pineapples

A CHARMING little motion picture star, among whose many assets a lithe and supple figure is predominant, approached the greatest specialist on weights in the country and said:

"I have a friend who has lost twenty-five pounds during the making of her latest picture, and wants to get it back. She weighs, at present, about two hundred and forty pounds. What shall I tell her to do?"

The physician regarded her for a moment with a cold and incredulous eye.

"Tell your friend to sit down quietly, when you see her next," he answered, "then put in a call for Matteawan and endeavor to divert the lady until help arrives."

For this physician had taught many prominent women of society, stage and screen the art of keeping slender, and thus, charming and young, and had arrived—pardonably—at the conclusion that women were almost as vain as men. He was amazed that any woman, particularly of that profession which usually demands slenderness as the corner stone of a career, should wish to gain when in her presumably short life she had gained far too much already.

"There is no such woman," he decided, "you are joking."

But indeed there was—and she is but one of many of her kind. You hear constantly of screen stars for whom dieting unto starvation, exercise, self-denial in every way, is not too great a price to pay for the



Six-year-old Joey Cobb is the youngest heavyweight comedienne in the business. When he was just a chubby baby, he was discovered by a film scout. Now he is the strong boy of the Our Gang Comedies. He weighs more than the average Hollywood ingenue

loss of the few pounds which stand between them and perfection. You do not, as often, hear of that group of determined people to whom weight is equally as serious a matter, but reversely, for, with all possible zeal they guard against the disaster of getting thin!

Babe London, one of the screen's high-salaried comedienness, is as concerned over keeping her weight up to the mark as is any screen flapper inclining to plumpness eager to lose the superfluous pound, for her contract strictly calls for uniformity.

Recently, Babe made a picture in which she was cast as a fat girl trying to get thin. She submitted to every reducing process known to the director and to several which his rampant fancy involved upon the spot. The result was that she actually lost nearly thirty pounds, and for a month or so after the picture had to devote herself to gaining them back again right where they'd do the most good.

This, however, was not as easy as it seemed. She was ordered to bed and told to get as much sleep as possible. She was allowed only the coldest of baths, and drank a quart of water with each meal. Then she was fed on a tempting array of fattening foods, including sweets, thick creams, delicious gravies, potatoes, and other starches, and hot chocolate topped with luscious whipped cream.

"Breakfast lasted until lunch time, which wasn't over until time for tea, and then dinner was served," declared Miss London, speaking of that anxious time. "I ate around the clock, and exercised nothing except my imagination as to what would happen to me if I didn't gain. Now I know why girls have doubles in pictures. The next time they try to make me take a steam bath I'm going to get a double, too.

"Do you know," she went on, laughing, "I used to envy every girl I saw who had a lot of great open space draped round her where the hips ought to be? I used to watch these girls toying with a lamb chop



Charles Puffy came from France when he was a mere slip of a boy of 240 pounds. Thanks to six meals a day and no unnecessary exercise, he is putting on a little real weight



"Hollywood is filled with thin girls looking for work," says Babe London, "but casting directors can't find fat girls like me every day in the week." And keeping plump has its problems, every bit as much

and a piece of pineapple at meal time, and wish that my figure was as easily controlled as theirs. I actually wished that I were thin.

"Then I came to Hollywood.

"Now, Hollywood is as full of girls with slender figures as most towns on the map are of the ordinary kind. And what are they doing? Some of them have jobs; most of them are hanging around the assistant director hoping that he'll have one for them soon.

"Fat girls like me don't grow on trees in Hollywood—or anywhere, I guess. So—I got into the movies. Pretty soon I saw my salary check grow—just as I was growing—bigger and bigger and bigger. And I had envied the poor little thin girls who came to paralyze the movie world and remained to sling it hash! The deuce, I say, with reducing."

One reason why Miss London must not lose weight is, of course, because she would be correspondingly less funny; but another nearly as important is because any decrease in weight during the making of a picture would be no secret from the audience.

As everyone knows, a picture is made during a period extending over several months. Scenes are not shot in continuity as they appear in screening, but at the discretion of the director, who must consider availability of set or location.

Therefore Miss London might pass into a room in January and out



Even a serious actor like Willard Louis sometimes worries when the scales register a decrease in poundage. He is a type all by himself and is able to convey to the theatergoers the impression that avoidupois and funny need not be synonymous

of it the following May. If she were to lose twenty pounds during that time the effect would be, as you may see, a trifle startling. The script girl, whose business it is to record detail of costume, properties, and personnel for each scene so that the following scene if taken at some future time will dovetail, must, therefore, make a record of Miss London's weight so that she will not seem to gain or lose by the simple process of going through a door.

With Walter Hiers, the problem of maintaining a uniform weight is equally serious. Like Babe London's, his place in the sun depends almost entirely upon his size.

Comedy work, as it appears, is quite the most strenuous of screen acting. One performance is hard enough on the comedian, but when one considers that every scene has its score of rehearsals, it is easily seen that an actor prone to losing, must keep a constant watch upon the scales. Every day of violent exercise at the studio takes its toll in weight, which Mr. Hiers must promptly make up in order to maintain his required average.

The loss of twenty pounds is far more serious to him than to Miss London, for a woman's wardrobe is such that a tuck here and there in the interests of hiding one's decline in figure need not necessarily be known. She may even camouflage a bit if necessary so that through the drape of a gown, she will appear plumper than she actually is. But a man's wardrobe is adamant. Mr. Hiers' many suits are of the finest cut and best materials to be had.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 13]

From
The Cradle
to the
Iron Horse



The public likes to see how its favorites looked when they were in their tender years. That is to say, before they went into the movies. J. Farrell MacDonald stole these photographs from a family album. Here he is at the age of five months



At the age of two years, MacDonald was understudy for Olga Nethersole and played Topsy in Sir Beerbohm Tree's production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." (This rare old picture was loaned by the Smithsonian Institute of Washington, D. C.)



"Corporal Casey" as he looked when he made his debut with the old Biograph Company. The precocious child played both ingenue and character parts in many of the early masterpieces. (From a painting by Bull Montana)

Or, what good is an eventful life, anyhow?

At twelve years, MacDonald was sent to Ozford to study, by his wealthy parents. Here we see him when he played half-back on the 'varsity crew. (Photograph from a collection in the Baldwin Locomotive Works)



Our hero's first picture as a matinee idol. He made a sensational hit in the Ziegfeld Follies of 1892 and introduced the ballad "You Made Me What I Am Today." It was a terrible success. (Photograph by Ring Lardner)



And finally, an art study of the MacDonald of Iron Horse fame at the height of his eventful career. He has been called a second—or at least a third—Valentino. (Photograph by Maurice Rnaul Tintype)



KISS ME AGAIN—Warner

MARRIAGE a la Lubitsch. A piquant and spicy dish concocted by our best imported chef. Although the scene is laid in Paris, the story of the dull husband, the silly wife and the philandering musician might have been enacted in any suburb. There is nothing to the plot; it's just so much fluff. But the wily Lubitsch makes you think it is subtle and sophisticated stuff. The comedy is shrewd, witty and graceful. And it is brilliantly acted by Marie Prevost, Monte Blue, John Roche and Clara Bow.

Like many charming anecdotes, "Kiss Me Again" is neither for the vulgar-minded nor the very innocent. And its naive and innocent devilities will probably baffle the censors. However, it's the most charming sort of entertainment for adult audiences.—A. S.



ZANDER THE GREAT—Metro-Goldwyn

THE first reel of this picture marks a turning point in the career of Marion Davies. For as a little orphan girl, with pig-tails and freckles, she gives a portrayal filled with gorgeous comedy and rich in pathos. It's a performance that will endear her with the public and place her in the rank of the Gishes, the Pickfords and Colleen Moore.

Outside of Marion, the picture is merely a good comedy melodrama with a charming performance by Jackie Huff, a new child actor, and an excellent character bit by Harry Watson. The ending of the play has been changed into a silly, machine-made climax. Why bury good acting in clap-trap hokum? Especially when you have artists like Holbrook Blinn and Harrison Ford in the cast? But don't miss "Zander" and take the children.—A. S.

The Shadow Stage

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

A Review of the New Pictures



THE BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK—Paramount

JAMES CRUZE hits the high spot of his career in his screen translation of the play by George Kaufman and Marc Connelly. We might call it Art, but we won't, because too many dull and pretentious films have been shoved on the public in the name of Art. This film is gorgeous entertainment and as much fun as anything we have ever seen.

The story is that of a young composer who is tempted to marry for money. He falls asleep and dreams a fantastic nightmare of his life as the husband of a rich woman. The dream sequence is a brilliant satire of American life. It is a picture of the revolt of an artistic imagination against a standardized and mechanical world. The whole unreal atmosphere of a dream has been strikingly created, thanks to some of the finest settings and most remarkable photography ever conceived in an American studio. It's downright funny, too, in the cock-eyed burlesque manner of the comic supplements. The satire is swift, dazzling and amazingly amusing.

It is something considerably more than trick photography and grotesque settings that makes the dream sequence an extraordinary achievement. In its curious mixture of sense and nonsense, of fantasy and satire, of the ridiculous and the true, it has a quality of greatness that reminds you of "Alice in Wonderland."

The picture is a triumph for Cruze, but Edward Everett Horton comes off with honors and so does Gertrude Short. Esther Ralston and Cyril Chadwick also deserve mention. As for the producers, they have every reason to be proud of a picture that sets a new standard for intelligence and imagination. If you miss it, you'll be passing up one of the best shows of the year.—A. S.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Six Best Pictures of the Month

THE BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK
THE UNHOLY THREE ZANDER THE GREAT
KISS ME AGAIN THE NIGHT CLUB
THE CRACKERJACK

The Six Best Performances of the Month

LON CHANEY in "The Unholy Three"
RAYMOND GRIFFITH in "The Night Club"
MARION DAVIES in "Zander the Great"
MAE BUSCH in "The Unholy Three"
RICHARD DIX in "The Shock Punch"
BEBE DANIELS in "The Crowded Hour"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 140



THE UNHOLY THREE—Metro-Goldwyn

IF you really enjoy good crook melodrama be sure to see this. It is one of the finest pictures ever made, due to the able and clever direction of Tod Browning. From the very beginning the story grips you. The opening scene is a freak show. All the freaks are shown—the human skeleton, the fat lady, the sword swallower and many others. Also the midget, the strong man and the ventriloquist—these three forming the main characters of the picture. On account of being engaged in a brawl in the freak show, the three get together to formulate their plans and become united under the title of "The Unholy Three." The ventriloquist is the master mind and naturally you wonder just what trick this queer combination will pull off.

To divulge the remainder of the story would be unfair—it would be just the same as taking the cream out of the cream puff.

The cast is exceptional. Lon Chaney gives a perfect performance as the ventriloquist. Perhaps you will appreciate him because of his abandoning his makeup except during the moments of his disguise. He wouldn't be a good crook if he didn't have a disguise, would he? Then comes Mae Busch, whose acting is proof that she can handle emotional rôles with feeling.

As for the midget, Henry Earles, he is a strange delight. He is quite a source of amusement, for instance, all dressed like a baby and smoking a big cigar. Victor MacLaglen is the strong man who doesn't do very much but show his muscles.

And poor Matt Moore is cast as the innocent victim of the gang. However, we don't recommend it for the children.—M. B.



THE NIGHT CLUB—Paramount

PUT this on the list of pictures you can't afford to miss. Raymond Griffith takes one of the usual farce comedies and turns it into a hilariously funny laugh-maker, scattering mirthful situations all over the map and back again.

The story centers about his efforts to commit suicide, to show that he really loves the lady, and he has worked out all the unsuccessful attempts there are. And just when you think he's come to the end of comedy possibilities there is Raymond with a new one. Where the picture got its name is hard to say. It was well directed by Frank Urson and Paul Iribe, and it has Louise Fazenda as a loving lady of Spanish propensities, Wallace Beery as a knife-throwing bandit and Vera Reynolds in the rôle of the lovely lady who finally joins Raymond in the fade-out—M. S.



THE CRACKERJACK—C. C. Burr

WORTH seeing and a sure cure for the blues, this story, starring Johnnie Hines, as a college youth, who in the anxiety to put his uncle's pickle product on the market, gets mixed up with a South American revolution and eventually not only becomes a national hero but succeeds in making Perkins' stuffed pickles go over with a bang. Wait until you see the clever advertising stunts he uses.

This is Johnnie's best effort to date. The shrieks of hysterical laughter that greeted this comedy is proof that it lives up to the title. The picture starts out with an unusual amount of humor and action which keeps its pace right to the finish. Credit is due John Kraft for the remarkably clever titles which also help to bring the laughs. If we were you, we wouldn't miss it. Bring the whole family.—M. B.



THE SHOCK PUNCH—Paramount

HE packs a mean wallop known as the shock punch, that's Richard Dix. Not a prize-fighter but the son of a wealthy man trained to defend himself. When he takes a job as a riveter's helper on the eighteenth floor of a building in order to make a hit with a young lady, you'll get the thrill of your life watching Dick trying to walk the beams. Everything is left to him to make the picture. He does.—M. B.



FRIENDLY ENEMIES—Producers Distributing

WEBER and Fields are still names to conjure with, and their first screen play gives them the traditional chance to fight, forgive and put on their customary line of comedy. Lew Fields makes the most of his opportunities in depicting Carl Pfeiffer as a lovable, sincere old man, while Joe Weber never fails to get the usual laughs. The play has a weak and incredible plot.—M. S.



THE CROWDED HOUR—Paramount

MIGHT have been crowded with more plot and story, but Bebe Daniels gives ample proof that she is equal to the demands of a big dramatic rôle. Helen Lee Worthing is a charming *Grace* and excellent work is also done by Kenneth Harlan and T. Roy Barnes. Also there is a small but fine bit of dramatic acting by Werner Richmond as the wounded telephone operator.—M. S.



THE TALKER—First National

MEN heartily agree that women talk too much. We suppose they will decide that this is a fine picture because it shows the effect of a woman's evil talk on a young girl. And right they are—for once. The adroit direction of Alfred Green makes this very entertaining. The creditable cast is headed by Anna Q. Nilsson, Shirley Mason and Lewis Stone. Tully Marshall does clever work, too.—M. B.



EVE'S LOVER—Warner

PROVING that the modern girl has an old-fashioned heart tucked away under her trim blouse, and that titled foreigners find it possible sometimes to fall in love with their American wives. Irene Rich, Bert Lytell, Clara Bow and Willard Louis have been brought together to work out the complications which the situation evokes, the latter two scattering considerable comedy through several hectic scenes.—M. S.



SPEED—Banner

THE high powered flappers of 1925 are being worked to death in the movies. This story is somewhat similar to "Wings of Youth," or vice versa, the similarity being that the parents adapt themselves to the speed of their children so thoroughly that the younger generation realize it is time to call a halt to the wild, wild life. We like this one for its comedy sequence and it wasn't quite so improbable.—M. B.



WINGS OF YOUTH—Fox

IN which mother makes a fool of three flapper daughters and shows them the error of wild ways. Modern life as seen through Klieg eyes. The college scenes might have been filmed by a graduate of Texas Guinan's night school. Some good acting by Ethel Clayton. Some bad acting by—but it isn't good manners to point the finger. See for yourself—if you want to.—A. S.



BALTO'S RACE TO NOME—Educational

IF you like dogs and admire quiet heroism in humans go to see this reproduction of the race to Nome last winter. With many lives depending on dog teams to bring in diphtheria antitoxin, Gunnar Kasson and his lead dog, Balto, fight their way through sixty miles of blizzard, across ice-buried trails, to carry the serum on the last lap of its journey. A fine record of human heroism and of dog loyalty.—M. S.



THE NECESSARY EVIL—First National

NOT necessary to go out of your way to see this. An improbable story with an accommodating cast in regard to marriages and deaths. To be exact, four marriages and three deaths occur in order that in the final fadeout Ben Lyon can have Viola Dana. There isn't one redeeming performance and the picture on the whole is just a sequence of blah.—M. B.



THE SPORTING VENUS—Metro-Goldwyn

THEY put Ronald Colman in kilts, but that didn't help any, for all he had to do was wear them. The story is all about a Scottish lady of high degree who loves a commoner and marries him instead of the penniless prince. Even Marshall Neilan's direction and the appearance of Blanche Sweet, Ronald, Lew Cody and a good supporting cast fail to make Gerald Beaumont's story entertaining.—M. S.



RAFFLES—Universal

CROOK stories usually keep one on the jump. But this one doesn't, due to the draggy direction. House Peters as *Raffles*, the amateur crackman, moves around so slowly that at times you just feel like crowning him. And then to make matters worse they cast Miss Dupont, who is absolutely colorless, as the lady in the case. Nothing worth while.—M. S.



GO STRAIGHT—Schulberg

BUT the plot didn't. It wandered to Hollywood and got involved in the studios. Some off-screen scenes of Larry Semon and Anita Stewart are tossed into this conventional story of a girl crook who reforms. Gladys Hulette gives a touch of plausibility to a wayward and unruly melodrama. And that's the best that can be said for this picture.—A. S.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 109]

The Mystery Girl of Pictures

By Dorothy Herzog



Since her first success in "Dream Street," Carol Dempster has kept apart from the rush of the movie world. She has avoided the white light of publicity. Do you remember her in this scene with Edward Peil?

THEY call her the mystery girl of pictures, the soft-spoken, shy young actress who plays the leading rôles in D. W. Griffith's pictures. For, in the rush for recognition and prominence, Carol Dempster stands aloof—and a quiet onlooker in the hectic, movie world. Even after three years in pictures, she remains detached yet not disinterested, impartial and yet vitally concerned.

Our interest in Carol arose when we saw her in Mr. Griffith's "Dream Street" and when he said to us:

"Miss Dempster came to my studio one day while I was producing in Hollywood. At the time, she was studying dancing with Ruth St. Denis, who claimed her 'potentially the greatest prospect in classical dancing since Pavlova's time.' Now anyone with the poise and grace to become such a potentiality as a dancer undoubtedly had ability to rise to similar heights in an allied art if properly developed. I kept an eye on her and when I decided to produce 'Dream Street' selected her as the most likely candidate for the leading feminine rôle."

After that, of course, nothing would do but we interview Carol, so a luncheon was arranged at a quiet tearoom on 57th Street just west of Fifth Avenue. For the first time in our experience, a screen star arrived before we did. Carol rose from her chair as we hastened toward her, the picture of wistfulness troubled by an attack of nerves that sent her long, slim fingers worrying over her light, brown sport hat, lips puckered, willowy body swaying like a stripling tree in the breeze.

"There is nothing of interest I can tell you about myself," she murmured even before we swung into personalities.

A year later, we met Carol again with a mutual friend and hailed her with:

"My dear, I understand you are going to the Coast to be Ben Turpin's leading lady."

She chortled gleefully, head thrown back, hands clasped tight before her.

"But, seriously," we went on, anxious to learn about the progress of her new picture.

"Oh, there is nothing of interest I can tell you about myself," and her eyes grew suddenly fearful.

As we became better acquainted with Carol, we discovered that one minute she is ready to weep over failure to find the right word in a cross-word puzzle, only to be stuttering with superlatives the next, telling you how splendid W. C. Fields is in "Poppy."

We have sat by the half hour, listening to talk of her favorite stars, praising their ability and wondering if she will ever be numbered with them. She rates Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, and Gloria Swanson as the greatest of them. She will tell you what a wonderful man D. W. Griffith is—his extraordinary patience in directing players and allowing them time to study and work over parts.

Only recently, Mr. Griffith, who is loth to praise, remarked to us: "Miss Dempster has become very inventive in stage business, in individualizing the character she portrays."

Yet no matter how well you may get to know this shy creature, the real Carol flees like the wind into the lonely confines of her being if you attempt to maneuver the conversation to herself.

"Oh, there is nothing of interest I can tell you," she parries inevitably.

Carol's worst fault is modesty, modesty that halts just on the abyss of an inferiority complex. When she started working at Famous Players' Long Island Studio, she was as excited as a school girl going through a motion picture plant for the first time. She had always been accustomed to isolation at Mr. Griffith's studio in Mamaroneck and now, for the first time, she had her own dressing-room in a big studio. She gazed awestruck at Tom Meighan, at Bebe Daniels, at Richard Dix, at all the other popular celluloid lights.

"Why don't you speak to them?" we suggested.

"Pshaw, they wouldn't know me."

Then one day Mr. Griffith introduced her to Tom Meighan and that seemed to stimulate courage, for she commenced to nod to every one.

"You know," she confided, "I'm just a country girl from a Mamaroneck studio and all country girls speak to neighbors in their home town. So that is what I am doing."

Because of this eagerness to meet people, yet riotous confusion when she does, Carol has comparatively few intimate friends. Her constant companion is Mrs. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 123]

Inside Life Stories of Photoplay Staff Writers

Herbert Howe, greatest living exponent of new art of true fiction, tries it out on his confreres

FOREWORD

DID it ever occur to you that the geniuses writing about the colorful lives of movie folks often have lives even more discolored?

Being on intimate—nay, what shall I say—*more* than intimate terms with the artists and *artistes* of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, I can relate tales that would make Boccaccio gasp, life stories as inspiring as those of Horatio Alger or Lucrezia Borgia.

Who, for instance, would suspect that the saucy Harriette Underhill is in reality just another sad little Lillian Gish of "Way Down East"; that the St. Johnses are modern Medicis; that James R. Quirk was tempted by the Bible to rob a hotel; that Agnes Smith has had more matrimonial experience than Barbara La Marr and Pauline Frederick combined, and that Herbert Howe, genius and acme of culture, started out in life by slaying his grandmother?

I herewith offer you these little gems of biography for your inspiration and your guidance.

May the good Buddha bless you!

HERBERT HOWE.



JAMES R.
QUIRK

Country boy of daring and ideals wins success by stealing a Gideon Bible

FROM a boy, James R. Quirk, the editor of PHOTOPLAY, was noted for his daring, manifested chiefly in his taste in neckties and root-beer. While riding his father's sorrel mare one day, he was suddenly thrown into a mud-puddle, striking his head on a Bible embedded there. Instantly he was struck with the idea of uplifting the world through literature.

Art became his one ambition, enkindled to a feverish, mad desire by the visit to his home town of Mae Murray, then a Follies Girl.

Penniless, barefoot, fainting (for he had had nothing to drink for three hours), he arrived in New York. A beautiful woman glittering with diamonds (Dorothy Gish) beckoned him to go for a ride in her gay limousine, but the young idealist fled in horror to his hall bedroom in the Ritz and seizing the Bible, placed there by the Gideons, ran out and sold it.

With this small capital, he started the magazine which later was to be known as PHOTOPLAY, the Guide to Pictures and the Road to Robbery.

At first no one would buy it, so he used to distribute it among the unfortunates of the Bowery, sometimes reading it aloud to them from a soap-box until arrested for inciting riots.

While summering on Blackwell's Island, he conceived a Great Idea. Throwing the morning Postum in the gaoler's face, he rushed out and put a picture of a Sennett bathing beauty on the cover. Instantly the magazine's circulation leaped along with everyone else's, and the poor, but idealistic, country boy had nothing to do but answer telephone calls from automobile salesmen.

When interviewed on his success, Mr. Quirk always smiles ethereally and says he owes it all to the Bible.



AGNES
SMITH

Minister's wife who abandoned a life of sin to act as office caretaker

MISS AGNES SMITH was a popular church-goer of a small mid-Western town. Her marriage to the Presbyterian minister was one of the fashionable events of that season. Shortly after this she divorced him on the ground that he was already married to four other ministers. This caused quite a flutter in church circles.

Unable to straighten out her denominational tangle, since by marriage she was a Presbyterian, Lutheran, Seventh Day Adventist, Armenian M. E. and Free Thinker, she decided to start anew and became an Osteopathist. She changed her name and her brand of perfume, and thus disguised left town one night for Europe.

With the large fortune amassed from her church work, she married a prince, a duke, a count and a swami in rapid succession. Finding herself penniless, though the most titled woman in Europe, she started on a mad career, leaving a trail of broken hearts and blasted hopes in all the capitals of Europe.

Next heard from she was in Mankato, Minnesota. Then came the strange shooting of Mr. Bliss, the horse-doctor, with whom it was rumored she was carrying on a mad flirtation. Following this madcap prank, she went into fast seclusion. Upon her release, she came directly to New York and because of her splendid record instantly secured a position on the staff of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE as office caretaker. Miss Smith attributes her success to her early religious training.



HARRIETTE
UNDERHILL

The story of how a country girl milked her way to wealth and fame

HARRIETTE UNDERHILL is a farmer's daughter. After winning the fast milking championship of her home state, Vermont, she decided to come to New York and try that. So successful has she been that she now owns eight apartment houses in the most exclusive colored section, and practically lives in the lobby of the Algonquin Hotel.

While a mere girl in sunbonnet and pinafore Miss Underhill was deceived by a city fellow visiting her father's farm. Since coming to New York, she has dedicated herself to a search for him. She thought she had found him four times, but after each marriage she discovered her mistake and had to divorce him.

"Will my wrong never be righted?" cried Miss Underhill despairingly one day in the Algonquin hotel lobby.

"Yes, it shall, my child," came the kindly, rugged voice of James R. Quirk, fashionably seated among the palms. "You may write it for PHOTOPLAY."



HERBERT H O W E

*How a lead pipe led
to fame and riches
for an enterprising
Indian boy*

PERHAPS the greatest writer of the PHOTOPLAY staff is he who writes under the name of Herbert Howe. Mr. Howe, whose real name is Romeo Galahad Mussolini Leadpipe Howe, Duc de Jambon et des Oeufs, is part Irish and part prohibition. He was born in a tepee on the Sioux reservation while his father was out scalping the troublesome neighbors who had been talking.

In keeping with the Indian custom, Mr. Howe was named for the first object he picked up. Contrary to what might be supposed, he did not seize a pen first, but, instead, a lead pipe with which he bowled over his aged grandmother on her way to the bank to deposit.

Following this mischievous prank on the part of the infant, the Howes moved away, and we next find the lad playing with the safe in the PHOTOPLAY offices. It was in this position that the editor also found him.

Impressed by his cleverness, the editor opened the safe and gave the boy a drink.

From that moment on, Mr. Howe has been a loyal member of the PHOTOPLAY family, many a time replenishing the safe through his literary efforts.

When the war came on and his country called, he was first to enlist in the tank corps. Though disillusioned when he found out what it was, he served bravely at his post and in a single day gouged the eyes out of three thousand potatoes, a service for which he was decorated. What patriot has surpassed this record?

A world traveler whose face is as well known to the gendarmes of Europe as to those of America, Mr. Howe has visited Europe five times—once as the guest of the U. S. Government, once for PHOTOPLAY, once with Rex Ingram, once with Ramon Novarro and once at his own expense, which he did not enjoy on account of food conditions.

A direct descendant of Sitting Bull, Mr. Howe has more than upheld the tradition of his ancestor by consistently out-sitting him (to say nothing of out-bulling him).

It is his fervent ambition to retire to the French Riviera, buy a villa and amount to absolutely nothing. Such ambitions have been realized by others.

(In private life Mr. Howe is Natacha Rambova's husband.)



IVAN and ADELA ST. JOHNS

*How the first moving picture man
was saved from death by a three-
year-old tot in a covered wagon*

IVAN ST. JOHNS started his career with a troupe of midgets under the direction of the beloved Tom Thumb. One day, Ivan ate something. Almost immediately he shot to the height of six feet, two, thus blasting a promising career.

At first, disheartened by his loss of petiteness, he threw himself into the creek near the town where the show was playing. While standing up to his waist he was struck by an inspiration.

He rushed out and had himself tattooed. This was the beginning of the motion picture. The first picture he featured was Sarah Bernhardt in "Queen Elizabeth." By revolving rapidly on his heels, Mr. St. Johns gave the effect of moving pictures, and it was from this invention that a poor boy named Thomas Edison, stealing under the tent one night to see the show, got the idea for the motion picture camera which played its important part in the World War and other shooting affairs.

Upon the death of Bernhardt, Mr. St. Johns was no longer an attraction, and so went west in a covered wagon. One night, while bound hand and foot to a tree on the Lonesome Pine Trail with Indians circling around him with fiendish whoops (they not liking the "Queen Elizabeth" feature), he heard the sound of galloping hoofs and a little child of three, named Adela Rogers, came speeding over the trail in her covered wagon. Upon hearing her whoops, the Indians fled, for the precocious kiddie was known to have scalped the entire Wampas tribe in a single day.

Adela released Ivan, and the two turned their faces toward the western sun. Shortly afterward, their romance culminated in a marriage in Mexico, Adela being unable to wed in California because her last divorce decree had not become final.

Ivan St. Johns ascribes his rise simply to food, while Adela Rogers St. Johns smilingly attributes hers to murder.

Win Your Share of that \$5,000

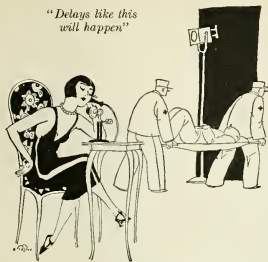
ARE you entered in the great Cut Puzzle Picture Contest? If not, it's time you were. There are still two more issues following this in which new puzzle pictures will appear, and it is still several weeks to September 20th, when the Contest will be formally closed, but there's nothing like getting an early start. If you haven't your June copy of PHOTOPLAY you'd better order it from us direct, for there's hardly a chance that a newsdealer will have one left by now.

There's a strange fascination in cutting apart these heads and reassembling them in their proper places. And you'll find greater fun still in following up the hints you will find at the bottom of the Rotogravure pages 60

and 61. Don't hold back in this Contest because you think you haven't a chance, for there is just as good a possibility of your taking one of the prizes as there will be for any one of the fifty who are going to receive checks.

This is going to be a grand national steeplechase and every movie fan wants to be in it. There's amusement and fun in this recreation of solving these puzzles—and of course, you would like the money, too. Turn to page 63 and read the rules and suggestions as to how to go about winning your share of the \$5,000 cash prizes. Then start right in and you will surprise yourself and your family by showing how much you know about the screen.

"Delays like this
will happen"



Verse and of the Studios Prose

By John V. A. Weaver

A Most Annoying Delay

OH, hello, dear. Now, promise you won't be cross, But I just simply can't go out with you To Harry's party. No, Frank says I can't. He says we have to work. What can I do?

Well, dear, you know his schedules. He's so strict. We'll have to shoot tonight, because today We simply haven't done a thing since noon. Just think of it! A whole five hours' delay!

You see, one of the men who fix the sun-arcs Fell off the scaffold with one, on his head, And there's been all this stalling, getting another— An arc, I mean. The man? Oh, yes. He's dead.

We have another now, and so we're starting . . . What's that? What, Saturday? Oh, yes, that's grand! Delays like this will happen, won't they, dear! You're an old peach! I knew you'd understand! . . .

Marmaduke DeLancey

FOUR years ago he was leading man of the Majestic Stock Company, in a small upstate New York town—let's call it Utica.

Now he's rounding out the third twelve-month of a five-year contract with Kayo Films, "the best actor of character-bits around any of the lots," it has been said. Two hundred a week, rain or shine, work or loaf. Security, steady pay, a good deal of leisure, a pleasant little bungalow, an established position, a placid wife, an amusing small son and an interesting wee daughter. Last month he made a tidy profit from a real-estate deal, and he's going to trade in the Chevrolet for a Buick coach.

He receives letters every now and then from members of "the old gang," who are still precariously treading the boards in stocks. "You lucky dog!"

That is the burden of almost all these letters.

He's happy. He's contented. And yet—

Let us intrude upon him on a Friday evening, quite late. The house is quiet—everyone else has gone to bed. He sits puffing a pipe in his roomy parlor. Around him lie scattered the sheets of "Variety," "Billboard" and sundry other theatrical publications. We are allowed to look into his mind, and examine the memories which are whirling there:

Last week the ghost walked right on time. That's fine. Business sure has picked up since they gave me decent parts. I guess I wasn't a swell! "Jimmy Valentine," eh? Maybe that fresh little Helen Driggs thought she was kidding me when

she said I could show H. B. Warner a few things about how to play "Jimmy"—there's many a true word spoken in jest. There's no getting away from it—I was there like a million dollars.

Who is it that brings the dough into the box-office, anyway? It's me, that's who. Baker knows it, too. He had to admit it this afternoon when he saw me take nine bows after the third act. Did any player he's had in this company ever have the following I have? Nine bows! Well, I'm some "Prince Karl," if I do say it myself. That's the sort of play I can eat up, that "Old Heidelberg"! Two wows in a row—"Jimmy," and then this!

And then this Driggs kid has the nerve to holler that I'm getting all the gravy. She wants to do "Peg o' My Heart" and "The Bird of Paradise," does she? And not much of a part for me in either of 'em? Is she crazy? Does she think my following will stand for that? Just wait till they see me do "The Boomerang" next week!

Oh, this is the life, I tell you! What if we do have to take salary-cuts every once in a while? What if it is starvation wages, even when we get it? What if it does run me wild, playing one part this week, rehearsing next week's, and studying week after next's, as we go along? Sure, it's hard, but it gives you a chance to show what you've got—to show them, and to show yourself!

Bill writes me I'm a fool to stick at stock in a jay town. Says I ought to try breaking in on Broadway, or take a shot at the movies. Three times the money, he says. Huh! He makes me sick! What? Begin all over? Play walk-ins for a couple of years—Yeh!

What could I get out of anything that would beat the standing I have right here? Who were the crowds around during the tea on the stage after the matinee today? Did you see the girls standing across the street from the stage-door when I came out last Saturday? Two dozen, easy. And the way they said "There he is!" and followed along after me. Not that I'd get mixed up with any of them, or even show I saw them—but it makes your heart sort of jump, at that. And the letters—thirty-eight already this week, and here it is only Wednesday. That reminds me, I'll have to order fifty more photos. It doesn't do to disappoint the kids. I suppose they're pretty proud when they show them around. Whew, it costs money, this popularity. But it's worth it, it's worth it!

And the applause! That's the best! When it crashes like a rain-storm on the roof, and it groves and roars, and you see all those faces down there smiling at you, or the handkerchiefs blossoming out, and the hands beat wilder and wilder, and you bend and bend again, and the curtain rises and falls, rises and falls, and something warm rises up from your chest to your throat, so you begin to choke—

Broadway? The pictures? Don't make me laugh—

Then, let us say, the telephone rings. Marmaduke starts. The telephone chimes again. Slowly, in a daze, he walks to it, and lifts up the receiver.

"What? Oh, you're going on location tomorrow? You won't need me till Monday? Thanks very much."

He turns off the light. Two days all to himself. "Thirty-six holes of golf tomorrow, and I'll take the family up to San Berdoos Sunday. Well, well. Rather nice, the movies—"



"Thirty-six holes of golf—Rather nice, the movies!"

It's No Laughing Matter

From now on acting is going to be a serious business for Viola Dana

By Ivan St. Johns



Above, the dignified Miss Dana. At right, Viola and her sister, Shirley Mason, when they were little troupers playing with Joseph Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle"



VIOLA DANA fixed me with a stern, green eye. Although Viola is two feet or three feet shorter than I am, I quailed. "I am through," said Viola, "with comedy."

"Aw, Vi," I said.

"Yes I am," hissed Viola, after the fashion of Mrs. Siddons playing *Lady Macbeth*, with me, as near as I could judge, in the rôle of the damned spot.

"I'm going to be a serious actress."

"Viola," said I, at the risk of life and limb, "you will never be a serious actress. You may act serious parts, but if you ever stop being amusing, and witty, and entertaining, nothing will ever be quite the same."

"Listen," said Viola, "did you ever try to be funny?"

"Once," I admitted, "but no one seemed to think that I—"

"I want to tell you," said Viola, paying no attention to me, for which you can blame her, "that I played in so many comedies that I was on the verge of going insane. Technically, I mean. We're all more or less peculiar. I played the same part in the same comedy, under different names and slightly different circumstances, until my brain reeled."

"I used to think that if I had to be cute, and kittenish, and funny *once* more—if I had to be the cunning, frothy little ingenue comedienne *once* more, I would find me a nice quiet corner and a cake of rat poison and call it a day."

She looked at me pathetically.

"I mean it," she said. "Nobody that hasn't been through it, can realize what it's like. Five years—year after year, day after day, without a day's vacation in between, I played that cute, bright, smart, funny little girl. And I tell you right now that if I starve, if I have to scrub floors, if I have to ride a bicycle, I'll never play her again."

I looked at Viola in the silence that followed and was utterly amazed to find tears under her lashes, and a pucker to her mouth—you know, like a kid who has bumped his head and made up his mind not to cry. It disconcerted me more than a bit. More than that, she glared at me suddenly and burst out, "If you laugh at me, I'll kill you."

"Good gracious, woman," said I, "I'm not laughing."

And, believe me, I wasn't. I am too fond of Viola. Everybody is, you know. There was nothing at all laughable in seeing Vi, who is the best sport I

know, really upset about this thing.

"Why is it," said Viola, "that people think little women have no emotions? Do you think that because a woman is six feet high and weighs a hundred and ninety pounds she can *suffer* any more than I can? Do you think because a woman is big and husky and strong, she can feel or love any more deeply? Just because I'm only four feet eleven, am I supposed to be incapable of all the deeper thoughts and feelings of life? Am I?"

"More than that, I'm only about an inch shorter than Gloria Swanson. And that's why I'm not going to do any more comic rôles. I'm going to be a real actress and play real parts, or—or bust."

I got a picture of Viola's small, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 110]



W. F. Seely

VIOLA DANA wants to forget that she was ever a girl comic. On the opposite page, you can read her own calm analysis of her career, as told to Ivan St. Johns.



The hair has just married—a film magnate's bride!
 The eyes, too, were recently wed;
 The mouth plays in westerns—the best behaved girl
 In all Hollywood, so tis said!
 The hair's a young mother, the eyes have been cast
 With a man who, at polo, is great;
 And the lips—they are smiling—made good when in stock
 And have done well, in pictures, of late.

The hair is unbobbed, and a soft wavy brown,
 The eyes, deeply blue, once caused mirth—
 The mouth played in comedies, many of them,
 E'er directors discovered their worth.
 The hair was in vaudeville, the eyes (also blue!)
 Were seen in some musical shows—
 The mouth is the wife of a millionaire star,
 And is sweet as a dainty pink rose.

*Just one is not blue eyes, and she is unwed,
 And two have blond hair, and two brown;
 And one's from Chicago, and one from the west,
 And one from an old Quaker town.
 Three of them are married, their husbands know fame,
 And not one has entered the great starring game!*

Contest Conditions
 on page 63



The hair (and his brother) are hated and loved,
 The eyes played a robber of old,
 The mouth first saw light in the greatest of towns,
 But was reared in a state famed for gold,
 The hair knew the stage for a number of years,
 The eyes have played villainous parts—
 The mouth is adept at lassoing wild colts,
 And at capturing feminine hearts.

The hair is a juvenile, six feet in height,
 The eyes did a gay monarch role;
 The chin, with its dimple, means "devil within,"
 And well, so he is, on the whole!
 The hair is a rider of world-wide renown,
 The eyes had a brother we miss;
 The mouth (on the screen) left his family and home,
 Because of a siren's warm kiss.

Two of them have children—and one's had two wives—
 And one is a bachelor, still
 And one plays the lover, and one plays the boy,
 And one plays the grim parts that chill!
 Three of them have dark hair—and one, hair of gray,
 And one took his horse to a land far away.

\$5000⁰⁰ in Prizes



Warren Lynch

YOU'VE guessed it. It's the most famous waltz of all—The Merry Widow. And as interpreted by John Gilbert and Mae Murray, it threatens to become more popular than the Tango of "The Four Horsemen."

\$5,000 in Fifty Cash Prizes!

RULES OF CONTEST:

1. Fifty cash prizes will be paid by Photoplay Magazine, as follows:

First Prize	\$1,500.00
Second Prize	1,000.00
Third Prize	500.00
Fourth Prize	250.00
Fifth Prize	125.00
Twenty prizes of \$50 each	1,000.00
Twenty-five prizes of \$25 each	625.00

2. In four issues (the June, July, August and September numbers) Photoplay Magazine is publishing cut puzzle pictures of the well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Eight complete cut puzzle pictures appear in each issue. Each cut puzzle picture will consist of the lower face and shoulders of one player, the nose and eyes of another, and the upper face of a third. When cut apart and properly assembled, eight complete portraits may be produced. \$5,000.00 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correctly named and most neatly arranged set of thirty-two portraits.

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the fourth set of cut puzzle pictures has appeared in the September issue. Assembled puzzle pictures must be submitted in sets of thirty-two only. Identifying names should be written or typewritten below each assembled portrait. At the conclusion of the contest all pictures should be sent to CUT PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. Be sure that your full name and complete address is attached.

4. Contestants can obtain help in solving the cut puzzle pictures by carefully studying the poems appearing below the pictures in each issue. Each eight-line verse refers to the two sets of cut puzzle pictures appearing directly above it. The six-line verse applies generally to the four sets on that page. Bear in mind that it costs absolutely nothing to enter this contest. Indeed, the contest is purely an amusement. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of Photoplay Magazine to com-

pete. You do not have to buy a single issue. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in Photoplay Magazine and assemble the pictures from the copies. Copies of Photoplay Magazine may be examined at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

5. Aside from accuracy in assembling and identifying cut puzzle pictures, neatness in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. The thirty-two cut puzzle pictures or their drawn duplicates, must be cut apart, assembled and pasted or pinned together, with the name of the player written or typewritten below.

6. The judges will be a committee of members of Photoplay Magazine's staff. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of any one connected with this publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone everywhere.

7. In the case of ties for any of the first five prizes, the full award will be given to each tying contestant.

8. The contest will close at midnight on September 20th. All solutions received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears to the moment of midnight on September 20th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with Photoplay Magazine. Send your answers as soon as possible after the last set of cut puzzle pictures appears in the September issue, which will appear on the newsstands on or about August 15th.

Cut Puzzle Pictures Are on Second and Third Pages Preceding This Announcement

SUGGESTIONS

Contestants should read and study the poems appearing in connection with the cut puzzle pictures. These are the indicators by which the contest puzzle pictures may be identified and prizes won.

Contestants will note that identifying numbers appear at the margin of the cut puzzle pictures. These numbers may be copied upon the cut portraits, with pencil or pen, so that, in pasting or pinning the completed portrait, it will be possible to show the way the cut pieces originally appeared.

As no solutions may be entered before the fourth set of puzzle pictures appears, it is suggested that contestants merely pin their solutions together until the conclusion. This will permit the shifting and changing about of pictures as the contest progresses—and will give time for lengthy consideration and study.

There is no distortion of portraits. Each cut puzzle picture is a portrait of a well-known motion picture actor or actress.

That Terrible Thorne Girl

Illustrated by
Ray Van Buren

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

Part III—Chapter VIII

THE morning on which Sylvia Thorne arrived in New York was as cold and dismal as her own thoughts—a pitiable state of mind for one so suddenly and eagerly in love. As she peered through the porthole of her stateroom at the racing, slate-grey waves, it seemed as though some grim and inexorable power was hurrying her on to destruction.

The voyage up from New Orleans had been such a happy one, with Steve Hollins at her side to make it so. Now, swept so suddenly from the blue and gold enchantment of the Gulf Stream into the blinding sleet of a mid-winter northern day, Sylvia's mental attitude underwent a transition quite on a par with the physical one. All the keen joy of life had gone, along with the tropic sun; she found herself facing a dilemma which frightened her.

What should she say to Steve, now that he had asked her to marry him? The question of the night before dinned itself continually into her ears. Should she tell him of the disgrace, undeserved yet no less terrible on that account, which had so suddenly overwhelmed her? Perhaps he would believe her—perhaps his love would prove sufficiently rugged in quality to endure so bitter a strain—but she could not be sure. Yet the thought of accepting him without confessing, she was unwilling even to entertain. The dreadful fear, the practical certainty, that he would find out the truth within a short time, in any event, rendered such a course useless—worse than useless—even had she been willing to consider it. She might hurt Steve Hollins, hurt him desperately, but she was far too honest at heart to try to deceive him. Both love and her pride dictated against the first course—she cared for Steve too deeply to permit him to sacrifice himself, break with his family and friends, on her account. As for the second, there was no possible argument. Sylvia would marry no man under false pretenses, least of all a man she sincerely loved. As she made herself ready for the ordeal of the day her mind was still fluid—she felt herself drifting, unable to arrive at any decision.

It did not surprise her to find Steve waiting for her at the smoking room door. They had been in the habit of meeting each morning on the promenade deck for a brisk walk, a breath of salt air, before breakfast. Mr. Hollins was muffled in a great shaggy ulster and seemed supremely indifferent to the gloom of the day. The happiness which shone in his face as he came toward her told Sylvia that the night had presented no problems to him; he was a man joyously in love; he met both her and the driving sleet with a gay smile.

"The top of the morning to you, Adorable," he called to her. "Have a good night?"



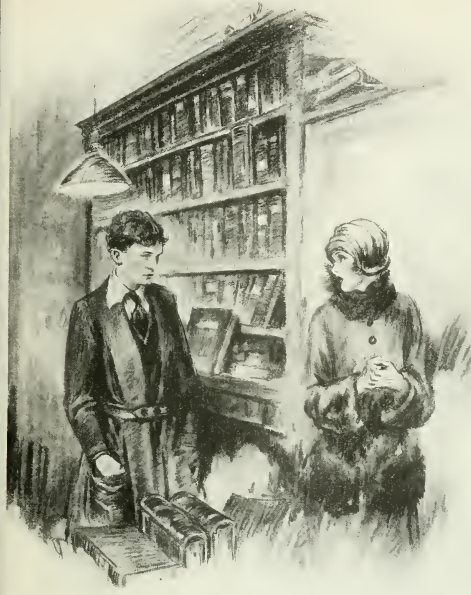
She was palpably embarrassed, but her welcome was genuine for all that, and Sylvia, who remembered the girl only as a rather meek and mouse-like school acquaintance, warmed to her instantly

"Not so very good," Sylvia told him. "It—it was pretty rough." Rough it had been, but it was not the waves that kept her awake.

"Well, that will all be over in a little while. We're close to Sandy Hook, the captain tells me, and ought to dock by noon. I sha'n't be sorry to see the old town again. We'll have lunch at a little Italian place I know—provided it's still there. You never can tell when you get back to New York these days, whether your favorite club or restaurant hasn't turned into a skyscraper over night. As for your friends—well—I find it isn't safe to say much to mine about their wives. Too many things may have happened, while you've been away. Look here, Beautiful, this sleet isn't all it's cracked up to be. What do you say to a little breakfast?"

SYLVIA agreed breakfast was an excellent idea. Not that she was hungry; the mental distress under which she was laboring had quite destroyed her appetite. But she was afraid to be with Steve for very long, alone. She had feared, on meeting him, that his first question would be the one she had left unanswered the night before—would she marry him? At table, conversation of so intimate a nature was impossible. She dragged out the meal as long as she could, despising herself for her indecision, yet utterly unable to overcome it. The presence, the physical nearness, of this man she loved left her even more at sea than she had been before. How could she hurt him by telling him what she must—how lie to him, by refusing to marry him, when all the while her throbbing heart told her it was her one, her only, desire?

Even when they were once more on deck, however, Steve did not repeat his question of the previous night—press her for an answer. He seemed so sure of her feelings toward him, so



certain that her love was, like his, the greatest thing of their lives, that he did not refer to their marriage at all. His complete faith in her made Sylvia's position an even more difficult one. She knew very well that their good-night kiss had been to both of them a promise, almost a sacrament. No wonder he felt sure of her; if love were the only thing needed, he had ample reason to feel sure. Something told Sylvia that the question of their marriage would not come up again until she brought it up herself. Steve was just—waiting—quite confident of what her answer would be. The situation was dreadful to her; Sylvia tried to hide her agitation beneath a flow of chatter.

"I wish we were beginning our trip all over again," she told him. "I like traveling with you, Steve. Some day I hope to go to Europe. Isn't that the Statue of Liberty?" She pointed through the fog.

"Nothing else but. We'll be at the dock in no time, now. Everything packed, I suppose?" He looked down at Sylvia with a tender, possessive smile. "Luckily we don't have to bother with the customs people."

"I think I have a few more things to put in my bag," she told him. "Perhaps I'd better run down and do it now." It was only an excuse to get away from him; her belongings had been packed hours ago. To be alone—to think—to decide—that was the main thing, now.

"Hurry up," Steve called after her. "We'll land in half an hour. See you at the gangplank."

For a moment the thought of running away from him crossed her mind, but she realized at once the futility of it. If she could only be certain that her story would be believed, how gladly she would tell it. Then there rose in her mind a picture of the woman on the train, the one who had referred to her in shocked tones as "that terrible Thorne girl." It might just as well have

been Steve's mother—his sisters. Even of *his* love she dared not ask too much.

The details of going ashore, of finding a taxicab, of driving through the slushy, muddy streets, all passed through Sylvia's mind like the scenes of some strange and unnatural dream. When Steve suggested that before having lunch she had better leave her baggage at the hotel, she started guiltily. Was it necessary for her to go to a hotel? Her original intention had been to leave for Millersburg at once, on an afternoon train, but it was clear that Steve had no such thought in mind as that.

"You'll be staying in town for a few days anyway," he said, with an air of proprietorship, as though the matter had already been discussed, settled. "I want you to meet mother, my sisters, of course. Where do you intend to stop?"

Sylvia didn't know, and said so. Her acquaintance with New York hotels was extremely limited.

"I've got to leave my stuff at the Long Island station," Steve went on. "There's an excellent hotel across the street. Why not try that and save time?"

Sylvia nodded. One hotel was as good as another, in her present frame of mind.

"All right. Anywhere. I'll be here such a short time anyway, it really doesn't matter."

"Don't make it too short, sweetheart."

Steve whispered, giving her hand a great squeeze. "I don't see how I'm *ever* going to let you go, now that I've got you. You'll want to meet the family, of course, and they'll insist on having you down for a visit, so you might as well figure on a week, anyway. How about it?"

Sylvia gripped her gloved hands tightly and said nothing. After all, what was there for her to say? Steve Hollins, in spite of his whimsical, carefree attitude toward life, was, she discovered, rather inclined to be masterful, at times. It was a quality in him that she adored, of course, even though it threatened, in the present instance, to sweep her into an utterly impossible position. Mrs. Hollins might insist on having her down for a visit, but Sylvia had no intention of going. The thought terrified her, with its possibility of recognition at any moment.

When she finally entered the lobby of the hotel, went to the desk to register, Steve was still at her side. Her thoughts went back to the day of her arrival in New Orleans. She had inscribed herself, on that occasion, as Mary McKenna, of New York. Her first impulse had been to write "Hollywood" after her name, as she had always done, since making that place her home. Then, fear of recognition mastering her, she had written simply her place of destination, New York, huge, impenetrable meaningless, if one wished to remain unnoticed. Should she do the same now? If she did, Steve would no doubt think it queer that she had not set down the name of her home town—a name which up to now she had carefully kept from him.

"STEVE," she said, turning quickly to him, "are you sure they brought my hat box in? I didn't see it."

He left her at once to confer with the porters who had taken charge of the luggage, and Sylvia hastily wrote "Mary McKenna, New York," on the register and requested the clerk to have her baggage sent upstairs.

"I'm not going to my room now," she told him sweetly, and turned as Steve rejoined her.

"Everything's here," he said.

"All right. You can take my things right up," she told the porter. "Come along, Steve. Take me to that little restaurant of yours. I'm hungry." She was, but not for food—not even for the rare Italian dishes Steve had so eloquently described. What she wanted most in this hour of distress was to have Steve's arms about her—feel the mad sweetness of his kisses. She hoped he would kiss her, in the cab, but he did not attempt it. Well—there *were* a great many people in the streets.



With a queer, unbelieving groan he snatched up the book, glanced swiftly about the room. No other evidence of its recent occupancy met his eyes



It was not until their meal together was nearly over that Steve referred, even indirectly, to the subject which lay uppermost in both their hearts.

"After lunch," he said gaily, "I'm going to take you back to your hotel and leave you. Just for a few hours. I've got to report to mother or she'd have a fit. But I'll be back by six o'clock, or six-thirty at the latest, and we'll have dinner—see a show. You don't mind, do you, if I go ahead and arrange things for you, just as if we were already married? We're going to be, you know. Unless, of course, you won't have me. But if you have any such silly notion in your head, young woman, you'd better speak up right now, or forever after hold your peace. I'm in no mood to be trifled with." He spoke with an air of gay rally but it seemed to Sylvia, in her supersensitive state of mind, that beneath his lightness lay a more serious note, as though he felt she had not been quite frank with him, and wanted her to be.

"I haven't promised to marry you, Steve," she said gravely. "You know that, don't you?"

"Yes, more's the pity. When are you going to?"

"Promise?"

"No—marry me? Look here, sweet child—I'm a man of action. I don't believe in putting things off. Tell you what we'll do. Tonight I'll stay in town, at my club—see. Tomorrow morning we'll dash madly down to the marriage license bureau and sign the papers. By noon we'll be a happy wedded pair. Then we'll drive home and walk in on the family for their blessing. That's a whole lot better than fooling around with an engagement, a trousseau, a big wedding. You can buy all the clothes you need, afterwards. And besides, I was planning a trip to Egypt next month, and I can't go unless you go with me. Think of the fun we'd have—seeing the pyramids and everything together. You said you liked traveling with me. Why wait, sweetheart? I've a hunch it would bring us bad luck."

Sylvia gazed at his eager, flushed face and felt herself a traitor to love. Why wait, indeed, when every impulse, every heartbeats, told her but one thing—that she wanted to be in his arms? If only she *could* marry him tomorrow! It was just the sort of a wedding she would most have liked. And a honeymoon in Egypt! The mystery, the romance, of the desert! Who would care, then, what some evil-minded old women three thousand miles away might say? All she had to do was to say

That Which Has Gone Before

THE career of Sylvia Thorne, a gifted young actress, is checked by scandal at the moment when fame seems certain. The author has selected Sylvia to play the leading rôle in "The Miracle of Notre Dame," the most important picture which International will make during the year. Before work on it begins she is innocently involved in scandal. Jean Martin, another young actress with whom Sylvia shares a bungalow, has been going about with a married man, Sidney Harmon. Sylvia warns Jean, who refuses to listen. Late one night Harmon comes to their bungalow drunk, forces his way in while Sylvia, in her night-dress, is preparing medicine for Jean, who is ill. Harmon says he will not leave until Sylvia kisses him. Frantic for fear of scandal she lets him kiss her and the embrace is seen by Harmon's wife, who with some friends has followed him to the bungalow. Jean, seeing a possible chance to win for herself the leading rôle in "The Miracle," refuses to clear her friend's name. The next day Mrs. Harmon files her divorce suit, naming Sylvia corespondent. International officials inform Sylvia they cannot allow her to play the rôle, and friends advise her to go home until the storm blows over. On her way to Pennsylvania, where Howard Bennett, who wishes to marry Sylvia, also lives, she meets Steve Hollins. He is traveling by the same boat from New Orleans to New York. He is a likable chap, a wanderer in odd corners of the world, who knows nothing of Hollywood and its doings. Ashamed of the scandal, Sylvia has given him an assumed name. Their friendship ripens into love and Hollins asks her to marry him the night before they reach New York. Sylvia admits her love for him but feels she cannot tell him the truth, fearing he will cease to love her when he knows what has happened. All night she lies awake trying to decide what to do, but morning finds her problem still unsolved.

yes—to reach out her hand and take the happiness fate had offered her. There was no consciousness of guilt in her mind to hold her back—her past, in spite of anything the world might say, was crystal clear. It was a magnificent temptation and had Steve Hollins pressed his advantage, followed it up, she might possibly have succumbed. Instead, he glanced at his watch, told the waiter to bring him a check.

"I've got to rush, dear," he said, "if I want to make my train. Not that I'm in any hurry to leave you—I don't need to tell you that—but I want to see the family, park my luggage, and be back in town with you by six o'clock. Think over what I've said, about tomorrow. I'm sure it's the best way. Sort of a short cut to happiness, as it were." He smiled at her joyously, in a way that made Sylvia's blood dance to a madly sweet pagan tune. "And you might take a nap, while I'm gone. Pretty likely to be up late, you know. Supper after the theater, and a dance or two. You'll need the rest. Come along, now. Let's shove off."

They parted at the hotel entrance and Sylvia got her key, started for her room. The cover of a magazine on the news stand attracted her attention; a brilliant red and blue cover, in the center of which was the picture of a woman. For a



"Mary, haven't I told you over and over, ever since you were a youngster, that most people are always ready to believe the worst?"

"But — Dad — why should they — people who know me?"



moment Sylvia stood perfectly still, glancing about the lobby with a queer, hunted look. Then she picked up the magazine. The picture on the cover was a portrait of herself.

Reaching her room she sank into a chair and sat for some moments staring at the big illustration. The magazine was a rather cheap weekly, devoted to affairs of the screen. The caption under the picture gave only her name, but inside she found a long article, telling of her swift fall from stardom.

Sylvia read the article through with burning cheeks. Written, so its author claimed, in the interests, the defense, of the good women of the screen, it flayed Sylvia unmercifully for her lack of morals, of intelligence, in not keeping her skirts out of the mire. "For a girl of nineteen, on the verge of a magnificent screen success, to carry on a cheap and vulgar affair with another woman's husband, is worse than immoral," the article read. "It is downright stupid. Decent people, both in the screen world and out of it, will breathe a sigh of relief at the knowledge that Miss Sylvia Thorne's career on the silver sheet is permanently ended. We trust she will return to the obscurity from which she came, there to meditate on the sad truth that those who dance must pay the piper."

Sylvia tossed the magazine on the bed with a groan. Even to think of marrying Steve Hollins, in the face of such condemnation, without defense against its calumny, its slander, was preposterous. How could she go down to his home, ask the blessing of his family, when within twenty-four hours, for all she knew, she might be recognized, shown the door, as a woman unfit to associate with people of decency and refinement? Steve would no doubt insist on going with her, sharing her shame, but the mere thought of such a thing made her shiver. It would mean suicide for him, for both of them.

With sudden decision she began a search of the telephone directory and finally located Steve's number, his address. Then she called for a porter. To Sylvia's mind but one course now lay open, and she had decided at all costs to follow it. She would send Steve a telegram, telling him that she was leaving New York at once. After that, she would take the next train for Millersburg—and oblivion.

As she paid her bill, arranged for her baggage to be taken to the station, a momentary weakness came over her. A man crossed the lobby who reminded [CONTINUED ON PAGE 134]



Monta Bell's first real picture work was the scenario of "A Woman of Paris"—then he was ready to direct

He Got What He Wanted

Monta Bell has directed
only four pictures—but they're
fighting for his services

By Forrest Winship

Monta worked with Chaplin, argued with him, and listened to him, during the months and months that it took to evolve that masterpiece of picture production. They talked story, Monta stood in the rain under an umbrella and watched Charlie direct, when the great comedian insisted on working in spite of a "slight drizzle." He sat in on the cutting and titling.

And, believe me, if ever one man idolized another man's genius, Monta Bell idolizes that of Charlie Chaplin. He is rabid on the subject. If you ever want to get yourself into a real battle, just, by way of a joke, drop a criticism of Charlie Chaplin where Monta can hear you. You will have six-feet-two of fighting man to contend with immediately.

"A Woman of Paris" being finished, Monta decided that he was now ready to direct.

The enormity of that may not dawn upon you, unless you know Hollywood. But directors are years and years in the making. It is exactly as though a young man who had once watched an automobile race dropped into a big factory and remarked, "Well, I'm ready to take charge of this plant now." Or as though a youth, who had done nothing but sign checks, declared himself ready to be a bank president.

His friends all felt a little sorry about Monta, he being such a darn nice young fellow and all that. But, of course, the idea of his directing pictures when he had been in Hollywood only about a year, and had never even been an assistant director, or a scenario writer, or an actor, or anything like that, was too absurd.

But Monta went right out and sold himself to Harry Rapf, an independent producer with vision and a real desire to give youth and new blood a chance. Rapf decided to gamble on Monta Bell. He let him direct "Broadway After Dark," and the novice made a corking and unusual feature, which proved to be one of the big hits of the year.

WHEN Rapf went to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer combination as one of the chief executives, his contract with Monta Bell was one of his biggest assets.

He had gambled and won.

Monta rang the bell again with "Lady of the Night," and "The Snob," and he is now making his biggest and most elaborate production, "The Pretty Ladies."

I'd hate to tell you his salary—which jumped amazingly during a controversy over his services between Jesse L. Lasky and Louis B. Mayer. Imagine it—he has made four pictures and they fight over who's going to pay him the most money.

But the answer is that Monta had something to sell. He has an entirely new directorial touch, fresh, vivid, unbound by picture tradition.

He has tremendous feeling and understanding, which he isn't afraid to let run wild. He is utterly independent in his thinking, and he works hard.

So, besides being a great salesman, it helps if you can deliver the goods.

THEY call Monta Bell the best salesman in Hollywood. Monta is that young director who, though he has made only four or five pictures, is accorded already a place with the immortals—the first ten.

And he is likewise the chap who does things that they say you can't do. His whole amazing career—and there hasn't been anything like it in all the time pictures have existed—consists of having sold himself when apparently it just couldn't be done.

In the first place, he sold himself to Charlie Chaplin, who is a hard-boiled audience for a salesman if ever there was one.

It happened like this—Chaplin met Monta in New York when he returned from his famous trip abroad. He hired Monta to write for him his book, "My Trip Abroad." While they were doing it, they got into an argument about how to make motion pictures.

Now Monta, up to that time, had never seen a motion picture made. He had been a newspaper man, a syndicate writer, an editor, and had fooled around a bit in the theater, directing plays and writing sketches. But as for pictures,—he had nothing to offer but theories.

However, the argument got so hot and heavy that Charlie invited the tall and dark and smiling young newspaper man to ride out to Chicago with him. Arriving in Chicago, both were still talking, so Monta came on to Salt Lake. There he alighted, feeling sure that he had convinced Chaplin of a few of his ideas.

Apparently he had, for when he got back to Chicago on his return trip, he was greeted by a message from Charlie. It said, "Come to Hollywood and work for me. I want to see if you can do the things you talk about."

Two weeks later Monta went to work as scenario editor for Chaplin.

He worked with him on a couple of comedies, and then began the long siege of "A Woman of Paris," the serious drama Chaplin made, starring Edna Purviance.

The LILLIAN GISH FROCK



*Dress Like a Star
on an
Extra's Income*

The original Parisian design of this lovely LILLIAN GISH frock cost a king's ransom—perhaps one should say the week's salary of a screen star. We first saw it in an exclusive Fifth Avenue shop at something over three hundred dollars, met it again just off the avenue for considerably less and were so impressed with its simplicity and charm that we obtained the exact duplicate of this copy LILLIAN GISH owns, for you, at \$49.75

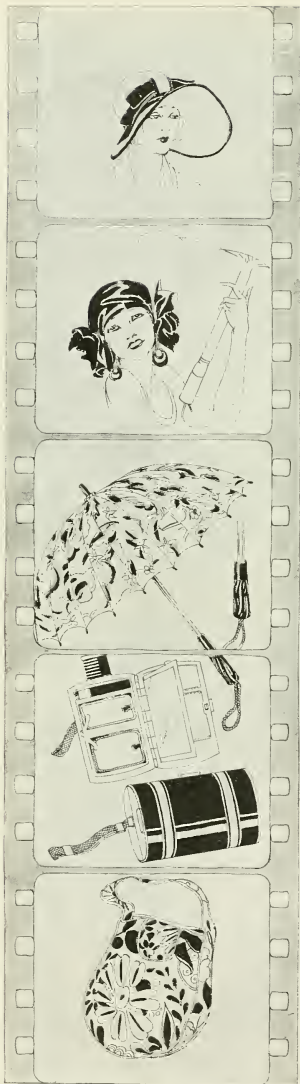
This newest summer frock of the wistful Lillian's is of heavy white crepe de chine with red embroidered dots. It may be had also in white with blue or black dots, black with white dots and tan with brown dots. It is one of those remarkable dresses whose lines become either the girl of 14 or the woman of 40—in sizes from misses' 14 to 34 and 36 to 44



The first in a Series of Stars' Frocks selected for you through the Photoplay Shopping Service

Screen Suggestions for Summer

By Grace Corson



MADÉLINE HURLOCK'S beach coat of rubber and rubberized printed broadcloth took California beaches by storm—\$12.75—with cap and bag which can be used for pillow

Fast color and decorative is Madeline's knitted bathing suit. Guaranteed to hold its shape—\$8.95. Sizes run 34-44 in green and white, red and white and orange and white

The film strip starts with beach or garden hat of fine leghorn bound with velvet and trimmed with velvet loops in any desired shade—\$7.50

One could almost week-end with this roquety. Comb, powder, rouge, cigarettes and change all have their place in it. Priced at \$7.50

A saucy bathing cap flaunts its own rubber earrings. All bathing colors such as blue, green, red, etc.—\$1.59

Beach bag of rubberized satin in beautiful patterns with variegated colorings. Rubber lined. \$2.29

This cretonne sunshade will guard its fair owners' complexions just as zealously as its very expensive imported sister from which it was copied. The new stubby shape with carved hard wood handle. Variety of patterns and colors. Modestly priced at \$2.50

Photoplay will

ANY of these articles may be purchased through PHOTOPLAY. Be explicit in ordering, give exact measurements and when possible the second choice as to color. Returns are permissible within three days after receipt if goods are in perfect condition—exceptions are millinery, neckwear, bathing articles and evening gowns. Articles must be returned to our New York address. Make check or money order payable to Photoplay Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.



EDNA MURPHY'S cool sports costume of washable jersey, in the popular two piece style. Blue, tan, orchid, gray, brown, honeydew, black and white. 34-42. \$15.90



All hand sewn and hand made morning dress of voile in green, peach, rose, yellow, orange or blue, with white. 18-46. Remarkable value at \$5.50

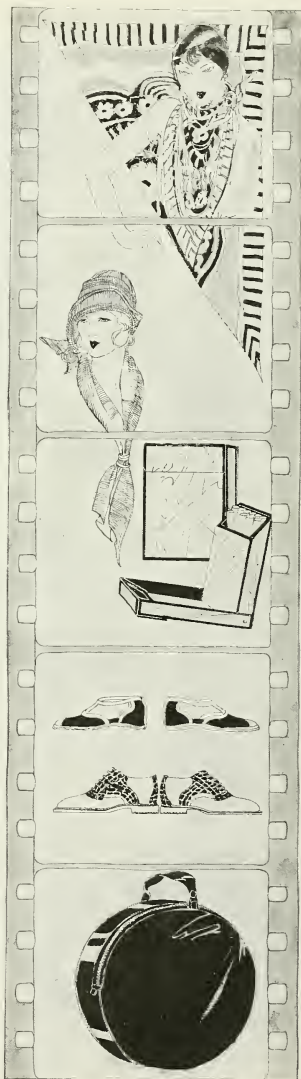
At the top of the film strip is one of the new three cornered scarfs, hand batiked in beautiful designs. Blue, black and white; orange, black and white; green, black and white; and black and white. \$4.50

Motor or sports hat of belting ribbon. All sports shades. \$5.00. With matching scarf \$7.95

Smart cigarette case of white pearlloid trimmed with green or red, or with red and black. When closed it can be carried in your pocket or bag, and open it stands conveniently on the bridge or tea table. \$2.95

Sandal style bathing shoes of black, blue, green or red rubber with pure crepe pebble proof soles are priced at \$1.59. 3-7. Stunning sports shoes of fine white buckskin with black or brown crocodile saddle, pure crepe rubber soles and visible fast color eyelets are \$10.50. 3-8

Hat bag with new zipper closing. 16, 13 or 20 inch sizes. \$5.50



Shop for You

ADAPT THE DINING ROOM OF

Some splendid tips
from the picture,
"The Confessions of a
Queen"

By
Marguerite Henry



Note how the dazzling candelabra on the table illuminate this otherwise rather somber setting from "The Confessions of a Queen." This was one of the most impressive scenes of the picture

HAVE you wished for some good fairy with a magic wand to transform your dining room into the brilliance of a castle banquet hall? All of us, now and then, have had that desire after seeing some splendid setting that we particularly admire in a motion picture.

And though it is not possible for us to duplicate these magnificent settings in our homes, yet we can always find a means of adapting ideas from the screen that will harmonize with our tastes and not too greatly strain our purses.

Inasmuch as hospitality is the keynote of domestic life, and the best material pledge that we can offer a guest as to his welcome is a chair at the table, the dining room is first of all in every true hostess's thought.

"Is my color scheme cheerful, restful and harmonious?" she asks. "Will it whet the appetite of my guests and induce the easy flow of conversation?"

Consequently, the first thing that the thoughtful mistress of a home does is to take stock of her dining room settings. Where

a guest is entertained in the evening, discrepancies and defects may be hidden or glossed over by the subtle aid of lighting.

Let us consider, then, the matter of illumination. Luckily, one need not go to much trouble or take much time in bringing about this vital change.

There is really nothing so effective in adding charm as candles. They have a seductive power of casting high lights and eerie shadows. They shed a soft, warm radiance over the room and give it depth and artistic atmosphere.

IN the photograph shown on this page—a scene from "The Confessions of a Queen"—the candelabra pictured on the table are fashioned of heavy wrought iron. But though they appear in the resplendent dwelling of a queen in a picture drama, very similar ones may be bought for your home. They may be purchased in styles with the central part of the iron worked in

delicate tracery of formal *motif* or with a finely carved old owl. The ones in the drawing may be had in any shade and will add to the interesting color note of your room. The tall graceful candles are thirty-five cents, and the smaller ones are fifteen cents apiece. The candelabra are such an exquisite example of master workmanship that they really demand the dignity of the tall tapers.

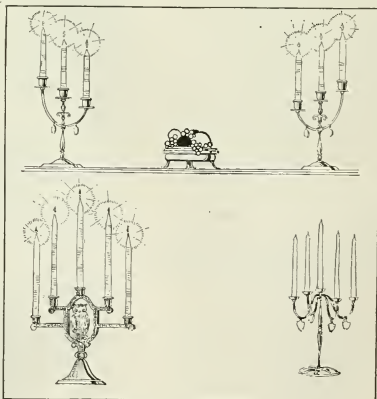
Every woman who knows the value of wrought iron will marvel at the price of a five light candelabra for \$7.20 each.

Any girl who entertains will want one of the novel console sets appropriate for buffet, cabinet or server. A glass fruit bowl, held in a wrought iron stand, and a pair of three light candelabra comprise the set which sells for \$12.00.

The three graduated tapers at either end of the buffet form a pleasing balance and when they are lighted, the twisted stem and heart-shaped spangles on the arm of the candelabra glitter like a bed of diamonds in the mid-day sun.

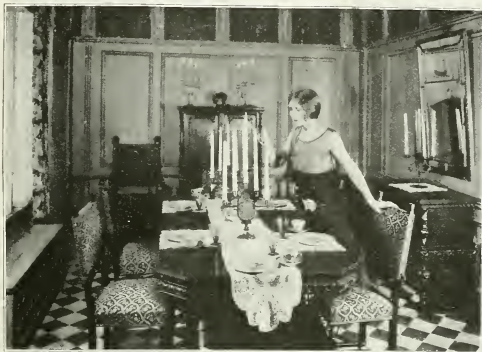
The five light candelabrum pictured on the server has five spangles fastened on each arm, like earrings. The price is \$5.90.

HAVE you seen the new rugs?—the *Parisienne* calls them *luminiere* (meaning light). With almost every home suffering from the monotony of neutral rugs in sand or taupe, these gay sprites of color are a veritable



Heavy wrought iron candelabra, finely carved. Set, at top, \$12; lower left candelabrum, \$7.20; lower right, \$5.90. The tall tapers may be bought for 35c each; small, 15c each

THE SCREEN TO YOUR HOME USE



Spanish carved dining room suite of dark walnut. Silver and blue tapestry cover the chairs. Table, \$145; master chair, \$60; side chair, \$46; server, \$90; China cabinet, \$125; buffet, \$185

WATCH the screen for ideas for your home.

You will be surprised, if you train yourself to observe carefully, just how many good suggestions you will be able to find, which will be adaptable to your needs and tastes. If you like any of the articles shown in these illustrations, we shall be glad to purchase them for you and send them to you direct. Cost of shipping, in addition to the price named, is, of course, extra. Write to: Interior Decorating Dept., Photoplay Magazine, 750 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

godsend. They are approximately eighteen inches square and are designed to be placed in front of the china cabinet, server or buffet, as a bit of decoration.

Even on the tile floors of sun rooms, these little mats are an indispensable attraction. For that bare space between doorways where the hall and living room rug don't quite meet,—this rug conceit was expressly made. The French woman is placing one of the gay butterflies before her fire-place, or sofa, or in vacant spaces which need decorative touches. In her boudoir, whether she is using small rugs or carpeting, she places a flower rug before the dresser, and next to each twin bed.

You have no idea of the luxury of sinking your bare feet in its soft depth. No woodland grass was ever more comforting to tired feet! The rugs are imported from Czecho-Slovakia, the land of artisans. Each tuft is tied by hand, and stands about an inch high. The gorgeous butterfly is perfect in detail, even to the long knobbed antennae, beady black eyes, and characteristic tapering body.

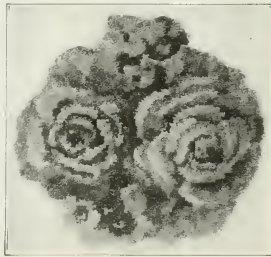
The flower rugs may be had in rose or violet design, and they are rich in their tones of blush shading into rose, orchid merging into violet and deeper purple, pale yellows, deeper browns, and almost every hue of the rainbow brought into delightful harmony to create a perfect ensemble.

So here we have two simple adjuncts to perfecting the dining room—first, candelabra; second, *luminiere* rugs. And if you aspire to the beautiful furniture shown in the scene from "The Confessions of a Queen," similar furnishings may, too, be obtained and not at a prohibitive price, either. The dining room suite shown on page 73 is of carved dark walnut—a Spanish inspiration. It is no mere fad of style, but one that will always be with us. It is of a very substantial type that you would be proud to leave to your heirs.

WE want to impress upon you again the fact that this department in PHOTOPLAY has been especially created for you. We want you to feel that you are more than welcome to consult us at any time with reference to your home decoration problems. We have the facilities for knowing just what are the latest modes and just what can be done to improve or change the furnishings and decorations you already have. At the same time we feel that you can better crystallize your own ideas on this subject by keeping a careful eye on the settings in the better pictures. Some of the producing companies are really showing the finest discrimination in their scenes of home interiors. You can safely follow their leads. Get your ideas from these and then consult us.

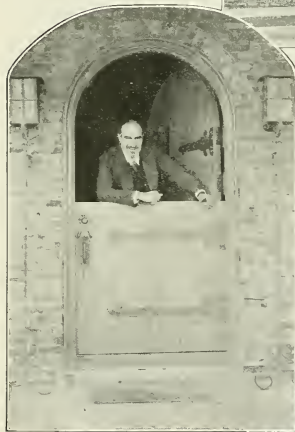


The latest Parisienne novelty is the luminiere rug, hand tufted. Both the butterfly pattern and the floral design here shown may be purchased for \$16.75 each



Your Laughter Helped to Build This House

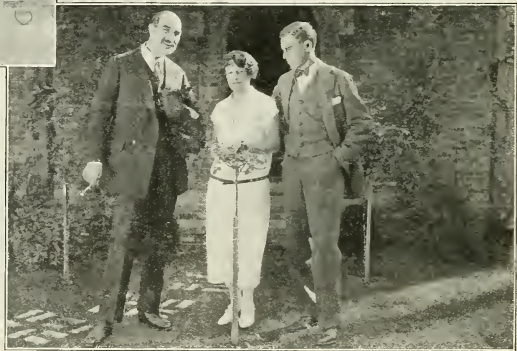
Ernest Torrence, despite his inimitable screen characterizations, is one of the greatest home-lovers in the world. Every time you laughed at him on the film you added to his success until, recently, he was able to construct this beautiful English manor house in Hollywood



Yes, Ernest likes music. He doesn't boast, but if he did he could tell you that at one time he was a concert pianist



"Welcome," cries Ernest with a smile at the doorway above. At the right are Mr. and Mrs. Torrence and their son, Ion, standing in front of their home



What Princesse MARIE de BOURBON believes about the care of the skin

"NO WOMAN'S SKIN need fade if she faithfully uses Pond's Wonderful Two Creams. They protect and keep the complexion perpetually young and beautiful."

Marie de Bourbon

ALTHOUGH this extraordinarily lovely young woman—cousin to the King of Spain, Princesse of the Spanish branch of the old, illustrious, royal House of Bourbon—has, in Spain, the position and protection accorded to members of a royal house, being a democrat, she has chosen to come and live in more liberal America.

Naturally this young princesse regards her jasmine-white skin as important. She knows its delicate bloom must be watched over, tended. In seeking the best of all ways to care for it she found the Two Creams which—with their gentle cleansing, their soft protection and finish—meet the fundamental needs of the skin.

Pond's are these two Creams and lovely women everywhere are using them for their delicate skins, today.

How the Princesse Marie does it

First, a daily cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. Once a day, at least, oftener if you have been out in the sooty air, or the wind and sun, smooth it liberally over your face and neck. Its pure oils will bring to the surface the dust and powder which have clogged the pores. With a soft cloth take it all off. Repeat the process, finishing with a crisp little rub with ice or a dash of cold water. Your mirror speaks volumes now, of cleanness, of glowing health.

Next, a lovely finish with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Smooth on a light film. This delicate greaseless cream takes away the hateful shine, gives your skin a clear, lustrous tone, makes it just satin. And how it holds your powder, which goes on next! It's a protection, too, against the weather, guarding your sensitive skin from winds, sun and city dust. So, always before powdering, and especially just before going out, remember to smooth on a feathery film of this light cream.

Try, for yourself, this method which the world's loveliest, most aristocratic women are following. Use Pond's Two Creams, and you will agree with the Princesse Marie de Bourbon—"they keep the complexion perpetually young and beautiful." The Pond's Extract Company.



Charlotte Fairchild

THE PRINCESSE MARIE DE BOURBON

Instead of the dark beauty one associates with Spanish women she has beauty of a type rare in Spain—Titian red hair, green-blue eyes, and a patrician white skin with the delicacy of the jasmine flower.

An aristocrat by birth, she belongs, furthermore, to that larger aristocracy of beautiful women who know that true distinction of appearance depends upon taking the utmost pains with the details of the toilet, among which the care of the skin should always have first place

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

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. G
147 Hudson Street, New York City

Please send me your free tubes of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams.

Name.....

Street.....

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



EVERY SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



"OUR EIGHT-YEAR-OLD GIRL would lose four or five weeks of school work, besides being incapacitated while she was in school from attacks of stomach trouble. I decided to give Fleischmann's Yeast a trial. I began with half a cake mixed with peanut butter on bread, and then as I found that the yeast was going to succeed, I served it in many different ways. My child has never had another attack of stomach trouble since I gave her yeast."

MRS. G. A. VIELL, Costa Mesa, Cal.



"AFTER I GAVE BIRTH to my child, I felt very much 'run down.' Had constant trouble with my stomach, and what troubled me most—I suffered from terrible sties. Finally an eye specialist prescribed Fleischmann's Yeast. After two months there wasn't a trace left of the sties. My complexion improved wonderfully. I no longer have an aversion for food. And I manage to keep and look young with the help of Fleischmann's Yeast."

MRS. SARAH STEINHART, New York City

What Everybody Knows

The danger of clogged intestines, the tragedy of lowered vitality
The evils of digestive troubles and disfiguring skin eruptions



"INVALIDED from Royal Navy with chronic constipation. Went to India. . . . Advised to try Canada. Was just able to get into army, but after two and a half years in trenches was as sick as ever. Returned to Canada totally unfit and pensioned. In 1919 I gave Fleischmann's Yeast a fair trial, thank God. Six months afterward I passed for life insurance and my pension stopped. I am now absolutely fit and never need a laxative; and this is after over 20 years of suffering."

HERBERT J. PARROTT, Calgary, Alta.

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) night and morning. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Write to Research Dept., The Fleischmann's Yeast Company, 701 Washington St.



THERE are many delicious ways of—dissolved in water, fruit juices or on crackers, or eaten plain.



The Photoplay Medal of Honor

For the best picture released in 1924

Winners of Photoplay Medal



1920

"HUMORESQUE"

1921

"TOL'ABLE DAVID"

1922

"ROBIN HOOD"

1923

"THE COVERED WAGON"



What was the best motion picture of 1924?

THE ballot boxes of the fifth annual voting contest to decide which picture of 1924 is most worthy of the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Gold Medal are now open to the two million readers of PHOTOPLAY.

The decision of conferring this reward, which is looked upon as a supreme distinction in the motion picture world, rests entirely with the readers of PHOTOPLAY.

This is your opportunity to encourage better pictures by giving proper recognition to the producer who, by his vision and his faith in the public, has tried to give you the best in story, direction, acting, settings, continuity and photography. The vote that you cast in this contest is your way of expressing your appreciation and approval of the picture-makers who are constantly striving to bring the screen to a high and worthy artistic level.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE awarded the first Gold Medal of Honor in 1920. Each year the contest has assumed an increasing importance and the announcement of the result of your votes is an event of importance in the film world, as it most accurately reflects the best in public taste.

In its four past contests, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE had every reason to be proud of the decision of its readers.

For 1920, the Medal of Honor was awarded to William Randolph Hearst for his great story of mother love, "Humoresque," produced by Cosmopolitan. The Medal of Honor for 1921 went to Inspiration Pictures for "Tol'able David," a finely told story of American boyhood, starring Richard Barthelmess.

Douglas Fairbanks won the Medal of Honor in 1923 for his masterful and spectacular production of "Robin Hood." Last year the award went to Famous Players-Lasky for its great picture, "The Covered Wagon," which was directed by James Cruze.

What American picture presented during 1924 do you consider represents the most significant advance in picture-making? Register your vote by filling out the coupon on this page. Mail it to PHOTOPLAY's editorial offices, No. 221 West 57th Street, New York City, and see that your coupon reaches this office not later than October 1, 1925. PHOTOPLAY will also be glad to receive short letters explaining the reasons for your choice.

In order to give all the pictures an equal chance, the voting is delayed six months after the close of the year so that voters in all parts of the country will be able to see the films released late in the year. Remember, the ballot boxes close on October 1st, 1925, so be sure that your coupon is registered before that time. In case of a tie, equal rewards will be made to each one of the winners.

THE PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor is solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights, and is two and one-half inches in diameter. It is being made, as were the other medals, by Tiffany & Company of New York.

Below, to refresh your memory, is published a list of fifty pictures released during 1924. Of course, your selection need not be limited to this group. Show your appreciation of good pictures by voting early.

Fifty Pictures Released in 1924

MISS M. R. FAY
5853 Marlboro Street
Pittsburgh, Penna.

MISS SYLVIA RABINOWITZ
1120 East 47th Street
Chicago, Illinois

MRS. J. T. McGEORGE
506 East 2nd Street
Florence, Colorado

MR. THEODORE ROKAHR
St. Regis Falls, New York

MR. CHURCHILL STEVENSON
5 West 8th Street, Route 1
Miami, Florida

Rowayton,
MISS MELL
101 East 7
Dunkirk, N

MR. R. G.
St. Francis
Alhambra,

MISS HELI
1054 Ingra
Los Angeles

MISS BETE
421 14th S
Owen Sour

MISS HAZ
132 North
Los Angel

Abraham Lincoln
America
The Arab
The Arab
Bobbit

Barbara Frietchie
Beau Brummel
Black Oxen
Broadway After Dark

Captain Blood
The Chechacos
Classmates

Cythera
Dante's Inferno
Dorothy Vernon of Haddon
Hall

The Enchanted Cottage
The Fighting Coward
Forbidden Paradise

Girl Shy
He Who Gets Slapped
Hot Water
In Hollywood with Potosh
and Perlmutter

The Iron Horse
Janice Meredith
The Lover of Camille
Manhattan

Manhattan
The Man Who Came
Back

The Marriage Circle
Merton of the Movies
Monsieur Beaucaire
The Navigator

North of 36
Not One to Spare

Peter Pan
The Red Lily
The Sea Hawk
The Side Show of Life
The Signal Tower

The Snob
So Big
Tarnish
Tess of the D'Urbervilles

The Thief of Bagdad
Those Who Dance
Thy Name Is Woman

Three Women
Wanderer of the Waste-
land

West of the Water Tower
Wild Oranges
Volanda



Beauty from Trees

CLEOPATRA found beauty in oils from trees—olive and palm oils. Soap to her was unknown.

Twenty centuries of research have failed to find the equal of these beauty oils blended in soap.

The very same oils

—no other fats whatsoever are the ingredients of Palmolive Soap. They and nothing else give Palmolive its natural green color.

Nothing is hidden for there is nothing to hide. Men don't paint nature to improve it. Remember—your complexion is at stake when you are tempted to try a substitute for Palmolive.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.)
Chicago, Illinois



Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped



This pretty blue pattern is No. 538.

Congoleum Rugs make vacation a real holiday

LESS housework to do! That's what the vacation months should mean to a woman no matter where she is. And with Congoleum *Gold-Seal* Rugs she has gone far in lessening her hot weather cleaning tasks.

These charming waterproof, sanitary rugs are certainly the most practical summer floor-coverings for every part of the house—from porch to bedroom.

Here there is no hot, dusty beating and sweeping of old-fashioned woven rugs! For the Congoleum Rugs have a smooth surface that dust, dirt and sand cannot work into or harm. A few easy strokes with a damp mop, and they're spotless—as sanitary as new.

They're so artistic, too—good looking patterns for indoors as well as the porch. And so waterproof and durable. Blazing sun and dampness won't injure them.

They lie flat without any fastening and never curl at the edges or corners.

Congoleum Rugs not only save time and work but money, too. For they cost so little and wear so long that they are the most economical floor-covering you can buy. They are made, of course, in all the popular sizes.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

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Cleveland London Paris Rio de Janeiro

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GOLD-SEAL
ART-RUGS

—Look for the Gold Seal—



Pattern No. 408

Pattern No. 518



Pattern No. 323

Pattern No. 396

When
Jackie Coogan
and
His Mother
Were Babies



Even at seven months, Jackie's mission to spread joy to the world was evident in the picture shown above

Having arrived at the mature age of fourteen months Jackie assumed a more dignified and severe attitude on life, if the picture in the circle is to be believed



At fourteen months his parents came with him to Chicago, where he took to his four-wheeler with a joy and abandon that swept aside all pretense of dignity

At the extreme left is—not Jackie, but Mrs. Coogan when she was six years old and known as the famous "Baby Lillian" of the California Stock Company

Over the Bumps With Raymond

A plucky wife brings
a "tank town actor" into his own

By Frances Hatton



Her husband's highest word of praise for Mrs. Hatton is, "You're a brick."



Raymond as the dope fiend in "Java Head"



Here he depicts Danny Daynes, a more or less comic opera role, in the entertaining and nonsensical "Fighting American"



As "Cockey Joe," the queerly repellent and pitiful drug addict, in "Big Brother"

NO one really knows what bumps are unless they have been the wife of a tank town actor—and a tank town actress also.

It all happened this way, and it seems ages ago, but it wasn't. I wanted to be an actress and left my home in Des Moines, Iowa, one summer morning with a little carnival company. I was seventeen years old—and much younger than that in experience. My name was Frances Roberts then—though I changed it to Hatton within a year—but that will come later.

A friend of my father owned the carnival company. I became engaged to him when the show closed in Portland, Oregon, in the fall. While making ready for the marriage I chanced into a booking office where an old friend was working. While there I was introduced to a young actor by the name of Raymond Hatton, who had the fastest line of chatter I have ever heard before meeting him or since. Right away he looked at the large diamond engagement ring on my finger and it really seemed to give me his courage. "You look good to me, little girl; I think I'll marry you right away."

"Why, you silly," I said, "can't you see I'm engaged?" I looked quite dignified as I said the words. "That's all right, that's all right," he said, "You won't be engaged long after you know me. I'm going to marry you, girlie. Just wait and see. My hunches never lose—you're my hunch. Get ready."

I went away laughing—and thinking seriously. The audacity of that man. It was terrible! I thought and I thought and returned to the booking office the next day and inquired of my friend who the fresh young man was. "Name's Hatton—can act like a fool. That's all I know," was the answer.

I'll tell it quickly and have it over with. I broke my engagement and was Mrs. Raymond Hatton within four weeks after meeting the fresh young man. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 129]

To invade Slumberland—use your flashlight!



VIRGINIA VALLI
 featured in "Up the Ladder"
 invading Slumberland
 with an EVEREADY

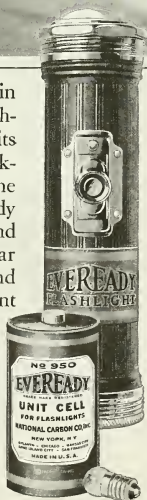
IN THE children's bedroom, in the dark of night, use your flashlight! No blinding glare in its soft, reflected rays . . . no clicking electric switch to wake the sleeping one. Keep an Eveready upstairs for night duties and emergencies. Keep another near those dark cellar stairs. And another in the automobile. Silent

sentinels of safety, with countless uses in and around the house, the car, the garage. Improved models meet every need for light—indoors and out. There's a type for every purpose and purse, and an Eveready dealer nearby.

Manufactured and guaranteed by
 NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
 New York San Francisco
 Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario

The type illustrated is No. 2004, the Eveready 2-cell Tubular Flashlight with half-eye lens. Handsome black ornamental finish. Safety-lock switch, proof against accidental lighting. Octagonal, non-rolling lens-ring. \$1.70, complete with battery and bulb, anywhere in the U. S. A.

Eveready Unit Cells fit and improve all makes of flashlights. They insure brighter light and longer battery life. Keep an extra set on hand. Eveready-Mazda bulbs, the bright eyes of the flashlights, likewise last longer.



EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHTS
& BATTERIES
 —they last longer



What Shall She Do?

*A puzzling
problem confronts
Dorothy Devore*

Here is a problem now baffling Dorothy Devore. Of course, every girl looks well with long, wavy hair. The old marcel is always becoming. It gives softness to the face and—well, men like it. However, the short boyish cut is now fashionable. It is piquant and it has a charm of its own. Dorothy poses with both styles of head-dress, just to give them a fair test. Now, she asks you, what shall she do?



FREE 10-Day Tube—Send the Coupon

Maybe your teeth are gloriously clear, simply clouded with a film coat. Make this remarkable test and find out.

Gleaming, Glorious Teeth

Gums like coral to contrast them

Do you seriously seek the charm they bring? Then please accept this remarkable dental test. See the marked difference ten days will make. It's simply a stubborn film on your teeth which ordinary ways fail to remove, and which this NEW way overcomes safely—scientifically.



**MALCOLM
MCGREGOR**

Malcolm McGregor says he will never go on a set without first lightening his teeth with Pepsodent. Sometimes he brushes them as often as six or eight times a day. "That," he says, "is the best way I know to keep a clean, attractive smile; the camera shows up harshly any discoloration of film."



PRISCILLA DEAN

Millions know the bright smile of Priscilla Dean. She says, "I used to think my teeth were as clear as they could be. But a few days with Pepsodent showed me otherwise. After old methods the difference is amazing." For clear, white, firm teeth she tells her friends "Use Pepsodent!"

DULL teeth, "off-color" teeth; gums that are softening, lack firmness—modern science has made important, new discoveries in overcoming them.

Now, in as little as ten days, you can work a transformation in your mouth, can add immeasurably to your appearance and attractiveness.

This offers you a test without charge . . . the most remarkable, according to dental authorities, of all dental tests. In fairness to yourself, send the coupon.

FILM—your enemy. How it invites tooth and gum troubles

Dental science now traces scores of tooth and gum troubles, directly or indirectly, to a germ-laden film that forms on your teeth.

You can't see it with your eyes, but run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it . . . a slippery, viscous coating.

That film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And that is why your teeth look "off color" and dingy.



CLAIRE WINDSOR

Her dentist first told Claire Windsor of Pepsodent, and since then she has recommended it to many friends. "The Klieg lights instantly show up imperfections," she says. "I play safe—my teeth are always gloriously clear. Thousands of film fans have asked me how I do it!—The answer is Pepsodent!"

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It lays your gums open to bacterial attack. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea and decay.

You can't have pretty teeth, unless you combat it. Highest authorities all tell you this.

Brushing won't end it

Ordinary dentifrices and cleansing won't fight film successfully. Feel for it now with your tongue. Note how your present cleansing method is failing in its duty.

New new methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent—different in formula, action and effect from any other known.

Largely on dental advice the world has turned to it. Tooth and gum troubles hence are on the decline.

It removes that film. And firms the gums

It accomplishes two important things at once: Removes that film, then firms the gums. No harsh grit, judged dangerous to enamel.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt. Why cling to old methods when world's authorities urge a better way?

FREE

Mail this for
10-Day Tube

Pepsodent
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,

Dept. 758 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Send to:

Name.....

Address.....

Only one tube to a family

1844

Send the coupon.
Clip it now before
you forget

The Early Life of Lydia Lukewarm

The celebrated cinema artiste, through the eyes of one of her oldest girl-chums

By Delight Evans

YOU ask me to tell you about Lyd.

Well, it's been nearly fifteen years since she left town with the circus; and I remember that at the time I was so young that Mama and Papa didn't like to talk about her in my presence.

But I have hunted up a great-aunt of mine who used to go to school with her; and she has told me all she knows. That is, almost all.

Contrary to report, Lydia Lukewarm is her real name, which is unique as actresses usually change their names. At least Lukewarm was the name her father took, among other things.

The Lukewarms were one of the first families in town. As you come in, Mrs. Lukewarm had four younger children and it kept her pretty busy looking after all of them. Lyd was always her favorite. She never was home much. Lyd was always trying to run away with a circus. She tried to run away with a circus from the time she was ten. No matter how many circuses sent her home, she was not discouraged. It was what you might call her indomitable will that has made her what she is today. You may know what that is; I don't. By the time



Boxes of poisoned candy often found their way to her little home in Beverly Hills



She tried to run away with a circus from the time she was ten

she finally joined up with a troupe, the only thing left for her to do was to pose in the living statues act. It was then that her family cast her off. Old Man Lukewarm had had other plans for his oldest daughter; he wanted her to go to work.

But Lydia stayed with the circus. Parental opposition only strengthened her determination. She learned one pose. She was the top statue in a group called "The Coming of Spring." Everybody said that she was the best statue they ever had. One night while she was posing a moving picture director was in the audience. In the next ring one of the elephants stampeded. Everyone began to run out of the tent except Lydia. She stayed right there.

She certainly knew how to hold a pose. The director went up to her and said, "I don't know your name—but I have been looking for such a girl as you for years and years. The movies need you."

And so Lydia Lukewarm became a household word and her family took her on again.

Success has not spoiled Lydia Lukewarm. She has played a variety of rôles; her name has become a household word—but we said that before. She is still the same old Lydia. Each rôle bears a resemblance to her first great success. Spring in "The Coming of Spring."

Of course when a person is successful there are always those who seek to disparage her. Lydia Lukewarm has her enemies. What celebrity has not? Boxes of poisoned candy often find their way to her little home in Beverly Hills. People write her threatening letters, to the effect that if she doesn't change her expression pretty soon they will take desperate measures. But, like all the truly great, Lydia Lukewarm is simple. So she ignores nobly all these unpleasant aspects of her fame and fortune.

Has she forgotten the home folks? Not our Lyd! Why, just the other day a truck stopped in front of her parents' home—they still live in the old homestead, not wishing to leave the place where their famous child was born. A huge crate was unloaded, and all the neighbors gathered round, knowing it was a present from Lydia. And so it was. Nothing so vulgar as a grand piano; but—and it pleased her mother so much that she has never been the same since—a thrice-life-size oil painting of Lydia in the self-same costume she wore as Spring.



TRE - JUR



The Venus of Today

WHEN Modern Loveliness meets Ancient Art—Modern Loveliness seems very lovely.

The American Girl of Today is both beautiful and wise. She demonstrates her wisdom by choosing—TRE-JUR.

In all the world there are no compacts to match their worth. Each contains a quality of cosmetic to please the finest skin. Each is delightfully scented with JOLI-MEMOIRE—as fragrant as a little breath of heaven.

Every compact case is an inspired invention. Judge, for instance, THE TRE-JUR TRIPLE. Powder, lipstick, and rouge—all arranged to serve you swiftly and well. The compact, complete with all its charms, is yours for \$1.25. Then, there's THE TRE-JUR THINEST—scarcely deeper than a dollar—and that's precisely what it costs. The lovely case just fits the palm. The mirror is generously large—the powder ample and of exquisite quality.

THE HOUSE OF TRE-JUR, 19 West 18th St., New York

At your favorite toilet goods counter you'll find Tre-Jur—a compact for every need—a value surprising. Or by mail from us.

NEW. Tre-Jur Loose Face Powder, exquisite quality, delicately scented, sells for—in a womanly lovely box \$0c, \$1.



"Thindest"



"The Triple"





Peter Howard, otherwise, "the Hermit," is beloved by all Hollywood. The roles he assumes in pictures usually mirror his true personality

Hollywood's Hermit

By Frances Denton

HE is the friend and advisor of directors and great stars, of extra people and children.

He is a mystic and healer and, during the filming of "The Four Horsemen," he was "court physician" to none other than the great Rex Ingram himself. The hard work and strain broke down Ingram's nerves and health, and only the healer's system of simple and natural living enabled him to complete that immortal epic.

And more than all this he is a Hollywood institution—one of the real sights of the nation's film capitol, which has more of the bizarre and more of the unusual to offer sightseers than any other city in the world.

He is called "Peter the Hermit" and Ingram says he is the greatest man in Hollywood, because all great men are simple and Peter is the simplest old chap in the world.

His real name is Peter Howard and he is a little old man with a face as ruddy as Santa Claus. His flowing white beard and hair have been stragglers to razor and scissors since the hermit took up the simple life over twelve years ago. His wardrobe consists of two pair of trousers and two shirts—and he would as soon be locked up in a cell as to don hat, shoes, underwear or coat. Winter or summer his garb is always the same—a shirt wide open at the neck and a pair of khaki trousers—nothing else.

The hermit's favorite description of himself is the following original poem which fits him well.

"Peter is a long haired man,
His face is red but it never tans;

His clothes are scant and his pads are bare,

And you'll find him in Hollywood most anywhere."

Peter is known and loved not only by the entire film colony but by all of the school children in Hollywood as well. For when he is not working in the pictures or seeking solitude and meditation in his little tent tucked away back in the Hollywood hills near Inspiration Point he can be found playing with the school children—showing them tricks on the trapeze and the horizontal bars or joining in their ball game.

Although Hollywood's very best and only hermit, he does not live alone, for he has four burros and a dog, "Teddy," who is his real pal. And he has a great deal of company.

It is nothing to drop in on Peter and find a great director, a star, a bank president or a child, thoroughly enjoying themselves with him.

The grown-ups visit Peter—some to look over a real hermit in his native lair, some to hear him talk on mysticism and health and others because they have grown really fond of the simple, kindly, lovable little old man with his strange and startling philosophies.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 120]



Let the Pontiac Strain Seal—the assurance of quality and the guarantee of genuineness—and the first nationally known fur trademark—guide you in the selection of richly beautiful silver fox.



The dazzling beauty of Claire Windsor—framed in Pontiac Strain silver fox—a specially posed photograph by Seeley, Los Angeles.

Beauty that Adds to Beauty!

Just the right touch of distinctive charm for any costume or any occasion is added by glorious silver fox. It is equally suited for street wear or thrown across lovely shoulders above an evening gown. And wherever the wearer of fine silver fox may go, she is sure of the admiration of the discerning and the heart-felt envy of those not so fortunate.

A copy of the illustrated booklet "The Fur Incomparable," will be mailed to you on request. It gives valuable facts that will help you determine the fineness of pelts and tells the fascinating story of silver fox.

DETROIT SILVER FOX FARMS
The Pontiac Strain Organization
General Motors Bldg., Detroit, U. S. A.
Fifteen Ranches and Producing Units

(18)

PONTIAC *Strain* FURS



Four leaders of Our Gang and their doubles. The dolls, made to look exactly like the children, come to life and play some scenes in a new Our Gang comedy. From left to right we have Farina, Jack Condon, Mickey Daniels and Joe Cobb



It all happens in a dream, and in this scene Our Gang learns how the dolls feel when they play around the rocking-chair in the nursery. This big chair is three and a half times larger than an ordinary rocker

OUR TINY GANG

Little Mary Kornman has gone to sleep and has just begun to dream that her dolls are alive. At her head, you can see the Jackie Condon doll. Director Bob McGowan, with the megaphone, is directing the scene



Often a Bridesmaid but never a Bride

HER case was really a pathetic one. Most of the girls in her set were married or about to be.

That morning she had received still another wedding announcement.

And as her birthdays crept gradually toward that tragic thirty mark, marriage seemed farther from her life than ever.

She was often a bridesmaid, but never a bride.

* * *

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

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

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

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—never in bulk. There are four sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1½ ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.



LISTERINE Throat Tablets are now available. Please do not make the mistake of expecting them to correct bad breath. Rely on the Liquid, Listerine. Containing all of the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine, however, they are very valuable as a relief for throat irritations—25 cents.

Stars of the Photoplay

DeLuxe Edition

250 Art Portraits of Leading Moving Picture Stars

Beautiful Art Portraits reproduced in Rotogravure from the latest and best photographs, on Primoplate paper. Handsome dark blue book binding with gold lettering. The portraits are alphabetically arranged, and below each is printed a clear and comprehensive sketch of the career of each star presented. Altogether, the volume constitutes a combined art gallery and brief biography of all the leading players.

Send for your copy of the "Stars of the Photoplay" Today

Just fill out the coupon below, enclose your check or money order for only \$1.75 and a copy will be mailed to you to any part of the United States or Canada. Will mail C. O. D. if desired. If it does not come up to your expectations or if you are not more than satisfied with it, return it and your money will be cheerfully refunded.

Only \$1.75

Fill out the coupon
and mail it today

Address Dept. G. P.

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MAGAZINE**

750 N. Michigan Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

THIS COUPON IS FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
Dept. G. P., 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find \$1.75, for which please send one copy of "Stars of the Photoplay" to the name and address below:

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Street.....

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

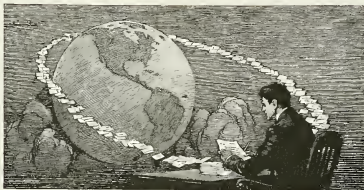
Remittance enclosed

Send C. O. D.

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.

H. M., FORT WAYNE, IND.—Why do you girls always ask me to rave about other men? Do you think I have no feelings? Well, here you are. Robert Frazer was born in Worcester, Mass., in 1895. He is six feet tall, weighs 176 pounds, has dark brown hair and eyes to match. Married to Mildred Bright. Hoot Gibson has light hair and blue eyes. He is five feet, ten inches and weighs 160 pounds. Also married.

MARGARET K., NASHVILLE, TENN.—Mary Brian's real name is Mary Brian and she was born in Corsicana, Texas, in 1908. Norma Talmadge has no children, so I can't very well tell you their names, can I? Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., isn't engaged. He's too young to think much about girls. As for who designs Gloria Swanson's gowns—there's where you have an expert Answer Man stumped!

AUSTRIAN READER.—Thank you for your nice long letter. I am sure that you will get along in your career because you sound like an ambitious and conscientious worker. I am sure Richard Dix would appreciate your praise of him. Richard was born in St. Paul, Minn., on July 18, 1895. He is six feet tall and weighs 184 pounds. He uses the name given him by his parents. My best luck to you!

MURIAL A., STURGIS, MICH.—Aren't you girls suspicious? Yes, J. Warren Kerrigan is his real name. Born Louisville, Ky., on July 25, 1889. Just now, I believe, he is on a personal appearance tour with his picture, "Captain Blood." Maybe he will come to your part of the country. Here's hoping, anyway.

KITTY MARIE, NEW LONDON, CONN.—I'll take a long breath and give you full information about Ramon Novarro. Ramon was born on February 6, 1899, and since then has grown to the height of five feet, ten inches. He weighs one hundred and sixty pounds. Can you guess the color of his eyes and hair? Dark brown for both. Gertrude Olmstead was born on November 13, 1904, and Alice Terry is about twenty-eight years old.

HELEN, PITTSBURGH, PA. Smart girl, Helen. You start your letter with flattery. You can't have my photograph but you can get one of Lloyd Hughes by writing to the United Studios, Hollywood, Cal. That will probably make you just as happy. Lloyd is one of the few stars born in Arizona—in Bisbee, to be exact. His birth date is October 21, 1897. He entered pictures in 1917. And he's married to Gloria Hope. Lew Cody was married, but isn't right now. Pola Negri weighs 120 pounds.

Y. H. B., ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Holbrook Blinn has acquired the polish you admire in a long and varied experience on the stage. He was born in San Francisco, Calif., Jan. 23, 1872. He has been on the stage since he was a child of six years. He is playing in a Belasco stage production, "The Dove."

E. H., DETROIT, MICH.—Harrison Ford, whom you so sincerely admire, was born in Kansas City, Mo., in 1892. His height is five feet, ten inches. He has been married. His present allegiance is symbolized by the Paramount Studios.

GLADYS, ST. LOUIS, MO.—George O'Brien is one of those to whom San Francisco points as her gifted sons. He was born in that city in 1900. He appears in pictures made at the Fox Studios.

MRS. M. S. S., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—The March magazine meant even more to you than usual because it contained a picture of "Wally Reid" who gave us the best and who died as he would have liked to die, trying to be an upright and lovable man. You may get the photographs of him you desire by writing his widow, Mrs. Dorothy Reid, 904-5 Guaranty Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

HENRY S., RIDGEFIELD, N. J.—The "g" is silent in Thomas Meighan's name. It is pronounced as though spelled "Mee-han."

A GILBERT FAN, PHILADELPHIA, PA. Ramon Novarro is engaged in his important rôle of the hero of the much discussed play, "Ben Hur." Yes, still with the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. May McAvoy is in the same picture and under the same management. Richard Talmadge is busy for F. B. O. Pola Negri sailed for Europe this spring. She has been with the Lasky Studios for several years. Mary Pickford is engaged in the production of "Little Annie Rooney."

V. M., DETROIT, MICH.—Ben Lyon was born in Atlanta, Ga., Feb. 6, 1901. He went to school in Baltimore. He had a stage career of five years before he entered pictures, which was in May, 1923. Richard Barthelmess' contract with Inspiration Pictures continues.

MARIE, AUBURN, N. Y.—Buck (Charles) Jones was born in Vincennes, Ind., 1889. His height is five feet, eleven and three-fourths inches. Fancy a man being as near to six feet as that, yet not. He weighs one hundred seventy-three pounds. His eyes are grey. His hair is brown. He is married and has a daughter.

M. C., BOSTON, MASS.—Why not write Mrs. Valentino your appreciation of her wifely and other gifts? Such compliments are not unwelcome to any woman. Put your queries in the same letter.

S. H., LA JOLA, CALIF.—Colleen Moore was born twenty-two years ago in Port Huron, Mich. She was not on the stage before going on the films. Her most recent picture is "So Big." Gaston Glass, who would bow his thanks if present, has completed his work in "Souls Adrift," "Trouping with Ellen," and "The Three Keys."

M. B., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Extreme height is not a complete disqualification for the screen though it does not recommend you for it. There are several very tall actresses who have distinguished themselves in films, although there are many more tall men than tall women in pictures. Pauline Frederick's height is five feet, three and a half inches, and Carol Dempster's, five feet, five inches.

GLADYS G., DENVER, COLO.—Richard Barthelmess is an American; he was born in New York City on May 9, 1897. I know he would enjoy your enthusiastic letter.

A. E. F., GULFPORT, MISS.—Charles Mack played the rôle of *Charles Montagu* in D. W. Griffith's "America."

IMPIE, NEWBURGH, N. Y.—You visualize me as thirty, with black hair and brown eyes. Nope. Try again, Impie. Matt Moore is thirty-four. His eyes are hazel. He is the bachelor and brother of the twice-married Tom Moore and Owen Moore. I stubbornly decline to guarantee that he will remain a bachelor. No man honestly intends to be one all his life. Circumstances make him so.

L. B., WATERBURY, CONN.—Pauline Frederick was born in Boston in 1884. She has shown a varied taste in husbands. Her first was Frank M. Andrews, an architect. Her second, Willard Mack, actor and playwright. C. A. Rutherford, her third, is a physician.

R. S., JACKSON, MICH.—Marion Davies' latest picture is "Zander the Great." Her age is twenty-four. Norma Shearer's latest is "Excuse Me." She is sweet and twenty. Try the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

CECIL, PARIS, ONT.—The matrimonial information you desire follows: Vera Reynolds, Betty Bronson, Edna Murphy and Blanche McHaffey are single. Ann Cornwall is married. Edna Murphy's activities are in the Universal Studios, Fort Lee, N. J.

DIXIE, BERKELEY, CALIF.—I sympathize with you in your affliction. Try to remove the cause, Dixie. Gladys Hulette's most recent picture was "Winner Takes All." She played opposite Charles ("Buck") Jones in it. Marie Doré is trying out a new play for the screen. Miss Doré has told me that she is weary of the screen. But she may change her mind. It has happened among your sex, Dixie, so her haunting, wistful eyes may again be revealed for your admiration. Neither Edna Mayo nor Monroe Salisbury has made any recent pictures.

M. W., MONTREAL, CAN.—Anna May Wong played the slave girl in "The Thief of Bagdad." She was born in Los Angeles, Calif. She will next be seen in "Peter Pan." Alan Forrest's age is thirty-four; his height, five feet, eleven inches.

E. N., MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.—You are enjoying a tour of the world with your parents and the greatest of all the thrills it has provided was witnessing the shooting of scenes of "Madame Sans Gene" at Fontainebleau. You were "mad with excitement at seeing Gloria Swanson for she is and always has been my favorite. I worship the ground she walks on when I see it as I did at Fontainebleau." Yes, her little daughter was with her in Paris. Her name is Gloria too. I have not heard of her being taken by her mother on locations. Not the most comfortable experience for a child of such tender years as Gloria II. You wish that studios would be opened in Australia so that your favorites might visit the country in the flesh instead of only as films. You want me to tell the managers that Australia weather is ideal for photography. I hereby do. No doubt you are right in saying "Aussie is a young but a magnificent country."

JAMES, CHICAGO, ILL.—You ask for a brief biography of the man who directed "The Covered Wagon." I comply. James Cruze was born in Ogden, Utah, in 1884. He had a stage career before adopting the screen. He was an actor before he directed pictures. Married to Betty Compton.

MARY, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.—Certainly, Mary dear. Ramon Novarro was born in Durango, Mexico, Feb. 6, 1899. His height is five feet ten inches. Weight one hundred sixty pounds. His hair and eyes are dark brown, his complexion olive.

E. M., TALLAHASSEE, FLA.—You desire information about the actor whom you "have been crazy about for a long time and to see whom you and two other Girl Scouts walked four miles from the Scout camp." Milton Sills was born in Chicago about thirty-eight years ago. He has light brown hair and gray eyes. He is married. His wife was on the stage in England. They have one daughter. His latest pictures are "As Man Desires" and "I Want My Man."

A RICHARD TALMADGE FAN, SYRACUSE, N. Y.—All right, Wingo. Richard Talmadge was born in Camberg, Switzerland. He is about twenty-eight. His height is five feet, nine inches. No relation to the famous sisters of his name. Write F. B. O. Studios for his photograph.

DOROTHY D., MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.—PHOTOPLAY published the article to which you refer about Doris Kenyon in its October issue, 1920. Pleased to be of service, Miss Dorothy.

M. L. C., BUFFALO, N. Y.—Your queries "sound like an examination paper" and "you do not trust the youth of the country." I do, even if they do wear one-piece bathing suits. "Hearts Aflame" was adapted from a novel by Harold Titus called "Timber," with the scenario by J. G. Hawks and G. Rigby. Glad you like Irene Rich. Watch for her in "Cythera." Miss Rich also appeared in "Brawn of the North," "The Alibi," "Boys Will Be Boys" (with Will Rogers), "Sunset

Jones," "The Yosemite Trail," "Brass" and "Snowdrift." May McAvoy has appeared in "A Virginia Courtship," "Sentimental Tommy," "The Little Minister," "Clarence," "Kick In" and "Grumpy."

TALMADGE FAN, RUSSELLVILLE, N. Y.—You admire Valentino? And poor little me? Why not? I don't mind it but Rudy has an irate, jealous disposition. Oh well, it's a big world! Natalie is five feet, two inches tall and weighs one hundred pounds. She was born in 1890. Yes, her hair is bobbed. The Talmadge girls love ice cream in large quantities. The bad habit was taught to them by the Gish sisters.

H. H. P., NEW YORK CITY.—You may call me "Colonel" if you like. Just so that you don't confuse me with Colonel Filbert of the Nut Brigade. Thanks for worrying about my health. Gareth Hughes and Harrison Ford are not married.

WELDON D., EDGELEY P. O., SASKATCHEWAN, CAN.—Clubby of you to call me "dear friend." I have been called everything else save a millionaire. I am glad you seek the magazine and me in it. The United Studios may send you a photograph of her. She will be delighted to know that the first time you saw her in a picture you "took a fancy to her and that the fancy has increased to such proportions that it might be termed love. At least as far as love of a fan for a silver sheet acquaintance is concerned."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 110]



Charles Sheldon, famous New York artist, painting a portrait of Dorothy Gish in his studio in Carnegie Hall, New York. It will be used as a cover on an early issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Friends of Miss Gish who have seen it say that Mr. Sheldon has done a very remarkable thing in transferring the delightful personality of the little star to canvas. If Miss Gish is a favorite of yours, as she is of ours, the picture will be well worth preserving. Mr. Sheldon is making a series of portraits of stars from life and we suggest that you save them. They are the finest portraits of screen stars ever made

FREE TRIAL!

FREE: 5 Day Trial! Send no money. Simply clip coupon below.

NEW ELECTRIC BRUSH—

DRIES hair in 5 minutes or bathing — invigorates scalp!

Now you can DRY your hair ELECTRICALLY in 5 minutes—after shampooing or bathing.

No longer need you wait from one to two hours for your hair to dry. Or run the risk of catching cold from only partially dried hair. For now, with this amazing new, patented, electric hair dryer—you simply brush your hair dry in a few minutes.

This remarkable little invention is called the YVETTE HAIR DRYER. There's nothing else like it. Do not confuse with air-blowing devices—which tangle the hair, and are also expensive.

Note the TEETH in this electric brush. These teeth stimulate the circulation of your scalp delightfully. Add to their effectiveness as a hair dryer, if you will rub your head with this brush two or three times a week, your scalp will be so invigorated that dandruff—the start of baldness—will be quite stopped. Living the roots of your hair electrically—stimulates the growth of hair—gives a delightful scalp massage.

A New Delight

Old, slow hair-drying methods make shampooing so uncomfortable as to be almost as painful as possible. The YVETTE ELECTRIC HAIR DRYER solves the problem.

The brush itself is handsomely finished, made of the very best materials, and has a heating element that is guaranteed for two years.

Free 5-Day Trial!

The YVETTE ELECTRIC HAIR DRYER will soon be placed on sale in stores for \$7.50. But—in order to quickly introduce, we are making a special offer of only \$4.97 to the first 5,000 women who answer our advertisement.

And you need SEND NO MONEY with your order. Simply fill out your name and address, mail the coupon to us, and your YVETTE ELECTRIC HAIR DRYER will go forward by return mail. When it arrives, simply deposit \$4.97—the special introductory price—with the postman; plus a few cents postage.

Try it at our risk for FIVE DAYS. If you aren't delighted—simply return it. And your money will be immediately refunded. Only 5,000 electric brushes will be sold at this low price. So act at once—before this offer is withdrawn. Fill out the coupon—print your name plainly—and mail it to NOW.



YVETTE ET Cie.,
26 E. Huron St., Dept. 20,
Chicago, Ill.

Please send YVETTE ELECTRIC HAIR DRYER and SCALP MASSAGE. I will deposit \$4.97 with the postman, plus return this \$4.97 to me if, after 5-day trial, I do not care to keep it.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

NOW—FREE MARCELS!

Amazing New Marcel Waving Outfit waves your hair beautifully—in 5 minutes—at home! Whether bobbed or unbobbed—an alluring wave guaranteed. Look your best all of the time—save \$40 to \$50 a year hairdressers' bills. Coupon offers 5-day FREE TRIAL.

Now you can always look as though you had just stepped out of a Fifth Avenue hairdresser's.

No more times, between trips to the hairdresser, when the wave is gone—when hair is not as pretty as it should be—when it is hard to arrange. No matter how pretty you are, this new way will greatly enhance your personal attractiveness.

Whether your hair is bobbed or long you can give yourself in five minutes' time a beautiful, professional-looking marcel. Have a fresh marcel as often as you like at a cost of less than 25c a year for electricity! Always have beautifully groomed hair—without high hairdressers' bills.

A Remarkable Invention

The YVETTE MARCEL WAVING OUTFIT is the invention of a well-known hair specialist. There is nothing else like it, as its principles are fully protected by patents.

Nothing could be easier to use! Simply attach the YVETTE WAVER to any electric light socket, as you would an old-style "curling iron." But the YVETTE does what no curling iron could ever do. The actual waving is automatic—requires no skill or practice.

It is so designed as to impart an exquisitely soft, but very distinct marcel.

Agents Wanted!



It uses less heat than required by any other method—and yet secures an amazing result. This heat is applied by a new principle, to all parts of all hair. The heat is controlled so it cannot possibly burn or injure the life and luster of your hair in any way.

It does not matter whether your hair is dry and brittle, or very oily. The YVETTE 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. Think of the convenience when going to a party or the theatre—with little time to get ready. What a comfort not having to bother with hairdressers' appointments and waiting!

The YVETTE MARCEL WAVING OUTFIT is already used by thousands of attractive girls and women from Maine to California. Note the testimonials shown here—typical of hundreds in our files.

Free Trial Offer

This remarkable new Waving Outfit will delight you as it has thousands of others. It was originally made to sell at \$10—which is a low price when you consider the time and money to be saved. But we have determined to reduce the price to a point where it is within the reach of all—and thus double our production. So we make this amazingly generous offer.

Clip, fill in and mail the coupon below, and we will send you the complete YVETTE MARCEL WAVING OUTFIT, including the Electric Wave, hand somewhat, with ivory-finished handles, silk cord, bakelite plug, complete directions, etc.—everything you need.

When it arrives simply deposit with the postman the new reduced price of \$4.97, plus a few cents postage. Keep and use the complete outfit for FIVE DAYS. Test it in every way. Then if you are not completely delighted, simply send it back, and we will immediately return your \$4.97. Could we make a finer offer?

Think what a pleasure it will 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 this money-saving coupon now. Mail it today, sure, before this offer is withdrawn.

PROOF!
Here are a few excerpts from many kind letters received from our Marcel Waving Outfit recipients and I am delighted with it. Miss — came in while I was using it today and wants one, so I am enclosing her check.—Miss Dr. W. J. R., San Jose, Calif.
"I am so pleased with the YVETTE that I am enclosing check for \$10 for which and three copies to the Journal, Bulletin of Home Interiors, Inc.—St. L. Oak Park, Ill."

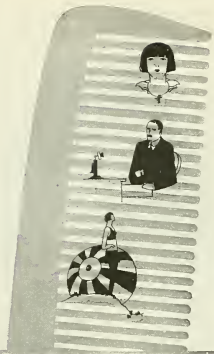
Send No Money — Five Days' Trial!

Distributing Division,
YVETTE ET Cie., Dept. 20,
26 E. Huron St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send complete YVETTE MARCEL WAVING OUTFIT. I will deposit \$4.97 plus postage with postman when he brings it. You will return this \$4.97 to me if, after 5-day trial, I do not care to keep the outfit.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....
State.....

Write for proposition



*Have you bought all
the combs you will
need this summer?*

Consider before you answer the numerous uses to which the old family comb will be put—unless it breaks down. Then having considered, fare forth to your favorite drug, specialty or department store and ask to see their complete line of Ajax combs. You'll find you want at least eight. ¶ Let's list them. Two bobbed-hair combs for Sister—"Daintee" for her dresser and "Bobbie" for her pocket; two Men's Dressing Combs—one for Father's chiffonier and one for his office; two Ladies' Dressing Combs for you; a pocket comb for Sonny; and a big wide-toothed Ajax Special with hole-in-handle for handy use in bath house, touring kit or camp. ¶ Ajax Hard-Rubber Combs are sleek and handsome in mahogany or black, strong and safe in their unbreakable, non-inflammable structure, convenient in many models and—best of all—reasonable in price. You can buy all eight (that we've agreed you need) for a sum so low as to surprise you. THE VULCANIZED RUBBER CO., INC., 251 FOURTH AVE., N. Y. C.



Greta Nissen

The Girl on the Cover

By Cal York

GRETA NISSEN! That's the first name you hear when you set foot on the Paramount Hollywood lot these days.

The directors are all after her for their next pictures—fighting over her—the publicity department is crazy about her and the hard-boiled electricians would battle a buzz-saw for her.

Hollywood knows many beautiful women and reflects their charms to the world. But not in a long time has the Boulevard been so enraptured as it is under the spell of this blonde Venus from Norway. The magic wand of the screen has touched her and soon Hollywood will share her radiant personality with the world.

Jesse Lasky saw her in the pantomime dance in "Beggars on Horseback" in New York. The next day she had signed a long term motion picture contract.

She is nineteen years old and was born in Oslo, Norway. She is five feet, four inches tall, weighs 115 pounds, has real blonde hair, which she wears bobbed, and wide blue eyes that meet yours most frankly.

Her real name is Grethe Ruz-Nissen. The dream of her mother's life had been to be a stage dancer, but the fulfillment of this desire

was denied her. From the time little Greta was able to walk, her mother taught her dancing steps and at the age of six placed her with the Royal Opera of Copenhagen. Here Miss Nissen remained eleven years. While at the Royal Opera her work attracted the attention of King Haakon and Queen Maud of Norway. This interest of royalty made it easy for her to make her debut at the National Theater of Scandinavia under the most brilliant circumstances.

At eighteen she came to America with a dancing tour in mind but, at the suggestion of Fokine, accepted the role of the fairy princess in "Beggars on Horseback" and became a sensation overnight. At the close of the New York run she started her picture contract.

She made her first appearance before the camera with Ricardo Cortez in "The Name of Love." Now she is playing Tisha, the siren; in the Biblical spectacle, "The Wanderer."

Greta lives with her mother and younger brother in a pretty Hollywood bungalow and is herself the head of the little family. Her English is slow and soft, with a charming accent, and altogether she is a most delightful little person.

CHRISTIANITY ON BROADWAY

Excerpts from editorial in
The Daily Reporter, White Plains, N. Y.
By W. Livingston Larned

AN unusual project has been set in motion in New York. A "Business Building" is to rise on Broadway, at 173rd Street, dedicated to Christianity. To be known as the "Broadway Temple," it will contain a church, offices, auditoriums, schools, hotel accommodations, cafeterias, etc. And to a large extent, it will be erected by popular subscription. Individuals buy bonds, representing a 5 per cent investment and the total cost will be approximately \$4,000,000.

It is the first undertaking of its kind, and has so many amazing features that we will do well to observe some of these innovations. For this is a combination of church and skyscraper. Business and Christianity will be housed under one roof.

This Broadway Temple is, in a sense, a gigantic symbol of the uncontrovertible fact that Godliness can and should be continuous.

Broadway will be the better for a substantial reminder of this Holy Presence. From every vantage point, on sunny days, or nights filled with the sinister menace of storm, a high-flung cross of unquenchable light will be visible, glittering against the heavens. And he will murmur to himself reverently, "The Holy Spirit bides with me wherever I may be, walking or sleeping."

Broadway Temple will cover 26,000 square feet of foundation space, facing a whole block on Broadway. It will have a beautiful tower, 24 stories high; six million people will see a revolving cross of light, 34 feet high, on its topmost pinnacle. The church auditorium will seat 2200; there will be Sunday school rooms, a social hall and every modern convenience for religious and community work. An apartment hotel in the tower is to contain 644 rooms, public offices and dining halls. Apartments for housekeeping in the two wings will accommodate 500 persons. And there are stores fronting on Broadway.

In exploiting this magnificent and ambitious plan, its sponsors say: "A 5 per cent investment in your Fellow Man's Salvation, Broadway Temple is to be a combination of Church and Skyscraper, Religion and Revenue, Salvation and 5 per cent—and the 5 per cent is based on ethical Christian grounds."

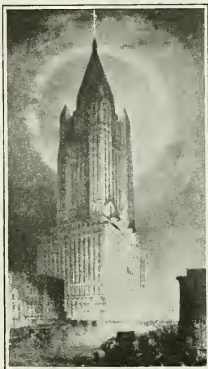
Broadway Temple is more than a revolutionary idea, more than a sound investment, more than an architectural wonder of the age; it represents a spiritual stepping stone in man's climb upward to the Cross.

**"Buy These Bonds
and Let God
Come to Broadway"**

Religion and Revenue Glorified by a Wonderful Ideal

The Directors who will conduct this business enterprise, the men with whom you, as an investor, will be associated, are some of the keenest and best-known business men in New York. They are

President: Ellis L. Phillips,
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Arthur J. Baldwin, Vice-President
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A Twentieth Century Cathedral, Church,
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Why this is a SAFE Investment

Merely as an investment the Bonds of the Broadway Temple are inviting as a business proposition. Ewing, Bacon & Henry, real estate experts, in a letter to Donn Barber, the architect, set forth the following conservative estimate of income:

Rental from stores	\$27,500
Income from two apartment houses	166,290
Income from apartment hotel	402,300
Total annual income	\$596,090
Total expenses and interest and taxes	470,500

Leaving a net surplus for the bond holders of \$125,590 annually

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Without obligation to me, please let me know about the BROADWAY TEMPLE Bonds.

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or if you desire, fill out the following subscription:

I hereby subscribe for \$..... par value Second Mortgage Broadway Temple

5% Cumulative Interest Bearing Bonds, and agree to make payments as follows:

(a) I enclose check for total amount of subscription.

(b) I will pay 10% of my subscription on the first day of the month following the date of this pledge and 10% every sixty days thereafter until full amount of subscription is paid.

Signed

Address

P. S. Joan D. Rockefeller, Jr., has agreed to take the last \$250,000 of the Bonds



Claire Windsor
Popular star in
Metro-Goldwyn
Pictures

**Trim as a sport frock
and so easy to carry
—the DAISY BAG!**

EVERY day thousands of women are learning the delightful comfort of traveling without heavy hand luggage.

All they need for the vacation trip—extra hats, dresses, underthings, slippers and toilet articles—can be conveniently carried in the smart, light-weight DAISY BAG.

Of best patent-leather fabric, cretonne-lined, with inner pocket, the Daisy DeLuxe Model opens and closes in a jiffy with the patented bookless fastener. Rainproof—dustproof.

DELUKE MODEL sells from \$5.00 to \$6.00 and BUTTON MODEL from \$3.50 to \$4.25 at leading department stores, luggage and specialty shops.

The DAISY PRODUCTS, Inc.
366 Fifth Avenue, New York

The **DAISY HAT BAG**



What's wrong with this fish? Richard Dix swears that he caught it on a recent fishing trip. Richard tells the story with a straight face, but look at the wink the fish is giving him!

Studio News and Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

as director and star and soon after as husband and wife. George Fitzmaurice and Ouida Bergere, who wrote his screen stories, came to the parting of the way both in work and in domesticity. Hugo and Mabel Ballin are still devoted maritally, but they were not altogether successful in screen work, so he's now writing novels while she free lances in films.

THERE is a rather odd story back of the naming of the baby son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Niblo.

Mrs. Niblo, who is Enid Bennett on the screen, had but one choice—Peter Niblo. But the director couldn't see it at all, offering Rex, Malcolm or Paul instead.

There was a deadlock, lasting over a period of weeks and family and friends were called in to arbitrate. For a time it looked as if Baby Niblo never would have a name.

And then a sportingly-inclined friend suggested a drawing.

It was agreed and all four names were placed in a hat. Fred had three choices and his wife but one, but that one was enough, for Peter was the name drawn from the hat and Peter Niblo their baby son is.

ALLEN RAY, pretty serial star, and **Charlie Murray** were on location together out in one of the sub-division districts of Los Angeles. There were flags flying and signs waving all around them. It was a veritable jungle of them.

"Why don't you go into the subdivision business, Charlie?" asked Allene. "Everyone's doing it, they tell me, including Harold

Lloyd, Ruth Roland, the Christie boys, Mrs. Wallace Reid and scads of others."

"Well," said Charlie, "I wanted to, but couldn't. You see they'd run out of flags."

IF you enjoyed the book, as thousands upon thousands did, judging by its tremendous sale, you're bound to like the picture when "Never the Twain Shall Meet," the latest Cosmopolitan Production, is released. And I think you'll agree with me that it's the greatest thing—the Tamea character, half French and half South Sea Islander, that Anita Stewart has ever done. By and large I consider it a real box office picture and a great personal triumph for Anita.

And in Hollywood a great deal of credit is being given to Peter B. Kyne, the author, for the picture, for in addition to its being one of his brain children, this story, Kyne personally edited and titled it.

After a couple of unsatisfactory efforts at cutting the picture it was decided that a "doctor" was needed and who could be a better doctor than the author himself. So Pete was sent for and given a free rein. He found most of his story on "the cutting room floor," so Pete says, but it had all been shot and now they have for the screen the real story in the book, the real characters come to life on the screen.

I do not think I have ever seen a novel or play more faithfully reproduced on the screen. Yet many say it can't be done.

HERE are a few famous "last words" submitted for approval by Creighton Hale:

"Mr. Ray, why don't you make another picture like 'Miles Standish'?"

"She's skidding, so I'll put on the brakes."

"Mr. Niblo, let's go to Rome and make another picture."

"Mr. Valentino, is it true that Ricardo Cortez gets more fan letters than you?"

"Are you afraid of Harry Wills, Mr. Dempsey?"

"Is it true, Mr. De Mille, that you are a stockholder in a bathroom supply house?"

"Let the ambulance wait. I have the right of way."

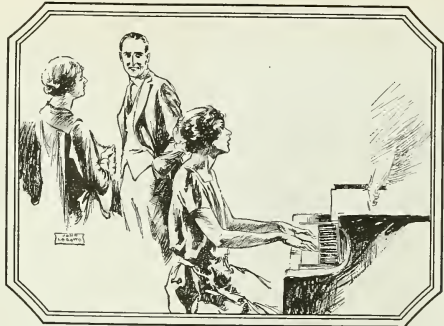
"Can you really ride a bad horse, Mr. Mix?"

VERY quietly, Mae Marsh sailed for Europe to appear in the London stage production of "The Rat." This is Miss Marsh's debut on the stage. Mae has been glowing in hard luck recently. Her films haven't been highly successful, through no fault of her own. Apparently she has no intention of returning to D. W. Griffith, the only director capable of bringing out her unusual talents.

LENORE ULRIC quit David Belasco's stage production of "The Harem" right in the middle of a successful run. There was all sorts of hints that Miss Ulric had had a disagreement with her manager, but Miss Ulric merely announced that a bad case of throat trouble had caused her sudden withdrawal.

Now throat trouble is no handicap in the silent drama, and Miss Ulric frankly admits that she would like to make more movies. She also intimated that she would like to appear in a film version of "The Constant Nymph."

To make things more complicated, a manager named Charles Wagner is said to own the rights to the successful novel. Mr. Wagner is manager for Sydney Blackmer, who is said to be engaged to Miss Ulric. So draw your own conclusions.



"Who is that Beautiful Girl?"

"BUT you know her already, Tom," replied the hostess. "That is Virginia Carter."

"Oh, come; Virginia Carter was the plainest little girl in all the world."

"Just the same, Tom, she really is the Virginia Carter you used to know—but isn't she beautiful now!"

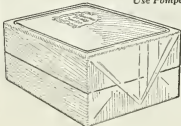
She had learned from Madame Jeannette how to enhance her best points and how to develop a new beauty by selecting the proper shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder and applying it correctly.

Mme. Jeannette's Beauty Treatment

First, a bit of Pompeian Day Cream to make your powder cling and prevent "shine." Next, apply Pompeian Beauty Powder to all exposed portions of face, neck and shoulders. It will give your skin that lovely effect of rose-petal softness. Lastly, just a touch of Pompeian Bloom to bring the exquisite glow of youthful color.

Pompeian Beauty Powder

"Don't Envy Beauty—
Use Pompeian"



Shade Chart for selecting your correct tone of Pompeian Beauty Powder:

Medium Skin: The average American woman has this type of skin, and should use the Naturelle shade

Olive Skin: This skin generally accompanies dark hair and eyes. It is rich in tone and should use the Rachel shade.

Pink Skin: This is the youthful, rose-tinted skin, and should use the Flesh shade. This type of skin is usually found with light hair, or red hair.

White Skin: If your skin is quite without color, use White Powder. Only the very white skin should use White Powder in the daytime.

At all toilet counters, 60c. Compact, \$1.00. (Slightly higher in Canada.)

Mme. Jeannette
Specialist
en beauté

Get 1925 Panel and Four Samples

This new 1925 Pompeian Art Panel, "Beauty Gained is Love Retained," size 2½ 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 only 10c. With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Use the coupon now.



TEAR OFF, SIGN AND SEND

Madame Jeannette, Pompeian Laboratories
2905 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Madame: I enclose 10c (dime preferred) for the new 1925 Pompeian Art Panel, "Beauty Gained is Love Retained," and the four samples.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Shade of powder wanted? _____



When blazing
sunshine steals
the
"Precious Moisture"
from your skin

In the morning, soft, white skin. And at night, arms, neck and face of angry sunburn.

A pitiless sun dries the natural "Precious Moisture" from your skin just as it dries clothes. Then the parched skin becomes red and painful.

To relieve sunburn, use Frostilla Fragrant Lotion which furnishes your skin with a "Precious Moisture" just like Nature's. Your thirsty skin absorbs it eagerly. All soreness disappears.

Better yet, use Frostilla Lotion before the skin is burned to prevent irritation.

Two size bottles—55 cents and \$1.60 (the latter is more economical—contains more than three times the smaller bottle). Sold everywhere.

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© T. F. Co.



Sun dries the moisture from your skin as it dries clothes on the line.

But—here's another catch—"The Constant Nymph" has been tabooed by Will Hays—so it has been noised about. So there you are!

LAST Fall a young English newspaperman came to this country in search of his fortune. He rather thought he wanted to go in the movies. Some one gave him a letter of introduction to Jesse Lasky. But before he had a chance to present the letter, Lasky happened to see him in the lobby of a theater. He introduced himself to the young man and told him that he'd like to make a screen test of him.

And so Anthony Jowett got a part in "The Little French Girl." When Gloria Swanson looked about for a leading man for "The Coast of Folly" she selected Tony, who had been recommended by Allan Dwan.

He is tall, good-looking and intelligent and he is also so modest that he is quite abashed at his success.

DOROTHY CUMMINGS was another player selected by Gloria Swanson for "The Coast of Folly." She was sent to Hollywood in great state to play in the film. With her, she took six gowns, with cloaks, hats and shoes to match, all purchased for her at great expense. She was to be at the studio for only six days, but she was provided with a gown a day.

UNLESS you want to be talked about, don't go to Paris. That is, if you must go, take your husband or wife with you. Nazimova sailed and left Charles Bryant at home. And so the rumors of a divorce started. Nazimova wouldn't deny them and so, of course, no one would be surprised.

LITTLE LOIS MORAN is still being hailed as the greatest of the recent screen discoveries. In the rush for her services, Samuel Goldwyn won out. In fact, they do say that Sam met her in Paris and that when she came to this country, it was all set and arranged that she was to work for him. Then Marc Connelly engaged her for his play, "The Wisdom Tooth." The opening of the play has been postponed until fall, leaving Lois free to accept a rôle in "Stella Dallas."

And—more rumors—they say Mr. Goldwyn has chosen Lois to play Juliet with Ronald Colman as Romeo.

JOHN CONSIDINE, who is Joe Schenck's right hand man and who has the map of Tammany Hall written upon his countenance, paid a business visit to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot the other day. After much red tape about passes and so forth, he finally got on the lot, only to find himself being followed about by numerous studio policemen in uniform, who wanted to look at his pass, and who kept him more or less in sight all the time.

Just as Johnny was getting very much upset about the matter, he met Mickey Neilan.

"Mickey," he said, "what's all this about? Ever since I came on this lot there's been some cop following me around. What's the matter with me, anyway?"

"That's easy," said Mickey, "you've got a Christian face."

WHEN Colleen Moore and her husband, John McCormick, left the other day for a few months in Europe, Colleen made me some promises that proved to me that she was going over there with just a little different idea.

"I promise I won't stay in a single big hotel," said Colleen, looking me firmly in the eyes, "because big hotels are just alike whether they're in London or Paris or New York or Chicago. I promise to be terribly thrilled when I go to the Tower of London and see the place where Elizabeth locked Mary Stuart, and I promise to weep when I see the block on which they cut off poor little Lady Jane Grey's head. And I promise to stand in line at least once outside the 'pit' of a London theater and see the play from there."

Colleen wants very much to get something from her trip besides clothes and labels to stick on her trunk. Her desire for knowledge has always been tremendous, and her enthusiasm—which is the most vital thing in her nature—grows every year. I hope she prays every night to keep it, that beautiful and wonderful enthusiasm, for it's what makes her the most lovable of screen personalities, and what pushes her on and on, to do bigger work.



Do you think she looks like Mary? Charlotte Jones was selected in a contest as Miss Pickford's double. Like Mary, she was born in Toronto. On her visit to the Pickford Studios, Mary presented her with a silver vanity case

IN Washington, Colleen was received by President and Mrs. Coolidge at the White House.

"Mrs. Coolidge is delightful," Colleen told us, "and the President isn't the unsmiling man you read about in the newspapers. He is really cordial and charming. They had seen 'Sally' on the yacht Mayflower and were good enough to say they liked it. President Coolidge enjoys comedies. His favorite is 'The Navigator.' He liked it so well that they are having a return showing. I guess Buster Keaton will be proud when he hears about it!"

GEORGIA HALE, who with Josef Von Sternberg, the director, and George Arthur, sprang into fame and fortune almost overnight over their picture, "The Salvation Hunters," has been given a long term contract with Charlie Chaplin. She was first signed by Douglas Fairbanks and then loaned to the comedian, but Charlie thought so well of her work in his new picture, "The Gold Rush," that he succeeded in getting Doug to release her so that he could sign her.

JIM TULLY, author of "Beggars of Life" and well known magazine writer, has been engaged by Mrs. Ince to write the life of the late Thomas H. Ince, who landed in Los Angeles many years ago with \$4, a wife and child and who was a millionaire producer at the time of his death. This book should be a most interesting history of the motion picture industry, as Ince was one of its pioneers. The producer and his wife met and were married when both were playing in vaudeville for Jesse Lasky.

AT the showing of his new picture, "The Crackerjack," in New York, Johnny Hines made a short speech. First he told the audience that this will be a comedy year and then he explained the lasting popularity of comedy.

Said Johnny: "You can always get an onion to make you cry, but nobody has ever discovered a vegetable to make you laugh."

MARY MILES MINTER and her mother are on speaking terms again—temporarily, anyway. When Mary's grandmother fell ill, Mary rushed to Hollywood and was welcomed home by her mother and her sister. All the disagreeable family quarrels were forgotten as well as Mary's vow never to set foot again on California soil.

Mary's engagement to the naval officer seems to have gone glimmering as well as her plans for returning to the stage or screen.

JUST to prove that he is an artist—heart and soul—Jack Dempsey ate luncheon at the Algonquin before setting sail for Europe. He got wonderful service from the waiters and kind and respectful treatment from everyone who met him.

MRS. JACK DEMPSEY suffered so severely from sea-sickness during the voyage that she was wretchedly weak when she landed in France. She did not recuperate rapidly and her illness was complicated by a blood vessel in her stomach bursting. So the doctor sent Estelle to bed for a few days of complete rest.

HERE'S one Ernest Torrence overheard on "The Wanderer" set at the Paramount studios:

Two carpenters met on one of the sets. Both were hard of hear-



An invitation at the wrong time

The shadows of past experience flashed through her mind. She knew just how she'd feel—tired out, uncomfortable, draggy—not like her real self at all. But wait a bit!—what was it Grace had said, just the other day? "It's your own fault if you let your old-fogey notions interfere with your own comfort! Nobody else does." Well, she'd try it, this once.

So she accepted!

* * * * *

Women who keep physically fit have learned that a rub-down with Mifflin Alcohol solves the problem of those times when bathing is inconvenient or otherwise impracticable. Simply moisten a sponge or washcloth with Mifflin Alcohol and rub it over the body.

It is an even more effective cleanser than water—and is vastly more refreshing and invigorating. It removes body odors—especially odors of perspiration. It leaves the skin cool and

smooth. It is soothing and delightfully energizing.

Of course, this is only one of the many uses for Mifflin Alcohol. It relieves tired, aching feet; it is splendid for sprains or muscle-strains; it is an efficient antiseptic for cuts and scratches. Physicians recommend it as a bed-bath for invalids. Athletes and trainers know its rejuvenating properties as a rub-down after exercise. Used after the bath it helps to prevent colds.

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ALCOHOL

The External Tonic

At all drugists
in the handy-grip,
full pint bottles

Sample bottle sent for 4c;
booklet free on request

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Mifflin Witch Hazel Lotion, Mifflin Boy Balm, Mifflin Hair Tonic, Mifflin Shampoo, Mifflin Antiseptic Liquid Soap, Mifflin Tincture of Green Soap—each made in conformity to the same high standards of quality, purity and efficiency as is required by Mifflin Alcohol.





What impression does your skin create?

HOW will those whom you meet today remember you tomorrow?—first impressions make lasting memories. Will they think of you as keen, alert, dainty, altogether charming, or will a bad skin make you seem sluggish, indifferent, careless?

Don't let people get a wrong impression of you. Guard your skin against those enemies—blackheads, oiliness, clogged pores, sallowness etc.—which destroy its beauty and place you in a wrong light. Cleanliness is the chief source of a good complexion, and among medical skin specialists cleansing with a pure soap and warm water is the method most highly recommended.

Resinol Soap is ideal for every skin and will stand any test of purity. Its particular fragrance as well as its rich color is your guarantee for the healthful Resinol properties it contains. No heavy perfume is required to conceal inferior quality. Buy a cake from your druggist or toilet goods dealer, and bathe your face with it tonight. Note how readily it lathers, how gently but thoroughly it cleanses the pores, how easily it rinses, how soft, velvety and refreshed it leaves your skin.

RESINOL OINTMENT is a ready aid to Resinol Soap. In addition to being widely used for eczema, rashes, chafing, etc., thousands of women find it indispensable for clearing away blackheads, blotches and similar blemishes.

RESINOL SOAP



Dept. L, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

I have never used Resinol Soap or Ointment, so please send me a free sample of each.

Name.....

Street.....

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

Please Print Clearly



The city slicker, with his dashing ways, tries his fatal wiles on the bashful girl. Of course, you recognize Mae Busch and Lew Cody, all dressed up to kill. This is a scene from "Time, the Comedian"

ing. One was wearing his hat and coat, apparently bound for the studio exit.

"Going home?" the first deaf one asked.

"No," replied the other, "I'm going home."

"Oh," said the first carpenter, "I thought you were going home."

WHEN the film director commands, even honeymoons must wait.

And this is why Gaylord F. Lloyd, brother of Harold, and his bride, Barbara Starr, are enjoying the sunshine and bathing at Honolulu instead of making the trip months ago.

The Lloyds were married last September, but the argosy of romance was forced to lie idle in the harbor while the bride finished her part in Harold's new picture.

While Harold and Mildred were in New York, Brother Gaylord and his wife enjoyed their belated honeymoon.

Originally they had planned a trip to Japan, but the pressure of business as casting director for Harold made the longer cruise impossible.

THE film and stage world are mourning the death of William H. Lytell, veteran actor and producer and father of Bert Lytell, stage and screen star. The end came in New York. The elder Lytell had been in bad health for several months, due to a fall on the slippery pavements during a snow storm. Concussion of the brain was given as the cause of his death.

Mr. Lytell was one of the outstanding figures of the old school in the theatrical world. A noted actor years ago, he produced many plays and musical comedies in which he personally appeared. Many stage offerings bore his name as author and producer as well.

ONCE more the names of beautiful Florence Vidor and Edward Everett Horton, stage star who appeared in Jimmy Cruze's picturizations of "Ruggles of Red Gap" and "Beggars on Horseback," are being linked together. More than a year ago Eddie and Florence were great friends for a time and were seen much together. Then it ended as suddenly as it began and all Hollywood was puzzled and disappointed in what they had hoped might be a romance. And now Florence and Eddie are to play together in Cruze's latest picture, "Marry Me." However, with George Fitz-

maurice just home from Europe and very much on the job so far as Florence is concerned, the new linking of the names is a "business engagement only."

ANOTHER sad death was that of David Powell, one of the handsomest and most capable leading men on the screen. Mr. Powell had been ill for a long time when he contracted pneumonia. He had been engaged for the leading rôle in "Confessions of a Queen," but when he reached the coast he found he was too ill to go on with his work.

Mr. Powell was of English birth and had a long and distinguished career on the stage before going into pictures.

MATT MOORE tells a delightful and characteristic story about Paul Bern.

They have been close friends for years. When Paul first became a director, Matt was worried. He knew his little playmate had every intellectual qualification for the job, but did he have the iron necessary to enforce discipline in a company?

Matt soon found out. He and Florence Vidor were cast to work with Bern. The first day of the picture Matt absent-mindedly strolled on the set an hour late.

Paul laid him out before the entire company, with cold and biting sarcasm. Matt was delighted. The fiercer the tongue lash, the broader Matt's grin.

When Bern stopped for breath Matt said: "Gee, that's bully, Paul. You sure have got the stuff."

Which was rather discouraging for an indignant new director.

WHETHER the announcement that little May McAvoy has been chosen to play the feature rôle in "The Only Thing" Elinor Glyn's latest story, indicates that Mme. Glyn has written a new type of story from her "Three Weeks" and "His Hour," or whether the sweet, charming and naive May has developed a strain of sophistication in the months in which she has been working as *Ether* in "Ben Hur" is puzzling all Hollywood, who are having difficulty visualizing May as a Glyn heroine.

ERIC VON STROHEIM, creator of "Greed" and other famous screen plays, who has just completed "The Merry Widow" after a stormy session, has severed his connections with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and plans to produce independently.

This should put an end to some of the confusion over the two Vons down at the M-G-M studios, as well as rob some of the practical jokes of much very good material.

There is a big board at the studio bearing the names of all the directors. It looks like the board in a broker's office, on which the stocks are listed, and also bears a similarity to that used by the hook makers in the good old days when open betting on the ponies was allowed.

When Josef Von Sternberg's name was added to the list recently some studio war took it into his head to mark up the odds, and after Von Sternberg's name one morning appeared "100 to 1."

AND speaking of Von Sternberg reminds us of his advert on the M-G-M lot. There is one big table at which the directors usually lunch in the studio cafe. John M. Stahl, who is one of the



But all
he remembered
was — unloveliness!

When a handsome man meets a beautiful girl, the magnet of mutual attraction just naturally begins to draw.

But what is the matter, after one brief meeting, the magnet of her beauty no longer draws him? A beautiful face so soon forgotten—all he remembers is unloveliness!

It is a known scientific fact that odor, through the olfactory sense, has a power to waken memory as has no other of the senses. Lavender, violets, honeysuckle, pine—how their fragrance makes you remember!

This is something that enters into the calculations of the socially successful woman. She will be remembered by sweet, subtle scents. She will run no risk of ever having an unlovely odor associated with her person.

And she knows that on this score she must be alert against one disastrous thing—underarm odor! The danger of this—is it so easy to offend unknowingly!

As for perspiration moisture—no woman needs to be told that those horrid rings of stain under the arms wreck her

appearance. She knows too well what excessive moisture costs in ruined clothing and self-respect.

The trouble is—people do not realize that soap and water are perfectly powerless here. Perspiration annoyance can be corrected only through regular special care.

This care 3 millions are now giving with Odorono, the underarm toilette! Because it was formulated by a physician they know they can depend on its safe, sure, scientific action.

Odorono is just like a dainty toilet water to use. And the best of it is, you need use it only twice a week. One application is effective for at least three days.

Nurses and physicians use Odorono in hospitals as an antiseptic corrective for both perspiration odor and moisture.

Don't run the risk of underarm odor; of staining your frocks and lingerie beyond the power of the most expert dry cleaning! You can so easily protect your person and your clothes with Odorono! Enjoy its safe assurance. 35c, 60c and \$1 at all toilet counters or sent by mail prepaid.

RUTH MILLER

The Odorono Company, 907 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio
Canadian address: 107 Duke Street, Toronto

Send for dainty sample set of
the complete Underarm Toilette

RUTH MILLER

907 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me sample set of Odorono, Creme Odorono (for odor only) and Odorono Depilatory with booklet, for which I enclose 10c.

Name

Address

(Note: Sample of any one, 5c)





appreciated appreciation

When Mr. Adolphe Menjou ended a recent journey from Chicago to California, he wrote the following letter—

ADOLPHE MENJOU
HOLLYWOOD

Lasky Studio
1530 Vine Street
Just a line of appreciation for that splendid Golden State Limited from you and myself enjoyed this long trip. The cuisine is especially worthy of praise. Every meal was a pleasure.

Sincerely,

Adolphe J. Menjou



THIS letter, coming from a screen favorite of wide experience and discriminating taste, and prompted by a spirit of good-will, is a source of great satisfaction to all who contributed to the pleasure of Mr. Menjou's trip.

Try the New Golden State Limited

on your next trip between California and the East.

Your enjoyment of the service will be commensurate with the care and forethought that has been given it.

Luxurious, all-Pullman service daily. Barber, valet, club car, ladies' lounging room, maid, manicure, shower-baths—every convenience known to modern travel. Dining car serving all meals—"the best on wheels." No extra fare.

Rock Island Travel Bureaus in all principal cities at your service, or address

L. M. Allen, V P & P T M,
Rock Island Lines,
723 LaSalle Street Street,
Chicago, Illinois

Rock Island Lines

kindest of men, was among those seated at the table when Von Sternberg made his first dramatic entrance and joined his fellow directors.

"What stage are you working on, Mr. Von Sternberg?" asked Stahl.

"THE whole world is my stage," answered the man who had just directed "The Salvation Hunters," the picture over which Fairbanks and Chaplin made such a fuss.

I MOST certainly do not want to take sides with the producer against the actor. At the same time, there are two sides to that question as well as to any other.

Nowadays, it takes a lot of money to put over an actor. When a big concern takes an office boy, gives him a chance at small parts, gradually builds him up with wisdom and time and money and advertising, until he is worth something on the screen and is earning ten times as much in a week as he could otherwise have gotten in a month—ought not that concern to have some claim upon his gratitude?

Yet the other day I heard a boy in exactly that position complaining bitterly against that firm because they didn't pay \$150,000 for a story for him and threatening to go into court against them to break his contract.

The latest fight to break a contract is that of Adolphe Menjou against Paramount. I cannot judge the legal aspects of the matter. But all Hollywood knows this much. A very few years ago, Adolphe Menjou was an extra man. He worked for five, for ten dollars a day—when he worked. He got his chance in "A Woman of Paris." After making a few free lace pictures, he was signed by Paramount at a salary said to be \$2500 a week—which is a lot of money. They bought "The King" for him—a marvelous story. They began to build him, to advertise him, to give him a solid foundation.

All the time he was working with them, it seems, Mrs. Menjou was making notes of the things she didn't like in the way they handled him—pages and pages of notes, in case she

should forget to take them up with Mr. Zukor.

Now, Mrs. Menjou is in New York trying to break her husband's contract, because she believes he can do more artistic work somewhere else. She may succeed, as Mrs. Valentino succeeded. I don't know about that.

THERE is one actor, however, who has the sympathy of the whole colony in his fight to break his contract, and that is Reginald Denny. If ever a man got a bad break, it was Reggie. If ever a man was throttled by a contract and held back from tremendous success by a contract, it would seem to be Reginald Denny. He is getting about a quarter of the money he could get and has been offered. He is working on the Universal program, when he could be one of the biggest programs in the industry. He is not getting a chance to become the big star he would undoubtedly have been.

When Wally Reid died, Reginald Denny stood at the top of the list of those who might—not take Wally's place, but who might fill the need of the public for a star of the Wally Reid type. When he made "The Abyssal Brute," he was hailed everywhere as the coming young male star. What has he done since then? It's too bad, for the screen needed Reggie, as he might have been, in proper stories and with proper direction.

Now he's about ready to give up pictures and go back to England and the stage, from which he came. His wife's people and his own live there. Mrs. Denny—who is Irene Hazeman—is enormously popular in London. They could both work in the theater and Reggie could make English pictures, and they could earn more money than they earn here—and be happy.

"CATZY!"

Do you know what that means?

Well, it's Hollywood's latest slang expression, and when a thing is "catzy" it's great, fine, splendid—it's jake—if you know what I mean.

To Sally O'Neill, Marshall Neilan's latest discovery, who is featured in his picture "Patsy,"



Herbert Brenon tells Percy Marmont how to become a successful beggar. First you get your license; then you set up in business on a busy street corner. Marmont has the leading role in "The Street of Forgotten Men," an unusual story of the underworld.



Miss Frances McCann at the shore last Summer, WITHOUT a LANOIL Permanent Wave



Miss McCann at the shore this Summer, WITH her LANOIL Permanent Wave as given below by a friend

Our interesting booklet sent free on request



Nestle's Famous "LANOIL" Home Outfit

gives you beautiful, permanent waves, curls and ringlets—

SEND FOR IT ON 30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Naturally Curly Hair—At Last!

Miss Helen Schaub, 60 E. 196th St., New York City, LANOIL-Waving Miss McCann's hair, after being waved herself with the same Home Outfit. "It was a fascinating experience—and we certainly are happy!"



The death of David Powell robs the screen world of one of its most brilliant actors. Mr. Powell died recently in New York of double pneumonia

goes credit for coin'g this new piece of slang. And it's only one of many accredited to her, for she is fast winning a reputation for more than acting. She is becoming one of Hollywood's very best little wisecrackers.

A FAT contract couldn't attract more picture stars than does the Palais de Glace, Hollywood's newest attraction, where many a celebrity is seen to slip and even fall.

Hazel Keener was down there the other evening skimming the ice like a vamp from Holland, when, if the truth were known, it was her third attempt at the sport. Along sped the captain of the redoubtable Monarch Hockey team.

"Lo, Hazel! You look like you had learned to skate on eggs. Betcha can't do this!" He executed a neat figure eight.

Hazel sniffed. "I did that my very first lesson. It takes real ability to do a spread eagle, though. Watch me!"

So Hazel bluffed her way to a final dramatic pose. At the point where the blades should have come together, something went wrong and Hazel sat down—suddenly.

Just then Patsy Ruth Miller sailed by with one of her flock of young millionaires in tow and sang out:

"Too bad! Another fallen star!"

THE daughters of three film celebrities are in the graduating class of the select Hollywood School for Girls this year. They are Cecilia De Mille, daughter of Cecil B. De Mille, Frances Rich, daughter of Irene Rich, and Margaret de Mille, William de Mille's daughter. All three of the girls, who are great chums, expect to go on to college.

THE announcement of the engagement of Alma Rubens to Ricardo Cortez brings to everyone's mind not only the amazing growth of Ric's popularity on the screen, but his growth in character and manner of it.

There isn't a boy in Hollywood today more grateful for success, more appreciative of the kindness of his fans, or more earnestly trying to better himself in his work and everything else, than Ricardo Cortez.

DO YOU remember how uncomfortable your hair made you last year, through your vacation? Yet it is unnecessary, really inexcusable, for you to spend the Summer envying your more fortunate friends, and crimping and re-crimping your hair—when, so easily, quickly, and SAFELY, you too can have healthy, permanently curly hair. We mean hair which ALL Summer long, will grow even prettier when you dance, walk in the misty night air, or bathe at shore or mountainside.

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Perhaps, until now, you did not feel confident that you could do this waving. But, it is really FUN! Even little girls of twelve have been known to do it with lovely results. Perhaps you thought it a tiresome process, requiring several applications. NO! A single afternoon—sometimes less—suffices for permanent waving a head. And it is just as comfortable and as pleasant as the girls look in the photograph above. Risk is so entirely

absent from this treatment, that not only do we LANOIL-Wave very young children at Mr. Nestle's two magnificent New York Establishments, but we have received many photographs of little girls, whose mothers have given them exquisite permanent LANOIL-curls with the Home Outfit!

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Remember this: the LANOIL Process is a healthful treatment for your hair. A few thrilling hours will give you charming waves, curls and ringlets that last, and look as naturally curly as if you were born so. Today, send a letter, a postal or the coupon below, for further information, or for the Outfit itself on free trial. If you prefer, send no money, but pay the postman when you get the package, on the distinct understanding that you get your money back if for any reason whatever you decide to return the Outfit within thirty days.

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Dark heavy Lashes Give her Eyes a Soulful Look

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Charlie Murray and the "Patsy" quintette strut their stuff around the studio. From high to low are Charlie, Sally O'Neil, Junior Coghlan, Muriel Frances Dana and Frankie Darro

Being of the Latin type, he didn't start out with any great cheers on his side, for the Latin lovers have never been too popular with the colony. But Ricardo, by being regular, thoughtful, and modest, has managed to make himself generally liked. And it seems only fair to give him a little mention. It won't hurt us and it may do him a lot of good.

Of course, there is always Jack Gilbert—speaking of modesty and all that. But Jack is more or less a nut. He's a serious, studious sentimental young artist—a bit of a recluse, a bit of a wild Indian, but never a bit of an egoist.

When he is working, Jack never goes out except on Saturday nights. Any other night you can find him at the Hollywood Athletic Club where he lives, either miles deep in some book or in the gym or pool. On Saturday night, you might find him most anywhere. But his devotion to his work is enormous.

THE domestic difficulties of Ronald Colman, leading man and matinee idol, have been amicably and peacefully settled out of court. Outside the fact that they revealed his marriage to his large circle of adoring women fans, there isn't the slightest ripple to show that anything ever happened.

Only—Ronald is still a married man and likely to remain one, it would appear. Although they have been living apart for some

time, neither he nor his wife seems to desire a divorce.

Mrs. Colman, who is well known in London as Thelma Raye came to Hollywood some time ago with her attorney and filed suit against her husband for separate maintenance. Dame Rumor told of unexpected meetings at the studio, shortly after the suit was filed. Although Mr. and Mrs. Colman never met, their legal representatives did, and a satisfactory settlement was made out of court and the action dismissed. Mrs. Colman will return to England in a short time, to return to the stage. Her advent into the film capital caused considerable excitement, quiet and unheralded as it was, for the younger film stars had regarded the taciturn and silent Ronald as an attractive and eligible bachelor and the present friendly separation is a bitter blow to more than one young lady who hoped that though Ronald was not a free man he might become one.

AFTER a three months' tour of the country with her picture, "Broken Laws," Mrs. Wallace Reid and her two kiddies, William Wallace Reid, Jr., and Betty Reid, have returned to Hollywood. Mrs. Reid spoke before many of the most important of the women's clubs throughout the country, and also had an interview with President Coolidge.

"The thing that I found most interesting in

making such a thorough tour of the country," Mrs. Reid said to me the other day, "was the fact that the motion picture exhibitors seem to be so glad to give the public good, clean pictures. 'Broken Laws' was very successful and everyone seemed to like it, but that wasn't all. In every theater where it played and where I made personal appearances with it, the exhibitor was so delighted that his patrons liked it and approved of its story. I think if the people who really enjoy a film, especially a fine, clean story that sends you away from the theater with something wholesome to think about, would tell the exhibitor and assure him that they want more pictures like that, it would do more than anything in the world to encourage the making of higher class films."

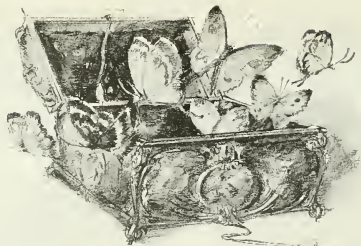
MARSHALL NEILAN is the latest director to enter the independent ranks. In association with Pat Powers, it is said, he has purchased the Garson studios in Edendale and has chosen for his first story "The Skyrocket," a novel by Adela Rogers St. Johns, which appeared serially in *Cosmopolitan*. Mickey's announcement that he would sign Peggy Hopkins Joyce for the star part in "The Skyrocket" has caused a furor in picture circles.

LITTLE MARIAN NIXON, who has just signed a five year contract with Universal, is about to make her first pilgrimage to New York. She will see the statue of Liberty, Greenwich Village, Wall street and the Woolworth building for the first time.

Which reminds me of the story about Monte Blue's first trip to Broadway. I may have told you before, but it's such a good one it will stand repeating.

Monte, a real butter and egg man from the open spaces, thought a trip to the metropolis would do him good. So did his press agent, who arranged a date for Monte to take a couple of young lady interviewers to tea at the Algonquin.

It was Monte's first tea and, like Bunker Bean, he ordered "tea and things" and then sat back and suffered.



Her mind was crowded with wonderful pictures, shut in; like butterflies in a box

A STRAIN of music, the smell of wet lilacs, the sight of a new bright ribbon above an aging face—these came to her as impressions, but they stayed with her, and grew till they almost hurt, shut in so tight and no door to open.

Gay, brave pictures—how could she get them out? She wrote, but the words were empty of her thoughts. She watched screen plays, but when she tried to create a sweet, whimsical moment as in "Peter Pan," or to pile up emotional climaxes as in "If Winter Comes," there was no laughter or pity in them. Or life.

Only the Palmer Institute of Authorship helped her. The Palmer Institute of Authorship opened a window in her mind where she needed it most . . . got the butterfly dramas outside of her and their continuity on paper; and when the first scenario unfolded, scene on scene before her eyes, with people in it who had been made to feel and act as she had willed—"My work," she announced proudly, "My work."

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Colleen Moore promises her husband, John McCormick, that she won't even think of pictures for two months. For Colleen has gone abroad, not for any whirlwind personal appearance tour, but for a rest and a vacation



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—2 new mammoth liners, "Greater Detroit" and "Greater Buffalo," largest liners of their type in the world. Lv. Detroit 5:30 p. m. and Buffalo 6 p. m. daily, Eastern time. Low rates—\$6 one way, \$11.50 round trip.

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—From June 25th to Sept. 7th liners Lv. Detroit Tues., Thurs. and Sat. 1:30 p. m. Eastern time. Lv. Chicago Mon., Thurs. and Sat. 12:30 noon, Central time.

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*Upper berths 22 cents. **Upper berths 24 cents.
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These location trips develop all sorts of unexpected intents. George K. Arthur turned cook and became the most popular member of the cast of "The Exquisite Sinner." Here you see him dashing up a light lunch for Renee Adoree and Conrad Nagel.

Monte admits he didn't know what to order, or what to do with his hands. And soon it was the hands that got him into trouble.

During the tea, Monte found his index finger was stuck in the handle of his tea cup. Cold perspiration broke out on his forehead. What's to do, thought Monte. And then an idea.

At a gulp, he drained his tea and, leaning well across the table, he paralyzed his two charming guests with a barrage of conversation. Then, slipping the imprisoned hand under the table, he broke himself free with the other hand and, with a sigh of relief, placed the handless cup back on the table.

A FATHER for ten whole days and didn't even know it. That's what happened to Hank Mann, screen comedian.

Hank had been away on location with Mickey Neilan and they broke the news gently to him with a "Hello, Pop" when he stepped off the train at the Santa Fe station. It's a girl and weighs eight pounds.

And immediately the proud father joined the Night Walkers Club.

Hank says his daughter has the mouth of Mae Murray, the eyes of Viola Dana, the personality of Norma Shearer, the nose of Corinne Griffith and an insane desire to travel, especially at night.

AN interesting fact about acting and actors, likewise actresses, was revealed to me the other evening when I saw Shannon Day do some brilliant impersonations of screen stars.

It was at a Sunday evening gathering and most of the guests were critics and writers. Shannon, who is going to be a great actress some day if she's ever given a chance, was prevailed upon to do her imitations and she swept her audience off its feet. The best things she did were of Lillian Gish, Nazimova, Mae Murray, Rudolph Valentino, Pauline Frederick, Bebe Daniels and Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri and Jetta Goudal.

But when we asked her to do Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin—the spirit and merely got the gestures without the tried—Blanche Sweet, Harold Lloyd and Wally Reid, she could not.

Did it ever occur to you that Norma Talmadge hasn't a single mannerism, a single trick of personality? Did it ever occur to you that Mary Pickford, unique and outstanding as her personality has always been, has nothing for the mimic to fasten upon? With Lillian Gish, there is the trick of the flying hands, the dashing about frantically, the quivering chin which taken together produce a good imitation. Nazimova is all tricks. Mae Murray's stuff is the easiest of all to imitate and to recognize—the rounded mouth, the veiled eyes, the walk and flung back head. Go down the list and you will see that the ones who can be imitated well, all have distinctive tricks of personality, of expressions. The ones who cannot, are known for their work as a whole, and are not trade-marked by these fascinating peculiarities.

Everyone was amazed that she could not get Chaplin. She did get the tricks—but it only went to prove that Chaplin is Chaplin, and not the funny walk, and the funny mustache. It's the touch of genius, not the make-up, that makes Charlie the great comedian.

WHEN "the fatted calf" is prepared for the home-coming of the prodigal (Buster Collier in "The Wanderer," the famous Biblical spectacle now being filmed by Raoul Walsh, it should be some dish. Lucien Heiser, internationally known chef who was once at the Claridge in New York, has been engaged for his important culinary feat and it promises to be "some barbecue." Heiser has spent a life-time in the study of his chosen profession and he is an expert in preparing dishes popular from two thousand years before Christ until the present day.

AT last Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor have done the expected and been joined in the holy bonds of matrimony. For a number of months their friends knew that the matter was pending, but just when the marriage would take place no one seemed to know—not even the principals. In fact, neither Bert nor Claire would give a satisfactory answer confirming their engagement. However, that is all over and they crossed the border into Mexico and were married the second week of May in Juarez.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

HELEN'S BABIES—Principal

If you don't do another thing be sure you take the children to see this when it comes to your favorite theater. Baby Peggy and Jean Carpenter are so cute and devilish that you can't help but enjoy their childish pranks. And poor Edward Horton—what a mean deal he gets from his sister's children. You see he is taking care of them while their mother is away on a vacation. So while the cat's away—
—M. B.

TIDES OF PASSION—Vita-graph

The trials of a sailor's life suffered by the extreme by Mae Marsh. Miss Marsh is assisted by a lot of bad storms and assorted samples of rough weather. In spite of the comparative brevity of its footage, this is one of the longest—and duller—pictures ever made. Best suited to those who enjoy a good cry. A girl named Laska Winters gives a colorful performance.—A. S.

THE KISS BARRIER—Fox

In spite of the careless directing this affords fairly good entertainment that will please the average fan. Claire Adams, as a red cross nurse, meets Edward Lowe, a lieutenant, in France. In being a carefree mood he steals a kiss. The young lady insulted, decides to put him out of her life. Years later they meet, and as someone once told us, love finds a way.—M. B.

SPEED WILD—F. B. O.

We get a thrill watching Lefty Flynn and his motor-bike being nosed over the cliff by the smugglers' car and seeing Lefty take that long drop into the ocean. A speed-mad young man finds out that the biggest excitement is in helping to enforce laws instead of breaking them. So he goes out to be a motorcop, wins a bride and cleans up a gang which has been smuggling picture brides in from China.—M. S.

WILD-FIRE—Warner Brothers

In which the right horse wins the race, whereupon the villain skulks off and the hero and heroine fall into each other's arms. The horse is the brightest character in the story. Absent minded direction spoils the punch of what might have been a rousing, although old-fashioned melodrama. Aileen Pringle heads the cast.—A. S.

RIDIN' THUNDER—Universal

THESE cattlemen and rustlers certainly are food for thought in the movies these days. What would all the cowboy stars do without them? And here is Jack Hoxie, a cattleman, falling in love with a rustler's daughter. These usually meet with the approval of all the young fellows.—M. B.

DUPED—Independent Pictures

THE title tells just what will happen to you if you go to see this picture. Right you are! You'll be duped too. Helen Holmes is the innocent dupe of a gang of crooks, who give her a false grant to a mine, which is claimed by William Desmond. Impossible, but if you think you'll like it, why go right to it.—M. B.

LYING WIVES—Ivan Abramson

INTRODUCING the wickedest siren in captivity. She stirs up a mean mess of drama but unfortunately none of the hectic events pictured could have happened if the characters had been anything but half-witted. Some of the action is unconsciously funny; all of it is foolish. How such players as Madge Kennedy, Niles Welch, Clara Kimball Young and Richard Bennett happened to get involved is just one of those mysteries.—A. S.

"My Secret of Loveliness?" a touch of henna in the shampoo to set off every woman's charm with the richness of lustrous hair."



An interview with a Fifth Avenue beauty specialist

ALL New York society finds its way to her for she is an artist in making women beautiful.

"Tell me," I begged, "your own rule of beauty that will give every woman charm."

"Make the hair lustrous," she said deliberately, "that is the birth of charm."

"But," I protested, "few women can have such wonderfully lustrous hair!"

"You are mistaken. All women can have it and the charm it gives. In every woman's hair is a wealth of lustre she has never dreamed of."

"And the secret of bringing it out—"

"Simply—a touch of henna in the shampoo. Ah, you do not know henna. Crudely used, it is not without its drawbacks. Artfully used, it is magic—so swiftly does it reveal the brilliance in a woman's hair."

"But, is there no change—?"

"None, save a change to greater

beauty. I have treated thousands of blondes and thousands of brunettes. Every one has retained her own natural type. But the touch of henna in the shampoo has given their hair a new and luxurious radiance—and their beauty a new appeal."

THE TOUCH OF HENNA in the clear, delicate, fragrant liquid of Hennafoam Shampoo is treated to bring out all the lustre of every woman's hair, whether it is blonde, brown or brunette.

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By Letitia Hadley

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THE MAD DANCER—Jans Prod.

ANN PENNINGTON, in spite of her popularity on the legitimate stage, her dimpled knees and clever dancing, stages an unfavorable return to the screen. Perhaps had the cute little lady with the million dollar personality been given a good story things would have been different. We only say perhaps because the cast on a whole seemed to be just as bored as the audience with this impossible vehicle. Not for children.—M. B.

THE TEXAS BEARCAT—F. B. O.

BOB CUSTER shoots and rides and gets all disturbed because some one calls him an Indian. Naturally it develops that he is the missing heir, and eligible to marry Sally Kand at the end of the picture. A cattle war and a plot to steal grazing lands are thrown in for good measure.—M. S.

THE OPEN TRAIL—Universal

HAVING tried a hand at the cowboy stuff, Jack Hoxie, evidently thinking he would give the fans a treat, breezes forth in one of those wild west Indian pictures that were popular many years ago. The result is far from convincing. We advise Jack to stick to his cowboy roles. Not that they were a knock-out, not by a long shot, but at least a little better than this. O. K. for the young boys.—M. B.

SHE WOLVES—Fox

OLD Home Week in the Paris cafes. This picture sets out to prove that the moth always gets singed, that two and two usually add up four, and that she wolves need no dental treatment. Alma Rubens is the sentimental French wife, sighing for a romantic

husband. Jack Mulhall as the bridegroom strives to be what his wife would have him, and Bertram Grassby supplies the third side of the triangle. Leave the younger and older members of the family at home.—M. S.

SPOOK RANCH—Universal

IT'S either a good farce idea gone astray or a bad dramatic idea that has been kidded. Take your choice. The story is the usual Hoot Gibson western dressed up with touches that are reminiscent of Griffith's "One Exciting Night," including the negro comedy character. It's neither first rate farce nor good melodrama. Just middling as entertainment.—A. S.

THE MEDDLER—Universal

BILL DESMOND dominates the screen for an hour of western stuff that an audience of small boys will like. As Richard Gilmore, a millionaire stockbroker, he goes West for the sake of a thrill and finds himself in more trouble than he bargained for. Bill does the necessary heroing and the picture is a success as far as he's concerned.—M. B.

FREE AND EQUAL—A. H. Woods

AFTER a long rest on the shelf—just ten years—this release appears looking like Rip Van Winkle himself. To begin with the story is disgusting, the direction poor, the acting perfectly terrible and the titles—well, a child of fourteen could do as well. Judging from the chuckles and laughs of the audience you would think they were viewing Harold Lloyd's latest. Read a good book—you'll find it more enjoyable than this. And of course, not for the children.—M. B.

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94]

CHICKIE, CALIFORNIA, PA.—I'm old enough to be interesting, Chickie, dear. How old do you think that is? About my matrimonial state, let me give that some consideration. Ben Lyon was born in Atlanta, Ga., on Feb. 6, 1901. He uses his own name. His height is six feet, his weight one hundred sixty pounds. His latest picture is "The One Way Street." Still with the First National.

JAMES M., MACON, GA.—It is human to be gratified by praise. Certainly, write your congratulations to the stars and tell them how much you have enjoyed their pictures. The life of an active motion picture star is arduous. His letters he answers if time and his duties permit. Betty Bronson was born in Trenton, N. J., Nov. 17, 1906. Write the Lasky Studio for her photograph. Ask Paramount Studios for Richard Dix's photograph.

REGINA, RICHMOND, VA.—Thanks for your good wishes, Regina, dear. J. Warren Kerrigan was born July 25, 1889. Not matrimonially encumbered. No wife. His eyes are hazel. His height is six feet and a quarter of an inch. His weight is one hundred eighty-nine pounds. Ramon Novarro would blush deeply if he knew the ardor and degree of your admiration. When in Europe and in this country he files the Metro-Goldwyn flag.

A. A., OAKLAND, CALIF.—The place of Ricardo Cortez's birth is Alsace-Lorraine. The time, Sept. 19, 1899. Height six feet, one inch. Weight one hundred seventy-five pounds. Brown eyes. Black hair. Yea, verily, single. He is associated with the Lasky Studios.

GEORGE, SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.—Heigho, a correspondent who does not care about age, height, nor weight. 'Art well, old man? You say that the return of Pauline Frederick in

"Three Women" is just cause for enthusiasm. Glad you liked her, old fellow, and so will she be. Her latest picture is "Smouldering Fires."

W. C., RICHMOND, KY.—For back numbers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE write PHOTOPLAY Publishing Co., 750 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Enclose a quarter for each copy.

R. H., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Betty Blythe's height is five feet, seven inches. Nita Naldi's is five feet, eight inches. John Gilbert's tallness is measured by precisely five feet, eleven inches. His age is twenty-seven. Yes, child, married.

ELIZABETH, NEW YORK, N. Y.—Bert Lytell embodies everything that is charming and gallant and you defy me to say that I don't like him. I do. But I can't follow you to the point of saying that he is "too adorable." Never saw any man I thought "too fascinating." Women? That's different. Why don't you write an analysis of his attractions to his bosses—the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios? You might get a new contract for him.

ALICE, ALTOONA, PA.—Warner Baxter has made several pictures since "If I Were Queen." The latest are "The Garden of Weeds," "The Golden Bed" and "The Air Mail." Rudolph Valentino returned to the screen in "Monsieur Beaucaire." His second picture was "The Sainted Devil." Elsie Ferguson's husband is an actor, Frederick Worlock, playing on the stage with Grace George's company. Thomas Meighan was born in 1879.

BUBBLES, NEW YORK, N. Y.—What a lot of bubbles are bubbling into this department! You find Huntly Gordon "terribly interesting." Write Warner Brothers for his photograph. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]

Hollywood's "Four Hundred"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

considered bright. Where the gaiety of Hollywood cafes beckon many, Farrell lays his earnings out in wardrobe, and shakes a negative head at the blishments of the strens aviti of his comeliness.

But these are the notable exceptions. More often the attainment to "atmosphere" is the zenith of their climb. Again and again they seem headed for higher range, only to be submerged after a sputtering flash across the screen.

Even in the "400" there are strata. There are the few, for instance, like Frank Elliott, who always has a prominent rôle, and is recognized by the appearance of his name in the cast of characters and yet, by the very polish and urbanity which distinguish them, are intrinsically atmosphere players.

YOU see them often draped in the background—this "400" of the films—and you have a vague sense of having seen them before. How well mannered they seem, with their air of aristocratic hauteur, their faultless attire and poise.

As often as not that patrician air is theirs by heritage. Many of them are in the manner born, with families of social position and wealth. Miss Montt is directly related to four presidents of her native Chile, and was commissioned by her government to study Hollywood as a means of saving the family honor when she ran away from home to enter films. Many of aristocratic lineage go into films because of financial adversity; there are many remittance men and soldiers of fortune of good birth there, too.

Not all, however, come by the grand air by way of birth. More than a few have been humbly reared, but have managed through prudent observation and practise to attain the marks of rank and elegance. There's many a hopeful beauty whose fine clothes were earned by her mother's wash-tub; and many a good-looking youth whose well-groomed appearance has meant a deep reef in the family budget. But parents will reed in their children successful.

Birth and wealth alone cannot carry the aspirant from the beaux monde to the over-towering exclusiveness of the film haute monde. Flagrant examples of failure prove this, one of the latest being young Craig Biddle, who took his conge after every influence of wealth, publicity and social connection had failed to bring out any appreciable gift for acting. Frank Elliott headed the concern making the sunlight air-one of the most valuable adjuncts to studio lighting. He has produced his own pictures. He is intimate socially with the stars, and his film work is merely a diversion. But with all his intellect and social prestige, he has never gained screen histrionism a value greater than that of atmosphere.

The names of Mrs. James Vail Converse, Major Maurice Talbot—an English earl—and many others, have been broadcast from time to time, but none of the upper crust in the world of affairs have managed to gain peccage in the make-believe world of films.

Here are the rhapsodies and tragedies of the screen. Study the faces draped against the background, you keen-eyed fans, and when you see one suddenly coming to the fore you may enjoy the exultation of exclaiming:

"I remember that one—I used to see her in the '400!'"

A Swede from Minneapolis had just returned from his first visit to New York.

"New York would be a good town," he said, "if it were not so damn far from any place."

—Life.

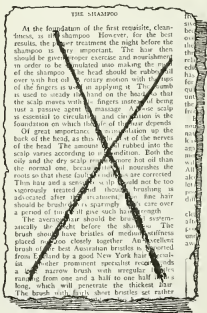
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Get TAROLEUM from your druggist—and if it isn't the best shampoo you have ever used, you can have your money back. WILDROOT CO., INC., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Oh How Lovely

AGENTS

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Her Honeymoon Letter Continues

".....and everywhere you go in Vienna—the tea dances, the opera, the fashionable Night Clubs, you see this gorgeous new rouge—so brilliant, so absolutely glowing with the joy of living! And then you realize that costumes and decorations are all so gorgeously colored, that one looks unnaturally pale and uninteresting without it. Yet with a black, grey or neutral gown, when one really needs color most, this rouge is perfectly lovely. In Paris, as in Vienna,—everyone is wearing it. I tried to get some. But it wasn't the shade. These European women are artists in make-up and many, I suspect, "blend their own" right on their cheeks. But they are funny about giving up their beauty secrets. Not until I got to London was I able to get the right shade. It is called PRINCESS PAT Vivid—and it is vivid, but oh it's lovely. Do try to get some. With your eyes it will be wonderful."

Affectionately,

Doris.

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FRIENDLY ADVICE

From
Carolyn Van Wyck

"I HAVE a very jealous disposition, Miss Van Wyck, and no matter how hard I fight it I cannot help but show it. I care very much for a young man who seems to delight in making me jealous. What can I do to let him think me indifferent? I would like very much to forget him but as I see him every day it is rather hard to do. What do you suggest?"

Suppose we sit down together, my dear, and find out first of all what jealousy is. And we will go at work as a doctor does by analyzing the symptoms. You do not want him paying attention to other girls, do you? It makes you restless and unhappy when he does follow such a course. Why?

Because you are afraid of losing something which you think, rightly or wrongly, belongs to you.

All jealousy has fear back of it, fear of losing love, of losing friends, fear that some one is more attractive to our friends than we are. And there is no happiness for a jealous person until at least some of this fear is faced and conquered.

Now I do not want to think that you would wish to continue interested in this young man if he does not sincerely care for you. If he does care for you and if he is worthy any girl's serious thought he will not seek occasion to make you jealous. Such a young man is a weakling, feeding his self-love on cheap flattery, on the hurt he gives others. If you, on the other hand, are simply trying to hold the attentions of a young man for fear he will become interested in another girl and not because you love him, you will find very little happiness in life until you have mastered the selfishness which prompts such a course. I am speaking plainly because I feel deeply on this subject. Often both young men and girls are led by jealousy—by egotism, selfishness and fear—to hurt and cripple their own lives and the lives of others.

Love is too precious a thing to be marred by jealousy. And there is no better advice for a jealous person than the words uttered many centuries ago: "Love suffereth long and is kind; vaunteth not itself; thinketh no evil."

MARGARET, OMAHA, NEB.

Dressing the hair high will give the effect you wish. Draw it back softly from the face, coil or arrange in a loose knot. Avoid any gowns or coats with lines that tend to break the figure length and choose, instead, straight models. These are easy to find this season and there are many helpful suggestions to be found

in PHOTOPLAY's shopping service. Try studying them each month for the pretty frocks and costumes that suit you.

MARY, QUINCY, ILL.

Stains from carbon and chemicals of the kind you mention may be removed from the hands with pumice stone. Follow this by washing the hands with Woodbury's soap. Do not use harsh soap preparations in attempting to remove the stain, as they are likely to cause roughened skin. You are fortunate in being able to wear a wide range of colors. The lovely new hues of this season, gray, yellow in almost all tones, pink and green will all be charming with your hair, eyes and coloring. Really, my dear, you are not too plump for your height. Deep-breathing exercises will develop your chest in proportion to the rest of your figure. If you feel that you must reduce the hips you will find rolling the best exercise.

BETTY ANN, OAKLAND, CAL.

From your letter I take it that your face is oval in shape. You will find a small wave more becoming to your type than the large, loose wave. The latter looks best above a round, full face.

IONE, YUBA CITY, CAL.

Use plain stationery with engraved address. Colored borders are not in the best of taste. Ivory, cream, or very delicate tones of blue or gray, are used by women who follow correct social usage.

From your description of your hair, eyes and complexion I should advise a flesh-tinted face powder, used over a good foundation cream. Medium rouge. I should not use the olive oil if it were you. There are scientifically-prepared skin foods on the market for neck and arms.

Formal teas are not given from three to six, but from four to six or a bit later. It is not correct to wear evening gowns at such functions but, of course, one may wear a more elaborate gown or costume for such an occasion than for street wear. As you were driving your own car a plain costume was necessary. Unless a musical program or some such entertainment is a feature of the afternoon one does not stop long at formal teas. Remember that kindness and good sense are the basis of all good manners. Had you been bidden to hear an artist sing or play it would have been rude to both your hostess and the artist to leave before this had taken place. Otherwise one's stay at a tea is brief.

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

A WORRIED GIRL, CANONSBURG, PA.

Faulty circulation is probably the cause of the difficulty. Try cold baths in the morning, especially during the summer months, walk a great deal and be sure that green vegetables and fruit form a large part of your diet.

MARY, KANSAS CITY, MO.

You are so young, Mary, that I am inclined to say you are not at all under-weight. This question of under or over-weight, except in extreme cases, is a difficult one, for the bone structure and age of an individual must be taken into account as well as height and weight. People as a rule gain in weight with the passing years. With your hair, eyes and coloring there are few shades you cannot wear, unless it be certain tones of blue. Do not wear extremely short skirts if your husband disapproves. The pleasure you will give him by your willingness to win his approbation is worth much more to you than slavishly following a mode, which is, by the way, never carried to extremes by really well-dressed women.

MARY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Thanks for the appreciation. It is nice to know that we have helped to solve some questions with our friendly advice. Your weight is normal for your height, so I do not see that a milk diet is necessary. Keep healthy by eating nourishing, well-balanced meals and taking plenty of exercise. With your eyes, complexion and hair you may choose from a wide range of colors. Blue in the different tones, tan, the new shades of green, peach and the pastel tints are yours. You are slender enough to wear most of the styles favored this season. Lily of the valley, narcissus, or some of the more delicate blends of perfume will suit your type.

SALLY, VANCOUVER, B. C.

The skin condition to which you refer is usually caused by faulty elimination. Pay strict attention to your diet; abstain from pastry, fats and candy. Eat whole wheat bread, plenty of green vegetables and fruits. Facial massage will stimulate the pores, enabling them to throw off waste matter. There are excellent foundation creams advertised in PHOTOPLAY, all of which have been tested and are reliable. If you do your own facial be sure to follow it with an astringent or by rubbing the face with ice, to close the pores. If this is not done before applying cream and powder enlarged pores are sure to follow. Use flesh-tinted powder.

ANXIOUS, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Rolling will reduce the hips and thighs but if you wish to use gentler methods you will find several fat-dissolving articles advertised in PHOTOPLAY. Blackheads indicate enlarged pores. Cleanse and massage the face with reliable creams, followed by an astringent to close the pores. Rub the face gently with ice. Continue this treatment until the condition disappears. You did not give me the color of your eyes, so I can only speak generally. As a rule blondes wear pastel tints, all the tones of blue, rose, Nile and jade green, tangerine and peach. The average height of girls varies in different countries. In America, owing to our diverse nationalities, height varies greatly but from five feet, three inches, to five feet, five inches, seems to be about the average.

JEANNETTE, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

It is your height which makes you look older than your years. Part your hair in the center or on the side, and arrange it in a knot at the nape of the neck. Do not wear it dressed high.

CARL, DETROIT, MICH.

Thank you, Carl. We are very happy to know that you most appreciate the advice we give to the girls who write us. Your letter was one of the nice surprises of the month.

A perfect powder for evening use

- 1 Dip fine wet sponge or soft cloth into dry Armand Cold Cream Powder.
- 2 Apply as evenly as possible to face, neck, shoulders and arms.
- 3 With moistened finger-tips, smooth out the powder until it blends into the skin.

OVER this you may wish to place just the right touch of Armand Cold Cream Rouge, and over the rouge a soft film of the dry powder. Armand Cold Cream Powder used in this way stays on wonderfully for evening wear. This method is especially recommended for use before a dance. It gives

the skin that soft, smooth, white and lovely complexion under artificial light.

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Simply get an ounce of Othine from any drug or department store and apply a little of it at night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful, clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

We recommend Othine Complexion Soap for use with Othine, also as a shampoo—it's wonderful for bobbed hair—25c a cake at all drug or department stores or by mail. Othine Laboratories, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

BERTHA, MANCHESTER, N. H.

The hair is unruly for weeks after being bobbed. Don't be discouraged by its first "wild" state. It slowly becomes accustomed to its amputation and grows more tractable. The more hair is brushed the softer and more lustrous it becomes. You can train it in the way it should go. Brush it in the lines that are becoming to your face. If it has a natural wave do not use irons. Cultivate the natural ripple in it. Use the darkest shade of lipstick.

L. S., WOODSIDE, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

I am asking Halima of Kangoon to send you her full address. I advise you to communicate with the Professional Woman's League and the Comedy Drama Club. Both encourage young talent.

MARJORIE LEE, GRAFTON, W. VA.

I think you have shown wisdom beyond your years. I wish you had written me why your parents disapprove of the man you think you love. That would have illuminated the situation. But you proved that you have "an old head on young shoulders" when you suggested his absence as a test of your love and his. Let time decide. Perhaps your parents will be reconciled to your marriage, unless they have a very good reason for not wanting him for a son-in-law. Older eyes see faults that escape younger vision.

CHARLOTTE, HENRYETTA, OKLA.

Look to your digestion. A clear digestive tract is reflected in a clear complexion. Drink a great deal of water. I recommend at least ten glasses a day. Better twelve. Your admirer evidently thinks that he is not in a financial position to marry. Until he is, or has asked you to marry him and received your promise, he has no right to insist that you refuse the attentions of other young men. I think you should wait at least a year before even promising to marry him. You can be friends without binding yourself to marry one of different faith and ideas.

G. K., TULSA, OKLA.

The advice I must give you will be hard to follow, my child. I cannot honestly offer you what would be more welcome. If he, though engaged to you, has ignored a telegram and several letters, there is only one conclusion to be drawn from it. You may assume that he did not receive them. Which is not probable in the circumstances, but even in that case he should and would have asked the reason for your silence. You may, if you like, ask an explanation if you ever meet, but what explanation can he give? Maintain a dignified silence, my dear. Why go to school in the town in which he lives? Will not that keep open the old wound which you tell me has not healed? Would it not be stronger and finer to select another school in another town? Or has the school been chosen for you? Even if you met him there and asked an explanation he could not give one that is satisfactory and he might boast of his conquest. A man who will run away from his obligations and maintain silence for a year will brag, if you were of greater age and worldly wisdom you would know that there is but one course. That is to forget him as soon as possible. That you cannot do in a short while. You have learned that you cannot forget in a year. A poet who knew the heart wrote:

"Love may die by slow degrees

But by sudden wrench, believe not

Love can thus be torn away."

Think of him as little as you can. For every thought that comes of him have a substitute. Rush the new thought in without ceremony. For instance think of the new language you are learning, or the next dancing gown you will order, or something kind you may do for someone else. Dear child, you will come to know that you do not really want to marry a man who doesn't want to marry you. Be a good friend to the other man. Love for him may come with a growing sense of his worth.

DOROTHY, PROCTOR, MINN.

My opinion coincides with your mother's. Your proportions are right according to the standards adopted by artists since the days of the beauty loving old Greeks. Keep to these proportions. Don't indulge your liking for sweets to the loss of your symmetry. I advise the plentiful use of leafy vegetables and fruit juices. The fruit juice is more digestible than is its pulp.

ANXIOUS HELEN, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Your figure is what nature and art intended it should be. As I advise other correspondents who ask the same question, clear your blood stream. A diet nearly confined to fruits and vegetables for a month should accomplish that in your case. If it doesn't, try it another month and another.

FRANCES, OAKLAND, CALIF.

Your admiration and consideration for your chum are commendable, even if you do describe her piquancy in the phrase "A little devil." I should say that one of her type would enjoy the fragrance of the jacquemint or any other rose. If you prefer send her a bottle of emerald. I would give the lotion you mention a trial. Use rubber bandages for reduction of that part of the body. There are reduction soaps and creams which I also advise. Use both since you are in haste to achieve the lessening of your proportions.

MRS. C. J. S., EAGLE PASS, TEX.

Ever since the beauties of the Turkish harem washed their long tresses in henna it has been understood that it is harmless. Because it is of vegetable origin it does not injure the hair. Carefully applied it is rather a stimulant. A henna wash is much used in the autumn for hair that has been faded by the summer sun. I think you would better make one-piece gowns, straight line, or draped from the shoulders. Long coats are smart for midwinter wear. I need hardly tell you that the change from a Texas to a Canadian winter will be startling, so be sure to supply yourself with much heavier clothes than you would wear at home. Duvelty is admirable for its combination of warmth and softness.

T. L., MONTCLAIR, N. J.

What a good summary of one kind of life in this country. "The people I know have a lot of money. A lot of leisure. A lot of foolishness. Some trouble and some heartache." Your instinct is right about the matter of which you have written me in sweet confidence. Be guided by it. It will lead you in safe paths. Be outdoors a great deal in the wine-like air in which you are so fortunate as to live. Walk a great deal. Motoring is a luxurious amusement but it does not make the figure thin and supple. Wear dark blues and greens. They are slenderizing colors.

NANCY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

The habit you write of is a dainty one. It requires considerable time. If you can spare the time do so by all means.

ANN, ST. LOUIS, MO.

If the young man of whom you write is sincere he should be willing to call on you at your home and meet your family. That is a good test to which to submit him. I am not favorably impressed by your earlier experiences with him. Better be governed by the opinions of your family.

SALLY, ABERDEEN, S. DAK.

All indications point to even tighter shingled brows, Sally, than in the past. Have you noticed the way Gloria Swanson's bob is brushed back in boyish fashion? I think that style, which is very striking, might be becoming to you. You are not under-weight. Your height and type gives you a great range of colors and types to pick from. The vivid shades of this summer and flower-printed silks would be lovely for your personality.

M. R. RALSTON, N. J.

It is your privilege to ask the young man to go with your family party to the dance. I do not think he would consider it "bold or unbecomingly." Other than that I would not be especially attentive to him. You are sure now that you are in love but write me at the end of next year whether the object of your love is the same. Yours are the years of weather vane affections, my dear.

O. M., NEW YORK, N. Y.

The American Academy of Dramatic Arts is an established school of acting. It is at Carnegie Hall in New York.

GYPSY, DETROIT, MICH.

This is the first letter I have seen from you, girl with the distinctive name. With your relative height and weight you are justified in exercising less, eating and sleeping more, and applying creams and olive oils to build new fat cells. Light powder and rouge would be more becoming to you. You may wear the same shades that your blonde friends do. I suggest blue as a better shade than brown for you. Yes, a gown in which two shades of the same color are mingled is in good taste. If your finger nails are growing brittle thrust them into cold cream every night before retiring. Rub the cold cream well into them and use for the present a natural polish.

GRATEFUL, TERRVILLE, CONN.

Cool or cold baths harden the flesh. But cold baths should not be taken without the advice of a physician. Your weight is a good one for your height. But do not increase it. The lighter shades of rouge and lipstick are adapted to one of your coloring.

PUZZLED, LINCOLN PLACE, PENN.

Yours is the type which beauty experts classify as "pale brunette." Your dark complexion determines the category in which you belong. Were it fair you would be a "medium," or what the French term "the chestnut type." I think your friends are mistaken when they tell you you are too stout.

VERY TROUBLED, SACRAMENTO, CALIF.

If I were you I would spend some of my pin money for a chin band. Yes, our grandmothers' phrase, "prunes and prisms," oft repeated, was said to have moulded flabby lips into firmer lines.

WINIFRED, HARTFORD, CONN.

I think the bob is more becoming to a petite girl than the one who is "tall and broad-shouldered," as you describe yourself. Though I have known some lovely exceptions. Sensitiveness, if extreme, is a form of selfishness. Subdue it, Winifred. If the nervousness is caused by the sensitiveness that, too, you can control. If there is reason to believe it has a physical cause you should consult a physician.

F. B. Y., NEWTON, MASS.

When you feel an impulse to go to the telephone to ring up "a young man whose parents your parents know but whom you have never met, though you have admired him as he passed the house," don't. Not even though you do not give your name. Neither the young man nor the neighbors would like it. I don't like to think of what your parents would say.

MARY, JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Examine the darker shades of lipstick. Try them as you do samples by placing them near your face before purchasing. Or get samples of various shades of red cloth. Find one that brightens your face and match it with a lipstick.

RUDOLPH, WAYLAND, N. Y.

Don't worry about the weight, Rudolph. Time and exercise will bring it to normalness. Dark brown and dark blue are your best colors though the darkest shades of green are permissible.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 121]



50c

Such a little price to pay for beauty!

YOU can be as lovely as the prettiest girl you know—you can have lips and cheeks of a natural, rose-like beauty! Lips and cheeks that accent the charm of your face, giving it a new allure—a rare fascination!

All you have to do is to buy a box of Angelus Rouge Incarnat! It's the rouge for both lips and cheeks! In one tiny box you obtain the exquisitely natural coloring that takes the place of the lipstick and dry cheek rouge!

Rouge Incarnat never streaks or smears. Its blush rose loveliness stays on all day! No woman who cares about beauty will be content with the old, cumbersome, costly lipstick and dry rouge when she can use Rouge Incarnat—the two-purpose rouge! Choice of four lovely colors—each sweet with a haunting perfume!

Think what a saving this two-purpose rouge is. For 50c (the price of a lipstick alone, or dry cheek rouge alone) you obtain Rouge Incarnat—the sweet-as-roses natural tint, for lips and cheeks, that will so enhance your beauty!



Angelus
ROUGE Paste
INCARNAT

And think how much more convenient it is—to have only one tiny box to carry! Go today and buy your "little red box" that holds the key to beauty.

At any drug or department store
Made by the makers of the famous
Angelus Lemon Cream

Park & Tilford (Dept. 100) 543 W. 43rd St., N. Y. C.

Send "golden" case, containing Rouge Incarnat*

for which I enclose \$1.00.

Send "little red box" for which I enclose 50c.

Dark Medium Light Orange

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____ State _____

*Be sure to check the shade Rouge you want.

WHY NOT spend Spring, Summer and Fall getting better clothes, better? I buy hundreds of kinds for collections. Some worth \$1 to \$7 each. Sample orders work with my satisfaction. My 100¢ price-out. Send me your address for my 100¢ price-out. Send me your address for my 100¢ price-out. MR. SINCLAIR, Dealer in Jewels, Dept. 42, Box 1924 San Diego, Calif.



Reduce Your Limbs with DR. WALTER'S Medicated Rubber Stockings

The wearing of these wonderful medicated rubber anklets and stockings (in either light or dark rubber) will not only reduce and shape the limbs but give excellent support and a neat and trim appearance. They relieve swelling, varicose veins and rheumatism promptly.

Worn next to the skin they induce natural heat and keep it in the body. They stimulate the circulation and are a great protection against cold and dampness.

Anklets, per pair \$7.00

Stockings, per pair \$12.00

Send ankle and calf measure

WRITE FOR BOOKLET TO

DR. JEANNE P. H. WALTER, 389 Fifth Avenue, New York

ropolitan Productions. I have been grinding out copy for his magazines and publishing house for six years, but here recently he sold himself the notion that, disastrous as the result might be, he'd be go'd'arn'd if he didn't take a chance and get me to edit and title "Never the Twain Shall Meet," the same being a product of my fiction factory. I titled one of my pictures once before but I have never presided over the cutting and editing. It's a heap of fun to sit in the projection room, looking at the rushes and say, without fear of successful contradiction: "That's out. That's in."

If anybody doesn't like my editing and titling of "Never the Twain Shall Meet," they are hereby cordially invited to throw bricks at me. We're going to have a bully production and winsome Anita Stewart, in the part of *Tama*, gives my job a delight that far transcends the sordid fiduciary considerations involved.

Profit without fun is dead sea fruit, and there can be no fun for an author in the motion picture business unless it interests him to the point where he yearns for and receives permission to make motions!

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110]

E. M. S., DUBAR, W. VA.—You want to "tell the world that your favorite actor is the ultra likable Dick Dix" and that next is Buck (Charles) Jones. Mr. Dix's height is six feet. That of Buck Jones is a quarter of an inch less and Ramon Novarro's two inches shorter. Mr. Dix's next picture is "Men and Women."

DULCIE, LONDON, ENG.—You have only lately discovered PHOTOPLAY and you think it is "perfect tapping." We thank you, Dulcie. Harold Lloyd is thirty. Monte Blue was married November first to Tova Jansen. No change in his arrangements with the Warner Bros. Ramon Novarro will have to wait three quarters of a century before he is a hundred. How old is Mr. Novarro, girl of the sweet, sweet name?

M. K., KANSAS CITY, MO.—You think Rod La Rocque's name just suits him. I believe it does. Kenneth Harlan's last birthday was his twenty-ninth. Vera Reynolds was born in 1905 in Richmond, Va. She is a petite person. Of a height of five feet one inch and weight of one hundred two pounds. She has hazel eyes and brown hair. Recent pictures in which she appeared are "Cheap Kisses" and "The Golden Bed."

DACE, CINCINNATI, OHIO.—Mae Murray is about thirty-one. Her height is five feet, three inches. Colleen Moore is twenty-two. Her height is five feet, four inches. Your favorite actor, Glenn Hunter, has achieved twenty-seven years of living. Height six feet. Light gray eyes and light brown hair.

H. J., BEAVER FALLS, PA.—Raymond Hatton has been in motion pictures several years. His height is five feet, seven inches, his weight one hundred forty pounds. Among the pictures in which he has appeared are "Contraband," "The Thundering Herd," and "The Spaniard."

NELLIE, ST. LOUIS, MO.—Ricardo Cortez was twenty-five at his last birthday. Height six feet, one inch. Not married. What is that I hear? A sigh from thousands of girlish chests? Methinks 'twas a sigh not of sorrow but of happy relief. Most of his work is done within the classic portals of the Lasky Studios.

ROSE AND ELIZABETH, ELKHART, IND.—Mary Pickford was born in Canada, April 8, 1893. Her height is five feet, her weight an even hundred pounds. She is a Canadian. Born in Toronto.

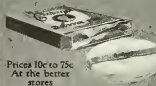
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 133]

Each
soft caress
adds loveliness—

Her soft delicate skin tells woman there is a difference in powder puffs. Memory of admiring glances remind her, too, to select the best. So she no longer asks for powder puffs—for vanity, dressing table or bath—but for Gainsborough Puffs.

In soft deep-piled Australian lamb's wool or luxuriously soothing velvet. Pink and white in attractive containers. Peach glow in tullephane envelope.

The latest Parisian mode! Select your Gainsboroughs to harmonize with your lingerie and other feminine accessories.



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At the nearest
stores

Gainsborough
POWDER PUFF

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"Please don't dance
any more, dear!"

HE was tormented by the thought of another's nearness to her glowing young cheek. He begged for a stroll in the shadowy moonlit garden. She smiled happily at his ardent words. How well she knew the secret of her radiant charm! Pert Rouge could always be depended upon to keep her cheeks aglow with natural rosiest.

Again she had the flattering proof that PERT stays on indefinitely. Its lovely tint had not been affected by perspiration or constant powdering. The slightest touch of her moistened finger spread its creamy greaseless base, blending it so perfectly with her natural coloring that it left no definite outline. She knew it would vanish only at the touch of cold cream or soap.

This triumph had convinced her also of the efficacy of another little trick for increasing the beauty of her complexion. After tanning her cheek with cream Pert she had powdered it lightly. Then she applied Pert Compact Rouge to brighten the warmth of her glow. Both forms of rouge are waterproof.

To her friends she recommends:

For a fair skin, light orange cream Pert (changes to pink on the skin) and blush tint Compact.

For a medium skin, dark orange cream Pert and blush tint Compact.

For an olive skin, rose shade cream Pert and rose Compact.

For enhancing the beauty of the lips, Pert waterproof Lipstick (Rouge and Lipstick, 75c, U.S. and Canada.)

Mail the coupon today with 25c for a generous sample of Pert cream Rouge. Another 25c brings a sample of Wink.

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Enclosed find 25c for a sample of Pert Rouge.
Another 25c brings a sample of Wink.

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Address _____
City & State _____

Pert Rouge



What the Stars and Directors Are Doing NOW

WEST COAST

(Unless otherwise specified studios are at Hollywood)

BERWILLA STUDIO, 5821 Santa Monica Blvd.
Denver Dixon Prod. Denver Dixon directing George Kesterson in "Our September Trailers."

BUD BARSKY PRODUCTIONS, 1442 Beachwood Drive.
Bud Barsky Prod. Forrest Sheldon directing "Makers of Men" with Kenneth MacDonald.

CALIFORNIA STUDIOS, 1438 Gower Street.
Lariat Prod. Harry Debb directing Pete Morrison in "Santa Fe Pete."
Bob Horner Prod. Harry Revier directing "Paris After Dark" with Laine Woods.
Squavah Prod. J. Guya directing "Release Number One" with Eva Novak.

CENTURY COMEDIES, 6100 Sunset Blvd.
Charles Lamont directing "Boy Shy" with Wanda Wiley.

CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIOS, 1426 La Brea Ave.
Inactive.

CECIL DE MILLE STUDIOS, Culver City, Cal.
Paul Sloane directing "The Coming of Amos" with Rod La Rocque and Vera Reynolds.
Cecil De Mille directing "The Road to Yesterday" with Joseph Schildkraut.
George Mefford directing "Without Mercy" with Robert Ames, Vera Reynolds and Dorothy Phillips.
Frank Urson and Paul Tribe directing "Hell's Highway" with Leslie Joy and Edmund Burns.

F. B. O. STUDIOS, 780 N. Gower Street.
Wesley Ruggles directing "The Pacemakers" with Alberta Vaughn and George O'Hara.
Harry Garson directing "High and Handsome" with Lefty Flynn and Ethel Shannon.
Arthur Rossand directing "Sporting Crit" with Richard Talmadge.

Frantz Prod. Production will soon commence on "The Threadbare" with Gladya Hult and Carter De Haven.

John P. McCarthy directing "The Bread of Cowardice" with Carnelia Geraghty and Bruce Gordon.
Ben Wilson Prod. Ben Wilson directing "King of the Rodeo" with Yakima Canutt.

FOX STUDIO, 1401 N. Western Avenue.
Robert Kerr directing "Honeymoon Express" with Lee Morina.
Lyan Reynolds directing "Darned of the Bad Land" with Buck Jones.
George Marshall directing "The Ski Jumper" with Earle Fox and Florence Gilbert.
Edmund Mortimer directing "Scandal Proof" with Shirley Mason.
Rowland V. Lee directing "The Silver Treasure." Cast not named.
Emmett Flynn directing "East Lynne" with Alma Rubens and Edmund Lowe.

FIRST NATIONAL PROD., United Studios.
Corlone Griffith Prod. Al Santell directing "Classified."
Samuel Goldwyn Prod. George Fitzmaurice directing "The Dark Angel" with Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman.
Edwin Carewe Prod. Edwin Carewe directing "The Lady Who Lied" with Lewis Stone and Virginia Valli.
Victor Fleming directing "Son of his Father" with Beanie Love.

HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd.
Hoot Stromberg Prod. Tom Forman directing "Off the Highway" with John Bowring and Marguerite de la Motte.
Harry Carey Prod. Scott Danahy directing "Texas Trail" with Harry Carey.

LASKY STUDIO, 1520 Vine Street.

Rauld Walsh directing "The Wanderer" with William Collier, Jr., Greta Nissen and Ernest Torrence.
Eddie Sutherland directing "Are You a Mason?" with Raymond Griffith.
Sidney Oleott directing "Not So Long Ago" with Ricardo Cortez and Betty Bronson.
James Cruze directing "Marry Me" with Florence Vidor and Edward Everett Horton.
William K. Howard directing "Light of the Western Stars" with Jack Holt and Billie Dove.
Clarence Badger directing "Paths to Paradise" with Betty Compson and Raymond Griffith.
William de Mille directing "Lost, A Wife" with Greta Nissen and Adolphe Menjou.
Allan Dwan directing "The Coast of Folly" with Gloria Swanson and Tony Juarez.
William de Mille directing "Polly of the Ballet" with Ricardo Cortez and Greta Nissen.

METRO, GOLDWYN, MAYER STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.
Moots Bell directing "The Merry Wives of Gotham" with Marion Davies.
King Vidor directing "The Big Parade" with John Gilbert and Renee Adoree.
Victor Seastrom directing "The Tower of Lies" with Norma Shearer and Lon Chaney.
Edmond Goulding has completed "Wrath" with Conrad Nagel and Pauline Starke.
Tod Browning directing "The Mystic" with Allison Fringale and Conway Tearle.
Jack Conway directing "The Only Thing" with Conrad Nagel and Eleanor Boardman.

C. W. PATTON STUDIOS, 6030 Sunset Blvd.

Robert Hill directing "On the Show" with Jack Malthall and Helso Ferguson.

PICKFORD-FAIRBANKS STUDIO, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd.
Douglas Fairbanks Prod. Production will soon commence on "Cape Smoke."
Mary Pickford Prod. William Bendine directing "Mary Pickford in 'Little Annie Rooney'" with William Haines.

PRINCIPAL PICTURES CORP., 7250 Santa Monica Blvd.

Madelene Brandies Prod. Hugo Ballin has completed "The Shining Adventure" with Mabel Ballin and Percy Marriot.

HAL ROACH STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.
Robert McCowan directing "Our Gang" in a two-reel comedy.
Leo McCarey directing Charles Chase in a two-reel comedy.
Thomas Buckingham directing Clyde Cook in a two-reel comedy.
Jess Robbins directing Frank Butler in a one-reel comedy.

SENNETT STUDIO, 1722 Glendale Blvd.

Harry Edwards directing Harry Langdon in an untitled comedy.
Lloyd Bacon directing McKee Taylor in an untitled comedy.
Eddie Cline directing Farrell-Parr in an untitled comedy.

UNIVERSAL STUDIO, Universal City.

William A. Selter directing "Where Was I?" with Reginald Denoy, Pauline Garon and Marion Nixon.
Charles Brabio directing "Stella Maris" with Mary Philbin.
Curt Smith directing "Peace Medicine" with Jack Hootie and Lola Todd.
Phil Goldstone directing "A Woman's Reckoning" with Louise Lorraine.
Edward Sloman directing "The Titans" with Helene Peters and Nita Romanoff.

WARNER BROS., 5842 Sunset Blvd.

James Flood directing "The Wife Who Wasn't Wanted" with Irene Rich and Huely Gordon.
Production will soon start on "Satan in Sabbes" with Lowell Sherman.
James Flood directing "The Woman Hater" with Helene Chadwick and Clive Brook.
Fred Newmyer directing "The Map on the Box" with Syd Chaplin and Abee Calhoun.
Alan Crossland directing "Robbed Hair" with Marie Prevost and Kenneth Crossland.

WESTWOOD STUDIO, 1745 Glendale Blvd.

V. V. Clegg directing "Nobody's Boy" with Bill Patton.
King Baxter directing "Interloper" with Roy Hughes.

EAST COAST

BIOGRAPH STUDIO, 807 East 175th St., N. Y. C.
Webster Campbell directing "The Half-Way Girl" with Doris Kenyon and Lloyd Hughes.
Milton Sully directing "The Face That Took" with Ben Lyon's next to be "The Face That Took."
PARAMOUNT STUDIO, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.
D. W. Griffith will soon start "That Royle Girl" with Carl Demaster.
Paul Bern will soon start "Lovers in Quarantine" with Bebe Daniels and Harrison Ford.
TEC-ART STUDIO, 344 West 44th St., N. Y. C.
Inspiration Pictures. Elmer Clifton directing "The Beautiful City" with Richard Barthelmess and Dorothy Gish.
Associated Exhibitors. E. H. Griffith directing "Headlines" with Louise Brainer and Alice Joyce.
WHITMAN BENNETT STUDIO, 537 Riverdale Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.
George Terwilliger directing "Married" with Owen Moore and Constance Bennett.

CHANGES IN TITLES

METRO-GOLDWYN "The Rebellious Girl" will be released as "Dool".
FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP. "Poppo" will be released as "Sally of the Sawdust".
"California or Bust" will be released as "The Lucky Devil".
UNIVERSAL PICTURES "Once a Peddler" will be released as "The Little Giant".

BUSINESS NEWS OFFICES

Associated Exhibitors, Inc., 33 West 43rd St., New York City.
Associated First National Pictures, 383 Madison Ave., New York City.
Richard Barthelmess Prod., Inspiration Pictures, 365 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 Office of Amer., Inc., 723 Seventh Ave., New York City.
Fox Film Company, 10th Ave. & 55th St., New York City.
Metro-Goldwyn, 1540 Broadway, New York City.
Palmer Photoplay Corporation, Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Pathe Exchange, 33 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. F. 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 Heckscher Building, 365 Ave. and 37th St., New York City.
Vilagran Company of America, 1600 Broadway, New York City.
Warner Brothers, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

It's No Laughing Matter

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

dauntless, little figure breasting the high sea of comedy that has lately set in in motion pictures. I got a vision of her stern, tragic little face with its angry green eyes, flashing forth from the tide of slap-stick that has beset us.

And I thought how exactly like Viola it was to have chosen this particular moment to rebel against her reputation as one of the few real comedienne on the screen. She's a Bolshevik at heart—Viola. Agin' the government, whatever it happens to be.

But somehow she made me understand the deadly monotony of that comedy existence she had led for so many years. It must have been rather terrible. And Viola is so easily bored. Ennui is her chief foe. She is one of those people who will do almost anything to escape boredom.

"I suppose," she broke into my reverie, "I suppose you don't think I can act?"

"I know you can act," I said.

"Well, I can," she insisted. "I've been on the stage since I was five years old. I—I played with Thomas Jefferson in 'Rip Van Winkle.'"

And then, because I simply could not help looking amazed, she said snappily, "I was one of the children, stupid."

"And fifteen years ago I played in Dickens' 'Christmas Carol' for the old Edison. I was a child in that, too. And I was in stock with Jane Cowl and Lowell Sherman. And I was a star one, on Broadway. A real star. I played 'The Poor Little Rich Girl' for two years in New York. You didn't know that, I suppose? Why shouldn't I be able to act?"

"Well, maybe I can and maybe I can't. I don't know. But I tried it in 'As Man Desires' and I'm trying it again in this new one, 'Winds of Change.' I've got a great part in that. I'm a girl gambler. There's tragedy, and sorrow, and love. She's a real human being, that suffers, and feels, and sacrifices and fears. Not a—figure of a valentine. I'm happy, playing her."

SHE gave me another belligerent stare, and I agreed hastily that it sounded like a perfect existence, to be playing a part like that.

"There is one thing I do want to know, though, Vi," I said. "I feel it's matter the public will want to know about. Does this—this new career of yours mean you'll never wear rompers again? If it does, I don't know that your public will altogether approve. We did like you in rompers, Viola."

"Rompers," said Viola, and she let out a little moan. "Oh, isn't that terrible! Here I am trying to do something worth while, something big, to make myself register for my work and my ability, and you talk to me about rompers."

"You always seemed very worth while to me, in rompers, Vi," I told her, gently.

But I don't think she heard me. She had left me flat. The mention of those much detested rompers had been too much for her.

But, seriously—as seriously as Viola would want me to be—I wonder what she will do in this new departure. She can act. I believe that. But is anything worth while that spoils a real comedienne? Or will she, because of that understanding of comedy, be able to add just that deep and poignant and heart-stirring touch to dramatic rôles that gets under the skin?

Her work in "Revelation" showed exceptional promise.

It's all rather like Viola herself—this change of heart. For she's drawn in two colors. A gray and bright and vivid color, like her odd, gray eyes. And a somber tinge, a little under-tone of sadness, that very few people who find Vi so entertaining know anything about.

However it comes out, and whatever she does, Viola will have the love and good will and best wishes of the entire community. She is one of our favorite daughters.



Make hearts leap to the spell of your magical hair-free beauty of skin. Learn all that Neet, the dainty hair-removing cream means to you. Use Neet today.

Plunge wholeheartedly into the joys of the day fearing not for an instant what your costume reveals. With skin that is hair-free, lovely and smooth you feel at ease, happy and confident you are at your best. Only Neet, the hair-removing cream can bring assurance of such perfect freedom from unwanted hair. You merely spread it over the surfaces to be treated then rinse away the offending hair. No other method is so convenient and so rapid and satisfactory, especially for the larger surfaces of legs and arms—to remove hair from the entire forearm takes but a few minutes. To hundreds of thousands all around you, it has brought unexpected loveliness, beauty and charm.

Learn what Neet means to you—Buy Neet at your drug or department store. Accept no substitutes. Test it critically if you wish. You will agree that no other method, regardless of cost, equals this quick, simple, hair-removing cream. Neet is really quicker than shaving and you use it with absolute assurance that hair will not come back thicker and coarser than before—as it does after shaving. . . . Following its use, note the whiteness of underarm in contrast to darkened skin where the razor has been used. Should your favorite store for the moment be out of Neet, send fifty cents with name and address for full sized tube by mail.

HannibalPhar. Co., 655 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.



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Very Special

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Don't cover up a poor complexion with rouge, paint and powder! Develop and preserve a clear, lovely skin. Bring out your natural beauty by using Malvina Cream, Lotion, and Malvina Ichthyol Soap as perfected by

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PRICES:
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Lotion, 55c
Soap, 30c
All \$1.40
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Fine heavy linen-finished paper. Folded note size—**not** single sheets.
Paper made by one of the finest mills in America.
Colors, Pink, Blue and White.
Monogram printed from hand-cut dies, to upper left corner. Entire effect beautiful, distinctive, correct; while it is neither pretty nor correct to use single-sheet, name- and address stationery for social correspondence.
Satisfaction Guaranteed—Try the paper, if it better, return it and get your money back. **SAVE** TIME—order two letters, two-box orders leave same day as received.

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A MARVELOUS aid in obtaining the smart coiffure is Glo-Co Liquid Hair Dressing. It makes the hair easy to dress, keeps it in place and gives a beautiful luster.

Use Glo-Co before a curl or Marcel. Your hair will stay curled much longer. Keeps the hair from splitting and breaking too. Glo-Co is not greasy or sticky. It's a liquid that is just as good for the scalp as it is for the hair. Helps to do away with dandruff and stimulates the hair roots to new growth.

What an aid to mothers is Glo-Co! A few drops on the hair in the morning and the most unruly head of hair stays in place all day long.

Use Glo-Co Dressing liberally on the scalp to loosen the dandruff before washing the hair. Then wash with Glo-Co Shampoo. The cleansing, antiseptic lather frees the scalp from scale and bacteria, and makes the hair like silk. Sold at drug stores and barber shops. Send 10 cents for samples of both.

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Wm. Davis, M. D., 1243 Grove Ave., Woodbridge, N. J.

Learn to Know Good Pictures

"LEARN to Know Good Pictures" is the heading of a paragraph in "The Motion Picture," a brochure by Charles C. Pettijohn, attorney for Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Incorporated, the organization of which Will Hays is president. Mr. Pettijohn says:

"Of course, motion pictures are not and cannot be a stabilized product. Every single one must differ. It is a mighty uncertain and hazardous thing—this making of motion pictures—on the part of any maker of them. Therefore, it is not quite possible to be assured beyond question that when you see a picture bearing the trademark of a certain company you are without fail seeing a perfect picture. But there are certain companies whose names stand for the sincerest kind of endeavor to provide for you entertainment that is interesting and artistic and clean.

"Familiarize yourself with the name of the producing organization as well as the names of the players who perform in the film drama you are seeing. As you know, in the descriptive matter which is unrolled upon the screen before the action of the piece begins, there is always set forth the name of the producing company, the writer, the director, etc.

Choose Your Pictures Carefully

"The name of the company, likewise, is invariably shown upon the billboards and upon the printed programs you receive in the theater. Keep this name in mind. You will soon discover that such and such company's product is more likely to please you than the product of such and such another company. Then, in choosing your next screen entertainment, watch for this part of the announcement of the forthcoming attraction. You will have to remember more than one name, of course. There are a number of producing companies which make good pictures.

"There are certain players, both men and women, who invariably appear in nothing but the very best of photoplays. They are in-

telligent, thoughtful persons, proud of the work in which they are engaged and they would not—even were the producers foolish enough to suggest this—appear in anything except the most wholesome and most genuinely interesting sort of offerings.

"Those who patronize motion picture theaters constantly soon become familiar with the personnel of the leading players and soon will learn, if they pay attention to the forthcoming attractions, that when one of these players is billed, a thoroughly good entertainment is almost invariably a prospect.

"Still another way that might be suggested is to observe the name of the author of the photodrama. Some of our most distinguished American novelists and playwrights are engaged in writing directly for the screen and you may be sure that the stories they turn out will not be stupid nor suggestive, nor anything but high-class.

"Go Shopping" for Good Pictures

"Look, therefore, for the name of the producer, of the author, and of the player. To put it very plainly, 'shop around' for your picture.

"In most places motion picture theaters are fairly numerous. If you are dubious about what is being presented at the first theater you reach, walk on a few blocks and try another one. If the second one has what seems to be a better offering, it is deserving of your patronage, even if it is not the nearest one to your home. And here is another fact which may be helpful in your support of the good pictures! Certain theater owners maintain higher standards of presentation than others. In their theaters it is likely that almost always you will see the best pictures it has been possible for the owner to obtain. Familiarize yourselves with the names and locations of these theaters. This is simply another example of 'shopping around.'"

To simplify this, read PHOTOPLAY, and do your "shopping" that way.

Hollywood's Hermit

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]

But most of all the children visit him. It is a rare treat to tramp up to the little tent back of Inspiration Point and spend the morning or afternoon playing with the hermit. He always has time for them, for he is a child himself. As a climax to the day's outing the youngsters can count on a ride on the back of old "Lizzie" or young "Doug," "Lizzie's" son (who Peter admits is named after Doug Fairbanks).

"Doug" is a fast mover as burros go and Peter calls him his polo pony. It is no unusual sight to the hikers in the Hollywood hills to see Peter, mallet in hand and mounted on Doug, chasing the elusive pellet over some hill top. Peter doesn't need a polo field, for the entire hills are his playground.

Seven years ago Hollywood saw Peter for the first time. He drove into town in an ancient phaeton drawn by the still more ancient "Lizzie" with Teddy riding beside him, and pitched his tent in the heart of the beautiful hills which hold the film capital like an embracing arm.

He is scrupulously clean, washing his trousers and shirt every day in water that he hugs more than a mile over the hills to his tent. In the summer time he takes a sun bath in the nude for twenty minutes each day and in the winter, on those days when the sun fails to come out, he exposes his body to the wind and air for the same length of time.

Peter and his dog are also vegetarians and there is never a scrap of meat on his place. These are a few of his health rules and he follows them implicitly.

"Booze, tobacco, padlocks and patent medicine are killing civilization," declares the Hermit and the sight of a friend with a cigarette in his mouth is enough to send the simple fellow off on a tirade.

There are many subjects on which Peter the Hermit refuses to talk and of them all he is most reticent about his early life—and his age. However, he admits he was once a sea-faring man and has traveled all over the world.

"I'm only a boy," declares Peter, if pressed about his age, but occasionally in an unguarded moment he has been known to say that he was born in "The Golden Veil" in County Limerick, Ireland, the night of the Big Wind. As the Big Wind was in 1832, this would make Peter quite "some boy" if true, for he is as active and sturdy as a lad of twenty.

In explaining the four burros in his menage, Peter says:

"You see it's like this. When I was a wee lad in Ireland we was so poor I couldn't own a burro. I never forget it. It was a sort of life ambition, and now that I'm a boy again in Hollywood I've got four burros all my own. I guess it's 'cause I couldn't have one as a kid I get so much joy out of letting the childer who visit me ride me burros."

Peter the Hermit has appeared in many Hollywood pictures, usually as himself—a hermit or faith healer. He has worked for such directors as Rex Ingram and the late Allan Dwan and objects both strenuously and noisily if you ask him if he ever appeared as an extra. Like all true artists, he insists his have always been important parts and that they usually had to cut most of him out or he would have stolen the picture.

At least one thing is true of Peter and his work which has all the car marks of the great artist. He will not take a part in a picture unless he likes the story and believes in the picture itself. He is dead against sex pictures. His wants are few and he can be most independent.

"I Hooverized before the war and I'm still Hooverized" you can tell 'em," said Peter as he offered to share a loaf of dry bread and some goat's milk with me. And that's what Peter and his Teddy dog live on, while his four burros keep fat on their hillside pastures.

Friendly Advice

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 115]

GABRIELLE COHUES, N. Y.

Suppose that you give a "brains and flowers" party. Decorate your home and your table with the flowers that are seasonal. Give the brain tests, which are predicted to be the logical followers of cross-word puzzles. Lest your party be a bit too highbrow, the brain tests may be followed by dancing.

DORIS, NEWARK, N. J.

You would hatter avoid pink, Doris. Save for its deepest, richest shades it is a very trying color to those who have sallow complexions, or colorless ones. Green makes the skin look clearer and rosier. Therefore you may revel in the greens of the mode. Brown is a safe color for you. Black is not for the sallow. White is always invariably becoming.

If your tastes are quiet, don't force gaiety, my dear. There are many who still admire the demure type. It may at any time become the preferred type. A low voice is still as excellent a thing in woman as it was when a poet announced the discovery. The gentle woman is always amiable and admired.

One of the most graceful women I ever knew had a habit of keeping her lovely hands near her head. They clasped her cheek or rested against the neck of her gown. Or they nestled against her shoulders. She told me she had two reasons for this. One was to protect her jewels while she was in public. The other was to let some of the blood run out of her hands so that they would look white. Watch any woman accustomed to the social side of life and you seldom see her hands hanging at her sides. She knows that if she did the veins would be gorged with blood and her hands would look red and puffy. An ingenious young woman whose hands are lovely has a fancy for holding something in those hands, her lorgnette, or smelling salts, or a book, or flowers, always holding them upright or slanting, contriving that the blood should flow out of her hands instead of emptying into them. Olive oil or a nourishing cold cream will gradually make the limbs plumper. Walking increases the firmness of muscles.

BILLY, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Since those colors are becoming to you wear them singly or in combination. For instance, a white dress or suit with orange facings or scarf, or a white hat with orange colored flowers will be charming. Two shades of green is very smart. Careful attention to wearing color, shoes, stockings, and hat in the same color or part of a planned color scheme, give an impression of good and tasteful dressing.

Comfort yourself with what a European commentator on women said: "A slight

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Really, as an aid to your beauty, Norida is worth its weight in gold. Does away with cake powder. You can refill it yourself with any loose powder you prefer.

Norida Single Vanitie \$1.50, Gold or Silver, filled with Norida Fleur Sauvage (Wild-flower) Poudre.

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Sizes for all types of noses.

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Thick or swollen ankles can quickly be reduced to slenderness by the use of our discovery of special processed rubber. **LEADER ANKLE REDUCERS** Ankles Actually Look Thin While Getting Them

Different in reduction action from all other reducers. Slip on when you go to bed and ankles actually reduce in size. Soft, flexible and shape ankle and lower calf. Slip on like a measure. No straps. Nothing to rub in or massage. Ankles under stockings without detection. Used by prominent actresses. **Send \$2.25 and we will send you Leader Ankle Reducers (rubber anklets) and tell you why they work.** Use size of ankle and widest part of calf.

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THICK ANKLES SPILL YOUR APPEARANCE

irregularity in the eyes only adds piquancy, dash of coquetry, to a woman." Try to forget the slight irregularity. If your eyes have the brilliancy of health and if they are kept cleansed from dust or other irritants you can afford to forget the slight difference in their setting. Forgetfulness of self is the only cure for self-consciousness. The shy and those who are over-confident of their charms are both self-conscious. Once you have groomed and dressed yourself as daintily as you can, don't think of yourself but enter into the spirit of the occasion. The person who is interested in what is going on about him or her is at his or her best.

An advertisement in the May issue named a remedy for blackheads.

H. H., ANSONIA, CONN.

No color is barred to you, you fortunate girl. You may enjoy the carnival of color this season without any fear of unbecomingness. An immense variety of shades is at your command. I hope you will wear a great deal of white this summer. The light and the bright shades of green that are so popular would be strikingly appropriate.

Suppose that you adopt the fragrance of the queen of flowers for your perfume. Yes, the rose.

PATRICIA, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

In the circumstances I do not advise your wearing corsets. If you must, be sure that they are well fitting ones that hold in the flesh instead of emphasizing its presence. Swimming, walking, rowing and riding make the muscles firm.

For you I recommend blue in any of its shades. Two shades of blue combined would be effective for your type. No shade is forbidden to one of your age and coloring, but I am sure that you will find the shades ranging from violet to blue gray to be your best.

Sprinkle corneal or powdered orris root into your hair and brush it out. The oil will be removed with the meal and powder.

NAOMI, TORONTO, CAN.

Liberal applications of olive oil would soften the skin and enrich it. Two drops of benzoin added to each tablespoonful of olive oil will prevent the yellowing action of the oil. Some of my friends wash their faces in olive oil, instead of water, remove the oil-softened dust with cleansing paper, and afterward pat nourishing cold cream into the skin. The results have been gratifying.

H. M. C., SOUTH MERIDEN, CONN.

Correct the habit. Ask your family and friends to tell you every time you frown. You're, doubtless, in a frown of earnestness not of ill temper. There are good astringents that draw relaxed pores together. Cleanse the face with a pure cold cream or with olive oil into which a few drops of tincture of benzoin have been dropped. Leave it on the face for ten minutes or longer time. Remove with pads of absorbent cotton or with soft piece of cloth, as chesecloth or old linen. Do not drag the skin while cleansing the face. That practice makes wrinkles. I prefer tepid to cold water. Though a dash of cool water after the face has been cleansed stimulates circulation. Good circulation nourishes the tissues. A pure skin food patted into the face at night, or whenever convenient during the day, nourishes impoverished tissues that in time write themselves in wrinkles.

L. C., NASHVILLE, TENN.

By the accepted standard your weight should be not more than one hundred twenty-five pounds. Better five pounds less.

MILDRED S., CHICAGO, ILL.

Orchid, any shade of blue you prefer, russets and greens, for the durable day shades. You are one of the fortunates who can wear all colors well. For your type I recommend violet as an expressive fragrance. Rose for rouge and a bright lipstick.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 143]

It's a Great Life, Etc.

Around the clock with one of our most popular leading men, according to current gossip

By Garrett E. Fort

8:00—Star rises and goes through the Daily Dozen.

8:30—Plunge in 40-foot marble pool at edge of Beverly Hills estate.

8:45—Frisks in glad golden sunshine with his two greyhounds and prize billygoat, presented by admiring Knights of Pythias in last convention at Alexandria.

9:00—Swift session with his trainer in perfectly-equipped gym. Boxes, wrestles, pitches quoits, and plays squat tag.

9:30—Breakfast in rose arbor, surrounded by his white collies, Jap servant, curly-haired offspring, press clippings, and latest wife.

10:15—Arrives at studio. Is snapped with one foot on running-board of studio Simplex.

10:30—Morning mail. Answers 50 fan letters in person and autographs ditto photos while holding session with three special feature writers of the better-looking sex.

11:00—Polishes hair for the day. (Johnston's Prepared Hair Wax—ad.)

11:30—On set, ready for a stiff day's work.

12:00—Off to Catalina, to be snapped in the act of spearing tuna fish for luncheon.

1:00—Lunches on tuna and location at Truckee, surrounded by loyal staff, in order of importance, i.e., publicity director, camera man, three friendly extra girls, president of company with visiting relatives from Hester Street, leading lady, remainder of cast, director.

2:00—Works, under inspiration of 'cello, portable organ, and coy glances of three

friendly extra girls.

2:45—Stiff set of tennis on Hollywood Hotel courts. Beats Moe Applebaum, of Seattle Exchange, by score of 21-19. Cigars and contract for next six pictures are on Moe.

3:30—Swift flight to Tia Juana, where he attends races and bows affably to Pathe News man. Camera aimed his way, but view spoiled by Elinor Glyn's hat.

5:00—Pleasant hour with astigmatic caddy on Ambassador links. Goes around in 80, or thereabouts. You know.

6:00—Speaks on cooperation at dinner given by Western Exhibitors' Convention for Will Hays at the St. Francis, Frisco. Flashlighted shaking hands with Will and Chairman Levey, at Will's request, for the benefit of Mrs. Hays and children.

8:15—Ringside seat for the boxing bouts at Los Angeles Athletic Club.

9:30—Master of ceremonies at Sunset Inn Photoplayers' Night. Is flashlighted doing imitation of Gilda Grey's Deauville wiggle.

10:30—Home. Spends quiet few minutes dipping into Chaucer, Anatole France, Thackeray, accompanied by conspicuous Dunhill pipe and rakish-looking hall pup.

11:00—Disrobes and executes the Daily Dozen (evening series).

11:30—Nine grains of morphine and a pint flask of Canadian Club while jotting down brief notes for article on "Why Pick On Hollywood?"

11:35—Unconsciousness.

The Mystery Girl of Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54]

Greathouse, wife of one of Mr. Griffith's assistants. Her favorite orgy is—eating waffles.

Yet deep down beneath this self-consciousness, Carol nourishes a rich, nimble mind and the most extraordinary memory we have yet come in contact with. We once told her we would telephone her at a certain time. Failing to do so, she called us to learn why the neglect. This, mind you, despite the fact she was working in a picture and being fitted for clothes when not on the set.

She is only twenty-four and before her stretches a hazy future which can be as brilliant as she wishes.

"That youngster," a mutual friend once averred, "can mold her career in any line and be a success. She has an amazing knack of getting inside a person. She attracts. She takes. She absorbs. Rarely does she give. And that retentive mind of hers files away what she has taken. When you think that Carol supplanted Lillian Gish as Mr. Griffith's leading woman you have said everything. She wears clothes with a swank and an individuality few girls possess. Don't forget she can act, too."

But it took Mr. Griffith to summarize the real Carol in saying: "Miss Dempster achieved in 'Isn't Life Wonderful?' the heights prognosticated for her years ago by Ruth St. Denis and myself."

And that is praise, indeed.

L'ENNUI

[Let Kipling apologize—He started it.]

By Elizabeth Forman

*When Earth's last picture is finished,
And the films are twisted and dried;
When the cameras cease their clicking,
And the youngest actress has died;*

*We shall rest, and gosh but we'll need it;
Stay home for an evening at last,
Till the greatest of all directors
Signs a super-plus-all-star cast.*

*And they, in their elegant undies,
Shall lie in a "Golden Bed,"
Or splash in a champagne fountain,
And the press agent's yarns shall be read.*

*They shall find real parts to their liking—
Gloria, Pola, Aileen—
They shall vamp for "Three Weeks" at a sitting
All over a ten league screen.*

*And all of the critics shall praise them
And never a censor shall blame,
And they'll work like the Dickens for money
And fight like the Dickens for fame.*

*And, as for the joy of emoting,
Each star in her make-up and paint
Shall portray the thing as it isn't,
For the God of things as they ain't.*



A Touch of the Orient

—an alluring, subtle charm that has bewitched and enamored down through the ages. A seductive, entrancing beauty of mystic depths, captivating and infatuating all those who behold it. It's just a touch your skin and complexion need. The subtle something they lack—they have never known. Let

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

kindle the fascinating, glowing spark of Beauty for you. Just as a few brush strokes of the Master converts the ordinary to the sublime, so will Gouraud's Oriental Cream bring to your skin and complexion the joy of a new dominating and compelling appearance. Your Pathway to Beauty is open. Follow those who for over 85 years have found it their secret of a skin and complexion that overshadows all. Made in three shades: White, Flesh, and Rachel. Also made in compacts in all popular shades.

Send 50c. for a special assortment of Gouraud's Toilet Preparations or 10c. for trial size of Gouraud's Oriental Cream.

M-3-3

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son

430 Lafayette Street, New York



Something NEW for BOBBED HAIR

There is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well—what kind is yours? I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which are really no more actual color than sunlight. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25¢ direct to J. W. Korb Co., 616 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wa.

Golden Glint SHAMPOO



Delica Kissproof Lipstick

Makes Alluring lips! Intriguing lips! Lovely lips! Used by America's leading beauties.

Delica Kissproof Lipstick is a new color—so indistinguishably natural it defies detection! Gives your lips a soft, full color—a rich effect, compellingly beautiful.

Waterproof—Kissproof—Stays On

As you face your mirror and apply this delicate creation, you will behold lips more intriguingly lovely than you ever knew were yours!

At all toilet counters or direct, 50c or, send for free samples.

Free

DELICA LABORATORIES, Inc., Dept. 8125
4003 Broadway, Chicago, Illinois
Greetings! Please send me free samples (enough for one week) of Indefatigable Lipstick, Delica Kissproof Lipstick and Delica-Brown. I enclose 10¢ for packing and mailing.

Name _____
Address _____

(PRINT PLAINLY IN PENCIL)

The Chinese Jane

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

Take of that double chin!

Big Hips, Large Busts, Ankles, Arms Reduced in a Remarkably Short Time

Why not bring out the beauty of your face features, hidden under those ugly rolls of fat? Double chin adds ten years to your face. Large busts and hips make you look matronly. The ankles give you a shuffling appearance, yet, if you care to, you can have a perfect face and figure, molded just as you wish it, without trouble or inconvenience of any kind. Get some of Dr. Foltz's Soap from any drug or department store, make a good lather, and apply as per directions night and morning. Do not rub on special parts you want to reduce. You will be surprised at the quick and amazing results in taking off fat from parts where it shows. Most women have lost as much as 30 inches from stomach and hips. Double chin and large ankles disappear quickly. Every day more people are using this simple way to reduce, because it is absolutely harmless, practical and cheap. So many women are not fat all over, and all they need for a perfect figure is to "trim off the edges." For them, Dr. Foltz's soap is ideal, because a few applications will do it. DR. FOLTZ'S SOAP IS GUARANTEED A SAFE, HEALTHY, HARMLESS, WILL NOT LEAVE YOUR SKIN FLABBY OR WRINKLED, DOES AWAY WITH PIMPLES, WILL TONIFY THE TISSUES AND GIVE THE SKIN A WONDERFUL GLOW OF HEALTH.



Beware of cheap imitations! Ask for the original reducing soap, called Dr. Foltz's. If your druggist is out of it, he can get it for you from his wholesaler, or you can send a check or money-order direct to the Scientific Research Laboratories, Dept. 80, 250 W. 14th St., N. Y. C. Dr. Foltz's soap sells for 50c a cake, or 3 for \$1.20.

Dr. Foltz's Soap Takes off fat.

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CALLOUSES

Quick, safe relief for callouses and burning on bottom of feet. At drug and shoe stores everywhere.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone.



would be flattered to find that a man had traveled six thousand miles to look at her. His talk was music to the ear. So she prodded him to make him go on.

"And what you found," she prompted, "was merely I?"

"What I found, Princess," he assured her soberly, "was a lovelier flower than man has any right to expect to find this side of Paradise."

May Lou was supremely glad that he had not found her at the laundry. Conrad Noel had given her one thrill anyway, even if she did not know exactly what she was going to do with it.

Presumably a declaration of love was on the way. It might have happened right then and there, if Conrad Noel himself had not put in an appearance.

He was glad that he had come. Conrad had a carefully trained sense of dramatic values and he loved nothing better than a scene which had possibilities. He knew exactly what sort of a situation he had stepped into and it pleased him greatly to be in a position to play havoc with it.

"You look well in that horse dress I sent out, May Lou," he said first, a sort of a faint stamp of ownership which he put upon her. "Don't you think so, Dr. Wong?" Belatedly he included the caller in the conversation.

THE doctor wet his lips before he replied. "Yes, Mr. Noel. You have a world-wide reputation for taste in colors and fabrics."

"And women," Conrad added. "It is well to be able to choose nice things, but it is also necessary to have a woman of bizarre personality, perfect complexion and well formed body to set them off."

If Dr. Wong writhed a little under the implication that the woman he loved was the familiar property of another, he did not show it. Instead, he shifted the topic to one of appreciation of Noel's latest "greatest picture ever made," always a safe subject to broach to any director, and in a few moments took his departure.

"Why, chief," asked May Lou after his departure, "why did you crab the flirtation with my perfectly good sun?"

"You're under contract to me," Noel reminded her, "and I don't want anything to interfere with it, even marriage. You know what you were when I found you and you know what you are today. Come here a minute."

May Lou came docilely enough. Noel indicated that she should sit on a pillow at his feet. He looked at her face searchingly.

"May Lou, you are very wonderful. We shall do great things together. I've only just begun to realize your possibilities. Come to my house tomorrow night about nine. I have some costumes that I want you to try on."

Conrad Noel was an artist even in his love affairs. The direct approach would have offended his sense of romance. He would really have some costumes there for May Lou to try on.

Noel had not said anything about how May Lou was to get to his residence, which was up in the canyon and far from public transportation, so she did the obvious thing and telephoned the laundry for her brother, Frank, to drive her there in the coupe.

He arrived at May Lou's bungalow a little too early. May Lou was glad of that. She and her brother were great friends. Of all the people in the world he was practically the only one who completely understood her and her problems. That was perfectly natural, because the conditions surrounding his own existence were approximately the same. They weren't Chinese, they weren't really Americans. They had few points of contact with their ancestors and they were not quite understood by the young Americans with whom they were contemporaries. Society will some day arrive at a

stock solution of the problem of such as they, but not yet.

"Dr. Wong was over to see the old man today," Frank observed. They were smoking together.

"Darn," said May Lou, "there goes my alias. I wonder how he discovered the laundry in my past."

"I don't know. I think that boy has got more doing under his derby than we gave him credit for."

"What did he want of father?"

"I don't know. He did say something about Mr. Noel. Wanted to know if you planned to marry him."

May Lou meditated. "The nerve of that Chink."

"Well," Frank observed, apologetically, "it wouldn't be a good thing."

"Huh! In about a minute you'll be quoting that poem about 'Never the twain'—" "Possibly," her brother conceded. "Do you, by any chance, think that they could meet?"

"They might, temporarily, anyhow."

"That's what I thought. Dr. Wong seemed to think so, too."

"It's none of his darn business. Besides, Mr. Noel is married already. You know as well as I do that I've got to keep on the right side of my boss. He has made a lady out of me."

"A lady? What he has made out of you is a doll. You're just another one of Conrad Noel's clothes horses. Look at Naomi Francisco and Hilda—"

"Never mind reviewing the scandals of Hollywood. It's time we started up the canyon."

"Then you're really going?"

"Surest thing you know. What did you think I sent for you?"

FRANK sighed. "That's what I told Dr. Wong."

"Humph. So that's the kind of an old woman you are. Next time I want to go anywhere I'll send for a taxi."

But by the time they had arrived at Mr. Noel's canyon bungalow—he had another house in town—peace had been restored. These two had to be friends against all the world. When she got out of the car he even pressed her arm, western fashion, as if he were wishing her godspeed and assuring her that he would be with her no matter what happened.

Conrad Noel had done very well by himself in the matter of stage setting. The bungalow was all one room, or nearly so, and in it was a litter of everything. But the confusion was artistic in the extreme. And restful. The chairs were comfortable and there were several day beds that were marvels of cushioned ease.

And Conrad could be very restful and entertaining, too, when he wished. He sensed, perhaps, that some influence, unfriendly to himself, had been at work, because his greeting of May Lou was very casual. "I'm glad you came. Sit down a few minutes, May Lou, while I finish a script I'm reading and then I'll show you some things I bought the other day."

He was as good as his word, too. For perhaps twenty minutes he was absorbed in a sheaf of typewritten pages. This gave May Lou plenty of time to arrive at the conclusion that her brother and Dr. Wong were a couple of fools. How could either of them understand the exotic conditions that surrounded the motion picture business? The answer was that they couldn't.

She had a chance to study Mr. Noel in his impersonation of himself as he thought he was.

Silk shirt, open at the throat, white riding trousers, belted at the waist with a soft brown silk sash, and brown boots, he had evidently just come in from a long gallop. Only his trousers were scarcely wrinkled.

"All right, May Lou," he said, casting the script aside, "that's done. Let's get at this costume business."

He showed her three or four boxes. "You can put them on, one at a time, behind that screen there and let me see if they'll do."

Well, they were the sort of costumes that any woman would almost die to see herself in, especially if she were able to wear that kind of thing as well as May Lou was. May Lou knew just as well as anybody that she had nice slim ankles, a marvelous back line and other similar good points. That's one thing about motion picture people. They do know all about themselves from watching their own work on the screen. You can fool yourself in front of a mirror, but there is no deceiving a camera that is clicking off your every move.

Noel made minor criticisms of the first two dresses, but conceded that the third was quite satisfactory. May Lou agreed with him heartily. It was a Nautch costume with jewel encrusted leggings and a transparent cloth of gold skirt of tremendous proportions when spread out in a circular whirl, but nothing much when hanging straight. Above the waist was the conventional jewel harness, but a very gorgeous one, very gorgeous and very skimpy. "You can rest now," Noel said, when he had looked at that one. He indicated one of the day beds.

MAY LOU reclined on it. It was black satin and she had been wondering how the cloth of gold would look against it. Noel, perhaps, had been wondering how her skin of gold would look there. Anyway he knew now. He sat down on the edge of the couch himself.

"I'm going to make you the most conspicuously beautiful woman in pictures," he declared. "Together we can do wonders with you. I'll make every woman in the world wish that she had your charm and mystery and I'll make every man a little afraid of you, but willing to trade half his life to hold you in his arms—like this."

May Lou had known what was coming, what woman of any race would not have known? And yet now she trembled like a frightened child. May Lou was only nineteen and she really knew nothing but the words of sophistication. How could she ever have learned anything else in a world full of people with whom she never came into more than arm's length contact?

Her lips were under his lips, but they were chill. She wished—oh, lord, what did she wish?

"Pardon the intrusion, please."

The door had opened and in the doorway stood Dr. Sule Sing Wong, gloved, hat in hand, quite a formal note in this otherwise bizarre scene.

"What the—?"

"I rapped," Dr. Wong shrugged. "No one answered, so I stepped in."

"But that door was locked."

"No," politely. Another shrug. "I did not notice it."

Mr. Noel seemed to have nothing to say to that. But he was angry and he released May Lou and took a step toward his visitor. "I do not receive visitors here, Dr. Wong."

"So I perceive. My error. But I found that it was going to be necessary for me to leave this city, probably forever, this very evening, and it seemed very impolite not to say farewell to one who has been most considerate to me during my stay. You will, I am sure, excuse a foreigner's ignorance of your customs."

"You have come to say good-bye?" Conrad observed pointedly.

"Yes."

"Well, good-bye."

The young Chinese doctor bowed to May Lou. "Farewell, Princess," and to Mr. Noel he advanced, taking off his glove as he did so. "Good-bye, sir," and shook his hand.

The two men offered gravely and the doctor bowed himself out of the room and the house.

"Well, what do you know about that?" demanded May Lou, astounded out of character and slightly disappointed at the pusillanimity of her lover. He should have been willing to



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fight for her. But to give her up like this without a struggle. Wasn't she worth it, or was he a coward? That seemed scarcely likely—he had been a soldier.

She turned from the puzzle of Sue Sing Wong's behavior to the more immediate problem of what to do about Conrad Noel.

But Mr. Noel had suddenly ceased to be a problem, at least he was not a problem of the kind that he had been. He had seated himself weakly on the side of the lake bed.

"Get me a drink of some kind, that's a good girl," he told her. "I'm sort of dizzy—just a sort of a heart attack. I have them, sometimes. Nothing to be frightened at, May Lou." He achieved a reassuring smile. "I'll be all right in a minute and tell you how adorable you are."

But he wasn't all right in a minute. Instead, he seemed to get worse and he stretched himself at full length on the couch, trembling in every limb and perspiring as if it were midday in summer.

"Have to get doctor," he decided, pointing to the telephone on the tiny table near at hand. "Dr. Clancey—his number is there somewhere." Then when she had called for him, "Give me the telephone. Don't you talk to him. He's my wife's doctor, but he's the best man in town."

By good luck Dr. Clancey was in and in response to Conrad's appeal for speed he promised to be there in about fifteen minutes.

"Now you dress and get out of here before he comes," ordered her boss, still holding the situation in his gradually relaxing fingers. "Hurry!"

May Lou did hurry. The golden costume slipped from her equally golden body without causing her an iota of regret. She did not know what was happening, but she was afraid.

The doctor's car was coming up the hill when she slipped out the front door. She stood a moment in the shadow until he was in the house. One could not leave a man in Mr. Noel's condition alone.

Then she ran down the road. About a hundred yards away a battered Ford coupe was waiting. She had some way suspected that it would be.

Inside the bungalow Dr. Clancey found a man who was too incoherent to explain what was the matter. So he gave him first aid restoratives and sent for an ambulance.

It was one of the most baffling cases that had ever been Dr. Clancey's professional misfortune to attend. For days Mr. Noel lay in a gradually sinking condition and neither Dr. Clancey nor any of his conferees, whom he called into consultation, could diagnose the trouble. There was a tremendous fever and an intestinal disturbance that seemed like one of the Asiatic plagues. But it was practically impossible that there should be one isolated case of that sort of thing in all Los Angeles. Whatever it was, Conrad Noel was slowly dying of it. It scarcely seemed possible that he would live longer than twenty-four hours more. The papers began printing bulletins of his condition.

Perhaps it was from the newspapers that a young Chinese American got the information which brought him to the hospital where Mr. Noel was shooting his last sequence.

ON arrival he asked for the physician in charge, and when he was admitted to Dr. Clancey's presence gave him an envelope.

The envelope contained a note and a very tiny vial full of a milky liquid.

The note said: "The contents of the enclosed bottle, given in warm water, will probably effect an astonishing cure in your most baffling case."

Dr. Clancey looked up to ask the messenger from whom he received that ridiculous message, but found that he had gone. He was not in the corridor, either. And Dr. Clancey could not remember what he looked like. As has been so frequently observed, one Chinaman very greatly resembles another, especially to the Caucasian eye.

The doctor sat for a long time with the note

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and the vial of liquid in his hands. Should he, or should he not follow the advice of the anonymous diagnostician?

Finally he decided that he would. After all, why not?

It might be silly, but his patient was going to die, anyway.

One more dose of something, even if it was poison, could not make much difference, was his conclusion.

So he went to the famous director's room. Mrs. Noël was there and her son. They had been warned that the end was near. Dr. Clancey gave the nurse the medicine and instructed her to administer it to the patient in warm water.

The nurse looked at him, questioningly. "I doubt if he can hold it on his stomach," she said. "It seems almost a shame to make his last moments any more uncomfortable than they are."

Dr. Clancey was not in the habit of brooking discussion of his orders. "Give him the medicine."

He would have to be obeyed now at whatever cost.

Five minutes later, Conrad Noël was sleeping quietly and naturally. The next morning he was able to eat a good breakfast and go home.

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She read it through from start to finish, especially the part that told of the miraculous cure of the great American motion picture director.

Then she said, "Well, wouldn't that knock you for a row of Chinese pagodas?"



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Over the Bumps with Raymond

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]

I am quite aware of the fact that there are people who do not believe in early marriages; that other people believe in long courtships, and that other people do not believe in marriage at all. It is all a great mystery to me, as it seems to be to everyone else, this marriage business. I only want to add here that I would not trade Raymond Hatton for all the men in the world. In fact, my friends all tell me to this day that I have a "Raymond Hatton complex," meaning, I suppose, that I can talk or think of nothing else. Anyhow, though I certainly do not regret it, I have been over the bumps with Raymond as the records prove.

Of course I knew that Raymond had also been born in Iowa, Red Oak, to be exact, near Omaha. The main industry of Red Oak seemed to be that of making calendars. Raymond told me that he was from the place where the days of the month come from. Raymond was engaged in making calendars when the stage fever struck him and he left his home the same season I did. He traveled another road and wound up in a stock company where he made a local name right away.

Having joined our acting talent together, and being very young, Raymond being but twenty, we decided to go to San Francisco and take the Golden Gate by storm. Alas, we found the Golden Gate very firm, and within a few weeks we had a thousand promises from theatrical firms and less than twenty dollars to our names. "Gee, kid," said Raymond, "wish you hadn't returned that guy's ring, we could soak it for two hundred iron men."

"Why, Raymond, you wouldn't take another man's ring, would you?"

"Sure," he replied, "I took his girl."

"YOU did not take me. I came willingly. When will men ever learn that they do not take any woman worth her salt?" The question stopped Raymond but it did not solve our economic problem. The weeks passed and we found ourselves indebted to the hotel keeper for nearly one hundred dollars.

Then Raymond was given a small part in a stock company in Fresno, two hundred miles away. How to get a ticket to Fresno was an immediate problem—or at least I thought it was. But Raymond did not think so—he started walking—and walked some of the distance there and caught rides the rest. I stayed behind in San Francisco for the very good reason that the hotel keeper held our trunks as security for the money we owed him. Raymond worked a week and sent me money enough to buy a ticket to take me to him. I told the landlord of the work in Fresno and went to the room and packed a few belongings—the negligee and other things so important to a woman.

When I walked through the lobby of the hotel the landlord accosted me and told me I would have to leave the suit case with him until the hotel bill was paid. I did not say a word but handed it over and walked out of the building toward the depot without even a toothbrush or a change of anything. When I reached Fresno I vowed to Raymond that come weal or woe we would not separate again.

There was a middle-aged woman in the stock company who had spent all her life on the stage. Being only a kid, I confided in her, and that wonderful woman, having no money herself, took me to the proprietor of a dry goods store and secured credit for Raymond. This happened ten days after my arrival in Fresno, and after I had washed different articles of wearing apparel each night. I may as well 'fess up—I washed certain articles for Raymond also. My reward was always the same from Raymond, and what woman could have more. "God, kid! you're a brick," he used to say, and that was reward enough.

We remained in Fresno two months before



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the company broke up. During that time we actually saved nearly a hundred dollars out of Raymond's salary of thirty-five a week. We then joined another company that was organizing for an engagement in El Paso, Texas. We paid our own fare to that city and played two weeks—and the company went up in smoke.

We then journeyed to Tucson, Arizona, and did a song and dance act for two weeks at an amusement resort. Raymond could not sing, and I could not dance, and Raymond could not dance and I could not sing, but somehow, and no one but the Lord knows, we "got away with it."

During the last few days in Tucson we met a fellow player from the defunct El Paso company. He was going toward Los Angeles to get other players for an amusement park in El Paso, having "sold himself" to the park owner. He hired us on the spot, but after viewing our act he inserted a clause, "not to sing or dance." I have always thought that was particularly cruel in a fellow player but I suppose he had to protect himself.

When we reached El Paso again we found some other players already waiting for the first curtain to go up, as it were. Among them were three people to be heard of in screen futures: King Vidor, the director; Tom Forman, also a director and a capable actor, and Lloyd Ingram, the director. Mr. and Mrs. Hatton and those three down and out players in a Texas town would have been considerably happier had they been able to read the future. But that was denied us, and perhaps it was just as well as we were all to go over quite some bumps yet before the bell sounded that ended the bout with hard luck.

El Paso became so hot that summer that it cooked everything but the Mayor's eyebrows and two Mexicans at the edge of town. We complained now and then to the citizens and they invariably would say, "Well, folks, if you don't like our summer there's thirty trains runnin' each way outta here." We "did" everything that summer from "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to "The Merchant of Venice." When I played *Eliha* and skipped across the river they used asphaltum for ice.

The company went on tour via New Mexico, Kansas, Oklahoma and Missouri into St. Louis where we came to our funeral at the Jefferson Street Theater. Those sophisticated and unappreciative citizens did not seem to care in particular for our brand of drama even if we did come "out of the west." The manager of the troupe, after many discouragements, decided to travel alone, and left us all "high, wide and broke" in the middle of the winter. So Raymond and I went back to our song and dance act again, only I changed my make-up somewhat so as to look like *Eliha*, being afraid in my heart that perhaps someone from Iowa might chance into the theater and know me, though I never breathed a word to Raymond. With this terrible act we scraped up enough money to go back to Iowa with magnificent pretense. When we arrived in our home towns the papers announced that Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Hatton were visiting relatives after an extended theatrical tour. They also mentioned the fact that both Mr. and Mrs. Hatton were rising rapidly in their chosen profession, having played in such large cities as St. Louis, Chicago and New York.

IN Red Oak I met my father's friend, the man to whom I had been engaged. He told me of a show he was "putting on" in Portland. I hurried to the home of Raymond's mother and gave her the most wonderful talk anybody's mother ever received. In turn she talked to Raymond's father and we were loaned the fare to Portland.

When we arrived in Portland we found that there was work for Raymond but none for me. I told Raymond to get busy and I would do a "single" sing and dance alone at the small theaters in the surrounding towns. While I was playing in Marshfield, Oregon, the manager of a piano company, who was putting on a contest there, came to me and said, "Miss

Roberts, we would like you to take charge of a campaign for us here. You have pep and personality and we will pay you thirty-five dollars a week—and you'll get it every week," inferring that perhaps I was not used to that. I wired Raymond for his advice. Raymond wired back: "Tell him it's too much. Ask him for fifty." I took the job and stayed on it six weeks. I even sold a piano to the manager of the company and when the contest was over the main office of the piano company at Portland offered me the job of being Contest Manager all over the west. I refused and hid me back to Raymond.

A few weeks later Raymond came to me in a moment of intense discouragement and said, "Listen, Frances girl, I'm getting nowhere at this game, and am doing nothing but making it tough for you. Now I'll do anything in the world you say."

"Now what could you do, Raymond, besides that?"

"Well, I could head it back to the farm in Iowa. I love to watch things grow, and besides, we'll eat regular." I knew it was time for me to say my say—that time when a woman must say something to keep from breaking the stout heart of the man she loves.

"Listen, Raymond," I began slowly and sympathetically, "you were born to be a great actor. They praise your work in every bick town. You are having a lot of bumps but I know acting and I'm for you first, last and all the time. I'm of the breed of women, Raymond, that signs a contract for life. So long as I love and respect, and believe in you and love you as I do, you can bet all the dollars you've never made that I'll stick with you till hell freezes over and the devil skates to heaven on roller skates."

"Well, girlie," said Raymond in answer to that speech, "guess I'll keep on being an actor then."

That was twelve years ago and the bumps pursued us across the nation and back and across and back again. As I said before, I thought from the first that Raymond was a great character actor—the greatest in the world—and slowly now I hear people begin to say that he is really an astonishing actor. He can play a duke or a dope fiend—and I kept pounding this at Raymond all the time. At last, I said to him one day, "Will you do me one big favor, Raymond, just one, and I'll never ask another?"

"Sure I will, kid, anything in this world," he replied. We were in Cheyenne, Wyoming.

"Well, then, pack up with me and go to Hollywood and starve or go over big. Then we can bid the tank towns goodbye forever."

"All right, I will."

AND so the dice were thrown with fate. And I remembered Emerson's, "that the dice of God are always loaded," and perhaps in a subconscious way that is the reason I mention the word dice in this story.

We came to Hollywood ten years ago and kept our word to each other. Raymond had had luck in his first picture—an extra burning a beard he wore—and he was laid up for some weeks. He then got work in comedies with Mabel Normand which Mack Sennett directed.

We had our bumps in Hollywood also, but we were used to bumps and we glided over them like Packards on a smooth road. I am proud to say right now that Raymond Hatton, the man I married, is the second highest salaried man in pictures today, being topped by one other man, the great and only Lon Chaney.

Through Raymond's picture career he has never received an adverse criticism. He appeared as the star in one of the most successful pictures ever made. I refer to "His Back Against the Wall"—a story of regeneration, directed by Rowland V. Lee, the young director who has just finished "The Man Without a Country."

Some of his latest pictures have been "Java Head," the Joseph Hergeshelmer story; "The Fighting American," "Cornered," "Big

Brother," "The Mine with the Iron Door" and "The Thundering Herd."

We live quietly in a Hollywood bungalow while we build our new home which we are calling "BUMPS." None of our friends ever ask us what the word means. They know.

I might add that we return to Iowa every year now if Raymond is not too busy. I might also add that Raymond bought me an engagement ring a few years ago. That little detail was forgotten before we were married—or rather we thought of it but let it go—as rings were very expensive in those days.

And this is the end of the woman's story who went over the bumps with Raymond.

The Deuce with Reducing

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

If he loses a few pounds, or, regaining them, adds too many, his entire wardrobe, consisting of some five dozen suits, would necessarily have to be altered at a great expense.

On one point only, in connection with his usual weight, is Mr. Hiers sensitive, and this is the fact that it necessitates his keeping a chauffer. And for the very simplest of reasons—he himself is not slender enough to slide under the wheel.

"How many film stars do you see in the Sunday supplement, or on the roads around Los Angeles, for that matter, with a chauffer?" he demanded almost angrily, as though we were to blame.

And we could not recall a single one.

"No, for a very good reason, they all drive their own cars, that's what they have 'em for. I am afraid someone will see me sitting like a lord behind my man and say, 'There goes Fatty Hiers, putting on a lot of side.'"

Unfortunately Mr. Hiers is not, as he put it, an addict to food and the process of regaining it, for him, a difficult business. Since he finds it practically impossible to depend upon quantity, he builds up his shattered system by means of an abundance of calories in order to avoid the unpleasant necessity of overeating. His chef has made a study of the caloric theory and serves only those foods of the highest degrees. For example, two dinners, one consisting of a steak, lima beans, sweet potatoes; the other of chops, string beans and white potatoes, may not differ much in actual quantity, yet in the matter of calories the first is nearly three times as valuable as the second and, therefore, by this theory, three times as fattening. And he makes the most of this fact.

When "The Thief of Bagdad" was in the making, the casting director searched far and wide for a man to take the part of the Persian Prince who, in the conception of the director, was a fat, rollicking youth, overfed and sleepy, yet, withal, in possession of a certain distinctive charm, as became the scion of a royal house. Many men applied for the part but none, save in the matter of weight, came up to requirements.

Then Madame Mathilde de Comont, a recently arrived French actress, happened into the studio. She had just the right amount of charm, distinction and avoirdupois; indeed, she seemed to have been made for the rôle.

She was warned, however, that during the process of filming she must not lose so much as a single pound. For they had delayed too long already and could suffer no further interruptions while Madame fared forth from the studio to retrieve the necessary weight to make sure for uniformity throughout the picture.

Work went on apace with much zeal and fervor. The company found it necessary, frequently, when engaged in a scene, to work well on through the lunch hour before stopping. This went too far for the animals.

But the camel who bore Madame le Prince untiringly through so many scenes was willing to go without drink, perhaps, but not without his favorite sustenance. Either from hunger or unwillingness, he collapsed beneath the weight



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First thing people notice about your freckles.



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of the lady who rode upon his back and refused to move.

Thus encouraged, Madame likewise confessed to certain pangs of hunger, and there after, however engrossed in a scene they might be, promptly at noon both Prince and camel were hustled off to the studio cafeteria.

Although, as a rule, her weight does not fluctuate to any marked degree, Madame firmly believes the chocolate team to be indispensable as a restorer. While on the lot, therefore, she constantly nibbled them as a matter of precaution, a bit of business which was incorporated into the part.

In the cast of one of Mary Philbin's recent pictures was a fat man who came from abroad, calling himself the French Charlie Chaplin, and giving the name of Charles Puffy for American use. At the close of the picture he found, to his intense chagrin—for he is immensely proud of his size—that he, too, had lost more pounds than he believed good for him.

Willard Louis is another actor who sees no particular point in reducing. For he has created a distinct type among our artists, the man who, through overweight, does not run to slapstick comedy, but devotes himself to serious roles.

Perhaps the youngest recruit to overweight

fame is little Joe Cobb of the Our Gang Company. When, like the industry, little Joe was still in the cradle, he was discovered by a film scout who saw great possibilities in the chubby baby with the winsome smile. Now, just striking six, Joey is well on the way to fame and financial ease, and his father, a lawyer in an Oklahoma town, recently found it profitable to give up an excellent practice to become his manager.

There are, the authority on weight tells us, certain rumors about fat folk which have no foundation in fact. The greatest of these, he says, is the fallacy that one who is fat is always good-natured as inevitably as night follows after day.

Another popular fallacy is that weight is dependent entirely on food, when, as a matter of fact, the smallest percentage of obesity comes from overeating. Nearly everyone can reduce to a certain extent by denying themselves fattening food, but they quickly reach bedrock, and, unless they are of the smallest percentage, this means the loss of a few pounds only in proportion to the given weight.

Most overweight is due, it is now believed, to glandular action, which accounts for the fact that two persons may eat practically the same kind and amount of food and yet only one may gain.

Close-ups and Long Shots

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

The lady of quality whom it is my delight to honor is Miss Corinne Griffith. When Corinne moves languorously into a room even a yokel feels a stir of class and finds himself playing quite naturally the role of hand-kissing gawd. Indeed, I find it more profitable to my department to spend an hour with Corinne than the same time with the letters of Lord Chesterfield. Upon quitting her presence I feel capable of walking straight into Buckingham without knocking and meeting Queen Mary on her own terms.

THERE are, of course, other requisites for a stable standard. I was discussing these with Mabel Normand, genius and student of pictures.

"God help the star whom children do not love," said Mabel. "The day I receive no letters from children I'll know I am through."

For proof of Mabel's dictum consider the time-tested stars—Mary Pickford, Chaplin, Lloyd, Mix, Fairbanks, Mabel herself.

"WHAT are the screen qualities in a star that appeal most to children?" I asked Mabel.

"Humor, daring and heart," said Mabel. "Comedy has the broadest appeal to children—including adults—especially comedy with heart. That is why Charlie Chaplin may stay off the screen as long as he likes and yet always return to crowds. When you see Charlie you don't just laugh from the throat, you laugh from the heart."

Thus the wise little Mabel proves the financial value of what we call "a hearty laugh."

NOT only is the movie penetrating our homes and leading our children astray but it is even going as far as the garage and corrupting our Fords. In Hollywood where Rin-tin-tin thrives and where the Egyptian Theater advertises "The Iron Horse—a William Fox production," I've seen two little Fords frisking the streets with signs reading, respectively, "Run-tin-tin" and "The Tin Horse—a Henry Ford production."

INCIDENTALLY, Adela Rogers St. Johns' new novel of Hollywood life was well named "The Skyrocket." Its fireworks for Hollywood, being more truth than fiction.

After reading it I salute Adela as a fellow fascist. She has the fearlessness of Mussolini. That's why she's popular. The Hollywood jambon loves to kiss the hand that bites him.

I FIND many a text for a sermon in fat letters. Contrary to supposition, I do not employ secretaries. I read the letters myself and with the quarters enclosed build orphanages and cathedrals everywhere.

The tactful correspondents announce at the outset that they adore Pola Negri. After thus ingratiating themselves, they proceed with a plea for some other favorite. Following the announcement that I would interview Norma Shearer I received the letter from which I quote below:

"The point of this blah is just this: If in interviewing Norma Shearer you find that she is somehow not the thing she seems to be—is not the charmingly youthful, winsome, appealing, genuine—and, may I say it?—hadly like splendid young actress she seems, then, Herb, will you do something which I suppose you have never done before—and lie? Lie away your immortal soul, your hope of heaven and your sense of humor, but please don't disillusion, disappoint and distress her fans, who, perhaps like myself, are looking up to her as something different on the screen—a girl who has sex appeal but who doesn't have to depend on it—because if you shatter this ideal of mine—if you try to prove that my idol has feet of clay, then I think my heart will bust and fall down right in my shoes and make me so bottom-heavy that I won't be able to climb the 'L' station stairs."

FORTUNATELY for my soul, and for my sense of humor which I prize even more, I did not have to lie about Miss Shearer. I'd rather steal than lie, and often do, but this letter was worthy of a little sin.

There is nothing so tragic as disillusionment of an ideal. That's why an idealistic writer becomes a tragedian dwelling among idols.

Idols cannot help being clay but they might strive to be a little finer dirt than the rest of us, since that's what they're paid for.

The star who wails that his private life is his own is welching. When he accepts idolatry, with its godly recompense, he sells all rights.

Few stars feel this obligation. On the contrary, they accept the prerogatives of gods without endeavoring to perform the functions.

No god, no incense . . . That's my sentiment.

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That Terrible Thorne Girl

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

her poignantly of Steve. He would think her a coward, to run away without giving him any explanation. But Sylvia's good sense told her it was better so. Having told him nothing, he might conceivably still love her; she doubted that he would do so, knowing the truth, or what now passed for the truth. She worded her telegram very carefully, so as not quite to burn her bridges. "Am leaving for home this afternoon. Some day you will understand why. Goodbye, and all my love. Mary." She almost signed herself "Sylvia." Perhaps he would understand, some day, when she found herself, if she ever did, in a position to prove her innocence. This telegram dispatched, she sent another to her father, giving him the time of arrival of her train. When she at last boarded it, it was with a vast feeling of relief. Her father would be waiting for her when she reached Millersburg. Possibly he could give her good counsel, advice. Sylvia loved him very greatly; since the death of her mother, years before, he had been her one dear and understanding friend, to whom she had taken all the troubles of her childhood. And in spite of her nineteen years, she was very much of a child still.

CHAPTER IX

SYLVIA, gazing eagerly through the windows of the Pullman, was conscious of a feeling of mild happiness as she discerned the water tower at the east end of the railroad yards that marked the approach to the station. After all, home *did* mean something, in spite of the fact that Millersburg, even at its best, was scarcely a thing of beauty. Now, in the gloom of a winter night, it was little more than a dull smudge upon the landscape—a collection of brick stacks and shadowy black cubes, split here and there by rows of twinkling lights.

She descended to the station platform, looked about for her father, but he was not visible. The few arriving and departing passengers hurried, with upturned collars, on their various ways. As she stood beside her little pile of baggage and watched the train pull out, it seemed to her that her home town was giving her a rather cold welcome. On the occasion of her last visit not only her father and sister but half a dozen friends had been on hand to greet her. She gazed about the dreary, ill-lighted platform and wondered if her father had failed to receive her telegram. She was just wondering the advisability of asking the hovering porter to call her a taxicab when he was in sight.

Jim McKenna was a product of the braes of bonny Scotland, and looked it. His hair, what there was of it, was rusty red, and surrounded his shining bald spot like some shabby and moth-eaten halo. His eyes, however, kindly, humorous eyes though they were, amply made up in brilliance for any lack of it in his hair; their warm grey depths sparkled with intelligence and keen understanding. As for his clothes, they were the garments of a student, a bookworm, mere coverings intended for the strictly utilitarian purpose of keeping out the cold, not to decorate the man inside them. A greytish, somewhat shabby figure, he dashed from the entrance of the waiting room, his arms outstretched, his features twisted into a humorous and self-accusing smile.

"Why, Mary child!" he exclaimed, throwing his arms about Sylvia's slender person and giving her a great kiss. "Wasn't it just like me to be ready to start for the station half an hour ahead of time, and then get so interested in a new book that I'm five minutes late? How are you, baby? Seems to me you look a little peaked. Well—well—I don't wonder, after all you've been through." He gave her shoulder affectionate little pats. "Rotten deal those people out West gave you. Rotten. But don't

your mind. I know it's all a lie, so you don't even need to explain things to me. Come along, now. I've made Ellen stay this evening, and she's got some hot supper waiting for you—muffins, chops, lettuce salad. I made the dressing myself—the kind you like." He tried to pick up Sylvia's array of bags and boxes, but she grasped his arm.

"The boy will take them, Dad," she laughed, signalling to the red cap. "Do you think we can find a taxi?"

"I guess so," he peered through the gate. "Just saw Joe Tibbets driving up as I came in. If nobody's hired his Rolls Royce, I think it may hold together till we get home." He led the way to the street, a shadow of anxiety concealed beneath cheery humor. Mr. McKenna knew, far better than Sylvia did, what was ahead of her.

They talked in generalities during the drive home, and afterwards, while Sylvia was eating her supper, each afraid to broach the subject nearest their hearts. But when Ellen, the tactful and somewhat forbidding woman who looked after Mr. McKenna's comfort, had gone and he and Sylvia retired to the little parlor, he called his study, they sat for a time in a silence, broken only by the faint bubbling of Mr. McKenna's ancient briarwood pipe.

There was a walnut center-table in the middle of the room, littered with books. One of the reasons why Jim McKenna enjoyed keeping a book shop was the opportunity it afforded him to read all the latest publications—not fiction, as a rule, but works on travel, on excavations in ancient lands, on archaeology. He would have been a great traveler, had he had the opportunity; as it was, he sat contentedly enough in the little room over the book shop and roamed the world—in imagination. Sylvia picked up the volume he had been reading—an account of some recent explorations in the ruins of the ancient city of Ur. It made her think of Steve Hollins, and his enthusiasm over the Maya ruins in Yucatan.

MR. McKenna presently knocked the ashes from his pipe, cleared his throat.

"I'm wondering," he said, regarding Sylvia with a quizzical smile, "what you've been doing with yourself the past ten days. You wired me on the seventh that you were leaving for home, and not to believe anything I might hear about you. I wouldn't have, anyway—not anything bad—you know that. Mary dear, but it doesn't take the better part of two weeks to get here from the Coast, so speak up and give an account of yourself. Have you been hiding out somewhere?"

"No, Dad. I got tired of the stuffy old train, that's all, so when I heard there was a boat up from New Orleans I took it." She made no mention of Steve Hollins at this time; her own affairs were for the moment paramount. "I suppose you've read all about the mess I got into, in the newspapers."

"Yes—some of it. I don't usually pay attention to such things—newspaper gossip. You know that. But there were plenty of so-called friends only too anxious to call the matter to my attention. I couldn't say anything to them, of course, except that I knew you were all right, whatever had happened, and that I didn't take any stock in what I saw in the papers. Suppose you tell me just what *did* happen—not that it makes any difference, so far as I am concerned, but it will give me some comeback, when I meet these charming people."

Sylvia told him her story in a very few words. There was no need to argue the matter, with her father—to go into details. He would understand just what had happened, from the bare outline.

"My chief mistake," she concluded, "was in trusting Jean Martin. In fact, I never should have gone to live with her at the bungalow in the first place. Now I'm suffering for her sins—and no way to get out of it. At least I can't see any, as long as she and Sydney Harmon refuse to tell the truth."

Mr. McKenna was stopping his pipe with a well-toughened forefinger. He smiled, but his smile was not a happy one.

"A nasty mess," he said presently. "No fault of yours, and yet something it's going to be mighty hard to explain. Bad luck all through, the way it happened—rotten bad luck. But I don't blame you—not a bit—don't see how you could have done any different. Your story's as straight as a string, only—" he gazed for a long moment at Sylvia's troubled countenance—"only you mustn't be disappointed if a lot of people refuse to believe it."

"But—Dad—why should they—people who know me?"

"Mary, haven't I told you over and over, ever since you were a youngster, that most people are always ready to believe the worst? Not only ready to, but anxious—especially about anyone who has succeeded. Nothing delights the crowd so much as to pull someone down—drag them off their pedestal. Envy, dear child—envy, and general cussedness. Clarity for the mistakes, the fallings of others, is as rare as diamonds' eggs, nowadays." The public adores turning down the thumb. Makes them feel the other fellow isn't any better than they are, after all."

"LOOK here, Dad—what's made you so cynical?"

"Lord, child—I'm not cynical. Just trying to prepare you for what's ahead of you, that's all. Now take your sister—"

"You don't mean to say Katie's against me?" Sylvia's eyes blazed.

"No-o. I'm not saying that. Kate can tell you how she feels, herself. Only, when I asked her to come to the station with me tonight, she said she had company, and couldn't. Katie's peculiar, you know. And Arthur has got her pretty well under his thumb. But you better wait until you see her and she has a chance to hear your story. I don't want to put words in her mouth."

"Kate would never believe anything bad about me," Sylvia stormed, her eyes filling with angry tears. "And neither would any of my friends—my real friends. As for the rest, I don't care."

"That's right, child. Keep a stiff upper lip. Don't let anybody see you're hurt—even if you are. And you're going to be. Mary. Make up your mind to that. You're going to be more hurt than you've ever been in your life. Hurt—and—insulted."

"Insulted? Dad! You—what do you mean?"

"Just what I say. Insulted. When a woman goes wrong—when the world thinks she's gone wrong, whether she has or not—people are very apt to look on her as fair game. You'll be insulted by the women, because women are always cruel to the girl who has gone wrong. And you'll be insulted by the men, because, being fair game to them, they will pursue you, hunt you, try to make you worse than they think you are. I don't doubt, if you wanted to, you could have half the young men in town at your beck and call, and a lot of the old ones as well. But their intentions wouldn't be—honorable, child. That's what I mean."

"Oh, Dad—how can you even suggest such a thing?"

"I don't suggest it. I assert it—because it's the truth. I've seen it happen over and over again. A good woman—a woman whom everyone knows, or thinks, is virtuous, is protected by her reputation. But let her make a slip—let it become known that she has made one, and her protection is gone, just as yours is, for the time being. You are supposed to have taken the fatal step. And, in addition, you are an unusually good looking girl. You may think me cynical for saying it, but I assure you there isn't a man in Millersburg, with the least tendency toward philandering, who hasn't already thought in his mind that you are a "fallen" woman, and that having fallen once, there is no

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reason why you shouldn't do so again—with him. That's human nature, my dear—the vanity of the male. Rather worse, in small towns like Millersburg, than anywhere else. You're in for a mighty trying time."

"I won't speak to him. I won't have anything to do with them," Sylvia cried, trembling with anger. "Beasts."

"No. Just—men. Pretty much the same everywhere. By the way, Mary, what are you planning to do to occupy yourself, now that you are back in Millersburg?"

"I—I don't just know what you mean, Dad. I came home because I was wretched out there in Hollywood, surrounded by enemies. I wanted to be with my old friends—people who would understand me."

"I know, dear. And quite right, too. What I mean is, you'll miss your active life, your screen work, and be bored if you don't have something to do. You'll hate sitting around idle. You'll want some occupation—must have it, in fact, to keep your mind off your troubles. After you get rested up a bit, how would you like to help me out in the store?"

"The store? Why, Dad—if you need me—"

"It's the holiday season, you know. And I'm mighty busy at times, with only Miss Umbach to help me. I think it might be a good thing all around. What do you say?" Mr. McKenna looked at his daughter anxiously.

He had been worrying desperately over her situation—knew what lay ahead of her, what difficulties she would be called on to endure. And being an intelligent man he realized that work, occupation of some sort, would be the girl's only salvation during the dark days to come. It was for this reason alone that he suggested her helping out at the store; there was no real need for her there. Millersburg was not precisely a literary center; the mill hands who made up so large a part of its population bought cheap and exotic magazines, not books, when the desire to read overtook them.

Sylvia had been staring at her father with a faintly puzzled expression about her fine eyes. She did not quite understand his evident anxiety to put her to work, in spite of the fact that she was eager enough to help him out, if he wished it.

"You know I'd be only too glad, Dad," she said. "In fact, I'd like it. A little later on. You see, I want to work or two to myself at first, to—to go about—see my friends. And, of course, then to Howard."

Yes—there was Howard. Mr. McKenna had thought a great deal about that, and it was one of the things that troubled him most. He had never liked the young man, had resented the superior airs of his father, lordling it over the rest of the town because he happened to be the richest man in it. In spite of Howard's ardent wooing, Jim McKenna knew perfectly well that "old man Bennett" as he was familiarly known about town, would look on an alliance with the daughter of a shopkeeper as a deplorable social error, only to be corrected by weaning Sylvia completely from her family, her friends, inducing her, if he could, to quietly snuff them, in order to assume the altitudinous position of the head of Millersburg's Four Hundred.

"Have you seen him lately?" Sylvia went on.

"No. Not lately." Not since the news of Sylvia's disgrace had appeared in print. Mr. McKenna might have added, "What did you say to him when he came out to Hollywood this last time?"

"Nothing definite. He begged me to marry him."

"Again?"

"Oh, yes. Insisted on it. Said he couldn't live without me. I promised to give him a final answer when I came East, around Christmas."

"H—m." Mr. McKenna sucked thoughtfully at his unlit pipe. "I'm wondering, Mary dear," he said presently, "if he'll be so keen about marrying you—now."

"Why, Dad, I don't know. And I don't

care. I wasn't going to accept him, anyway. But there's no reason why we shouldn't be friends. He really does care for me, you know."

A look of intense relief spread over Mr. McKenna's countenance. He had feared that Mary might have shared Howard's feelings.

"I'm glad you weren't thinking of marrying him," he said. "He'd be no husband for you, child. A thorough-going Babbitt, if ever there was one. You'll be well rid of him."

"But I'm not rid of him, yet," Sylvia laughed. "Every time I refuse him he asks me again."

"Well—well—we'll see," Mr. McKenna remarked noncommittally. "Now I don't doubt you're tired, after your trip, so take my advice and run along to bed. You'll find your room all ready for you."

Sylvia was glad enough to go. The day had been a very trying one. And the little apartment over the book shop *did* seem like home, small and plain as it was. She kissed her father good night and left him still chewing reflectively upon the stem of his cold pipe.

"You'll want to finish your book," she said.

Mr. McKenna, however, did not reopen his volume on the buried city of Ux. Instead, he sat for a long hour, chewing at the stem of his cold pipe, his eyes reflecting broken dreams.

"Poor kid!" he muttered, when at last he rose from his well-worn easy chair. "She doesn't know what she's in for."

CHAPTER X

Sylvia slept late the morning after her arrival, and as a consequence breakfasted alone. Ellen, the "help," placed the meal before her in dour silence, scarcely managing a curt "good morning" in spite of the fact that she had known Sylvia since the latter was a child.

The woman's surliness finally got on Sylvia's nerves.

"You don't seem very glad to see me, Ellen," she said at last, with rather a wistful smile.

"I'd 'a' been gladder," the woman snapped, "if you'd 'a' come back the way you was when you left us. I ain't judging you, mind. Let the Heavenly Father do that. But I do say if you lie down with dogs you get up with fleas. That's what comes of associating with them pitcher people. A no-good lot, that's what I think of 'em, and always did. Have some more coffee?"

That ended the conversation, so far as Sylvia was concerned. Ellen had always seemed so kind on life; she came of a family of thirteen children, and acted as though the ill luck associated with that number had all been concentrated upon her own head. Sylvia went down to the store below, the optimism with which she had begun the day a trifle jolted. Her father was behind the counter, waiting on a woman who was buying some school-books for a girl of fifteen. He gave a quick smile, a nod, and went on with his work. Sylvia recognized the woman as Mrs. Cutting, who had once taught her in Sunday school class at the First Church. As she passed down the space between the counters, she attempted to speak, but Mrs. Cutting, with a disconcerting and contemptuous glance, turned her back, stood protectively in front of her daughter, as though she thought the latter in danger of contamination by Sylvia's mere presence. With two spots of scarlet flaming in her cheeks, Sylvia proceeded on her way to the door. Miss Umbach, her father's sole assistant, was arranging some new books in the show window. As Sylvia approached she put out a timid hand.

"Good morning," she said, in a curious, half-frightened way. "I—I'm awfully glad to see you back." With one eye on Mrs. Cutting, who was a good customer, and the other on Sylvia's very chic and charming fur-trimmed suit, she was palpably embarrassed, but her welcome was genuine, for all that, and Sylvia, who remembered the girl only as a rather meek and mouse-like school acquaintance, warmed to her instantly.

"Thank you, Elizabeth," she smiled. "It's

nice of you to say so." Then she went out into the bright December sunshine. She had made up her mind to see her sister, Katie, at once.

Mr. Arthur Sollers was the leading and only important photographer in Millersburg. His shop on Main Street, which since its redecoration by an expert from Philadelphia he now dubbed his "studio," received the patronage of the town's socially elect, barring a few wealthy people, like the Bennetts, who had their portraits done in Philadelphia or New York. Sylvia remembered him as a fussy, prissy little man, who affected rather long hair, and spoke feelingly of his "art," always emphasized to the dignity of a capital letter. She had never cared for him much, but that was of small consequence, since it was Katie, and not herself, that brought him to the house. Latterly, business having prospered, he had built a stucco bungalow in a newly developed section west of Allegheny Avenue, known as Highland Park, and thither Sylvia bent her steps, determined that her sister should know the truth about her affairs at the earliest possible moment.

It was not yet ten o'clock, and Mrs. Sollers was still busy with household duties when Sylvia came in. She stared at her sister in a curious and not friendly way, as she closed the front door behind her and led the way to the bright little parlor.

"Well, Mary," she said, giving Sylvia a perfunctory peck of a kiss, "Dad told me you were expected last night. Don't you think you made rather a mistake to come home, under the circumstances?"

"Why?" Sylvia asked, flushing. "You haven't the least idea, have you, that those stories in the newspapers were true?"

"I hope not, I'm sure. But your coming here, instead of staying in Hollywood and fighting the thing out, is going to make a lot of people think so. Arthur and I were talking it over last night, and—"

"Katie, I came home to tell the people I care about what really happened. To tell you." Briefly, in a few short sentences, she explained to her sister what misfortune had befallen her. The constrained expression on Katie's face, however, did not relax.

"That's all very well, Mary," she said slowly. "And I believe you, of course. I couldn't imagine you being fool enough to get mixed up with some married man, when you had a chance to land a rich and prominent fellow like Howard Bennett. But, just the same, it's one thing for me to believe your story, and another to convince the public. Arthur says—"

"If you, and Dad, and my real friends believe me," Sylvia interrupted, "I don't care about the rest."

"Maybe you don't, but others do. Have to, in fact. As I've been trying to tell you, Arthur says that until you are publicly cleared of these charges, you'd better not be coming here—"

"WHAT?" Sylvia exclaimed, a flare of anger in her eyes. "You mean to say you don't want me in your house?"

"It isn't what I want. It's—business. Arthur says if he and I accept you, go about with you, act as though everything was all right, he'll lose half his trade over night. Mrs. Witherspoon, who always has her whole family taken every year, told him only yesterday that the only way decent people could uphold the sanctity of the home was to have nothing to do with you. Her husband, you know, is one of the deacons of the First Church, and a very particular man. I'm sorry, Mary. I don't like to seem hard. But I've got my husband, my children, to consider. Arthur says—"

White with anger, and quite indifferent to what Arthur had said, Sylvia rose.

"You mean, then," she asked indignantly, "that I'm no longer welcome here? Is that it?"

"I mean that until you clear your skirts from this mess you've got in, you can't expect

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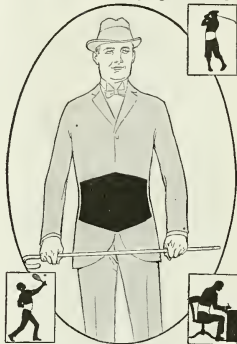
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people to act as though nothing had happened. I'm sorry for you, Mary, but I'm not going to take the bread and butter out of my children's mouths, ruin my husband's business, just for the sake of sentiment. You're my sister, of course, and I'm not going to close my door on you, but I should think you would see—"

"I do see," said Sylvia quietly, her temper now under control. "I won't come again." With her chin held high she marched out of the door, down the concrete-paved sidewalk, wondering if, after all, the vivid struggle in Hollywood, with its many-sided but brilliant antagonists, might not be preferable to the sordid and narrow-minded enmity she was beginning to feel in her contact with Millersburg. She compared her sister's attitude with that of Marion Allison, with results not at all flattering—to the former.

ON her way home she passed a great many peopleshe knew, some the merest acquaintances, others friends of long standing. Their attitudes both surprised and hurt her. Some, managing not to see her, did not speak at all. Others hurried by with a nod, as though affairs of the utmost importance called them. Three girls whom she had known at school stopped to greet her, hysterically giggling. She heard one of them say, as they moved off:

"Gee, she's got a nerve, coming back here. Mother says I wasn't to speak to her." Sylvia sighed as she heard it. She scarcely noticed Mrs. Witherspoon, as that leader of Millersburg society cut her dead.

Next the corner of Bank Street she came face to face with the Reverend James Wharton, of the First Church, whom she had once upon a time, in the days of short dresses, called "Jim." He came up to her with outstretched hand, a lenient expression on his rather handsome young face.

"Mary," he said, clasping her hand in both of his. "It is good to see you. Keep up a stout heart, child. Remember the story of the ninety and nine and do not be afraid. We all make our mistakes, but charity and forgiveness, the Good Book tells us, are better than chiding and blame. I must come and see you, some time, in your trouble. There is no error that may not be forgiven, if the sinner sincerely repents. And I can see, just by looking at you, that whatever you may have done, you are truly sorry for it." Certainly the expression on Sylvia's face at that moment was sufficiently lugubrious to convince anyone that she was sorry, although the reverend gentleman was mistaken as to the cause of her sorrow. She was thinking, not so much of anything she had done, as of what others were doing to her now. "You did well to come home," Mr. Wharton went on, smiling benignly down on her. "Better far to flee from the temptations, the loose associations, which inevitably surround those in the world of the screen. It is no fit life for a young girl. Here you will be among friends, ready to offer you help and encouragement in your time of need. Good-bye. And remember, not a sparrow falls, but there is One who knows it." He passed on, leaving Sylvia speechless with anger and resentment. Why had he not given her a chance to explain? Why assume that she was guilty, treat her as a wayward child? It was outrageous.

At the very next corner she came upon one of those "friends" ready to offer her "help and encouragement" in her time of need. It was Mr. Sam Miller, proprietor of the picture house in which, on the occasion of her last visit home, she had appeared on the stage in Person, on the opening night of a new Alne Duvall picture in which she had played the second part.

Mr. Miller was standing in the lobby of the theater, smoking a cigar. When he caught sight of Sylvia, he beckoned her to join him. In ordinary circumstances she probably would not have done so, but the Reverend Mr. Wharton's words had rankled, left her rebellious. His aspersions on the picture business had reminded her of friends, real friends, in

Hollywood. Even the lobby of a "movie" theater seemed welcome to her now.

"Well—well, little girl," Mr. Miller said, without removing his hat. "I am sure glad to see you back in town again. And prettier than ever, too." He fondled her hand gently. "I read all about your mix-up, in the papers. Say, kid—don't let a little thing like that worry you. All the big stars get talked about, sooner or later. Then International people made a bad break, letting a girl like you go. Look here, kid—I got a friend in 117 York, see, who's thinking about going into producing. You come on down there with me some time and I'll put you next. Wouldn't do you no harm to meet him, anyway, and we could have a little party. Course I can't cut loose much here, on account of the wife, but Broadway is something else again. If I were you I wouldn't waste my time in a one-horse town like this anyway. A girl with your looks don't have to worry none. If you need any money, to get started in the Big City, why, just call on me, and I'll fix you up in a nifty little flat and everything. I get down most every Saturday, you know. What do you say to a little week-end trip together, right after Christmas?"

Mr. Miller was a fast worker—so fast, indeed, that Sylvia did not entirely follow him. "Thanks," she said coolly, "but I'm not going back to screen work just at present."

"That's all right. Take your time. You'll find Sam Miller knows how to be generous with his money." He pressed her arm in a way meant not to do to be tender, but which Sylvia found inexpressibly offensive. Her first impulse was to crash her small fist into his reddened face, leaning down at her so lustfully, but the events of the past two weeks had given her a dread of publicity. Breaking in the streets with the proprietor of a picture theater would not, she knew, help her present case any. With a shudder of disgust she turned away, hurried down the street, leaving Mr. Miller staring after her, quite unable to decide just what sort of an impression he had made.

There was still another experience in store for Sylvia before she reached the refuge of her father's shop. A well-built, rather florid man of about forty, emerging from the portals of the Fern Trust Company's new building, approached her in a hurried and rather shamefaced way, pulling mechanically at the brim of his grey slouch hat. It was Alvin Mercer, one of Millersburg's most eminent legal litigants.

"WHY, hello, Miss McKenna—Sylvia," he stammered, reddening a bit as he shook her hand. "When did you strike town?"

"Last night," Sylvia told him coolly. Mr. Mercer had, on the occasion of her last visit home, been a keen rival of Howard Bennett in showering attentions on her, but they had been camouflaged by an assumption of fatherly interest, owing to the fact that Mr. Mercer possessed a middle-aged but rather jealous wife. Even now, as he stood there in the busiest part of Main Street, he assumed a dignified professional air, somewhat impaired by the furtive way in which he glanced about from time to time, as though fearful of being observed. Mrs. Mercer was downtown, doing Christmas shopping that morning, and Mr. Mercer knew it.

"I've been reading the stories about you in the newspapers, child," the lawyer went on hurriedly, "and I'm convinced that they have presented only one side of the case. As an attorney, it is my opinion that, if innocent, as I feel sure you are, you have good grounds for an action for defamation of character. Now, if you will let me handle your affairs for you, I shall be glad to do so without charge."

This seemed to Sylvia a kindly suggestion, at least, and in her relief she smiled. It did not occur to her rather trusting nature that Mr. Mercer was engaged in constructing an alibi for himself in case this, or subsequent meetings with Sylvia were reported to his wife. It would be so easy to explain them by the statement that Sylvia was one of his clients. Observing her smile, he became a trifle more confident.

"Tell you what you do," he whispered. "Come to my office—in the Lackawanna Building, you know—any day around six. I

always work late, after the others have gone, clearing up the odds and ends of the day. We'd be alone, and you would have a good chance to tell me all about yourself without danger of our being interrupted." His roving eyes traveled the length of Sylvia's distracting figure to her nude silk stockings, and back again to her eager and altogether lovely face. What a woman, he thought to himself—what an exquisite and utterly desirable woman! There was not a choicer lot of femininity in the whole state of Pennsylvania. "Why not come this evening?" he added persuasively. "The sooner we talk things over, the better. I'll be waiting for you. Goodday." With a hurried dab at his hat brim he left her, and a moment later Sylvia saw him approach the door of a shining town car which had just driven up in front of Ficht's, the big department store next to the bank.

She went on down the street, a flame of anger in her heart. "Wolves—wolves," she kept repeating to herself, ready on the slightest sign of encouragement to eat her up. The book-store was filled with customers when she got there, and she slipped through them quickly and mounted the stairs to the apartment above. It was deserted. Going quickly to the telephone in her father's little study she called up Howard Bennett. It would be interesting, at least, to find out the attitude of one who less than a month ago had pled with her to marry him.

The offices of the Union Railway & Power Company, of which Mr. Bennett, Senior, was president, and Howard now assistant manager, were located in the Union Building, Millersburg's one and only skyscraper, and Sylvia was obliged to give her name to both the switch-board operator and a crisp-voiced secretary before she was permitted to reach Howard over the phone.

"Hello," she said softly. "This is Mary. I got in from Hollywood last night. When am I going to see you?"

Howard's voice, as he replied, was as cool as the December morning, and lacked its sunshine. Its businesslike tones, however, did not seem strange to Sylvia; Howard was always like that when speaking from the office.

"Hello," he said, "I have a dinner engagement. Sorry. Suppose I drop around for a few minutes, later on—say about nine."

"I'll be expecting you," Sylvia replied, without enthusiasm. "Howard Bennett meant very little to her now, after Steve Hollins; she did feel that she would like to retain him as a friend.

"I don't think we can talk very well, at your place," she heard him saying. "I'll have my car. If you don't mind, we will take a little drive."

Perhaps that would be best, Sylvia thought, as she assented. There was no place she could receive him, at the little flat, except in her father's study, and she knew the latter was too busy wedded to his evenings over his books to think of ousting him. But when she had hung up the receiver a sudden anger filled her. For a man who claimed to love her, a dinner engagement was rather a flimsy excuse. Was he afraid of being seen with her, that he suggested a drive under cover of night, in a closed car? It was with rather a heavy heart that Sylvia sat down to her lunch.

CHAPTER XI

MR. STEPHEN HOLLINS spent the brief journey from New York to his mother's home in Rosemont thinking of Sylvia, who to him was just plain Mary, and bridging in his imagination the interval of four interminable hours which must elapse before he would see her again.

He was in a very gay humor when he greeted his mother, his sisters, but although they noticed his gaily of spirits, commented upon the fact, he vouchsafed no explanations. Mary, he decided, should be withheld as a surprise,

allowed to burst upon his family a vision of unbelievable loveliness.

As matters turned out, his reticence proved to be a blessing. The surprise he had planned for the family was shortly to become his own. Within an hour of his arrival, when he was scarcely halfway through unpacking his grips, Sylvia's telegram was handed to him.

He read it first, in shocked amazement, read it again, unwilling to believe its impossible message. Only on a third reading did he find consolation in Sylvia's message of love. There was some mystery here, he decided, some fancied obstacle to their marriage, on her part, which it became his immediate duty to remove. Without offering any explanations to his astonished family, he announced that he was obliged to return to New York at once.

Just what he expected to accomplish by so doing was not exactly clear in his mind, but one thing was certain. Any pursuit of Sylvia, any attempt to trace her movements since their parting so short a time before, would necessarily have to begin at the hotel.

Disappointment, however, awaited him. The register told him practically nothing. Nor were the clerk, the porters who had attended to the removal of Sylvia's baggage, able to tell him anything more. The young lady had gone to the Pennsylvania Station. She had not said what train she meant to take. She had bought her ticket, seen to the checking of her baggage, herself. At least no one at the hotel had seen to it for her. Mary McKenna, of New York, had disappeared as completely as though a cyclone had swept her from the face of the earth.

It seemed incredible. He was unwilling to believe anything so fantastic.

"What room did she have?" he asked the amused clerk.

The latter told him, smiling.

"Has it been rented?" Steve asked.

The clerk consulted his room rack.

"Not yet," he replied. "Why?"

"Do you mind if I go up there for a moment? I'm quite ready to pay for it. The young lady might have left some papers, some message."

What Steve expected to find in the room Sylvia had occupied so short a time before, he did not know. Perhaps he only wanted to satisfy himself that she had really gone. What he *did* find, lying on the immaculate bed, was a magazine with a gay blue and red cover, from the center of which the face of a woman stared at him—the face of the woman he sought.

With a queer, unbelieving groan he snatched up the book, glanced swiftly about the room. No other evidence of its recent occupancy met his eyes. Handling the curious and staring bell-boy to the lobby, he went to the elevator, descended to a dollar. A comfortable chair met his bewildered gaze and he fell into it, began to search rapidly through the pages of the magazine.

The article about Sylvia was headed "A New Star's Total Eclipse." Steve read it with horrified eyes. Could this be his Mary, the sweet and unspoiled girl he had held in his arms the night before? There was nothing to prove it, except the astonishing likeness on the cover. Yet something told him that Mary McKenna and Sylvia Thorne were one and the same, that the girl he loved was a celebrated, a notorious actress, a screen star, now besmirched by the mire of Hollywood's latest divorce scandal. With a groan of despair he crushed the magazine in his powerful fingers, allowed it to slip noiselessly to the floor. The hotel detective, observing his peculiar actions, strolled with elaborate carelessness past his chair, but Steve did not even see him. His love for Sylvia had been a rare, a beautiful thing, the most rare and perfect experience of his life. Now it lay in the mud at his feet, broken, bruised, defiled. In his agony of mind he sat in the chair for what seemed hours, scarcely feeling the energy to rise. Life, so far as Steve Hollins was concerned, had come to an abrupt end, for the time being, utterly wretched end.

[END OF PART II]



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"THE BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK"—PARAMOUNT.—From the stage play by George Kaufman and Marc Connelly. Adapted by Walter Woods. Directed by James Cruze. The cast: Neil McArae, Edward Everett Horton; Cynthia Mason, Esther Ralston; Dr. Rice, Frederick Sullivan; Gladys Cody, Gertrude Short; Mr. Cody, Ervin Connel; Mrs. Cody, Ethel Wales; Homer Cody, James Mason; The Pantomime—"The Princess, Betty Compson; The Prince, Theodore Kosloff.

"THE UNHOLY THREE"—METRO-GOLDWYN.—Story by C. A. Robbins. Scenario by Waldemar Young. Directed by Tod Browning. Photography by David Kesson. The cast: Echo, the Ventriquist, Lon Chaney; Rosie O'Grady, Mae Busch; Hector Mc Donald, Matt Moore; Hercules, Victor McLaglen; Tangledde, Harry Earles; Regan, Mathew Best; Announcer, Walter Perry; Jeweler, John Merkel; John Arlington, Charles Wellsley; Butler, Percy Williams; Mrs. Arlington, Marjorie Morton; Arlington Baby, Violet Klorie; Commissioner of Police, Lou Morrison; Judge, Edward Connelly; Attorney for Defense, William Humphreys; Prosecuting Attorney, A. E. Warren.

"KISS ME AGAIN"—WARNER.—From the story by Hans Kraely. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch. The cast: Louisa Fley, Marie Prevost; Gaston Fleury, Monte Blue; Grizette, Clara Bow; Maurice Ferriere, John Roche; Dr. Dubois, Willard Louis.

"ZANDER THE GREAT"—METRO-GOLDWYN.—From the story by Salisbury Field. Adapted by Frances Marion. Directed by George Hill. The cast: Mamie Smith, Marion Davies; Juan Fernandez, Holbrook Blinn; Dan Marchison, Harrison Ford; Good News, Harry Watson; Texas, Harry Myers; Emily Bart, George Siegmann; The Malrow, Emily Fitzroy; The Sheriff, Hobart Bosworth; Mr. Pepper, Richard Carter; Mrs. Caldwell, Hedda Hopper; Elmer Lovejoy, Olin Howland; Zander, Master John Huff.

"THE NIGHT CUL"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by William de Mille. Adapted by Walter Woods. Directed by Frank Urson and Paul Iribe. The cast: Robert White, Raymond Griffith; Edith Henderson, Vera Reynolds; Diablo, Wallace Beery; Carmen, Louise Fazenda.

"THE CRACKERJACK"—C. C. BURR.—Story by Dick Freil. Scenario by Victor Grandin and Arnyll Campbell. Directed by Charles Hines. The cast: Crackerjack Perkins, Johnny Hines; Rose Cannon, Sigrid Holmquist; Mr. Perkins, J. Barney Sterry; Lopez, a Revolutionary, Bradley Barker; General Cannon, Henry West.

"THE SHOCK PUNCH"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by John Monk Saunders. Scenario by Luther Reed. Directed by Paul Slovic. The cast: Randall Lee Savage, Richard Dix; Dorothy Clark, Frances Howard; Dan Savage, Theodore Babcock; Jim Clark, Percy Moore; Stanley Pierce, Charles Byer; Terrence O'Rourke, Gunboat Smith; Mike, Jake Scannell; Bull Mulroney, Walter Long; Giuseppe, Paul Panzer.

"FRIENDLY ENEMIES"—PRODUCERS DISTRIBUTING.—From the play by Samuel S. Haysman and Aaron Hoffman. Adapted by Alfred A. Cohn and Josephine Quirk. Directed by George McLeod. The cast: Carl Pfeiffer, Lew Fields; Henry Block, Joe Weber; June Block, Virginia Brown Faire; Il William Pfeiffer,

Jack Mulhall; Hilda Schwartz, Lucille Lee Stewart; Miller (alias Walter Stuart), Stuart Holmes; Mrs. Marie Pfeiffer, Eugene Bessner; Nora, Nora Hayden; Frederick Schmitler, Lela Hant; Adolph, Fred A. Kelsey; Messenger Boy, Johnnie Fox; S. S. Officer U. S., Ed. Porter.

"THE CROWDED HOUR"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Channing Pollock and Edgar Selwyn. Adapted by John Russell. Directed by E. Mason Hopper. The cast: Peggy Lawrence, Bebe Daniels; Billy Laidlaw, Kenneth Harlan; Bert Caswell, Frank Morgan; Matt Wilde, T. Roy Barnes; Grace Laidlaw, Helen Lee Worthing; Captain Soulier, Armand Cortez; Grandmère Buvasse, Alice Chapin; Operator, Warner Richmond.

"THE TALKER"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Scenario by Marion Fairfax. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: Kate Lennox, Anna Q. Nilsson; Harry Lennox, Lewis Stone; Ruth Lennox, Shirley Mason; Ned Hollister, Ian Keith; Henry Fells, Tully Marshall; Barbara Farley, Barbara Bedford; Lonnie Whinston, Harold Goodwin; Maud Fells, Gertrude Short; Mrs. Fells, Lydia Yeamans Titus; The Stenographer, Cecile Evans; The Detective, Charles West; Mr. Grayson, E. H. Calvert.

"EVE'S LOVER"—WARNER.—From the story by Mrs. W. K. Clifford. Adapted by Darryl Francis Zanuck. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: Eva Burnside, Irene Kric; Baron Gerald Madrox, Bert Lytell; Rena, Clara Bow; Austin Starck, Willard Louis.

"SPEED"—BANNER.—From the story by George Sartwell Mason. Directed by Ed. Le Saint. The cast: Mary Whipple, Betty Blythe; Willetta Whipple, Pauline Garon; Sam Whipple, William V. Mong; Dick Whipple, Arthur Rankin; Not Armstrong, Alfred Allan; Not Armstrong, Jr., Robert Ellis; Jack Cartwright, Eddie Phillips; Senor Quirino, Fred Becker; Senorita Quirino, Duchess Stella di Lanti.

"THE WINGS OF YOUTH"—FOX.—From the story by Harold P. Montagne. Directed by Emmett Flynn. The cast: Madeline Manners, Madge Bellamy; Mrs. Angela Dubois, Mrs. Katherine Manners, Ethel Clayton; Ted Spaulding, Charles Farrell; Lucien Angoula, Freeman Wood; Pierre Dubois, Marcus Jones, Robert Cain; Guendolyn Manners, Katherine Perry; Nety Manners, Marian Harlan; Jimmy Dale, George Stewart; Grand-lord Dobbs, Douglas Gerard.

"BALTO'S RACE TO NOME"—EDUCATIONAL.—The cast: Gunnar Kansson; Balto.

"THE NECESSARY EVIL"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Stephen Vincent Benet. Directed by George Archainault. The cast: Frank Jerome, Ben Lyon; Shirley Holmes, Viola Dana; Dick Jerome, Frank Mayo; David Deannant, Thomas Holding; Frances Jerome, Gladys Brockwell; Hattie, Mary Thurman; Belle, Betty Juel; Esther, Martha Madison; Pug, Arthur Housman; Reggie, Beach Cooke.

"THE SPORTING VENUS"—METRO-GOLDWYN.—From the story by Gerald Beaumont. Adapted by Charles Whitaker. Directed by Marshall Neilan. The cast: Lady Guendolyn, Blanche Sweet; Donald McAllen, Ronald Colman; Prince Carlos, Lew Cody; Countess Von Alstynse, Josephine Crowell; Donald's Father, George Fawcett; Sir Alfred Grayle, Edward Martindel; Housekeeper, Kate

Price; Carlos' Vold, Hank Mann; Detective, Arthur Hoyt.

"RAFFLES" — UNIVERSAL. — From the novel by E. W. Hornung. Adapted by Harvey Thew. Directed by King Baggot. Photography by Charles Stumar. The cast: *Raffles*, House Peters; *Grandson*, Miss Dupont; *Mrs. Clarice Vidal*, Hedda Hopper; *Capt. Bedford*, Frederick Esmelton; *Crowsley*, Walter Long; *Lord Amersteth*, Winter Hall; *Lady Amersteth*, Kate Lester; *Bunny Manders*, Freeman Wood; *Lord Crowsley*, Roland Bottomley; *Mrs. Tilliston*, Lillian Langdon; *Mr. Tilliston*, Robert Bolder.

"GO STRAIGHT" — SCHULBERG. — Scenario by Ewart Adamson. Directed by Frank O'Connor. The cast: *John Rhodes*, Owen Moore; *Mrs. Rhodes*, Mary Carr; *Madison*, George Fawcett; *Mamie La Fon*, Ethel Wales; *Gilda Lee*, Gladys Hulette; "Kidnapper", Robert Edison; *A Detective*, Dewitt Jennings; "The Deceit", Francis McDonald; "Auntie Bobbin", Lillian Leighton.

"HELEN'S BABIES" — PRINCIPAL. — From the story by John Habberton. Adapted by Hope Loring and Louis Leighton. Directed by William A. Seiter. The cast: *Toddie*, Baby Peggy; *Budge*, Jean Carpenter; *Alice Mayton*, Clara Bow; *Uncle Harry*, Edward Everett Horton; *Helen Lawrence*, Claire Adams; *Tom Lawrence*, Richard Tucker; *Rastus* (coachman), George Keed; *Mandy* (housekeeper), Mattie Peters.

"TIDES OF PASSION" — VITAGRAPH. — From the story by Basil King. Adapted by Basil King. Directed by J. Stuart Blackton. The cast: *Cherity*, Mae Marsh; *William Pennland*, Ben Hendricks; *Hogor*, Laska Winter; *Jones*, Earl Schenck; *Atick*, Ivor McFadden; *Michael*, Thomas Mills.

"THE KISS BARRIER" — FOX. — Story by Frederick and Fanny Hatton. Scenario by E. Magnus Ingleton. Directed by R. William Neill. Photography by Ernest Palmer. The cast: *Richard Marsh*, Edmund Lowe; *Marion Weston*, Claire Adams; *Suzette*, Diana Miller; *Connie*, Marion Harlan; *O'Hara*, Thomas Mills; *Coland Hols*, Charles Clary; *The Widow*, Grace Cunard; *Mrs. Hale*, Virginia Madison.

"SPEED WILD" — F. B. O. — From the story by H. H. Van Loan. Adapted by Frank S. Berford. Directed by Harry Carson. The cast: *Jack Ames*, Lefty Flynn; *Mary Bryant*, Ethel Shannon; *Wendell Martin*, Frank Elliott; *Charles Bryant*, Ralph M. Cullough; *Ulysses*, Raymond Turner; *Red Dugan*, Fred Buras.

"WILDFIRE" — VITAGRAPH. — From the story by George V. Hobart and George Broadhurst. The cast: *Claire Barrington*, Aileen Pringle; *Myrtle Barrington*, Edna Murphy; *Garrison*, Holmes Herbert; *Dr. Woodhurst*, Edmund Breese; *Marie*, Mary Thurman; *Ralph Woodhurst*, Antrim Short; *Molt Donovan*, Tom Blake; *John Duffy*, Lawford Davidson; *Bud*, Will Archie; *Horsene*, Edna Morton; *Chippie Raster*, Arthur Bryson; *Vold*, Robert Billoups.

"RIDIN' THUNDER" — UNIVERSAL. — From the story by B. M. Bower. Adapted by Isadore Bernstein. Directed by Cliff Smith. Photography by Harry Newman. The cast: *Jack Douglas*, Jack Hoxie; *Jeon Croft*, Katharine Grant; *Cal Watson*, Jack Pratt; *Frank Douglas*, Francis Ford; *Bert Croft*, George Connors; *Art Osypod*, Bill Demarc; *Sheriff*, William McCall; *Governor*, Broderick O'Farrell.

"DUPED" — INDEPENDENT. — Story by John Chymer. Directed by J. P. McGowan. The cast: *John Morgan*, William Desmond; *Dolores Verdugo*, last of the Benavides, Helen Holmes; *George Forsyth*, Superintendent of

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Golden Gate Mine. George Magrill; **Sweet Marie.** Dorothea Wolbert; **"Hard Rock"** **Kalston.** J. P. McGowan; **Town Marshal.** Ford West; **Ar.** who takes everything but a job, James Thompson.

"LYING WIVES"—IVAN ABRAMSON.—Story written and directed by Ivan Abramson. The cast: **Patricia Chase.** Clara Kimball Young; **Margery Burkley.** Madge Kennedy; **Theodore Stanhope.** Richard Bennett; **Wallace Graham.** Niles Welch; **Elsie Chase.** Edna Murphy; **Arlene Chase.** J. Garney Sherry; **Wallace Graham, Jr.,** Buddy Harris; **Betty Lee.** Bee Jackson.

"THE MAD DANCER"—JANS.—From the story by Louise Winter. Scenario by William B. Laub. Directed by Burton King. The cast: **Mimi.** Ann Pennington; **Keith Arundel.** Johnnie Walker; **Orchestra Leader.** Vincent Lopez; **The Princess.** Nellie Savage; **George Verlain.** Coite Albertson; **John Gabouie.** Vincent Montgomery; **Robert Halleck.** John Woodford; **Ada Halleck.** Recca Allen; **John Arundel.** John Costello; **John Halleck.** William Haddock.

"THE TEXAS BEARCAT"—F. B. O.—From the story by F. J. Rhetore. Adapted by George Plympton. Directed by Reeves Eason. The cast: **John Crawford.** Harry Von Metier. **Jan.** his daughter, Sally Rand; **Watson.** his secretary, Jack Richardson; **Mrs. Crawford.** not cast yet; **Selman.** Carleton King; **Murdock.** Lee Shumway; **Dove Selman.** Hubert Custer.

"THE OPEN TRAIL"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Isadore Bernstein and Wyndham Gittens. Continuity by Wyndham Gittens. Directed by Clifford Smith. Photography by Harry Neuman. The cast: **White Elk.** Jack Hoxie; **Lucille Cavanaugh.** Mary McAllister; **Black Panther.** Jack Pratt; **Nautoka.** Natalie Warfield; **Silver Waters.** Marin Sais; **John Cavanaugh.** William McCall; **Ben Harper.** William Welsh; **Polly Fleming.** Virginia Boardman; **Brown Bear.** Francis Ford.

"SHE WOLVES"—FOX.—From the play by David Belasco. Directed by Maurice Elvey. The cast: **Germaine D'Artois.** Alma Rubens; **Lucien D'Artois.** Jack Mulhall; **Andre Deland.** Bertram Grassby; **Henri de Latour.** Harry Myers; **Fox Trot.** Judy King; **The Valet.** Fred Walton; **Celeste.** Diana Miller; **De Gouet.** Joseph Swickard; **Mme. de Goncourt.** Helen Dunbar; **D'Artois.** Charles Clary.

"SPOOK RANCH"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Raymond Schrock and Edward Sedgwick. Directed by Edward Laemmle. Photography by Harry Neumann. The cast: **Bill Bangs.** Howl Gibson; **Geo. Washington Black.** Ed Coates; **Navarro.** Tom Trower; **Elsira.** Helen Ferguson; **Don Ramies.** Robert McKim; **Sheriff.** Frank Rice.

"THE MEDDLER"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Miles Overhol. Adapted by Isadore Bernstein. Directed by Arthur Rosson. The cast: **Richard Gilmore.** William Desmond; **Gloria Confield.** Dolores Rousay; **Dorothy Parkhurst.** Claire Anderson; **Bud Meyers.** Albert J. Smith; **Jess Confield.** Jack Daugherty; **Sheriff.** C. L. Sherwood; **Mrs. Gilmore.** Kate Lester; **Secretary.** George Grandee; **Captain Forsythe.** Donald Hatswell.

"FREE AND EQUAL"—A. H. WOODS.—Directed by Roy William Neil. The cast: **Judge Lowell.** Charles K. French; **His Daughter.** Gloria Hope; **Her Fiancee.** Jack Curtis; **Mrs. Lowell.** Lydia Knott; **The Creole.** Jack Richardson; **Prosecuting Attorney.** Thomas J. Gulse; **The Colonel.** J. J. Dowling.

Overheard at the club: "You may be a star to your mother, but you're a voice-heard-off-stager to me."—*Boston Transcript.*

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Friendly Advice

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122]

BERTHA, TORONTO, CANADA.

"How can one tell whether a man loves her? Must she take his word for it?" My poor little Bertha. Women of every age have asked that question of their hearts or of others.

The essence of true love is unselfishness. The test of love is what a person is willing to do for the one for whom he has affection, the extent of the sacrifice he is willing to make.

A married physician who makes love to a patient is not worthy of the honorable profession to which he belongs. If he is middle aged and his patient a girl of nineteen he is more deplorable. You will do well to realize that he is an unprincipled man and treat him as though you think so.

It is safe to assume that a man who is unfaithful to his wife will be faithless to any other woman.

CATHERINE, LOUISVILLE, KY.

That the man who is in the same office with you and who has an automobile is kind enough to "drop" you at your home several evenings a week seems to me not alarming. Particularly since, as you say, there is an atmosphere of comradeship in the office and since he seems not in the least personal. But your mother is quite right in asking you to avoid the attentions of a married man. If the acquaintance should go any further, if he should inject into it any save a merely civil note, you would better decline the drives home. I would take no other drives with him in the circumstances, unless his wife is in the party.

As you say, Catherine, life is perplexing to

the young. It is often a puzzle to their elders. It is wise and right to listen to and weigh the counsel of those who have travelled farther on the road of existence. They set up valuable guideposts of advice.

Yes, there is such a thing as true love in the world. But it is not universal. One who wins it is very fortunate. It has dark and sinister intimations. Shun them.

GRACE, STOCKTON, CALIF.

If your tastes and those of the young man you write me about are different now, they will probably be different throughout your lives. There is little chance for happiness for a pair interested in different work, studies and pastimes. What you tell me of his attentions indicates a friendly interest, a desire to be courteous to your family, perhaps more—but probably not. Especially since his attentions to the other girl continue. I advise you to give little thought to him. Wait until you meet a young man whose tastes are congenial before you encourage yourself in an interest that may deepen into love.

M. M., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Judging by the look of hair you sent me, and what you say of your eyes and complexion, you are a blonde and all the blonde colors should be becoming to you. Your weight is in proportion to your height. Use bending exercises to reduce the abdomen. Wear a rubber chin band to reduce the chin. Bend the head far backward many times a day to supplement the work of the chin band.



EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
The Muscle Builder

How Do You Look In a Bathing Suit?

The good old swimming days are here. Oh, boy! But it's great to rip off the old shirt, into your suit and take a splash. But what a shock to some of the poor girls when they see their heroes come out with flat chests and skinny arms instead of the robust frames they expected to see.

You Can't Fool Them

Don't try to make excuses. You should have knobs on your arms like a baseball. A fine protector you would make, when you can't even fight your own battles. What are you going to do? She is going to find you out.

Look Your Best

It's not too late. I can save you yet. It means hard work and plenty of it, but think of the results. In just 30 days I am going to add one full inch to your biceps. Yes, and two inches on your chest in the same length of time. But that's only a starter. I am going to broaden out those shoulders and put real pep into your old backbones. You will have a spring to your step and a flash to your eye, showing you to be a real, live man. Before summer is past you won't recognize your former self. You will have a physique to be really proud of. This is no idle talk, fellows. I don't promise these things. I guarantee them. Come on and make me prove it.

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It contains forty-five full page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Many of these are leaders in their business professions today. I have not only given them a body of which to be proud, but made them better doctors, lawyers, merchants, etc. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. Look them over now and you will marvel at their present physiques. This book will give you an impetus and a real inspiration to you. It will thrill you through and through. All I ask is ten cents to cover the cost of wrapping and mailing and it is yours to keep. This will not obligate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness, do not put it off. Send today—right now, before you turn this page.

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Dept. 107 305 Broadway New York City

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

Dept. 107, 305 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir:—I enclose herewith 10 cents for which you are to send me without obligation, on your part whatever, a copy of my latest book "Muscular Development." (Please write on card plainly.)

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Ten Months in Hollywood

By Russell J. Birdwell

THE FIRST MONTH:

I rented a typical movie bungalow on the end of Kenmore Avenue and hung out my sign which I had painted before leaving the United States. The sign read: "Don't shoot. I am not an actor." The landlady said it was defamatory to her house and that the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce would not approve of it. I took it down and bought a gun.

The next night I risked walking up Hollywood Boulevard, after being warned not to do so by my insurance company. At Hollywood Boulevard and Cabuenga Avenue, a mysterious-looking man with a slouch hat quietly handed me a card. "This is an introduction to a dope parlor," I mused to myself. I walked around behind the bank building in the light of an arc lamp and read it. It said:

"Line-up with our Savior and be at the opening of the Church of Christ, Tuesday night."

I went home. The next morning there was a knocking at my door. The vegetable man. He forgot his vocation and began eulogizing the serenity of Hollywood. "God watches our little town from over those mountains. No harm can befall us," he piously apprised me. He went his way without asking me to buy of his green merchandise.

The next day I went to an auto-sales store to purchase a car. I was told they only sold "electrics" in Hollywood, "as regular automobiles were too dangerous." I bought an electric, one of those quiet varieties that the lame and deaf and dumb manipulate back in Keokuk. At Hollywood Boulevard and Highland Avenue I was hailed by a speed cop in a wheel chair, for exceeding the speed limit. I was making ten miles an hour—four miles more than the law allows. I was hailed before the judge and sentenced to eight months in jail. Thus, eight months went by in Hollywood.

THE TENTH MONTH:

I returned to my bungalow and was told by the landlady that I would be forbidden to live there any longer, as I was a "disgraced person." With this recommendation, I decided to enter motion pictures. I was engaged for a ballroom scene. I was accused of shimmying too much and ruining the picture. I was fired and the scene had to be retaken. Then, I attempted to enter the writing field, believing that my experience had given me a wealth of data and material. My first story was rejected because the hero had a weakness for light wines and beer and pretty ladies. The next story, which I collaborated on with my buddy, Eddie Doherty, was entered into the waste basket because the title was suggestive. The label of the film story was, "John, Come Home." The producer said it was suggestive, inasmuch as the star—we will call her Jennie Smith—would have to be heralded in the picture as follows: "John, Come Home," with Jennie Smith, at The Crystal Theater."

Then I began seeking a room again. The first ad in the Citizen read: "Nicely furnished room for rent. Christian Scientist preferred." I passed it by. The next ad was more enticing. I called via the phone. The mistress of the rooms inquired of me:

"Are you Protestant or Catholic?"

"Nothing," I replied.

She slammed the receiver in my face.

I gave up. I hid to the station with my earthly belongings and bought a ticket. The train whistle blew. The train was about to start. A girl holding a tambourine tapped me on the shoulder.

"Will you buy a ticket for the benefit in behalf of Rev. Dodd's Motion Picture People's Church?" she asked.

I awakened from my faint in Zion City—the home of freedom, hilarity, wickedness, and all that is humanly wild and exciting.

"We are advertised by our loving friends"



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Bogota, New Jersey.

Marguerite L. Thiel,
Gary, Indiana.



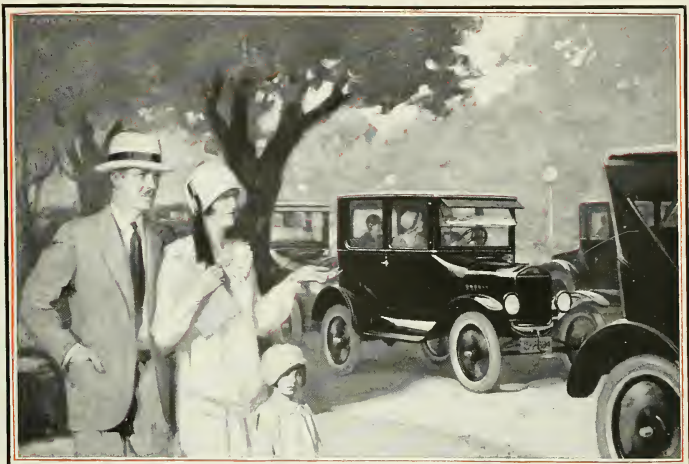
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Use Colgate's— It removes causes of tooth decay



GOOD TEETH and good health are usually companions. Good looks, too, are dependent to a large extent on your teeth.

Because of the importance of good teeth to your health and to your appearance, the modern dentist is doing everything he can to keep teeth healthy. Preventive dentistry—preventing disease by preventing tooth troubles—is the new



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health move. Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is closely allied with this scientific advancement.

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Colgate's is a preventive dental cream. It removes causes of tooth decay by “washing” your teeth safely and thoroughly. Colgate's contains no harsh grit, no dangerous drugs. Its principal ingredients are mild soap and fine chalk, the two substances that authorities say are most essential in a tooth paste. Its function is not to cure, but to cleanse and protect.

The taste of Colgate's is delicious. And its price is as pleasant as its taste—only 25c for the large tube.

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A condition bad
teeth may cause



Bad Teeth May Bring
Crippling Rheumatism

Health and Happiness,
Authorities Say, Depend
on Tooth Care

The importance of preventive dentistry can't be overstated. Perhaps it may seem absurd to attribute rheumatism or melancholia to poor teeth. But science has proved the connection.

If you doubt this, ask your dentist. Let him tell you the serious consequences to which bad teeth may lead. He will tell you that many dread diseases are traced directly to bad teeth; that even life itself may be shortened by teeth that have become diseased.

Many cities have undertaken preventive dentistry in schools. Philanthropic institutions, large business firms, churches and hospitals have taken hold. Many great newspapers are waging the good fight in their columns.

A New York newspaper says:

“The best results are obtained by giving the teeth the right care every day, supplemented frequently by a thorough treatment at the office of a dentist.”

As knowledge of this great subject increases, more and more forces are uniting against the common enemy—tooth decay. Conditions must be improved.

Give yourself a chance!

A hospital in New York maintains this dental clinic to help boys and girls to health and happiness.



The National Guide to Motion Pictures

N.S.E.

PHOTOPLAY

August

25 cents



Charles Sheldon

DOROTHY GISH

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This Talc! Si distingué! Si different!

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My Talc Djer-Kiss! Indeed a luxury from France!

So soft Madame will find it as fairy thistledown. So cool as an ocean breeze. So welcome as snow in August.

Everywhere now will you find it—this Talc Djer-Kiss. In two fashionable shades: Blanche and Rose. For your boudoir in the new bottle of fluted glass—so chic, so French. And for traveling, in the oval tin of mottled green, with safety top.

Kerkoff PARIS

Djer-Kiss
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TALC

Are your gums suffering from a lifelong slumber?

Wake them up with Ipana and massage! You can do it when you brush your teeth!

Soft food cheats the gums of stimulation. It does not help the circulation of the cleansing blood. Use Ipana—massage your gums and thus offset the lack which soft food brings.



many of the hard foods for mushy materials which require no action by the teeth and give them no exercise.

YOU REST, perhaps, eight hours out of twenty-four. And during that time, nature restores your vitality by clearing the poisons of fatigue from your body.

But, if you were to sleep, like some story book princess, for years and years and years, could nature possibly clear those poisons every day?

Decidedly not! Sleep is necessary, but so is exercise—work—stimulation.

And yet, people wonder why the gums are so subject to disease. Far from the heart, fed only by tiny blood vessels, they get only a faint impulse from the blood stream. Under a diet too soft—too creamy—they are cheated of the natural stimulation which coarse, fibrous food once gave them.

Soft food is the cause of gum afflictions

Our gums never do get one-tenth the stimulation which they need. They never get the work—the exercise—which they need to keep them healthy.

As one authority says in a dental textbook:

"The mouth is the mill of the alimentary canal. The consumption of fibrous food, thoroughly chewed, should be encouraged. We have abandoned

His testimony can be matched by hundreds of others; for the scientific man, who believes in cause and effect can hardly reach another conclusion.

What's to be done in caring for the gums?

We cannot control our diet. Modern existence has settled that almost beyond our control. But we can stimulate our gums when we brush our teeth, and thus achieve the good effect which rougher food would deliver to our gums.

Brush your gums with Ipana every time you brush your teeth. It will help to combat gum troubles, because it will induce a lively, health-giving circulation of blood and impart a healing effect to tender, and even to bleeding gums.

Ask your dentist, he'll tell you the value of this treatment. Make your children do it, too! It's important to their health.

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Five years ago we presented Ipana to the dentists of America. Our professional men demonstrated it all over America. They urged massage—a light massage with Ipana and the brush.

Dentists tried it—on themselves and in

their practice. Ipana was a success. Its active agent is zitral, an antiseptic and hemostatic, known by the dentists and used by them to allay bleeding and to heal infected tissue.

Now, Ipana is well known—widely advertised. But still we urge you to ask your dentist about Ipana and the method we recommend—for we feel sure both will have his commendation.

Ipana, unlike so many things that are good for you, is delicious to the taste. It cleans the teeth well, without abrasives, without bleaching chemicals. And, because of its zitral content, it restores weakened gum tissue to a normal tonicity.

As a test—switch to Ipana for just one month

Try it for one month! As a dentifrice plain and simple, you'll like it. And if, by chance, you are bothered with soft, tender or bleeding gums, you'll find out what a beneficial effect it will have on that under-stimulated, sub-normal tissue.

There's a coupon for your use on this page. Frankly, we'd prefer that you ignore it, for the ten-day tube can only tell you of its taste and its cleaning power.

But a large tube, which you can easily get at your nearest drug store, will last for more than one hundred brushings. Buy one today—your teeth will be whiter, your gums will be firmer—and, all the time you are using it, you will have a new sense of oral cleanliness.

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Her new season Paramount Pictures will be *A Kiss for Cinderella*, *Not So Long Ago* and *The Golden Princess*.

RAYMOND GRIFFITH

Congratulations if you were one of those who picked Raymond Griffith last season as the biggest rising star in comedy!

And he's even more than that! Watch the gymnast, too! A regular jumping cracker for agility, giving us all more unexpected laughs than a gold-fish takes turns in a bowl.

Perhaps you remember the silk hat comedian in *Changing Husbands*, *The Night Club* or *Forty Winks*. His new season Paramount Pictures will be made by Paramount's special comedy production unit—the finest feature comedies on the screen.



Paramount Pictures

Make more of your life with Paramount

Are you waiting for life to come to you, perpetually hoping that tomorrow will bring a good time?

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Much better to go half-way to meet life's great Shows!

You have a schedule of Work. Get a schedule of Play. Don't let life cheat you of the hours that thrill! They are the silver lining of the clouds of either dish-washing or business worries!

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All of us, rich or poor, with smooth hands or rough, have a right to a certain amount of healthy

excitement every day that dawns—to entertainment—to adventure—to the thrill of swift happenings that show the life of men and women in its most vivid and stimulating phases.

Modern work contains an over-proportion of routine. You fall spiritually sick unless you balance it with modern play, the great Paramount Pictures.

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The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

IVAN ST. JOHNS
WESTERN EDITOR

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No. 3

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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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Languishing Romances



Why is it—

that so many engagements among well-known screen people never reach the altar?

What is it—

jealousy, careers, separations, competition of beauty and attractiveness?

In next month's issue

A remarkable analysis of the reported engagements of the past few years that never ended in marriage.

It throws a new light on love and marriage among screen celebrities.



Place your order now
for

PHOTOPLAY'S
September
Issue



VIRGINIA VALLI

"White, glistening teeth are an essential part of the make-up," asserts lovely Virginia Valli. "It is better not to smile than to display teeth that are not clear and dazzling." Like most of the popular stars, Virginia Valli uses Pepsodent in her dressing room several times a day while making pictures, as well as in her home, regularly.

FREE—10-Day Tube

Note coupon

Maybe your teeth are gloriously clear, simply clouded with a film coat. Make this remarkable test and find out.

Gums Like Coral

Teeth with that dazzling whiteness you seek

This NEW way will bring them quickly. Simply send the coupon. Make this unique dental test. See what a great difference a few days will make—it removes the film that invites "off color" and unhealthy teeth and gums.

HERE is a simple dental test. A test that will work a great change in the color of your teeth, in the color and firmness of your gums.

You may not realize it, but yet be handicapping yourself immeasurably with a smile that lacks the attraction of glistening whiteness and healthy gums.

So, for your own sake, send the coupon. It means so much to you.

That stubborn and dangerous film

You must remove it

Dental science now traces scores of tooth and gum troubles, directly or

indirectly, to a germ-laden film that forms on your teeth.

You can't see it with your eyes, but run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it . . . a slippery, viscous coating.

That film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And that is why your teeth look "off color" and dingy.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It lays your gums open to bacterial attack. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea and decay.

You can't have pretty teeth unless you combat it. Highest authorities all tell you this.

Brushing won't end it

Ordinary dentifrices and cleansing won't fight film successfully. Feel for it now with your tongue. Note how your present cleansing method is failing in its duty.

Now new methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent—different in formula, action and effect from any other known.

Largely on dental advice the world has turned to it. Tooth and gum troubles hence are on the decline.



RICHARD DIX

"There is a difference between ordinarily cleaned teeth, and those Pepsodent cleaned," says this popular star. The audience can tell, he claims, and adds that for years he has insisted on Pepsodent, using it "on the lot" several times a day in addition to regular use at home.

It removes that film. And Firms the Gums

It accomplishes two important things at once: Removes that film, then firms the gums. No harsh grit, judged dangerous to enamel.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt. Why cling to old methods when world's authorities urge a better way?

Send the coupon. Clip it now before you forget.



ANNA Q. NILSSON

Anna Q. Nilsson tells us that the daily use of Pepsodent is an essential part of her makeup. "I learned long ago," she says, "that ordinary cleansing methods won't keep teeth clear—that is, so as to photograph white and gleaming."

*Send the coupon
Make the test*

FREE

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10-Day Tube

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REG. U.S.

The New-Day Quality Dentifrice

Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY, INC.

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Send to:

Name.....

Address.....

Only one tube to a family 1852



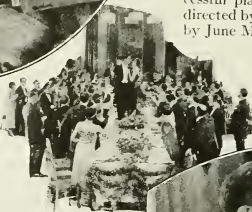
Above—Miss Griffith finds true love. At right—the dizzy spin of the marriage whirl before the cataclysm.

Corinne Griffith in "The Marriage Whirl"

RACING jazz and clinking glasses play a symphony as Marian Hale tries to prove her theory that true love can help a man to overcome temptation. Too late, almost, she realizes that instead of saving, she herself is being dragged into the vortex.

Into such a role Miss Griffith casts herself in "The Marriage Whirl" and meets the difficult test superbly, giving the screen her best performance. Kenneth Harlan, Harrison Ford and Nita Naldi support.

The picture's from J. Hartley Manners' successful play "The National Anthem" and was directed by Al Santell and supervised editorially by June Mathis.



Below—Lewis Stone and Virginia Valli and a canal scene from "The Lady Who Lied."

"The Lady Who Lied"

THE boist'rous boulevards of Paris, the liquid lure of Venice and the scorching sands of the Sahara combine to make a thrilling drama of this picture.

Three people are fate's pawns—a doctor, ready to betray his profession to score a point at love; an adventurer, suffering from a deadly snake bite, willing to die in order to shield the woman he loves; and a woman denying her lover to save his life. An unusual situation, you'll say? It is. Edwin Carewe, who extracted every ounce of heart appeal from "My Son," has injected equal human interest in making this an unusual picture.

Robert Hichens wrote the story under the title of "Snake Bite." Lewis Stone, Virginia Valli and Nita Naldi are featured in this Edwin Carewe production.



First National

Frank J. Carroll presents
"The Scarlet West"

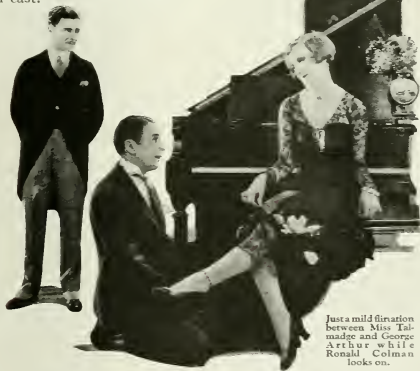
YOU'RE bound to enjoy this epic western with its American historical background. Six months of research work and three months on location with two thousand Indians from the reservations are the story behind this picture.

History lived itself over again, from frontier life to the all-too-real tragedy of Custer's Massacre. It's all in this marvelous picture giving atmosphere to a story of all powerful sacrifice and a romance of outpost days.

Robert Frazer, Clara Bow, Robert Edeson, Johnny Walker, Walter McGrail and Gaston Glass are in this all-star cast.



Custer's last stand. Insert heads: Robert Frazer, Clara Bow and Johnny Walker.



Just a mild flirtation between Miss Talmadge and George Arthur while Ronald Colman looks on.

Joseph M. Schenck presents
Constance Talmadge in "Her Sister from Paris"

WHAT can be funnier than one Constance Talmadge? The answer is two Constance Talmadges; and you'll see them both in this screaming comedy by Hans Kraely wherein the star plays a dual role. She reappears on the screen as the same whimsical self that delighted those who saw her in "Her Night of Romance." Again Ronald Colman is the handsome husband. Sidney Franklin directed the picture under Joseph Schenck's production.

Pictures You'll Enjoy

"Just a Woman"—Eugene O'Neill's stage success, produced by M. C. Levee and directed by Irving Cummings, turned into a picture of radiant womanhood. Claire Windsor and Conway Tearle play the leads.

"Soul Fire"—Richard Barthelmess at his best as Eric Fayne, the struggling musician seeking inspiration over three continents. With Bessie Love. From Martin Brown's stage play, "Great Music." A John S. Robertson production.

"The Desert Flower"—Colleen Moore as the spirited scamp who leaves a box car home to make her way in the world. From Don Mullaly's stage play, directed by Irving Cummings.

"The Making of O'Malley"—Milton Sills' first starring picture combining action and romance in the life of Officer O'Malley of the world's finest. From Gerald Beaumont's story. Directed by Lambert Hillyer under Earl Hudson's supervision.

"The Talker"—Anna Q. Nilsson, Lewis Stone, Shirley Mason and Ian Keith in a delightful domestic comedy-drama. Directed by Al Green and produced by Sam Rork, Inc.

"The White Monkey"—Barbara La Marr starred in Galsworthy's famous story of post war youth. Directed by Phil Rosen and produced by Sawyer-Lubin under the personal supervision of Arthur Sawyer.

Pictures





Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

ACROSS THE DEADLINE—Steiner.—Another good story. It's mildly entertaining. (June.)

ADVENTURE—Paramount.—First action, good comedy and nothing serious to strain your brain. Pauline Starke and Wallace Bree are in it. (June.)

AIR HAWK, THE—F. B. O.—Another thriller with Al Wilson as the man of mystery doing some wonderful stunt flying. (February.)

AIR MAIL, THE—Paramount.—A high-flying story of thrilling adventures in the government air service. (May.)

ARIZONA ROMEO, THE—Fox.—The story is weak and silly but you'll enjoy it because of Buck Jones. (April.)

ARGENTINE LOVE—Paramount.—Bébe Daniels brilliant in this South American romance. Story follows hackneyed formula, but excellent work of the cast makes up for deficiencies of plot. (February.)

AS MAN DESIRES—First National.—A colorful and romantic melodrama of the South Sea Isles. (April.)

BAD COMPANY—First National.—Madge Kennedy and Conway Tearle should know better than this. (May.)

BALTO'S RACE TO NOME—Educational.—A splendid record of Gunnar Kaszon's fight through the frozen north to bring the antidote to Nome. (May.)

BARRIERS BURNED AWAY—Associated Exhibitors.—Just a fairly entertaining film with the great Chicago fire of 1871 incident to keep the hero and heroine united. (February.)

BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK—Paramount.—Satire and fantasy so well directed by James Cruze that it is one of the most entertaining pictures of the year. (July.)

BOOMERANG, THE—Schulberg.—It might be even funnier than it is. Anita Stewart and Bert Lytell head the cast. (May.)

BORN RICH—First National.—The younger set to the fore again. Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor are the husband and wife in the inevitable triangle, which is happily broken up. (February.)

BREED OF THE BORDER—F. B. O.—Just one of those Westerns with Terry Flynn as the quick-drawing, hard-drivin' hero. (May.)

BRIDGE OF SIGHS—Warner Brothers.—Lugubrious hokum with Dorothy Mackaill again bidding for your sympathy. (June.)

BROKEN LAWS—F. B. O.—Mrs. Wallace Reid's new picture sounds a caution to indulgent mothers. For parents and children alike. (April.)

BURNING TRAIL, THE—Universal.—An eastern Western with William Desmond. (June.)

CAFE IN CAIRO, A—Producers Distributing.—Bang-up melodrama with Arabs and Priscilla Dean. (June.)

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT—Preferred.—A propaganda picture against capital punishment with George Mackathorne excellent in the leading role. Dazzling. (April.)

CHAMPION OF LOST CAUSES—Fox.—A story of a clever crook. But—sad entertainment. (April.)

CHARLEY'S AUNT—Producers Dist.—Don't miss this. Syd Chaplin becomes a perfect exact commedienne. (April.)

CHARMER, THE—Paramount.—Pola Negri triumphs over a bad story and worse comedy. (June.)

CHEAPER TO MARRY—Metro-Goldwyn.—A matrimonial drama along the gold-digger type. Amusing. (April.)

CHICKIE—First National.—Dorothy Mackaill gives an appealing performance of a poor working girl. (June.)

CHU CHIN CHOW—Metro-Goldwyn.—Another spectacular production that doesn't amount to a row of pins. (April.)

CLOUD RIDER, THE—F. B. O.—Dandy real-honest-to-goodness aerobatic stunts in this picture. Entertaining. (April.)

CODE OF THE WEST—Paramount.—The city flapper and the noble Westerner are with us again. Attractively staged and well acted. (June.)

COMING THROUGH—Paramount.—A pleasing Tom Mixman vehicle. Cast good, action splendid. (April.)

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE—Hepworth.—You'll enjoy this picture better if you stay at home. It is the world's worst. (March.)

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.

CONTRABAND—Paramount.—Merry melodrama, with bootleggers as the villains. Lois Wilson and Noub Beers are in it. (June.)

CONFESSIONS OF A QUEEN—Metro-Goldwyn.—Proving that kings and queens are only human, especially kings. Lewis Stone and Alice Terry smart scandal in a royal family. (June.)

COURAGEOUS COWARD, THE—Capital Prod.—Wealthy man's son goes to the wide open spaces to remove his yellow streak, and does. Children will enjoy it. (February.)

CRACKERJACK, THE—C. C. Burr.—Johnny Hines at his liveliest. There's no sense to it but it is lots of fun. (July.)

CRIMSON RUNNER, THE—Producers Distributing.—Exciting times in Vienna with Priscilla Dean as a fascinating lady crook. (June.)

CROWDED HOUR, THE—Paramount.—A war story, homely told, and well acted by Bébe Daniels. (July.)

CURLYTOP—Fox.—Shirley Mason frets through a goodly-soggy role in London's wicked Limehouse district. Tiresome. (March.)

DADDY'S GONE A-HUNTING—Metro-Goldwyn.—A lighthearted story of domestic unhappiness played by Alice Joyce and Percy Marmont. (May.)

DANGERS, THE—Fox.—Nothing out of the ordinary. An Englishman returns to his childhood sweetheart only to find her a victim of the jazz craze. (March.)

DANGEROUS FLIRT, THE—F. B. O.—Intriguing little drama speeded with a dash of the risqué. Evelyn Brent is good. (February.)

DANGEROUS INNOCENCE—Universal.—Adapted from "Ann's an Idiot." Nice light romance with Laura La Plante. (May.)

DARK SWAN, THE—Warner Brothers.—Not a world beater. Another variation of the ugly duckling with lail-sisters in love with the same man. (Feb.)

DAUGHTERS OF THE NIGHT—Fox.—Wild and improbable melodrama. Two brothers run away from home. There's a villain, a fire, a chase, parental forgiveness and happy ending. (February.)

DECLASSE—First National.—Corinne Griffith saves it from being rather tedious society drama. (June.)

DEADWOOD COACH, THE—Fox.—Tom Mix (best), rides, climbs, leaps and loves his way through this rousing melodrama. You'll like it. (April.)

DEAL, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—Claire Windsor, nothing in mother and daughter in a heavy-handed story. But for a good Spanish-American war sequence. (May.)

DEVIL'S CARGO, THE—Paramount.—One of the finest pictures we've seen in some time. It is sprinkled with good comedy relief. (March.)

DICK TURPIN, COME—By far the best thing that Tom Mix ever did. (April.)

DIXIE HANDICAP, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—The old racing thrills moulded into a melodramatic thriller intended to stimulate the most blasé. (March.)

DRESSMAKER FROM PARIS, THE—Paramount.—A fashion show with fourteen-count beautiful models. Leatrice Joy is featured. (May.)

DUPED—The title tells all. Crook stuff played by Helen Holmes and Willis Desmond. Not so bad. (July.)

EARLY BIRD, THE—C. C. Burr.—Johnny Hines at his best. Many trills and more laughs in this fast-moving comedy, which centers around a milkman and the daughter of the milk-truck magnate. (February.)

EAST OF SUEZ—Paramount.—Pola Negri does not measure up to her previous screen effort. An intriguing story, splendid sets, good cast and excellent characterization. Not a family picture. (March.)

ENTICEMENT—First National.—Be sure to leave the children home. A story of a girl's trust in a man. (April.)

EVE'S LOVER—Warner Brothers.—The story of a modern American girl and her tilted husband. Nothing extra. But Irene Rich, Bert Lytell, Clara Bow and Willard Louis are in the cast. (July.)

EXCUSE ME—Metro-Goldwyn.—A rollicking comedy filled with plenty in a novel setting—a transcontinental railroad. (April.)

FAST SET, THE—Paramount.—A bit soggy. A novelist and his wife have drifted apart. The husband introduces a girl of the streets into their midst. Unal ending. (February.)

FIFTH AVENUE MODELS—Universal.—An interesting picture with Mary Philbin splendid in the leading role. (April.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]

FOR THE NEW SEASON WILLIAM FOX WILL PRESENT YOUR FAVORITE ARTISTS IN THE MOTION PICTURE VERSIONS OF THE WORLD'S BEST PLAYS AND NOVELS.

Tom Mix
and
TONY, the wonder horse



FRESH from his triumphant tour of Europe and America comes Tom Mix, "The Modern Buffalo Bill," firmly entrenched in the hearts of millions! The new Tom Mix Western pictures represent the very highest grade of photoplay production, and have been staged on a scale never attempted in outdoor pictures. "The Lucky Horseshoe" is the first Mix picture of the new season beginning in August.

**FINER, BIGGER,
BETTER THAN EVER
BEFORE!**



JOHN GOLDEN'S
Greatest Stage Triumph

LIGHTNIN'

The Play that Broke
the World's Record!



AT LAST "Lightnin'"!—the picture you have been waiting for. Jay Hunt is the lovable "Lightnin' Bill," the role that immortalized the late Frank Bacon. Do you remember "Milly"?—Madge Bellamy brings her to you; and "The Judge"?—he lives now in J. Farrell MacDonald's droll characterization. You who loved this great play will be amazed to see how John Ford in directing the picture brings out many scenes and incidents impossible to the stage. "Lightnin'"—the last word in screen entertainment will please everyone.



**KENTUCKY
PRIDE**



THIS is an unusual picture that will live forever in the minds of those who see it. Here unfolds the life story of the race-horse, made among scenes of charm in the Blue Grass region of Kentucky.—You see *Man O'War*, *Negofol*, *Morvich*, *Fair Play* and other race track champions in a stirring romance of the turf, with J. Farrell MacDonald, Gertrude Astor and Henry B. Walthall in the merely human roles. John Ford, the director, has produced race scenes that will thrill you as you never have been thrilled! Be sure to see it!



W Fox Film Corporation **W**

Maybe They Wanted to Please the Censors

Rock Island, Ill.

I don't think there was a more ardent reader of Eleanor Meherin's "Chickie" than myself, or a more anxious person to see it produced on the screen, and I might add a more disappointed being after seeing it. The most touching part of the story, where Chickie goes to Detroit alone to fight her battle, was completely left out. In short, the story was completely made over and a failure so far as the readers of "Chickie" are concerned.

MRS. FLORENCE SHUCK.

Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feelin' to Be Appreciated?

Bald Knob, W. Va.

Please permit me to express my gratitude for PHOTOPLAY. It is the most thoroughly enjoyable motion picture magazine published and I can hardly wait for it to arrive every month to read the witty articles by Cal York and Herbert Howe, and see the paragraphs about the six best pictures of the month.

A few days ago I saw Douglas MacLean in "Introduc. Me" and it was one of the best pictures I ever saw. An enormous bouquet for Douglas MacLean's acting. If there were more clean, humorous pictures like "Introduce Me," I'd be glad.

I heartily agree with Norma, who says PHOTOPLAY should be issued every week.

CHARLOTTE COLEMAN.

What About Jacqueline Logan?

Baltimore, Md.

I have been waiting for PHOTOPLAY to give us a story and biography of Jacqueline Logan. Who could not love her after her wonderful work in "Playing with Souls," which I considered the best portrayal of real life on the screen outside of "The Goose Hangs High."

DONAL KENNIE.

Who's the Most Distinguished-Looking Man on the Screen?

Long Island City, N. Y.

I am writing in appreciation of Richard Dix's fine acting. I enjoy pictures of "Two Many Kisses" and "Shock Punch" type. Mr. Dix is the finest, most distinguished looking man in real as well as reel life that I have ever seen. I like Alan Forrest, Ronald Colman, Lew Cody and Hoot Gibson. Leatrice Joy, Lois Wilson, Norma Talmadge are favorite heroines. Norma Shearer also. I never miss a Douglas MacLean picture either. Would like to see more of Sydney Chaplin.

CONSTANCE LEE.

One of the Best of the Younger Actresses

Brooklyn, N. Y.

After being a subscriber to PHOTOPLAY for many years I want to say it is a very, very interesting magazine. Please publish a few pictures of little Mariel Frances Dana. Kathryn of Detroit, Mich., is absolutely right that Viola Dana is one of the best of the younger actresses.

L. R.

How's This for a Trio?

Dallas, Texas.

I am a constant reader of PHOTOPLAY and enjoy it very much.

Last week I had the pleasure of seeing one actor whom I have long admired, and who really lived up to my expectation of a star. It was J. Warren Kerrigan. I wish we could see more of him in pictures, also Nazimova and Pauline Frederick, America's two greatest actresses.

"MISS DALLAS,"

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.

So Are We All of Us Looking Forward

North Portal, Sask.

I have been a constant reader of PHOTOPLAY for six years, and it has given me many hours of pleasure. I particularly enjoy the articles written by Herbert Howe, and the "Shadow Stage."

Ramon Navarro is indeed a great artist, and I am looking forward to seeing him in "Ben Hur." There are others I enjoy: Gloria Swanson, Valentino, Ben Lyon, Bebe Daniels, Pedro de Cordoba and Dorothy and Lillian Gish.

V. A. H.

More ZaSu Pitts, Please

Buffalo, N. Y.

Have just finished reading the May PHOTOPLAY and have found nothing about ZaSu Pitts. Why?

I liked Mary Brian's picture in the May issue. She looks promising, as does Raymond Griffith.

I saw De Mille's "Feet of Clay" and enjoyed it, although I didn't think Vera Reynolds was the type to play in it. It would have been great with Leatrice Joy.

Would suggest that Warner Baxter play in Curwood's "The Flaming Forest." May we have a photo of ZaSu Pitts soon?

NELLIE B. RIGGS.

Tired of Flappers?

Auburn, Maine.

This letter is in praise of Colleen Moore and Ben Lyon for their acting in "So Big." Colleen has proven to the fans that she can do something besides flapper roles. And Ben sure is a good looking boy as well as a fine actor.

H. HARDING.

Appreciation

Knoxville, Tenn.

"Peter Pan" was my conception of a wonderful production and all connected with it deserve lots of credit. Especially fine were *Peter Pan* and *Nona*.

Now let me mention another picture I've seen recently—"The Spaniard," with Ricardo Cortez. The picture itself was not exceptionally good, but Mr. Cortez was wonderful. Please let us see him more often, as he is a fine actor.

Three cheers for Herbert Howe! He tells Hollywood what he thinks of 'em. Believe he is right in proclaiming Ramon Navarro one of the greatest artists of the day. He is certainly one of my favorites. Can hardly wait for the release of "Ben Hur."

MRS. ELIZABETH SISK.

A Complaint Against the Small but Organized Minority

Bennington, Vt.

From time to time you graciously publish letters from some of us who desire Roscoe Arbuckle's return to the screen quite as much because of the principle of fair-dealing involved as because we want his pictures. Yesterday I received a letter from one of the leading producers who states that although the majority of the American public like to see Arbuckle films, they do not create a great enough demand for them, so are compelled to bow to the small but organized minority. Can one of his pictures be released so picture patrons can have their lawful right to a voice in the matter, through the box-office, which never says one thing when it means another?

M. E. K.

What Kind of Person Does Not Believe in Eternal Youth?

Grove City, Pa.

"Peter Pan" was everything PHOTOPLAY said it was. Of course, grownups do not believe in fairies as children do, but we like to feel we do. And what kind of person is it that does not believe in Eternal Youth? Am glad your reviewers gave Edmund Lowe praise for his acting in "The Fool." For I think he is not only fine looking, but a fine actor. Your reviews and magazine are so dependable.

No one can take Wallie Reid's place, but I enjoy Richard Dix and Thomas Meighan as well. I never fail to see their pictures. I like Norma Talmadge. Others I think that deserve much praise are Richard Barthelmess, Lon Chaney, Pola Negri, Bebe Daniels, Colleen Moore, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Gloria Swanson, Raymond Griffith, Nazimova, Charlie Murray, William Russell, Harrison Ford, Leatrice Joy and John Gilbert. Viola Dana, Tom Mix, Wallace Berry, Pauline Starke, Mary Philbin, Anna Q. Nilsson, Lois Wilson, Betty Blythe, Pauline Frederick and Florence Vidor.

SARAH B. COATES.

Proves Navarro Is Perfect "Ben Hur"

Berkeley, Cal.

I am writing an answer to M. Stocking, whose letter was published in the PHOTOPLAY's January number. He or she complained because Ramon Navarro was chosen for *Ben Hur*.

If he or she will get a copy of "Ben Hur" and turn to Book II, Chapter 2, where Mr. Wallace describes *Ben Hur* and *Messala*, the following paragraph will be found:

"They were both handsome and, at first glance, would have been pronounced brothers. Both had hair and eyes of black; their faces were deeply bronzed; and, sitting, they seemed of a size proper for their difference in ages."

EDA ALLEN.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 17]

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

FLASHING SPURS—F. B. O.—A ranger is the hero. Lots of fighting and shooting if you like that sort of stuff. (March.)

FOLLY OF VANITY—Fox—A fantastic trip through Neptune's realm. Stupid. (April.)

FOOLISH VIRGIN, THE—C. B. C.—One of the worst pictures of the year. (February.)

FOOL, THE—Fox—Melodrama with a moral. A dull but impressive version of a stage success and Edmund Lowe in the leading role. (June.)

FORTY WINKS—Paramount—Don't miss this picture. There is more entertainment in it than the title implies. Story hinges on the recovery of coast defense plans. A garter is the only clue. (March.)

FREE AND EQUAL—A. H. Woods—Pulled out of its groove for no good reason. The film is ten years old and deals with racial problems. Not for anybody. (July.)

FRIENDLY ENEMIES—Producers Distributing.—Weber and Fields doing their stuff in a ready-made plot. (July.)

FRIVOLOUS SAL—First National—Good cast, frivolous scenery and two dandy fights. The action centers around a girl and a small boy who help a man find himself. (March.)

GALLOPING VENGEANCE—F. B. O.—A Bob Custer Western. Not so good. (May.)

GERALD CRANSTON'S LADY—Fox—Highly emotional stuff of a self-made captain of industry who purchases the titled daughter of an earl in marriage. (February.)

GOLD AND THE GIRL—Fox—Buck Jones vanquishes a gang of swindlers who are robbing the gold mine. Leave it to Buck, every time. (May.)

GOLDEN BED, THE—Paramount—A lavishly staged spectacle. A trite story of a faithless, extravagant woman who kills two men and drives another in prison. (March.)

GOLD HEELS—Fox—A trite horse racing story. The racing shots are the only redeeming feature. (April.)

GOOSE HANGS HIGH, THE—Paramount—A perfect screen comedy with a perfect cast. Bring the whole family. (April.)

GO STRAIGHT—Schulberg—A crook story dressed up with some off-screen views of the stars at work. Just fair. (July.)

GRASS—Paramount—The story of the migration of the Lost Tribe of Persia, filmed in the Near East. One of the most impressive pictures ever made. (May.)

GREAT DIVIDE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn—A pleasing romance with a colorful background and splendid cast. (April.)

GREED—Metro-Goldwyn—Realism, yes, but this picture emphasizes the most sordid and repulsive aspects of life. A powerful picture—and a terribly depressing one. (February.)

HEADWINDS—Universal—How to win a girl, with House Peters playing the caveman. Improbable plot but lots of action. (June.)

HEART OF A SIREN, THE—First National—If you like Barbara La Marr, here's your candy. Clifton Webb contributes some clever comedy. (May.)

HELEN'S BABIES—Principal—A nice little entertainment for the children with Baby Peggy furnishing most of the fun. (July.)

HER HUSBAND'S SECRET—First National—Beautifully photographed but drearily developed. (April.)

HER NIGHT OF ROMANCE—First National—Vivacious comedy. Connie Talmadge simply scintillates as the wealthy heiress, victim of a nervous disease, who—well, see the picture. (February.)

HIS SUPREME MOMENT—First National—Some beautiful colored photography, plenty of hard story and Blanche Sweet and Ronald Colman. (June.)

HOUSE OF YOUTH—Producers Dist. Corp.—Story of "flaming youths" of today. The hero and heroine quit the wild life to open a fresh air farm for poor kiddies. (February.)

HUNTED WOMAN, THE—Fox—A lady in search of her husband. Romance complicated by crooks. Nothing extra. (June.)

IDLE TONGUES—First National—Action interesting, but the plot is dull. (February.)

IF I MARRY AGAIN—First National—Doris Kenyon and Lloyd Hughes make this romantic hodgepodge worth seeing. (April.)

INEZ FROM HOLLYWOOD—First National—Title will attract, but this story of a screen vamp (Anna O. Nilsson) who isn't really what she's painted is a trifle overdone. (February.)

INTRODUCE ME—Associated Exhibitors—Another good reason why Douglas MacLean is rapidly becoming one of our most popular comedians. Fine entertainment. (May.)

ISLE OF VANISHING MEN, THE—Adler—Life will attract, but this story of a screen vamp interesting than life in the average movie. (May.)

ISN'T LIFE WONDERFUL?—United Artists.—A Griffith production that approaches perfection. You live the struggles and hardships of a family of Polish refugees settled in Germany after the War. (February.)

I WANT MY MAN—First National—Murdered version of "The Interpreter's House." Heavy heroes by Milton Sills. (June.)

JIMMIE'S MILLIONS—F. B. O.—A tiresome picture. Richard Talmadge fights, runs and climbs buildings throughout. (April.)

KISS BARRIER, THE—Fox—Claire Adams and Edmund Lowe in a light romance. (July.)

KISS IN THE DARK, A—Paramount—Sophisticated satire that sometimes misses fire. But that isn't the fault of Adolphe Menjou. (May.)

KISS ME AGAIN—Warner Brothers—An ideal picture for adults. It's sophisticated, witty and shrewd. Ernst Lubitsch directed it and Marie Prevost, Monte Blue and Clara Bow are in the cast. (July.)

LADIES OF THE NIGHT—Metro-Goldwyn—A well-told story of the two social worlds with some good comedy. Excellent acting by Norma Shearer, who plays a dual role. (May.)

LADY, THE—First National—This mother-love story proves Norma Talmadge to be a great emotional actress. Be sure to see this! (April.)

LAST LAUGH, THE—U. F. A.—One of the greatest character studies ever produced. (April.)

LAST MAN ON EARTH—Fox—Stay away from this picture. It is the dullest shown in many months. The title tells the story but not badly enough. (Feb.)

LAUGHING AT DANGER—F. B. O.—The much talked of "death ray" is just one feature in Richard Talmadge's fight to win the girl. Action and athletics galore. (February.)

LEARNING TO LOVE—First National—Constance Talmadge endeavors to show modern girls the various ways to capture a husband. Good comedy. (April.)

LET 'ER BUCKE—Universal—Hoot Gibson swaggers through this as a he-man of the great outdoors and the hero of the hour. (March.)

LIGHTHOUSE BY THE SEA, THE—Warner Brothers—Rum runners plot to frustrate U. S. Revenue officers by subduing the keeper and his aids. Enter Rin-Tin-Tin and all is saved. (March.)

LILIES OF THE STREET—F. B. O.—Just white slave stuff which tries to be sensational—but doesn't succeed. (June.)

LOCKED DOORS—Paramount—In which the husband and wife agree to a divorce when his wife falls in love with a young gallant. Theodore Roberts is at his best. (February.)

LOST CHORD, THE—Arrow.—A sobbing melodrama based on the song by Sir Arthur Sullivan. (March.)

LOST LADY, THE—Warner Bros.—A drab story. Irene Rich gives one of the finest performances of her career. (April.)

LOST WORLD, THE—First National—A spectacular production introducing pre-historic animals. Cleverly done. (April.)

LOVE'S BARGAIN—F. B. O.—An interesting and convincing story of domestic life in the theater world. (May.)

LOVE'S WILDERNESS—First National—The "wilderess" is picturesque, but the "love" is unconvincing. Corinne Griffith, as the heroine, makes an unfortunate choice the first time, but finally marries the right man. (February.)

LYING WIVES—Abramson—Lots of intense domestic trouble solved by a batch of characters who seem to be half-witted. (July.)

MADAME SANS GENE—Paramount—Gloria Swanson in her greatest role. The celebrated story was filmed in its authentic French backgrounds. Don't miss it. (June.)

MAD DANGER, THE—Jan.—A mean trick on little Ann Pennington who deserves something better. Not for the kids. (July.)

MAN AND MAID—Metro-Goldwyn.—One of Elmer Glyn's dime novels. Milder than usual. (June.)

MAN MUST LIVE, A—Paramount.—Good entertainment. Richard Dix, as the hero, decides sympathy isn't worth while on an empty stomach and starts to treat the world rough. (February.)

MANSION OF ACHING HEARTS, THE—Schubert.—An amatory story that shouldn't have been filmed. (May.)

MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY, THE—Fox.—The famous Edward Everett Hale story of the young army officer who cursed his country. Adequately enough done but too long. (March.)

MARRIAGE IN TRANSIT—Fox.—Secret service plot No. 48. Kintone entertainment. (June.)

MEDDLER, THE—Universal.—William Desmond as a rich Wall Street Man who hits the open spaces and hits them hard. (July.)

MEN AND WOMEN—Paramount.—Stilted and old-fashioned drama which even Richard Dix cannot make interesting. (June.)

MIDNIGHT EXPRESS, THE—C. B. C.—A railroad thriller plus an improbable story. (February.)

MIDNIGHT GIRL, THE—Chadwick.—Proving that it is hard for a good girl to get along. Reasonably entertaining, but not for children. (May.)

MIDNIGHT MOLLY—F. B. O.—Evelyn Brent in a usual crook role proves to be rather interesting. (April.)

MIRACLE OF THE WOLVES—Special.—A gorgeous and impressive French production that accurately recreates the France of Louis XI. But it is badly cut and edited for American audiences. (May.)

MISS BLUEBEARD—Paramount.—Plenty of laughs can be obtained from the love affairs of a French actress. Bebe Daniels plays the leading role. (April.)

MONSTER, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A real thriller with lots of mystery. (April.)

MY SON—First National.—Some real acting by Nazimova and Jack Pickford. Outside of that, just a movie. (June.)

MY WIFE AND I—Warner Brothers.—Constance Bennett again as a home-wrecker, with Irene Rich as the wife. Another domestic drama. (June.)

NARROW STREET, THE—Warner Brothers.—You'll get plenty of entertainment and good clean fun out of this story of a simple office clerk who rose to general manager and husband of the magnate's daughter. (March.)

NECESSARY EVIL, THE—First National.—Improbable and far-fetched with Viola Dana and Ben Lyon to save the day. (July.)

NEW LIVES FOR OLD—Paramount.—Fine entertainment. Well cast, well directed and fine photography. (April.)

NEW TOYS—First National.—A comedy of married life. Dick Barthelmess and Mary Hay (Mrs. Barthelmess) are the married couple. (April.)

NIGHT CLUB, THE—Paramount.—Which proves that Raymond Griffith is one of our foremost young comics. Great amusement. (July.)

NIGHT SHIP, THE—Dumas.—It isn't supposed to be funny, but it is. (June.)

NO GUN MAN, THE—F. B. O.—Lefty Flynn is the only redeeming feature. It will please the young boys, though. (March.)

NORTH OF 36—Paramount.—Gripping drama of pioneer adventure. Features a great cattle drive. (February.)

ONE WAY STREET—First National.—Just a dull picture. Not for the children and not for their fastidious elders. Anna Q. Nilsson works hard, however. (June.)

ON THE STROKE OF THREE—F. B. O.—Inane. Small town inventor goes to New York, is double-crossed but finally wins fortune and girl at same time. (February.)

ON THIN ICE—Warner Brothers.—Gangsters, bank robberies and policemen. A good crook story well acted by Tom Moore, William Russell and Edith Roberts. (May.)

OPEN TRAIL, THE—Universal.—Jack Hoxie dresses up like an Indian and gives the young boys a good time. (July.)

PAMPERED YOUTH—Vitagraph.—A main street story of a spoiled, snobbish, high handed young man. Not so good. (April.)

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Universal City, our great West-coast studio, consists of approximately 2,000 people, all engaged in the pleasant work of making high-class entertainment for you. It has been in operation for 10 years. Universal is the real pioneer of the moving-picture industry and has developed many of America's most famous stars. It likewise is the pioneer in the movement to produce wholesome pictures which the whole family may see.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]

PARASITE, THE—B. P. Schulberg.—A society drama of a divorced woman who tries to regain her husband's love. Not much. (April.)

PARISIAN NIGHTS—F. B. O.—Latin Quarter story in zany pace with Apaches and such-like to goings along. (May.)

PERCY—Associated Exhibitors.—Charles Ray returns to the old homeland. A fine comedy performance by Charlie Murray. (June.)

PETER PAN—Paramount.—A perfect picture of a perfect story, with a perfect cast. Everybody in America should see it. (March.)

PLAYING WITH SOULS—First National.—The story of a bad boy who tries to go to the bad. He doesn't, but the picture does. (May.)

PROUD FLESH—Metro-Goldwyn.—Excellent story, charmingly presented with three fine performances by Harrison Ford, Eleanor Boardman and Pat O'Malley. (June.)

QUO VADIS—First National.—A picture dealing with the martyrdom of the Christians during the reign of Nero. (April.)

RAFFLES—Universal.—A good crook story marred by some slow direction. House Peters heads the cast. (July.)

RAG MAN, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—Jackie Coogan—grown almighty tall—in an appealing and amusing picture. (July.)

RAINBOW TRAIL, THE—Another Zane Grey story. Good for small boys. (June.)

RECKLESS SPEED—Capital Prod.—Just a fair picture. Wealthy oil man is being swindled out of his well, but bravery soon saves the day—and well. (February.)

RECOMPENSE—Warner Brothers.—Sex stuff and grief with Monte Blue and Marie Prevost enjoying the agony. (June.)

REDEEMING SIN, THE—Vitagraph—Nanivova romping through the role of an Apache can't be handed much. (April.)

RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE—Fox.—Considering the story, it's a disappointment. But good scenery, good photography—and Tom Mix. (May.)

RIDIN' PRETTY—Universal.—Just another Western—no better—no worse than the average. (March.)

RIDIN' THUNDER—Jack Hoxie as the leader of another war between the cattlemen and the rustlers. (July.)

ROARING ADVENTURE—Universal.—Another Jack Hoxie western—no better—no worse. (April.)

ROMOLA—Metro-Goldwyn.—George Elyot's novel proves a poor vehicle for the Gish sisters. Elaborate Florentine settings, but little human interest. (February.)

ROUGHNECK, THE—Fox.—O'Brien Service's melodrama well acted by George Robertson. Plenty of pep and punch. (February.)

SACKCLOTH AND SCARLET—Paramount.—A paranoiac plot that fails to make its point. Alice Terry, Orrville Caldwell and Dorothy Sebastian are in it. Not censor-proof. (June.)

SADDLE HAWK, THE—Universal.—How a silver mare made good as cowboy, if that means anything to you. A Hoot Gibson film. (May.)

SAINTED DEVIL, A—Paramount.—Rudolph again in colorful South American atmosphere. Of course, there are the ever-present vamps. Involved and poorly told. (February.)

SALLY—First National.—A scintillating and beautiful version of the popular musical comedy, with Colleen Moore as the delightful, dancing heroine. (May.)

SALOME OF THE TENEMENTS—Paramount.—How Sonny of the East Side captured the heart of a wealthy girl. Good New York stuff, with Jetta Goudal in the leading role. (May.)

SALVATION HUNTERS, THE—United.—Unrealized dream. Slow-moving tale of a boy, a girl and an orphan waif, crawling up from the mud. (February.)

SCAR HANNAN—F. B. O.—The usual Western, with Yakima Canutt, rodeo star, exhibiting some wonderful feats of horsemanship. (May.)

SCARLET HONEYMOON—Fox.—A light and sly romance that won't destroy your faith in Santa Claus. (May.)

SCHOOL FOR WIVES, A—Vitagraph.—Proving that money is a curse, especially to Conway Tearle. Supposed to be a society drama. (June.)

SEVEN CHANCES—Metro-Goldwyn.—Another amusing one from Buster Keaton. (June.)

SIE WOLVES—Fox.—Old Home Week in the Paris cafes as pictured by a movie mind. Alma Rubens is in it. (July.)

SHOCK PUNCH, THE—Fun on a skyscraper with Rick and Dix romping about New York's skyline. A good show for everybody. (July.)

SIGN OF THE CACTUS, THE—Universal.—Jack Hoxie becomes a Robin Hood of the West. Nothing to get excited about. (March.)

SILK STOCKING SAL—F. B. O.—Story of a woman crook, quick on the trigger and vampish enough to save the hero from the electric chair for a crime he never committed. (February.)

SLEEPING CUTIE, THE—F. B. O.—Two pals substitute in a basketball game. They know nothing about the game and their manoeuvres are a scream. (March.)

SMOLDERING FIRES—Universal.—Don't mix this picture with the one about a woman of fortune in love with a youth of twenty. Pauline Frederick loses her lover, and wins her audience. (Feb.)

SO BIG—First National.—A thoroughly enjoyable picture. Colleen Moore steps before the public as a real actress in this story of mother-love and sacrifice. (March.)

SO THIS IS MARRIAGE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A scoundrel endeavors to win the wife by means of a story told in delicately in colored flashbacks. (March.)

SOUL-FIRE—First National.—Colorful plot and lyric romance with some fine acting by Richard Barthelmess and Essie Love. (June.)

SPEED, WILD—F. B. O.—Maurice Flynn as a speed demon who thwarts the usual band of crooks. (July.)

SPOOK RANCH—Universal.—A mixture of melodrama and comedy that is fairly amusing. Hoot Gibson plays the lead. (July.)

SPORTING VENUS, THE—A lady of high degree marries the commoner instead of the prince. A romantic story made passable by Blanche Sweet, Ronald Colman and Lew Cody. (July.)

STAR DUST TRAIL, THE—Fox.—Another bad job on poor little Shirley Mason. (May.)

SUNDOWN—First National.—Suffers by comparison with other epics of the West. Cast is excellent, but the plot doesn't sustain interest. (February.)

SUPER SPEED—Rayart.—All the hokum of the old melodramas piled into this picture. Hard on the eyes. (April.)

SWAN, THE—Paramount.—Without Adolphe Menjou in the cast, all that is left is a lot of beautiful and expensive scenery. Dull. (April.)

TALKER, THE—A dull story of domestic mix-up that is made palatable by Ann O. Nilsson, Lewis Stone and Shirley Mason. (July.)

TAMING THE WEST—Universal.—Wherein the great open spaces reform another bad boy. Again Hoot Gibson. (May.)

TEXAS BEARCAT, THE—Another western and that's about all. Bob Custer and Sally Rand are in it. (July.)

THIEF IN PARADISE, A—First National.—The hero masquerades as another man, falls in love with one girl and is loved by another. A splendid picture with no dull moments. Not for the children. (March.)

THUNDERING HERD, THE—Paramount.—Equally splendid. No cowboy. Plenty of action, good cast and beautiful photograph. (April.)

TIDES OF PASSIONS—Vitagraph.—A slow and old-fashioned story filled with grief and agony. Mac Marsh ought to know better. (July.)

TOMORROW'S LOVE—Paramount.—An amusing comedy-drama of youthful married life, strengthened by a smashing finish. (March.)

TONGUES OF FLAME—Paramount.—Tommie Meighan strolls lazily through exciting action as the lawyer who protects the wronged Indian from unscrupulous capitalists. (February.)

TOO MANY KISSES—Paramount.—Richard Dix goes to Spain and finds romance, thrills and all the other necessities of good farce comedy. (May.)

TOP OF THE WORLD, THE—Paramount.—Nothing to rave about. James Kirkwood appears in a dual role. (April.)

TORNADO, THE—Universal.—House Peters as Tommie Meighan strolls lazily through exciting action as the lawyer who protects the wronged Indian from unscrupulous capitalists. (February.)

TROUPLING WITH ELLEN—Producers Dist. Corp.—Two men love a little chorus girl. One is a millionaire and other is poor orchestra leader. Will please average audience. (February.)

UNHOLY THREE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A striking and unusual story beautifully directed by Tod Browning and finely acted by Lon Chaney and Mae Busch. It's the thriller of the year and, as entertainment, ranks up with "The Miracle Man." (July.)

UP THE LADDER—Universal.—Fair. A man becomes a successful inventor and then forgets those who helped him. But he comes down off his perch in the end. (April.)

WAGES OF VIRTUE, THE—Paramount.—Gloria Swanson gives a real performance of the boy-senior "Caraculla." Here we have a wealth of tragedy and comedy; Gloria excels in both. (Feb.)

WAKING UP THE TOWN—United Artists.—Mild fun. A small town story with Jack Pickford and Norma Shearer. (June.)

WAY OF A GIRL, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—An original light comedy with Eleanor Boardman, Matt Moore and William Russell. A pleasant evening. (June.)

WHITE SHEEP, THE—Pathe.—Effective and amusing all the way. Dreamy son of a tough family wins girls away from his rowdy brother. (February.)

WIFE OF THE CENTAUR, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A racy and spicy entertainment with Jack Gilbert, Aileen Pringle and Eleanor Boardman. Not for children. (March.)

WILD-FIRE — Vitagraph. — Old-fashioned and badly presented race-track melodrama. With Aileen Pringle. (July.)

WINGS OF YOUTH—Fox.—A modern mother reforms her flapper daughters. Good acting by Ethel Layton. (July.)

WIZARD OF OZ, THE—Cladwick Pictures.—Larry Semon in a live version of the popular classic. Great for the children. (June.)

YOUTH AND ADVENTURE—F. B. O.—Richard Talmadge battles his way through a heroic picture that will delight the youngsters. (March.)

ZANDER THE GREAT—Metro-Goldwyn.—An amusing picture, in spite of too much hokum. Marion Davies at her best and merriest. (July.)

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

Bow Low, Lewis Stone

New York, N. Y.

Mr. St. John's article about Mr. Lewis Stone expresses my sentiments so completely that I wish to thank him for it. Mr. Stone's work has given me so many enjoyable hours that I should like to write and thank him personally. Whenever a new picture is shown I wait for the criticism of it before going to see it, except when Mr. Stone is in the cast—then I go, critic or no critic.

MRS. JENNIE H. SCHARFS.

And Again, Mr. Stone

Kansas City, Kan.

I wish we might have more pictures like "The White Sister," "Beau Brummel," "Peter Pan," "Robin Hood," and "The Covered Wagon."

In my opinion Lewis Stone is the finest and most natural actor on the screen today and with Robert Frazer, Milton Sills, Conway Tearle and Ronald Colman, that's saying a great deal.

I wish Norma Talmadge could find better stories. I wish Dorothy Gish could play *Kiki* opposite Huntley Gordon. I wish Blanche Sweet would play *Sadie Thompson*. I wish Pauline Frederick's pictures were not so few and far between. I would like to see her play opposite Lewis Stone.

MRS. L. H. LEWIS.

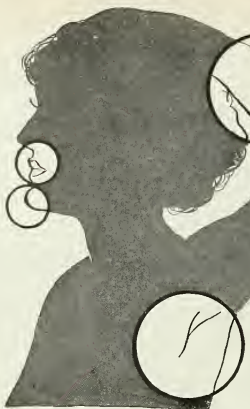
A Plea from Australia

Double Bay, Sydney, Australia.

Why is not there more publicity given to Gertrude Astor, whom I consider one of the most beautiful women on the screen?

I am sure if some director gave her a chance she would have more admirers than she has now.

S. HINES.



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A NEW camera study of Mae Busch. Her sensitive and touching performance in "The Unholy Three" marks a new high-spot in the career of this colorful actress.



Melbourne Spurr

GEORGE O'BRIEN will soon appear in a new picture called "Havoc." In fact, one is tempted to say that the good-looking youth from San Francisco will play the title role in this production.



Melbourne Spurr

A SEDATE photograph of the vivid Marie Prevost, quite in keeping with her new importance as a dramatic actress of force and poise and as a comedienne of subtlety and finesse.



Nathaniel Frank

BECAUSE the screen is primarily an art of ocular appeal, Mae Murray has been one of its most consistent favorites. She has the charm both of naivete and sophistication, she is both the doll and the woman of the world.



Kenneth Alexander

THE One and Only Norma Talmadge who, by her intelligence, sincerity and devotion to her work, has steadily maintained a high level of success. Norma's latest picture is a new version of "Graustark."



Albin

RONALD COLMAN spent some long and uneventful years on the stage—both in this country and in England—before motion pictures discovered him. In his first picture—"The White Sister"—he established himself as one of our foremost leading men.



Clarence S. Bull

BEFORE her movie days, May McAvoy—the Esther in “Ben Hur”—was a model for commercial photographers. Even now, if you look sharply, you may find her picture on calendars, telephone memorandums and in advertisements.



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NEW SIZE!

Guest **IVORY** 5c



THE scientist—the dermatologist, the reputable physician, the chemist—is the only authority worth listening to on the care of your skin, whether he is talking about cosmetics or treatments or soap.

Soap, for instance, is an exceedingly important factor in the care of your skin. Medical authorities say you can't get hygienically clean without it.

On the other hand, these same authorities will tell you that soap cannot cure your skin, nor "nourish" it, nor render it beautiful except as it makes it clean—choose your soap, not to achieve miracles, but to cleanse your skin safely. Choose it, not to "oil" your skin, for when oils are mixed with other ingredients to make soap, they cease to be oils and become soap—and soap's function is to cleanse.

When you buy soap for your complexion, buy a pure, mild, neutral soap.

If you choose Ivory, you have as fine a soap as can be made, regardless of price. Ivory is pure, gentle, safe. It contains no medicaments or coloring matter or strong perfume. It renders with fine distinction every service you can get from any soap. Doctor after doctor has told us, "I use Ivory myself. My family use it. I recommend it unhesitatingly to my patients."

There is no safer, more effective or more pleasant treatment for your skin than this: Bathe your face once or twice a day with warm water and Ivory Soap. Follow this with a thorough rinsing and a dash of cold water. Dry carefully, and, if you like, gently rub in a little pure cold cream. If you do this, and maintain good health, you will seldom have to worry about your complexion.

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PHOTOPLAY

August, 1925

Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

I WOULD like to see Roscoe Arbuckle come back to the screen.

More than that, I believe that the vast majority of the people of the United States, if they would stop to consider the matter, will share that desire with me.

The American nation prides itself upon its spirit of fair play. We like the whole world to look upon America as the place where every man gets a square deal.

Are you sure that Roscoe Arbuckle is getting one today? I'm not.

Now that time has given us a fair perspective, let us consider the whole thing.

THE unfortunate accident that happened in San Francisco some years ago is regrettable. But Roscoe Arbuckle was tried by a jury of his peers and acquitted of all guilt in the matter. And no man since time began was ever tried under more adverse circumstances.

In the first place, his trial took place in a city violently prejudiced against motion picture people, because San Francisco had been unable to attract the movie colony away from Los Angeles—and the rivalry between the two cities is proverbial.

The press of the city both led and reflected this attitude.

I do not think that any fair-minded historian would deny the bitterness in the attitude of the press.

IT was the first great screen scandal, which added to its news value. I actually believe, and some of the best legal minds in the country have agreed with me in this, that if the accident to Virginia Rappe had happened in a hotel party given by someone whose name was unknown to the public, or the newspapers, that affair would have ended with the coroner's inquest.

Also, the time has arrived when some things can be commented upon that have previously been kept quiet. Because of the unfortunate nature of the accident, and the immediately hostile tone of the San Francisco press, it was impossible for the defense to secure witnesses, who might have proved many important facts in Arbuckle's defense.

There was a natural reluctance on the part of people to involve themselves in a sensational case.

But that is a very human weakness. It would have been an heroic soul, who, at that time, rushed in to sacrifice itself to save a man being daily painted by the press as an unnatural monster.

HERE, too, is a tremendously important point to consider. The victim of the accident was dead. A great criminal lawyer, who had tried seventy-seven murder cases, once told me that it was impossible to bring out the truth about a dead woman before an American jury—if the facts reflected on her character.

That is a fine sentiment, but it may be mistaken chivalry. It is hard to say anything against the character of one who is dead, but I believe that charity can go too far when to defend the reputation of the dead we bury the innocent living.

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE owes two hundred thousand dollars. He hasn't taken advantage of bankruptcy, as so many of our upright business citizens do. He's been working quietly and steadily behind the scenes as an obscure "gag" man, and devoting the greater part of his earnings to paying the debts incumbent upon his trial—his defense in a trial in which he was acquitted.

He has lived a decent, orderly existence, as everybody knows. He has suffered greatly—very greatly, in very many ways. But if ever a man has by his life evidenced good faith, Arbuckle has done it since his disaster.

Arbuckle made clean pictures always. He was never guilty of vulgarity. Children could see them with safety. Aside from his screen personality, there isn't a better comedy director in the world. I hold that he is today entitled to a chance to earn the money which his talents are worth, in order that he may pay off the debt incurred in defending himself.

MY plea is for fair play.

It is up to the fair-minded and church-going American public to demonstrate that spirit of fair play embodied in our Constitution—and more than that, their belief in the teachings of the Man of Jerusalem.

The folks who are against everything from evolution to Sunday movies will welcome this opportunity to write letters against Roscoe Arbuckle. Having no business of their own to mind they devote themselves to expressing "public opinion." They influence our legislation because they talk loudest. They smugly set themselves up as censors of your most private affairs—and you let them get away with it. So it is up to you, if you agree with this plea for a square deal, to exert yourself.

If you feel as I do, I suggest that you write to Will Hays and say so. His address is 522 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



In the old days the Proprietress kept spectacled headlights on all the dancers to see that the law was upheld

Hollywood in a High Hat

The rugged old movie democracy is fading and Hollywood is putting on the Pekingese—But the movie world is safe for democracy as long as Bull Montana wears his brown derby

GONE are the days. . . *la-da da da da-da-da!*
Just six years ago I mounted the iron horse and choo-chooed out to Hollywood from the effete East. I had just returned from a dull world war in France and craved excitement. I found it.

A beauty of no mean figure swayed down the steps of the hotel and embraced me rapturously before a horde of merry-makers. There was nothing personal about it. Just Hollywood hospitality. For in those pioneer days a hug in Hollywood was no more than a handshake in Hoboken.

Ma foi! the eyes of this old soldier grow moist as he dreams of those happy days when one did not measure a kiss by the footage or worry about what Will Hays would think. Hospitable, full-bosomed Hollywood, mother of mugging, I sigh for thee.

After my formal welcome by the starry Juno I was led on to the front porch of the hotel, then the center of social life in the village. The first person to whom I was introduced, a moon-blond now in eclipse, huskily invited me to lunch the next day.

The second person I met was a rhythmic youth who bowed stiffly from the hips in the manner now vogue but then viewed with suspicion. He was a nobody, then, this Alexander who

By Herbert Howe

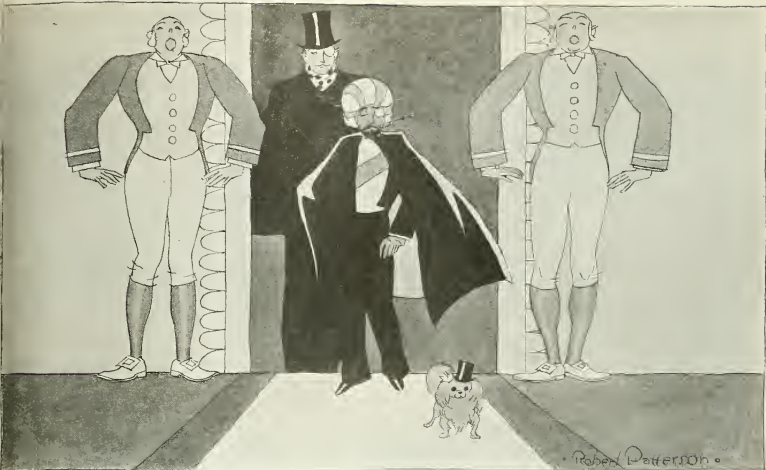
Drawings by Robert Patterson

was to win the world as sheik of sheiks.

The Thursday night dance was being given in the hard pine lobby of the hotel. Thursday night was the big night in Hollywood. Nazimova was bobbing around with her hair in a whirl, so too Pauline Frederick and Viola Dana, the hardy Texas Guinan, Bessie Love, ZaSu Pitts, Bert Lytell, May Allison, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray, Tony Moreno, Gloria Swanson, Jack Pickford, as well as stars now passed from the horizon, such as Nigel Barrie and Madleine Traversé.

The proprietress, as massive as a Masonic Temple, with a face gently landsliding toward the chin, kept spectacled headlights on all the dancers to see that the law was upheld. She was positively Mosaic. Now and then she swooped full sail into the swim to eject a dancer who appeared too divine, inspired perhaps by Bacchus on high (that is, from some room upstairs where refreshments were poured). Due to an unkind astigmatism she usually bounced the wrong party, for the fox-trotting was fast in those days and the good old soul was not a Leviathan except in tonnage.

While sitting out a dance beneath the potted palms of an adjacent lobby I saw a window slowly raise and a sheer silk stocking come over the sill. The stocking was filled, it was



Now, if you want to bounce in on the swellest parties, you have to be a Swami or a Duke

filled to capacity, and it hung there expectantly as for Christmas Eve.

Confiding my cigarette to the care of a palm I gallantly hastened to open the window in the hope of seeing Santa Claus—though Santa Claus never filled a stocking so symmetrically. What I found was not Santa, but the equally charitable moon-blond I had met a moment before.

"Ah, thank you," she palpitated, as she climbed into the hall. "I want to go to my room and I don't want Some One to see me go through the lobby."

With Celtic imagination I fancied she was eluding Some One who had been playing the heavy off screen. But though I featured myself in the role of hero I seemed no more attractive, for she evaporated down the hall in a breeze of perfume, leaving me to retrieve my cigarette from the faithful palm.

Riotous nights! Dancing was halted at midnight by the swooping proprietress. But at the Ship cafe down on the sea one could dance until morning.

THERE the guests toddled in with their arms full of bottles, laughing with childish glee as the orchestra passed from table to table, the leader singing impromptu lays about topics of the hour in Hollywood. Some of these hymns might have brought roses to the cheeks of the maidens had they not applied their own.

In those days there was no Blue Book in Hollywood. The whole colony drank cider together out of a passing bottle.

To-day all is different. In order to get plastered with the highest stars you have to be a colored prince or at least the head of a corporation.

The missionaries came and Hollywood got religion, or, more accurately, the Book of Etiquette came and Hollywood got society.

There is no longer a community circle. There are circles within circles. Only occasionally do you hear of a squire swatting his lady in public, or *vice versa*. Only a few sets tolerate slugging at all.

AS in New York so in Hollywood, there is the Bowery set where the proprieties are strictly observed and the uptown set where you can pull what you like so long as it's not in pub-

lic. There is also that dread circle of the highest hat which goes in for nobility and authors and things.

Hollywood as a movie colony no longer exists. All the real aristocracy lives in Beverly Hills (my Italian *seicento* villa is being completed there, so the matter is practically cinched).

You enter Beverly Hills suspiciously from Hollywood by passing the homes of Pauline Frederick and Gloria Swanson. With the aid of a licensed scout you can pick flowers off Charlie Ray's lawn and the wash of Pola Negri's line. With an Alpine guide you may even penetrate the hill fastnesses and gaze through the gates of Corinne Griffith's palatial estate, Mack Sennett's, Charlie Chaplin's, Marion Davies' and the Fairbanks'. (She was a Pickford before her marriage, you recall.)

In the past you could bounce into the swellest parties without even being acquainted, where now you have to be at least a duke or a swami.

At one of these swagger affairs in honor of an Oriental potentate, Marion Davies, who possesses a joyous sense of democracy, dashed in rather late and breezily flung her ermine wrap at a little dark man near the door. The hostess reeled amid her diamonds, and the host rushed to the side of the little dark man whom Miss Davies had mistaken for a houseboy. "Your Highness," gasped the host, "this is Miss Davies." Thus it was that his Highness, wriggling out from under the fur, got a peep of the democratic spirit for which America is supposed to be famous.

ATALE of humor, not without its touch of pathos, concerns the entertainment of some European nobles by a star who invited them quite casually while abroad. They came with uncles and aunts and hungry retainers, stayed for a month, and, upon departing, sent a bill to the host for their traveling expenses.

I do not vouch for the story, but I relate it for your guidance while traveling abroad. We Americans can't be too careful about inviting strange royalty into our homes.

The caste system of India is lax compared with that of Hollywood. Charlie Chaplin, who at times inclines toward society bolshevism, once remarked that he could tell to the dime how much a man earned by the place he occupied at a Hollywood party.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 114]

What a Difference a Few



Betty Compson as she looks in her short, flat and uncurved bob



Betty, all dressed up for evening, in an elaborately arranged wig

Bobbed-haired girls are wearing wigs to parties in Hollywood



Lilyan Tashman—her bobbed hair covered with a net



The same Lilyan, with her informal, "at home" bob



And again Lilyan, with artificial braids and side pieces



Anna Q. Nilsson's hair is a beautiful golden blonde. It would really be enough to satisfy most women. But Anna is a victim of the fad. Her wig is almost white and arranged very much like her own hair. To the left, Anna of the Bobbed Hair. To the right, Anna of the Wig



Extra Tresses Can Make

THERE is no waning of the popularity of the bob among screen stars, but wearing wigs over the bobbed hair to parties is a growing fad. They seem to like the bobbed hair for comfort, but the more elaborate coiffure for appearance. Alice Terry started it. She has dark bobbed hair, but has always worn a blonde wig in pictures and at more or less formal parties. At home and among her friends, she discards the wig. Hollywood is used to the fad now and a new wig causes no more comment than a new dress.



Pauline Garon has hair of the lightest golden shade, therefore, for a change,



she dons a black wig, made of silk, when she wants to be different



Virginia Valli's bob is piquant and saucy. It is also fashionably short and held by a jeweled clasp. But when she goes to a party or when a role at the studio demands a formal head-dress, she dons a curled wig with the hair piled high on her head

Margaret Livingston has a perfect bob. The hair is brushed straight from the crown of the head to form a heavy bang. The stately lady with the coronet swirl with the hair high above it is the same Miss Livingston after she has emerged from an afternoon with her hair-dresser



"Stunt Men," the Boys Who



Not included in the ordinary peril of motoring. Bob Rose wrecks an automobile by explosion

The most dangerous profession in the world, practiced by men who know no fear and who have no nerves, who risk their necks to make you gasp—and consider a few broken bones a part of the day's work



Gene Perkins (buried unto the debris) in a mine shaft explosion in a Ruth Roland picture. Perkins was seriously injured by this unexpected turn

By Dick Grace

I WENT to a motion picture play recently. It was what is ordinarily called a "thriller." That is, a more or less melodramatic plot into which is injected the hazards so ordinarily seen in pictures at the present time.

I was interested in the production primarily because I did all of the aviation work and a greater part of the high dives. I viewed the performance with a variation of emotions, among them a pardonable pride, for, as the stunts were projected, and especially one where I made a change from automobile to airplane, there were little gasps and ejaculations of surprise and horror at the terrific danger.



The author of this article, Richard Grace, who tells of the thrilling experiences that come to a stunt man in the movies

I must admit that I probably received as much thrill as anyone in the theater, for I alone knew that I had caught that rope ladder with three fingers and for seconds did not think that I was ever going to be able to gain the cockpit of the airplane.

I breathed a sigh of relief when I saw myself reach the top rung and climb, tired but triumphant, onto the wing. Shortly after this stunt, the picture ended and I awaited to hear the comments of the people around me.

Two ladies directly in front of me arose to depart. One of them remarked to the other: "That certainly was clever photography. I wonder if it was double exposed or whether they used a dummy!"

Of all the criticisms I expected, I was least prepared for this. I sat rather limp, feeling keenly disappointed. The other woman was putting on her fur. Mechanically I looked at

Risk Their Lives to Thrill

Dick Grace, the author of this article, by all laws of average has been cheating the undertaker for the last three years. He has been offered a big salary as a lecturer, but is scared to death to take such a chance

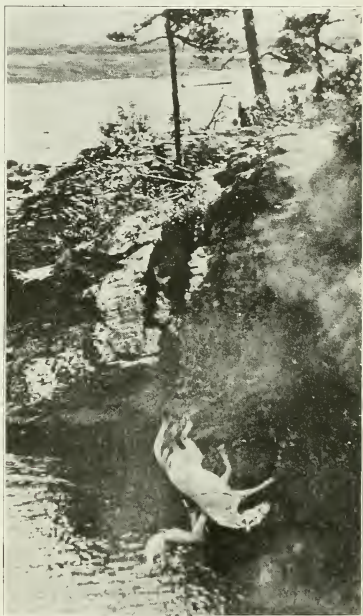


Grace riding through an explosion in an automobile. The rear end of the machine was blown off and Grace was thrown twenty feet

her, waiting for an answer. I barely caught the words—"Well, it really makes little difference. It was very good, even if it was a fake!"

My impulse was to cry after the women and tell them it was real, that the thrills they had received were experienced by everyone of the troupe. Then my ardor to explain to these few vanished as I suddenly realized that there were many thousands who believed likewise.

Last year, I was doing the piloting for Tom Mix in a Ranger story called "Eyes of the Forest." For this picture we went on location near Santa Cruz. Bud Creeth, second pilot, and myself flew to the location, which is four hundred miles from Los Angeles, and when we arrived were unable to land; for in this heavily redwooded territory level fields are exceedingly scarce. Finally, we effected a landing near Felton, where a camp was made and temporary hangars erected.



"Red" Thompson jumping a horse off a forty-foot cliff. Both got wet, but that doesn't count



Ray "Red" Thompson, whom Grace calls the cleverest and most courageous of all the modern gladiators in the movie arena

The work went well until a few days before our scheduled finish. There remained but a few air shots over the big redwoods.

I was to dive down upon the spot and get as close to it as I could, while Norman Devoe, an expert cameraman, photographed.

The wind currents were treacherous, and low diving itself was a matter of hazard, as the particular territory lay between rock ledges.

Twice we accomplished our task and then I leaned back in the front cockpit and told Norman that this, the last time, we would just skim the tops of the trees.

It was then that, without the slightest warning, my motor quit—absolutely dead. I was headed directly toward one of the bluffs. Below was a

little clearing, surrounded by trees. To hit one of those huge redwoods—or the bluff—or to side-slip into the clearing—those three alternatives were offered.

If I hit the cliff and rolled down its side, we would have no chance at all. Once I had landed against the top of a tree and, as it broke, had fallen to the ground with it, so escaping injury. But that tree was only eighteen inches in diameter, while these were from two to six feet thick and stretched skyward about two hundred feet.

I pulled the switch and, turning to Devoe, yelled "We're going to crash; sit down!" At two hundred feet from the ground I looked around again. He was standing and still grinding the camera. "Sit down—quick!" I warned. He smiled and nodded, but continued to "shoot" the crash. With a terrific impact we bit, and for a few seconds there were struts, wings, wires and dirt flying in all directions.

Then, as it all began to clear away, I extricated myself from the debris to look for the body of the boy who had the nerve to photograph an actual crash. I quickly found him. He was sitting on the top of the upper panels, still holding the handles of the camera in his hand!

I have had several crashes; some intentionally, and some otherwise, but never yet have I seen a man so cool in wreckage as was Devoe. Yet I happen to know that his experience as an aerial cameraman began on that location!

I escaped injury with the exception of a broken vein in the head. Devoe had a few patches of skin missing. Peculiarly, although the camera had broken from its mount, it was undamaged and we got, I dare say, the first shot of an airplane in an actual crash ever recorded.

It was Bud Creeth, by the way, who was my first pilot in all the changes from airplane to airplane and similar work which I have made in the last four years.

I MET Creeth when I was doubling for a famous star. I will not mention names because it would be a breach of confidence. I was on a knotted rope suspended from the rear cockpit of the ship. In the scene, the hero had just made a drop from the rope to the ocean. We took it several times but with very little intermission and soon I became tired climbing up and down the eighteen feet of knotted manila.

The last time, I was at the end of this rope for about seven minutes and it was with difficulty that I laboured to the fuselage, or body, of the ship. Then I found one of the revolvers, held in a holster strapped around my waist, had punctured the fabric on the underside of the fuselage. Every time I attempted to get into the seat I only managed to wedge the gun more tightly into the wire and linen.

For probably two minutes



Grace standing on top wing, just before making jump from one plane to another. It's one of the most spectacular of all stunts

"... the horse stumbled and went down. Everything was chaotic. Six horses, violently struggling in wreckage and harness, and under it all, Bob. Surely he must be dead. But, no, he emerged cut and bruised. 'Well, that's that' was his comment . . ."

And there you have the spirit of the stunt man, as described by Dick Grace.

strong muscles, but mine were tired; my fingers were cramped to partial paralysis. Slowly they were slipping from the cowl. Just then the belt dropped from my waist. I swung the other hand upward, and somewhat rested, it did its duty. A few seconds later I was in the seat, and we were headed home.

That was the beginning of a long and agreeable friendship between Bud Creeth and myself which ended only upon his death a few weeks ago. Now that Bud is gone, I often think of a conversation that took place between him, Jimmy Murphy, the late race driver, and myself.

We were standing near one of the antediluvian flying machines which I was flying at the time. Later in the picture it was to be destroyed. Consequently I took no care of it with the exception of the motor. Bud was severely taking me to task for flying such a ship. Suddenly he stopped as he noticed that my hand was bandaged. I explained that it had been clawed by a not too friendly lion, and he jokingly remarked:

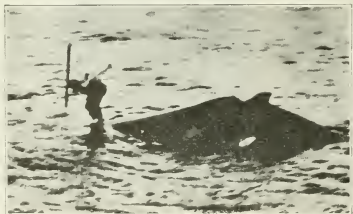
"Well, Dick—I guess of the three of us you'll go first;" then turning to Murphy, "and as your occupation is tougher than mine, you'll be the second. I expect to fly long and straight."

The peculiar part of that conversation is that Bud was killed testing a new airplane, Murphy ran through a fence some time ago, dying almost immediately, and I, although with a broken foot at present, am still in the race.

The physical condition of the body and the constant attention which must be paid to it to keep it fit is an important factor in our life. The denial which all around stunt men contend with deprives them of many luxuries and oftentimes subjects them to real distress.

Intoxicating liquors, tobacco, pie, cake, candy and frozen delicacies form the main list of the banned from the man who trains for this vocation.

In January of this year, I was engaged to double for a woman player in a spectacular thrill. It was one I had previously accomplished successfully. Costumed in a light, flimsy ballet dress, I was sitting at a table in a dance hall. Next to me were a group of intoxicated men, one of whom was lighting a cigar. He was supposed to carelessly throw the match away, and, still lighted, it was to fall into the folds of



One of the strangest stunts of all. Thompson dived from a ship, harpoon in hand, and speared the whale just back of the ear



Richard Groce, Norman Devoe (cameraman) and Benny Southland, the mechanic, after a crash. Devoe cranked his machine over after the plane struck, although it was his first experience as an aerial cameraman. A good example of the gameness of "thriller" makers

the gown. The dress was to flame immediately and I, terror-stricken, to rush down the balcony stairs, there to be rescued by the hero.

The scene was ready, people tense with a dramatic moment which the camera never fails to register. The property man came to me, and I was saturated with gasoline and alcohol. I had not the slightest expectation of escaping this time unburned.

"All ready? Cameras!" cried the director. "Light the fire!" My heart thumped. The property man threw a match at me. In a moment I was a flaming human torch. It was too much. To feel those flames searing the flesh of the back, neck, arms and face pierced my self-control.

With an agonized scream of a person burning to death, I cleared the balcony in a bound, then down to the main floor.

"Help! I'm burning!" Everyone seemed paralyzed into inaction; and myself, driven mad with pain, would have been a hindrance to anyone attempting to assist me.

Then everything began to fog before my eyes. I still had the presence of mind, however, to keep my arms locked above my head, thus preventing my face from burning seriously.

I kept running and so for the most part the flames and fumes swept behind me, although they reached ten feet higher than my head.

Then came the rescue. The assistant director grabbed an overcoat and tripped me. He bundled the cloak around the burning garments and for a few seconds fought desperately to smother them. Finally with help he succeeded and, still conscious, I supported myself on one elbow.

I was black and to myself looked more or less charred in spots. There was no skin from my neck to my waist. I walked

to my dressing room, and my physician, who was on the job, started to work.

And after all I had seen of gasoline that day, he did to me a startling thing; he washed me in gasoline. The pain was unbearable and twice I fainted. When I came to the second time they were carrying me to the ambulance. I had seven hundred and eighty square inches of skin burned from my body, and the greater part of this area was third degree, extreme.

Today I am practically scarless. Remember that not only the skin was burned, but the flesh and muscles as well. I was out of the hospital in eleven days and able to work in a few weeks.

From the trend of this article it would appear that in every stunt attempted, someone is injured or killed. I do not wish to give any false impressions, for it is only occasionally that injury occurs, and then very often it is minor in nature. However, to the all-around stunt men there is a certain amount of hazard always present.

Today I might do a high dive (anything from sixty feet upwards is called high) and then for months I may not dive again. The next job that falls to me may be piloting an airplane, doing rope ladder work, wrecking an automobile, or any one of the many varieties of thrills now photographed.

Several months ago I was asked to jump a horse from a sixty foot cliff, but as I am no horseman, I turned the work over to "Red" Thompson.

I think "Red" Thompson is as clever and courageous a man as is in the profession. For years he has handled horses in perilous leaps. Several months ago he digressed from his usual line long enough to give us all a thrill [CONTINUED ON PAGE 126]

The Drama of the Prodigal Son

The newest of the Biblical spectacles
is "The Wanderer," now nearing completion
under the direction of Raoul Walsh



Greta Nissen, an actress of seductive beauty, plays the role of Tisha the Courtesan. It is one of the most important parts ever given a newcomer in pictures



All the glamor and the luxury of the Orient are to be found in the scenes in the palace of Tisha. Above is Miss Nissen with Wallace Beery. Notice the heavy gold drinking goblets, wrought from ancient models. To the left, William Collier, Jr., as the Prodigal Son, squanders his money in rare treasures from the East, brought to the court of Tisha by travelling merchants



He began as an extra. Now Al Green is a director and maker of stars. Here he is with Shirley Mason and Anna Q. Nilsson



The Extra Pirate

By
Jim Tully

AN affront to the proud is a challenge to life. Thirteen years ago a young chap was working as a mechanic in a theater. He was loitering one day in the Theatrical Mechanics Club in Los Angeles when a call came for men to go and work for a picture company. Alfred E. Green volunteered and was taken with a number of other men to San Pedro harbor, twenty miles away. When Alfred saw the picture being made from "behind the scenes" on the ship, he was seized with the desire to be an extra pirate in the picture.

Humbly, the lad, who was more or less on a diet brought about by circumstances, asked the director if he could not be a pirate instead of an electrician's helper. "Sure thing," yelled the director. "Put on a pirate's make-up."

Now the nearest Alfred had ever been to a pirate was when he pawned his watch on Main Street. So he put on a pair of riding breeches and a Stetson hat and the director said, "Great—you've got initiative—you'll get around the corner in this game sure's my kid's got the measles."

How lovely it would be—maybe—if we could see a few years ahead. That director was not to know that the young pirate in the Stetson hat would some day be one of the most successful directors in the world, earning more money in a year than Cal Coolidge and four senators.

But Alfred had a hunch he'd get somewhere because he'd talked the pawnbroker into giving him a quarter more when he soaked his watch. But on he toiled until noon—not watching the clock at all and always being gracious to his employer. Alfred felt proud—and the sun of his ego shone hotly in his soul—for was he not an actor? Then the dinner gong rang—and Alfred rushed to the actors' table. A rude voice said to Alfred—the ego sun shining much hotter in his soul—"Get back where you belong—this is the players' table."—Alfred went back and ate with the electricians. But now this is the punch of the story, as they

say at Universal—four years from the day Alfred was ordered from the extra pirates' table, he was selected to direct pictures on his own, and the rude vile person who had ordered him hither away from the pirates' grub was in that first picture as an extra.

All of this is easily written, but during those four years he was camera lugger, extra player, film cutter, property man—in fact nearly everything around a picture lot but the pretty star's maid—and he was willing to be that.

Al Green has probably had as epic a struggle as any man in the entire film industry. During one stage of his career when there was a panic in the game, he worked as a bottle washer in a Los Angeles saloon. While he washed bottles in the dingy cellar, he was assisted by another gentleman named Cuckoo Otto. As the two misfits washed, they talked of futures past and behind them, and yet to be. Al told Cuckoo about the pictures, and Cuckoo immediately became cuckoo over them. Al became a property man when times got better, and Cuckoo was not long in hunting up his young friend. With Al's help, Cuckoo would now and then get a job as an extra player.

When Mickey Walker and I had lunch with Al while he was directing "The Talker," I says to him, I says, "Where's Cuckoo Otto now, Al?" And Al says, "Sitting over in my office. He's in a mood today and refused to come to lunch with me. I asked him what was wrong and he said he was indignant

over the new rule his landlady had posted up. I asked him what it was and Cuckoo explained that she now insisted that guests pay their rent. Cuckoo's been there a year and he hates to move." But this is the test of Al Green. Cuckoo Otto loves him like a brother—and Cuckoo can always be sure of his cakes all swimming in honey as long as Al Green stays in the big money.

There is another wonderful sidelight on this most Irish of Jewish boys. A young chap

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 105]

He Used to be a Bottle Washer

AND now Alfred Green is one of the most successful directors in the movies. Perhaps no other man in pictures has had such a stern struggle to reach a position of prominence. Once a misfit and a tramp, he has worked his way to the top of his profession. His story, as told by Jim Tully, is a human and inspiring document of an unusual personality.



In spite of her square jaw, Pola Negri has magnetism even for the cold eye of the camera. Alvin Wyckoff is explaining to her the delicate mechanism of a lens

THE screen cameraman of the leading motion picture studios—the experts behind the cameras enmeshing our silent dramas into celluloid—report the two outstanding essentials of film success are things quite intangible—and yet not beyond the reach of their lens.

They are:
Intelligence and personality.

That these can be photographed—and are filmed in every studio every day—is the positive belief of all our camera experts.

There are certain physical standards by which players striving for screen success may be measured. It was in an effort to discover an average of these standards and something of a formula of success that I questioned the leading cinematographers of the studios.

The resultant formula can be found on this page. The things brought out by my quest were even more interesting, however.

I discovered, for one thing, that certain big successes of the screen are complete violations of all camera standards. These players seem to lack all the essentials and yet they have overcome their physical fail-

What is Camera Beauty?

Some leading cameramen select the perfect photographic types

By Jameson Sewell

ings. Which, of course, bears out the theory that intelligence and personality are the big requisites.

Consider Gloria Swanson, for instance. Donald Biddle Keyes, a prominent Los Angeles photographer, describes the phenomena of Miss Swanson in saying: "Miss Swanson is the big present instance of the triumph of careful thinking and personality over the mere physical exterior. Miss Swanson has serious—and apparently insurmountable—handicaps. She had—and has—a bad nose. Her mouth is bad, her chin is bad, her general build is bad. And yet she has gone on to triumph."

I asked nearly every cameraman the same question: What player lacks photographic qualities but has succeeded on the screen? And in every case where Miss Swanson was not named, the photographers pointed to Ernest Torrence. Wallace Beery is another instance in point.

There are dozens of instances where certain difficult handicaps have given way to personality. There is Pola Negri's difficult-to-photograph square jaw. Anna Q. Nilsson has a bad nose. So, too, has Bebe Daniels. Rudolph Valentino has immense ears.

Yet all these have given way to purpose and personality.

I asked the various cinematographers to name camera-proof faces. John Barrymore, Richard Barthelmess, Rudolph Valentino, May McAvoy, Nita Naldi and Norma Shearer received the most votes. Clara Kimball Young was named as having had camera-proof features.

It is interesting to look over a composite ideal cast drawn from the answers given by the various cameramen. The composite is almost a roster of the best players of screenedom. Another proof that the camera needs something more than a mere shell of pulchritude.

Karl Brown, cameraman for Director James Cruze, declares that there never can be a for-

If you fit these specifications you have screen star possibilities

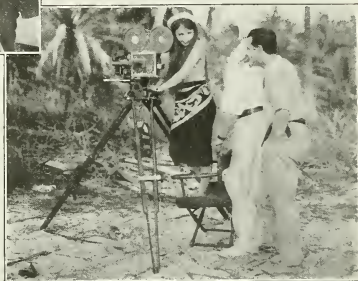
	FEMALE	MALE
Eyes.....	Dark, brown or black preferred, deep set	Dark, brown or black preferred, deep set
Hair.....	Black or auburn	Black
Height.....	5 feet, 4 inches	5 feet, 10 inches
Weight.....	120 pounds	165 pounds
Nose.....	Straight or slightly aquiline	Straight or slightly aquiline
Mouth.....	Sensitive, fairly large and full	Sensitive, fairly large and full
Complexion.....	Medium or fair	Dark

(These are composite answers drawn from questions answered by the leading motion picture cameramen.)



Both Thomas Meighan and Estelle Taylor can fearlessly face the camera because they have the elusive gift of photographic quality. Here they are with Herbert Brenon and James Wong Howe

Director John Robertson can safely assure Bessie Love and Richard Barthelmess that the tricky little machine can be trusted in the case of two more camera-proof faces



mula of physical screen qualifications. "There is no such thing as a camera-proof face," he says. "It cannot exist. I can light a perfect sphere so that it will appear flat.

"Beauty in any form cannot be permanently standardized. No really successful screen type resembles any other equal of the same type. Each is peculiar in some way and that peculiarity, which is probably not basically physical, is largely responsible for the success of the individual. To make a mathematical average offers no solution: Baby Peggy and Jackie Coogan pull down the average of height, and Ben Turpin has a bad effect upon the average of eyes.

"Beauty is effectiveness. That goes for everything in which beauty is concerned. If a woman has light eyes, an ungainly mouth, is too thin, or too fat, or has every physical disadvantage imaginable, and yet can make those eyes melt in pity, or flash fire, make the misshapen lips round into a delicious kiss, or curl in freezing scorn, that's beauty. Crippled, unpretty Bernhardt, the old, old woman that was Duse, these held their audiences spellbound by the overwhelming expression of beauty which was their art.

"**B**EAUTY is not a physical attribute; it is aesthetic. Beauty is the expression of beauty. One who can express beauty is beautiful, and one who cannot express beauty is never beautiful, no matter how pretty one may be. Prettiness means nothing in art.

Prettiness is merely conformance to a temporary standard of idealized commonplace.

"Screen beauty, then, is screen effectiveness. If any person, regardless of how he may be physically constituted, can convey the thought of beauty to the camera, that person is beautiful. I do mean to say that a leading woman can have a bulbous nose, or a receding chin, or crooked teeth, or any of these things, and still be beautiful. I know this to be true, but I have sufficient tact not to give names. I don't know of any successful screen personality who hasn't some such imperfection."

Mr. Brown points out that thought photographs and that, as personality is the direct result of one's thoughts, the camera actually records not only mental processes but personality.

Mr. Keyes takes essentially the same attitude. "Physical appearance has very little to do with success or failure in the films," he told me. "I place intelligence and personality first. Of course it is possible to photograph thought. Recall any of the big screen performances and you will note that the camera caught and recorded thought.

"Anyone can be photographed—and, if the cameraman is expert—practically anyone can appear to advantage. But the thought and per-

sonality must be there. Even then it is essential that the player be in the frame of mind called for by the rôle. He or she must think as his or her character does. Even a beautiful woman must feel beautiful inside to record as beautiful in celluloid."

George Webber, Alan Dwan's cameraman, echoes this in saying: "It is my belief that there can be no single ideal of moving picture beauty. All facial characteristics are subordinate to the fountain head and vital source of any artistic endeavor: the intelligence of the artist and the message he or she has to convey. The color of the eyes, the shape of the nose or the contour of the mouth are but supplemental to this quintessential factor."

There are a thousand and one tricks of photography. Mr. Brown calls it the cameraman's own private magic.

Let us suppose that a player is short. The camera, the lens of which is usually on an exact line with an average pair of human eyes, is lowered. The film thus taken actually seems to lift a player and give height. Lowering the camera, too, has the effect of making a player appear thinner.

There was a time when pale blue eyes were thought to be fatal to film success. The strong lights of the studio always drowned out the delicate blue, particularly in close-ups. Harry A. Fischbeck, expert cameraman with Paramount, has one way of overcoming this. He uses a spotlight with a reddish pink slide and places it so that this light reflects from the iris of the player's eyes directly into the camera.

This reflected light replaces the lost color.

Nasal defects are handled expertly. A player with a bulbous nose holds his head

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 108]

The Leading Cinematographers select an Ideal Camera Cast

LEADING ROLES, FEMALE: Alice Terry, Leatrice Joy, Marion Davies, Betty Compson, Norma Shearer, Pola Negri.

LEADING ROLES, MALE: John Barrymore, Richard Barthelmess, Rudolph Valentino, Ramon Novarro, Thomas Meighan, Conway Tearle, Richard Dix, Harrison Ford.

HEAVIES, FEMALE: Nita Naldi, Estelle Taylor, Pauline Frederick, Rosemary Theby, Dorothy Cummings.

HEAVIES, MALE: Ernest Torrence, Adolphe Menjou, Wallace Beery, Noah Beery, George Seigman.

JUVENILE: Bobby Agnew, William Collier, Jr., Ben Lyon, Stanley Taylor.

INGENUE: Mae McAvoy, Mary Astor, Bessie Love, Madge Bellamy.

COMEDY, MALE: Harold Lloyd, Ernest Torrence, Wallace Beery, Lloyd Hamilton.

COMEDY, FEMALE: Louise Fazenda, ZaSu Pitts.

CHARACTERS, FEMALE: Mary Alden, Claire Eames, Ethel Wales.

CHARACTERS, MALE: Wallace Beery, Lon Chaney, Montague Love, Theodore Roberts, Raymond Hutton, George Fawcett.

Just an Old Fashioned Girl

But she set a pace in the love Marathon that left others gasping

By Lucile N. Tate

Illustrated by Ray Van Buren

LINDA JANE was an anachronism. An old fashioned girl in Hollywood! As old fashioned as tea roses lifting pink cheeks above the stiff ruffle of a picket fence. Her morals were still encased in hoop skirts and stays, while those of her modern sister wore elastic stretching girdles and a wisp of chiffon as covering! She was the good girl of the film city. In fact she was a Hollywood institution. Hollywood pointed her out to visitors as New York points out the statue of Civic Virtue. Something to be proud of and exhibited accordingly, but not wholly understood. And the visitors didn't understand, for they generally yawned and exclaimed,

"Show us something else."

"Linda is either an awful fool or a born dumbbell!" Marta Blair expressed at one of Mrs. Arthur Dane's teas one afternoon. Mrs. Dane was given to teas since Arthur Dane had won so much fame in his role of society lover. They went with her indoor fountains, her black marble floors and her Russian wolfhounds.

Marta was as slim as a cigarette and as bad for the men! She was the clinging kind, but if she resembled any vine it was poison ivy! Several women had compared her to that dangerous weed, but, of course, not in Marta's presence. After all she held a certain measure of their respect!

"I think Linda's just dumb!" pouted Paula Weston. Paula, "the perfect flapper," had to live up to the title by affecting pouts and baby heeled shoes and jazzieritis. Dumb or dumbbell were the only two classifications of people that Paula knew.

"Linda isn't dumb," protested Sayre Knight. "She's a peach of a kid, but she just isn't modern and up-to-date. I think the darned parts she plays have a lot to do with it. Whenever they want a sweet young thing with that 'Alice, Ben Bolt' look in her eyes they send for Linda. She has been driven out into so many snow storms and reformed so many hard boiled crooks through that suffering innocence of hers that it's just second nature for her to act that way off the screen. What she needs is a good vampy part or a love affair!"

Sayre was a believer in love affairs. She was always having a new one. Magazines and newspapers got so tired of printing rumors of her engagement to one man or another that nothing short of a marriage certificate, framed and hung beneath the "God bless our home" motto would have convinced them that she was in earnest.

"Well, anyway, I don't see how she stands the life she leads. My God! I'd die of the blues." Paula shrugged disdainfully.



"Say, you two," he growled, "can't you
I'll take

"The home girl," murmured Marta. "Linda probably bakes a cake and calls it an evening's entertainment. You don't see any men making her life miserable with their pleas to marry them, do you? And you won't! Take my word for it, the old fashioned girl is out. That kid has no more chance than a lily in Pittsburgh of ever grabbing off a real live he-man. Or any man for that matter. How she ever landed in the movies is a mystery to me, but now that she's in, she's Hollywood's answer to the preacher's prayer! All she lacks is a pair of wings and a well shined halo."

Her cigarette punctuated her remarks, the smoke curling up about her sharply vivid face in little misty spirals. Incessant to the goddess of modernism. For the hand that holds the cigarette is the hand that shocks the world, if that hand be feminine.

She undulated to her feet. She always did. Her press



behave?" He turned to Linda and grasped her hand. "Come on, Linda, you home in my car. It's time you left"

agent had once told her how effective it was and, since, Marta had never come down to the prosaic walk. Sometimes she glided or slid, but generally she just undulated. For a moment or two she was engaged in gathering up her various silver and gold ornaments.

"I must go. I'm stepping out with Billy Derwent tonight." Her gaze flicked out the open window. "You know—" she paused as though struck by a sudden idea, "I think Linda Jane is in love with Billy. He's just the type that would appeal to a home girl. Big and strong, blond and dependable looking. I've glimpsed a funny look in her eyes when they have been playing together and Billy's the last person in the world to fall for her. Ye gods! she'd bore him to tears inside of a week. Oh, well, life goes on. Ta-ta."

Jasmine and silver and chiffon. That was Marta. Perfume, frivolities and the frailness of silk. Intangible as smoke

that lingers for a brief while and is lost forever on the air. Like illusions that we tried to hold.

"Hello, girls." A youthful voice rippled the atmosphere.

"Linda—the kid herself." from Sayre.

"Oh, my dear," sugar from Paula.

And other warmly meaningless greetings indulged in by the sex when the object of their tongues unexpectedly appears.

A trifle more cordial than usual. Honey dripping from guilty red lips.

The girl drifted into a chair.

"Has anyone got a cig?" she asked.

A bolt of lightning playing about the room in childish abandon could have caused no more consternation.

The group stared.

"C-c-cigarette?" stuttered Paula.

"C-a-m-e-l. Cigarette. I haven't walked a mile, but I

want one just the same." Only a close observer could have noticed the flexing of the little fingers as they lay handkerchief like in her lap.

Paula managed to extract one from her case, but her fingers were trembling as she tendered it. There was abject horror in her blank blue eyes.

"Are you going to smoke it?" she pulsed.

"No, dearie, I'm going to use it for a walking stick—it's being done this year." There was a businesslike sound of a match, and a thin stream of smoke joined the circle of the other fire worshippers.

"I've had the damndest day at the studio," the girl continued blandly. "Tom gave me the devil and I sass'd him. Wanted me to play another one of those 'sweet girl' roles and I rebelled. Told him flat I was through! Let 'em get some kid from the school room to play their parts for them. I'm tired of the whole thing, anyway."

There was a frozen silence. The very air was ice. It tinkled and cracked with suspense.

"Linda, aren't you feeling well today?" Sayre finally managed to gasp. Sayre

had never yet been down for the count, but it was nine before she could gather her mental faculties about her.

"Never felt better. Just suddenly got tired of being the good girl of Hollywood and from now on I'm going to be myself."

"Be yourself? You have been Linda, dearest, and we all love you for the things you stand for. You're Hollywood's golden rule and shining example rolled into one. I believe you're in love."

"Sayre! Love!" There was a sharp bitterness to the tones that revealed the whole story.

"What chance would I have with a man in this day of the modern flapper? I don't smoke nor drink nor swear and I dress modestly and sensibly. I—I've only been k-kissed once in my life, when I was f-fifteen! And then only on the c-check! I—I— there was a strangled sob in her throat. "I'm tired of it, I tell you. Deathly sick of the whole business, and I'm not going back to those Pollyanna roles. Damn it! I'm not!"

The air sagged suddenly in one great sigh.

Not a woman there but knew that Marta Blair's remarks had been overheard and that a great hurt had been caused by thoughtless tongues. But Marta was rarely thoughtless. She generally calculated everything in advance. Mapped out her campaigns like a general. After all had there been design in her last speech? Had she seen Linda coming and aimed her remarks at the girl?

Sayre ground her teeth viciously.

"Listen, honey," she crooned, "don't try and bluff your old Sayre. If you overheard what Marta Blair said, I'm sorry. Marta's just a jealous cat and it was mean and hateful of her. But maybe it is for the best. Because, kiddo, it's time for you to come out of that celestial cloud of yours and mingle with the ordinary mortals for awhile. I suspect that Billy Derwent is in the background though."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 122]



"You sure got a system that beat these jazz janes all hollow. You don't need any lessons from me!"



One Second Before the Spill

THIS photograph was snapped just one second before Jobyna Ralston's mount went over backwards. By quick thinking, Harold Lloyd's leading woman leaped clear of the horse and saved herself from serious injury. Miss Ralston was having some pictures taken just before starting out for a ride. As the horse leaped, the photographer snapped this picture, which is an unusual action study. After this, need we say that Miss Ralston is an excellent rider?

STUDIO NEWS & GOSSIP



A nun-like headdress worn by Jetta Goudal. It is of gold metal cloth, with purple shimmering through, and arranged exactly like Lillian Gish's coiffure in "The White Sister." Looks quite charming on Jetta, doesn't it?



Just a regular family. The boy standing is Jee Keaton, who is almost as celebrated a comedian as his father. Jee is the prize-wise-cracker of Hollywood. And next is the older Buster. Then, there is Natalie Tolmadge Keaton with Baby Bob on her lap.

IF plans do not go astray, you will see Norma Talmadge and Thomas Meighan as co-stars in a picture to be made some time next winter. Tommy probably will not renew his contract with Famous Players-Lasky because Norma's husband, Joseph Schenck, has offered him ten thousand dollars a week for his services, just double the amount of his present salary. The name of the picture co-starring Norma and Tommy will be "My Woman."

BACK of the story that Lillian Gish may play *Marguerite* in a big production of "Faust" to be made at the UFA studios in Neubabelsberg, Germany, runs an interesting train of negotiations—and complications. Before Lillian was freed from her contract with Charles Duell, the UFA company approached her with fine words and glowing promises. Naturally, Lillian was obliged to turn a deaf ear.

But she has always wanted to play *Marguerite* and when she signed with Metro-Goldwyn, the question of producing "Faust" was again brought up. Now the UFA company owns the rights in Central Europe of another great piece of film material, "Old Heidelberg," which is being presented in musical comedy form under the name of "The Student Prince."

LISTEN carefully to the story. Metro-Goldwyn were most anxious to get the rights to "Old Heidelberg." They purchased the story, for release in this country, but a large part of Europe was closed to them because UFA clung tenaciously to its privilege of presenting the picture in Central Europe. Whereupon a trade was agreed upon. UFA promised to give up its share of "Old Heidelberg" if Miss Gish would go to Germany and appear in "Faust." Also, the UFA company wanted Ramon Novarro to play the role

Faust and offered its own star, Emil Jannings, for the *Mephisto*. F. W. Murnau, who made "The Last Laugh," will direct the picture. UFA has much to boast of in the way of studio equipment and technical advantages, and Miss Gish is most anxious to make the picture.

HOWEVER, Ramon Novarro is not at all eager to play *Faust*. Once bitten, twice shy. The huge production of "Ben Hur" has kept Ramon from the screen too long to please his fans. If the Goethe poem were to be presented in its entirety, the rôle of *Faust* would be a great one. But it is likely that only the Gretchen episode—the one that formed the basis for Gounod's opera—will be used and the most important rôles are those of *Marguerite* and *Mephisto*.

Lillian wants John Barrymore for the rôle. She has always wanted to play in a picture with Barrymore, and Barrymore has always wanted to play in a picture with Miss Gish. So that brings Barrymore's managers, the Warner Brothers, into the negotiations.

TO continue with Lillian: John Gilbert will play *Rodolpho* in "La Bohème" with Lillian as *Mimi*. Gilbert wanted to go starring on his own but Lillian insisted, with flattering persistence, that he was the one actor for the part. Meanwhile, as a reward of virtue, Gilbert gets the sought-after story, "Bardelys the Magnificent."

A GREAT bit of missionary work has been started by Famous Players-Lasky with the signing of Florenz Ziegfeld to produce a series of pictures. It is the altruistic intention of Mr. Ziegfeld to do the same sort of glorifying on the

screen that he has done on the stage with the "Follies." In other words, the tired business man won't have to travel to New York to see a spectacular revue. His own neighborhood theater will bring the genuine Ziegfeld stuff within his easy reach.

The first of the Ziegfeld pictures will be called "Glorifying the American Girl." It will be directed by Allan Dwan. The entire "Follies" chorus will take part in it.

MR. ZIEGFELD has long viewed with alarm the raids made by movie producers upon the casts of his shows. At times it seemed to him that he was running nothing but a training school for the film studios. Many of his most glorified girls quit him for the movies, and the comedians were constantly being tempted to leave the ranks by promises of fame and riches in pictures. Now that he is producing movies himself, he will make every effort to keep his stars in his own films. The latest threatened desertion in the "Follies" is W. C. Fields, who has made such a hit in Griffith's "Sally of the Sawdust" that he is in a position to write his own contract.

WHEN Maury Paul, who is the famous "Cholly Knickerbocker" of New York newspaper fame, came to Hollywood recently as the guest of Marion Davies and her mother, he brought with him a real old-fashioned autograph album. "Cholly," of course, is the last word in real society editors, and so he started a fad. Now everyone is starting albums, and it's an awful idea, because, of course, you're expected to be clever in them.

Cholly took back a bookful of famous autographs and witty sayings. The cleverest one must be conceded to Joe Schenck.

EAST AND WEST

By Cal York



Emil Jannings, the beloved old porter of "The Last Laugh," and his daughter Amelia. Jannings will probably play Mephisto in the production of "Faust" which Lillian Gish may make in Germany—a striking union of histrionic powers



This cap and tie were sent to Norma Shearer by a fan admirer from Fair Isle, off the north coast of Ireland. The two gifts match in color, being of brilliant shades of green, yellow, blue and red. Fair Isle has made these caps for hundreds of years

"I have always wanted to get into the society column," wrote Joe, "and now I'm in."

HOLLYWOOD is still buzzing with the astounding news that Alma Rubens' mother has fallen heir to a fortune of from one to four million dollars. This is the way it happened. A long lost relative, by name Michael Hayes, ran away from Union Hall, County Cork, Ireland, many years ago and sought his fortunes in Australia.

About twelve years ago a Michael Hayes died in the land of the boomerang and left an immense fortune amounting to many millions.

It took a long time to trace down the heirs to this vast estate, and the other day, as Mrs. Rubens was about to sit down to luncheon, in came her sister, Mrs. Jay O'Brien, of San Francisco, with the news of the windfall. It seems Michael Hayes was their uncle.

Mrs. Rubens is now planning on a long-hoped-for trip around the world.

TWO casualties of the month: Marjorie Daw received a divorce from Eddie Sutherland. The cause: desertion. They say that Miss Daw may marry Myron Selznick. On the other hand, she has been rumored engaged to William Tilden, the tennis champion.

Also, Edna Mae Acord won her divorce suit and is now freed from Art Acord, the cowboy star.

EDNA PURVIANCE, whose portrayal of "A Woman of Paris"—which picture by the way made Adolphe Menjou—remains one of the outstanding pieces of acting in motion pictures, is to return to the screen under the direction of Charlie Chaplin. It is understood that the next picture will be a light society drama.

While admitting that she is to do another picture for Chaplin she as emphatically denied rumors which have been trickling in from San Francisco, where she has been visiting for

months, that she is engaged to or married to Charles Crocker, son of William H. Crocker, and one of the social and financial lights of San Francisco.

HOPE LORING and Louis (Bud) Lighton, scenario writers who are working with Mary Pickford on "Little Annie Rooney," were discussing with Rockcliffe Fellows the remodeling of their Hollywood bungalow.

"And," said Hope, "if you want to see a couple of scenario writers asleep all you have to do is sneak around the side of our house some night. All the wall has been torn out of our bedroom."

"I can see no novelty in that spectacle," says Rocky. "What would please me would be to see a couple of scenario writers awake."

INJURED in an auto accident, Evelyn Pierce, one of the Thirteen Wampus Baby Stars of 1925, may never dance again. Miss Pierce, who is a dancer of some note both on the stage and screen, was injured in the hip and spine when an automobile ran her down. She is suing for \$10,000 damages.

DOUG FAIRBANKS can quit acting any time he wants to and still make a lot of money.

Joe Schenck told me the other day he considered Doug one of the ablest producers in the business.

So able, in fact, that Schenck offered Fairbanks \$5,000 a week to quit acting and become a supervising producer for him. Of course, Doug refused, for he is already a producer as well as a star, and making much more than that.

BUSTER KEATON'S oldest boy, Joe, was pestering his father with a lot of questions. Like most young children, he often has a bad attack of the "whys," the "hows" and the "where-fors." Buster was trying hard to read his evening paper under the barrage of questions.

Finally, in desperation, he said to Joe: "If you ask me another question, I'll go out and drown myself."

"Oh, papa," cried the eager Joe, "can I go with you and see you do it?"

AFTER Beverly Bayne had told a Los Angeles judge that her husband, Francis X. Bushman, deserted her, entirely against her will, and said that he would no longer live with her, she was granted a divorce and the decree entered which writes finsis across one of the great screen romances.

Miss Bayne said that her husband left her with only sixty dollars but that he later made her an allowance, and that he went to Europe on a long trip leaving her and her five year old son Richard.

Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne, once popular co-stars and screen idols, were married in New York in 1918. Miss Bayne is now making pictures in Hollywood, and Mr. Bushman has just completed one of the leading roles in "Ben Hur."

THE crocheted egg-cup for the best sub-title of the month is hereby awarded to "The White Monkey." In one of the scenes—supposed to be laid in England—there is a can of American soup apparent in the action. To cover the slip, one character says to an-



The title of this picture is the Moore merrier. Here they are, Matt, Tom and Owen, enjoying a vacation at the beach. The three Moore boys have literally graven up together in pictures and have made themselves mutually famous



Rudolph Valentino's car bears this silver image of a cobra designed especially for him when he decided to film the play "Cobra." And notice the Basque cap. He has started a vogue for them in the Hollywood studios

other, for no reason essential to the plot, "Let's have some of this American pour for tea."

And, of course, that makes everything all right.

MR. and Mrs. Dustin Farnum have a small daughter. The young lady arrived at the Good Samaritan Hospital in Los Angeles the other day and was received with much rejoicing. Mrs. Farnum was Winifred Kingston, at one time Farnum's leading woman and a well-known English stage actress. They were married in Hollywood about a year ago, after a courtship of several years.

Both mother and baby, in the latest report, are said to be doing well and little Miss Farnum is to be named for her mother.

MAE MARSH is back from her brief trip to London. Miss Marsh crossed the Atlantic to appear on the stage in London in "The Kat." But upon her arrival she was taken seriously ill. In fact, poor Miss Marsh may have to retire from the screen for a year until she regains her health.

HERE'S a news that will cause quite a quiver in movie circles. Gilda Gray has been invited by Famous Players-Lasky to bring her famous grass skirt and join the ranks of that company's stars. A story has been written especially for Miss Gray—her talents are unique—and Robert Sherwood and Bertram Bloch were the obliging gentlemen to supply the material for Miss Gray's most ambitious attempt at the silent drama.

At that, some one who absent-mindedly happened to notice Miss Gray's face tells that she has filmable features.

THE plot to kidnap Mary Pickford and hold her for \$200,000 ransom, which was revealed by the arrest of three men in Los

Angeles the other day, has shocked and startled not only Hollywood but the whole nation.

Only by a brilliant piece of detective work on the part of George K. Home, head of the detective bureau of the Los Angeles police department, was Miss Pickford saved from one of the most horrible experiences imaginable, and her husband, mother and family from such anguish as it is almost impossible to contemplate.

The three men had nearly completed their plans to watch Mary Pickford's studio until such a time as they should see her leave alone in her car, with only her chauffeur to protect her. They would then follow, leap into the car while holding the driver with guns, and by threatening Miss Pickford with acid, force her to follow them. They had then planned to hold her until Douglas Fairbanks should put up the sum of \$200,000 in cash for her return.

The horror of kidnapping is, of course, the most terrible of all criminal threats, as kidnapping is the most dastardly of all crimes. And that a woman like Miss Pickford, a woman of irrefragable life, noble character and infinite sense to mankind should be so menaced seems doubly terrible.

But it is well that these men have been captured and will probably be heavily punished. For the wonder is that the criminal mind has not before lighted upon some movie star as victim of such a plot. The quick work of the detectives, the wave of public sentiment in this case and, it is to be hoped, the strong sentences to be given these men, will deter anyone from ever attempting again to carry through such a scheme.

RICHARD DIX is back in Hollywood after a year and a half of New York and he says he's glad he is home again. He will do "The Vanishing American" with Director Bill Howard.

As usual Richard had a good one to tell me. This happens to be about a trainer, once a very celebrated pugilist, whom Dick had engaged to keep him fit.

Dix decided to take his trainer

to the theater and told him so a couple of days in advance, so the trainer—name deleted by promise to Dix—went out and bought a dinner suit for the festive occasion.

On the night of the show he turned up in gala attire and asked Dix to look him over.

"Well, everything is all right—great—except those shoes," said Dix. The trainer was sporting a pair of tan brogans.

"Sure, I know, Mr. Dix," says the trainer, "I'm goin' t' fix that up right away."

And he went out and had the tan shoes all shined up.

MAE MURRAY came back from Paris in a radiant mood. Evidently there is nothing so cheering as a divorce. And she is encouraged by the thought that "The Merry Widow," in its film version, will probably be shown at a special theater in New York. Franz Lehar has been invited to come over and conduct his own music for the opening.

RIGHT now, no one in Hollywood is ready to believe in the permanence of the Mae Murray-Bob Leonard divorce.

"I tell you they'll be back together again in six months," said a very good friend of the couple to me the other day. "They are both sick about this separation, and they're just as fond of each other as they ever were. I actually believe that working together as star and director was the thing that brought it about. That's too much of a strain on the delicate relationship of marriage. A director and a star are bound to have many differences of opinion. They are looking at the thing from different viewpoints. That is all right—except when they're husband and wife. Then it becomes unbearable, both professionally and domestically. If they don't work together, I predict a reconciliation between Mae and Bob and I believe they'll be happy."

Which leads us to remember a list of husbands and wives who worked together in



Belle Bennett finds her great opportunity. Henry King hands her a contract to play the title role of "Stella Dallas." Miss Bennett received the role after seventy-three other actresses had tried for the part. Mr. King, of course, will direct



At this moment, just a gob—otherwise Richard Barthelmess. Many of the scenes of "Shore Leave" were filmed on the Arkansas on a cruise between New York and Houghton Roads with, of course, the co-operation of the United States Navy

pictures, which I made some time ago, and to realize how many of them have since parted.

King and Florence Vidor were then director and star—now about to be divorced.

Bob Leonard and Mae Murray—she has her divorce in Paris.

George Fitzmaurice and Ouida Begere—was director and writer, now divorced.

Hugo and Mabel Ballin, together domestically, but not making pictures. He is writing novels and she is acting for other directors. They were then star and director.

CREDIT to this one goes to Douglas MacLean, who has a very pretty way of telling a funny story.

Two negroes met on the street one day.

Said the little negro, "Bill, where you-all been? I ain't seen you 'round for some time."

Replied the large gentleman of color, "Sam, I ben in de hospital, dat's where I ben."

"U-umm? What you-all ben doin' in a hospital, Bill?"

"Well, now, I tell you. I had a little trouble and I was in de hospital havin my bones X-rayed."

"U-mmm? An' I bet dey was loaded, too."

By the way, Douglas, having signed up with Paramount, has made a very smart move in obtaining the services of Frank R. Adams to aid in preparing his stories for the screen. Frank, before he was one of our foremost fiction writers, was author of such stage successes as "The Time, the Place and the Girl" and "The Stubborn Cinderella." And Doug has bought Mary Roberts Rinehart's sequel to his most successful picture, "Twenty-Three and a Half Hours Leave."

"THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON" is being filmed under the title of "Perils of the Wild." Cheer up, it might have been "Passions of the Wild." Anyway, why use the original title? Who wants to see a story about yodlers and bell-ringers?

BOTH Richard Barthelmess and Ramon Novarro went to Annapolis on location trips. Novarro spent several weeks making scenes at the graduation exercises at the Naval Academy for his new picture "Midshipman Sterling," while Dick remained aboard the battleship "Arkansas" and took seagoing stuff for "Shore Leave." The great story of the Novarro trip was President Coolidge's refusal to be photographed awarding a diploma to Novarro. The President's place was taken by Secretary Wilbur of the Navy.

THE situation and the ensuing argument were thrust on Ramon. He naturally did not want the Washington authorities to feel that he was thrusting himself into the exercises at the Academy. Anyway, it is only a dummy diploma he receives in the film.

AS for Barthelmess, his trip was marred by a tragedy. While in Annapolis, he met Lieut. Ten Eyck Veeder, a young officer in the Naval Aviation. Barthelmess wanted to take the train for New York in Washington and Veeder asked him to fly over from Hampton Roads. When the plane landed in the field at Washington, Barthelmess waited for Veeder to get out. But the pilot made no move to get out and when Barthelmess reached over and touched his shoulder, he found Veeder unconscious. The brave officer, who clung to his life to the last minute in order to bring his plane and passenger safely to earth, died in the hospital three hours later. His death was due to heart failure. Barthelmess was so shattered by his death that it was several days after he returned to New York before he could return to work at the studio.

DICK, by the way, has joined the movie and theatrical colony in Great Neck, L. I. He has taken a house and joined the ranks of the commuters. His daughter, Mary Flay, is with him, of course. Young Mary is over two years old now and an active member of the very youngest set in Great Neck. Her favorite play-mate is Henry King, Jr., the two-year-old son of the man who directed "Tol'able David."

YOU may remember the king in those delightful poems of A. A. Milne's who said that he wasn't a fussy man but he did like a bit of butter on his bread.

I hope I am not a fussy person, but there are a few things I would like to see on the screen before I die, and I am going to mention them in passing. These producers are always looking for ideas and I'm full of them.

1. Jack Gilbert in a picture based upon the life of Lord Byron.

2. Gloria Swanson as *Nell Gwynne*—Sweet Nell of Old Drury, Mistress Nell, I don't care which, just so it's one of those of the amusing, frivolous, mischievous little orange seller who captivated the king and ruled England.

3. Norma Talmaque as the beautiful, fatal Queen, *Marie Antoinette*, with the affair of the Diamond Necklace woven in.

4. Blanche Sweet, in "The Green Hat."

5. Lillian Gish as *Hester* in "The Scarlet Letter." Failing this, in Sarah Bernhardt's great role in "L'Aiglon."

6. More of Clare Eames as *Elizabeth* and Estelle Taylor as *Mary Stuart*—we had just a glimpse of them in "Dorothy Vernon."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]

The Most Beautiful Women on Earth

Herbert Howe picks the ten loveliest
girls this side of Paradise



Gold, blue and rose—May Allison



Southern moonlight—Florence Vidor



A snow maiden—Greta Nissen



A crash of cymbals
—Nita Naldi



A heritage from
Greece—Mary
Astor

of sheer appreciation has grown lovelier day by day without the aid of Coue beads or mud packs.

Being a lover of nature I have toured the world with an eye for scenery. My reward for visiting Tunis was to behold one of God's masterpieces, ranking with Yellowstone park and Grant's tomb by twilight. Her name was Rheba. She was a Bedouin gypsy, who used her handkerchief for a turban

FIVE years ago I picked the ten most beautiful women of the screen. I bear the scars yet.

Since then my opinions have changed somewhat and so have some of the beauties. Flowers wither and die though the plant remains. Besides, several of them went in for facial landscaping without consulting me. Being an old-fashioned soul of the type that likes to putter among the hollyhocks, I bitterly resent any betrayal of nature. I contend that face-lifting does to the lady what peeling does to the onion. It makes me weep.

Picking the ten Venuses of the silver drapery—hence of the world—has all the lure of tiger-tickling. I'd rather be a hangman. But I have been commanded by ringmaster James R. Quirk, a former friend. So, having looked up sailing dates and booked passage on a tramp steamer, which shall be nameless, I buckle on my double-breasted armor, ascend to the reviewing stand and command the girls to goose-step.

In preparation for this feat of human heroism I brought up the subject one evening in the salon of Adela Rogers St. Johns, the well-known lion-tamer of Hollywood, whose latest bit of deviltry, "The Skyrocket," you of course have read.

Everyone instantly exclaimed, "Florence Vidor." Of course—Florence was present. But it was no courtesy on my part. Florence gemmed my original tiara of goddesses, and out

"THE difference between beauty and prettiness lies in character, the particular attribute of character that appeals to the imagination and gives the eye something more than is actually present."

So writes Herbert Howe. And with that standard in mind, he has selected the ten loveliest women.

- | | |
|------------------|-----------------|
| Pola Negri | Mary Astor |
| Corinne Griffith | Alice Terry |
| May Allison | May McAvoy |
| Florence Vidor | Barbara La Marr |
| Greta Nissen | Nita Naldi |



An Orientale—Pola Negri

and her slim brown fingers for the purpose to which the handkerchief was dedicated.

I hold that etiquette plays no part in beauty. Nor is there any social order. D. W. Griffith once selected the three most beautiful women of the world. One was the dowager queen Alexandria and another a scrub empress of a Philadelphia office building.

Inasmuch as I have never seen her majesty on the screen and only know her



*Patrician and ambrosial—
Corinne Griffith*



*Orchids and diamonds—Barbara La
Marr*



The perfect miniature—May McAvoy



*In praise to Allah—
Alice Terry*

slightly in a social way, I cannot include her in my troop. As for the scrub lady, she departed Philadelphia for realms above shortly after Mr. Griffith's proclamation, her departure, due, the papers said, "to a shock." I trust none of my bevy will feel the urge to become an angel.

If you are one who claims that beauty is as beauty does you might just as well give me the air right now. Virtue is its own reward and hence compatible with carbuncles and cock-eyes. I do contend that personality plays a part in beauty. The difference between beauty and prettiness lies in character, the particular attribute of character that appeals to the imagination and gives to the eye something more than is actually present.

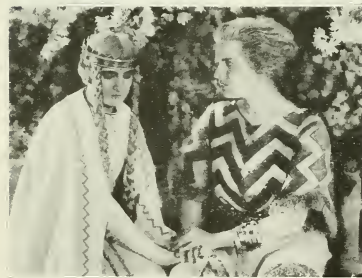
Hollywood is the Olympus of beautiful women. No place on earth can vie with it, and I even have my doubts as to heaven. The fault to be found with Hollywood beauty lies in its uniformity. Beauty is nothing if not original. Our colleague, Mr. Poe, declared that in great beauty there was always an element of irregularity. It is this that captures the eye and fascinates. Thus rosebud lips and plucked eyebrows subtract from the individuality.

When I visited Europe four years ago the most thrilling sights that met my eyes were the volcanoes [CONTINUED ON PAGE 111]



ARE PARENTS PEOPLE?—Paramount

EVERYBODY has been anxiously awaiting the release of this picture for two reasons: first, to see if Betty Bronson would measure up to her performance in "Peter Pan"; second, because this is the first production that the youthful director, Mal St. Clair, has done for Paramount. We could write pages and pages about Betty but it can be summed up in this: she is a marvellous actress, natural and human at all times. The story shows a young girl whose parents suffer from incompatibility. She decides to give them a mutual worry to bring them together. Every member of the cast is perfect—Adolphe Menjou, Florence Vidor, Lawrence Gray and Andre De Beranger. BUT what is foremost is the direction. The picture moves along smoothly with a finesse of touches that are subtle and amusing. See this!—M. B.



SIEGFRIED—UFA

A COLOSSAL and amazing achievement in film stagecraft and a triumph for the German magicians who work their arts at the Ufa Studio.

But it takes more than technique to make a great photograph. It takes heart and soul. In combining Richard Wagner's "Siegfried" and "Twilight of the Gods" with the original legends, the adapters have lost the vitality of the Nibelungen Lied. As a dramatist, Wagner was repetitious and involved, but there is a robust, human and tender touch in his telling of the story that isn't in the film. The rôle of Siegfried is marvellously played by Paul Richter. *Brunnhilde*, portrayed by Hanna Ralph, is no Valkyr but a Queen of Iceland. "Siegfried" will be presented as a special, with Wagner music. It is more than worth seeing.—A. S.

The Shadow Stage

(PAGE 1) — PAY OFF

A Review of the New Pictures



SALLY OF THE SAWDUST—United Artists

IT'S by all odds the gayest and most delightful picture ever directed by D. W. Griffith. And, in spite of the fact that it's a trivial and flighty mixture of slapstick and romance, we venture to predict that it will be one of his most popular.

For one thing, it brings W. C. Fields to the screen. In a season of great comedy, Fields ranks with the big ones. He has a wonderful personality; he's a fine pantomimist; he has a priceless line of "gags." He makes *Professor Eustache McGargle*, the circus faker, a memorable figure in screen annals. He's a wow, a knock-out, a riot. That is to say, the boy's good.

The story of the film is a Cinderella tale of a little circus girl who is really an heiress with a highly respectable and frozen-faced Yankee grandpa. With its circus atmosphere, it makes an ideal structure for the unbeatable Griffith trimmings. The climax is truly remarkable because Griffith accomplishes the startling feat of paralleling a pathetic melodramatic scene with a slapstick chase, without losing the effect of either incident.

And it's a tribute to Carol Dempster that she can hold her own against Fields. In fact, in the climax it's just as though Lillian Gish were playing a heavy scene against the antics of Harold Lloyd. It sounds wild but it's so effectively done, that it is great.

"Sally of the Sawdust" isn't all clowning. It is filled with scenes that show Griffith's sensitive and beautiful instinct for the truly poetic. There is, for instance, a moment when the motherless Sally strews flowers on the grave of an unknown woman. And Miss Dempster plays it like an artist. While we are passing around the praise, it is well to mention Alfred Lunt who is an unusual film personality.—A. S.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Six Best Pictures of the Month

SALLY OF THE SAWDUST
DON Q, SON OF ZORRO SIEGFRIED
ARE PARENTS PEOPLE? BLACK CYCLONE
ILL SHOW YOU THE TOWN

The Six Best Performances of the Month

CAROL DEMPSTER in "Sally of the Sawdust"
W. C. FIELDS in "Sally of the Sawdust"
BETTY BRONSON in "Are Parents People?"
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS in "Don Q, Son of Zorro"
WARNER OLAND in "Don Q, Son of Zorro"
MARY ALDEN in "Siege"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 112



BLACK CYCLONE—Pathe

HLRE is a picture that is so decidedly different that you can't afford to miss it. No doubt you recall the marvelous performance given by Rex, the horse, in his previous picture "Rex, the King of Wild Horses." In this his acting outshines his previous effort and becomes one of the outstanding performances of the year. One sits spellbound at the remarkable acting of this dumb animal and can't help compare it with some of the terrible work done by human actors. Rex is not the only actor to reap a harvest in this picture. There are two other horses who come in for some of the honors. Lady, who is Rex's sweetheart and The Killer, who tries to steal The Lady from Rex. Wait until you see them make love! And fight! Thrills! Good clean entertainment for the whole family.—M. B.



DON Q—United Artists

IF the little boys in the front row promise not to scream, Douglas Fairbanks will blindfold his eyes and, with one flick of the whip, put out a candle . . .

That's the sort of picture "Don Q" is; it is guaranteed to drive little boys into frenzies of stunts until they break an arm or a new fad comes along. It is romance all snapped up with vaudeville tricks, adventure told in terms of athletics.

In case you haven't heard, *Don Q* is the son of our old friend, *Zorro*. There are, of all things, a few scenes from the first adventures of *Zorro* and the old man, played by Mr. Fairbanks himself, in a white wig, appears in the story so you have a double-barrelled climax with two sword fights. The young *Don Q*, however, is most of the show. And the joy of all the stunts—the new ones and the old ones—is the feeling you have that Mr. Fairbanks really knows his stuff. It's all real and no fooling.

The story is lively but clumsy; it is full of over-seeing and over-hearing and dark doings. But as it is laid in the beautiful and mythical Spain of romance, it has the advantage of taking place in a rich and gorgeous background. And Mr. Fairbanks, in Spanish clothes doing a Spanish dance, is a sight to behold. In fact, in all his pantomime, he's really more of a dancer than an actor.

Next in interest to Mr. Fairbanks is Warner Oland, who gives a splendid performance of a gay *Archduke*. When the *Archduke* dies, the story never quite recovers from the blow. Mary Astor is so beautiful as the heroine that she doesn't seem quite human. She is the ideal lady for romance. Donald Crisp, the director, makes a swell sneaking villain.

And now, Mr. Fairbanks, won't you tell us the adventures of old man *Zorro's* grandson?—A. S.



I'LL SHOW YOU THE TOWN—Universal

WE liked "I'll Show You the Town" because it's another of those comedies in which, by subtle direction of situation and caricature, less slapstick and more humor is attained. Reginald Denny is getting better and better and better and is a riot, as under the influence of a little stimulated orange juice, he changes from a young professor who takes himself very seriously into a handsome sheik that all the women take too seriously.

Almost every man has kept three women guessing, but the professor, by a series of mistakes, divides himself among three women at the same restaurant on the same night at separate tables, and almost gets away with it. Other members of the cast are Marion Nixon, Lilyan Tashman, Margaret Livingston and Neely Edwards.—C. H.



OLD HOME WEEK—Paramount

HERE'S what you've been begging for—a Grade A Thomas Meighan picture. It's a real comedy of a no-good sort of fellow who saves the old burg from the invasions of oil sharks. The story is a standard type but it has the shrewd and wise qualities of all the George Ade Yarns. And Meighan plays it in his finest style. The star is ably—nay niftily—assisted by Lila Lee and Lawrence Wheat.—A. S.



THE DESERT FLOWER—First National

SHE'S just a poor little girl raised in a box-car and she reforms a no-good tramp who turns out to be a millionaire's son. Movie heroines have all the luck. This bit of ancient film fodder is endowed with life, humor and gayety by Colleen Moore. Colleen is one of those girls who can be funny even when the villain still pursues her. There is, too, a nice touch of originality in handling the story.—A. S.



THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL—Paramount

THE difference between marriage as the French see it and as the English see it is the theme of an interesting screen play from the book by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Alice Joyce does a finished piece of acting as the beautiful French woman whose life is one romance after another. Mary Brian is her daughter who is sent to England that she may grow up with the more sane ideals of family life.—C. H.



THE TEASER—Universal

A BRISK and joyous comedy of a poor girl adopted by her wealthy aunt, who finds that her seemingly swell boy friend is a frost compared to the boys in her aunt's set. Aunty sets out to educate her and it is not long before she has aunty dear in all sorts of trouble. Laura La Plante and Pat O'Malley are a riot. May we see them again? Be sure to see this.—M. B.



WELCOME HOME—Paramount

ALMOST too true to be funny. A picture of a domestic tragedy, turned into a comedy—the story of an unwanted father-in-law in the middle-class home of a young couple. It has been faithfully and humanly—almost too humanly—presented by James Cruze. Luke Cosgrave gives a fine portrayal of a dear old pest while Lois Wilson is excellent as the smugly sweet daughter-in-law.—A. S.



EVE'S SECRET—Paramount

WE did our best to try to find the secret but it couldn't be done. This story of a young duke, who falls in love with a peasant girl, sends her to Paris to be educated, intent on making her his wife, is rather far-fetched but proves to be interesting at times. Jack Holt, as the Duke of Poltava, and Betty Compton, as Eve, head the cast. William Collier, Jr., does an effective bit.—M. B.



THE PRICE OF PLEASURE—Universal

WE could say just another Cinderella story of a department store girl who marries a wealthy Prince Charming only to be spurned by his family. But through the fine comedy relief furnished by Louise Fazenda and T. Roy Barnes this is saved from the "another" class. The team of Fazenda and Barnes is just priceless and if weren't for them—well—they're there, so what's the difference?—M. B.



SILENT SANDERSON—Prod. Dist.

WHETHER or not you are a confirmed western fan, here is a picture of the wide open spaces that is a treat. They don't make many like this—neither are there many actors like Harry Carey. Spurned by the girl he loves he treks to Alaska in search of gold only to rescue the same lassie from a dance hall demon. There's a natural looking snowstorm that looks cooling on hot days.—M. B.



DRUSILLA WITH A MILLION—F. B. O.

ALL the worn out tear fetchers in captivity are let loose in this picture. There are, however, two high spots in the acting. One is Mary Carr's heart-breaking disappointment when, as the only charity member of an old ladies' home, she is not allowed to go to the annual picnic. The other is Priscilla Bonner in the court room—up to this point too fidgety and playful—fighting for her baby.—C. H.



HOW BAXTER BUTTED IN—Warner Bros.

MATT MOORE seems to be destined toward the rôle of the slow-thinking, sappy clerk. His one ambition is to be a hero and you will have many laughs out of his dreams. Not only does he dream of becoming a hero but when actually put to the task he shows that he can do more than pipe-dream. He saves two people in a fire and wins dainty little Dorothy Devore for his wife.—M. B.



SIEGE—Universal

MARY ALDEN and Virginia Valli representing two generations and doing it very well. Mary Alden is the stern, tyrannical head of a Puritan family who cannot and will not understand the modern girl her nephew marries. They finally meet on common ground when the young wife exhibits courage equal to that of the narrow-minded old lady.—C. H.



ANY WOMAN—Paramount

PROVING that no girl is safe in the great business world; that there is always room on the market for a good soft drink; proving too that good authors and good directors sometimes make mistakes. Alice Terry plays the rôle of a high-hat young lady who is obliged to work for a living and gets into a silly scandal. It's a diffuse and languid plot. However, good subtitles help.—A. S. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.]

CLOSE-UPS and LONG-SHOTS

By Herbert Howe

Satire, Humor and
Some Sense

Place: New York.

Time: Midnight as usual.

INNOCENTS *Abroadway*: Unable to contain myself upon learning of Pola Negri's maritime disaster when fifteen bottles of Pol Roger were swept overboard, I hurried East to find the bootleggers already bottling up the bay. It proved to be a far better dilution than the drinking water they usually sell, as two whooping whales did testify upon staggering into dock.

The outrage upon Pola explains why the Statue of Liberty was never permitted to land. She also is a product of Europe, hence under the same suspicion as Pol and Pola. They considered her so dangerous, in fact, that instead of detaining her at Ellis Island along with the other immigrants they placed her on an isle by herself.

Pola's *faux pas* was correctly laid to her ignorance of American customs. Any American would have hid the stuff where the officers couldn't have smelled it. Unless Pola learns to do the same she can never become a full American citizen.

MY first call in New York was, naturally enough, at the Eastern embassy of Corinne Griffith in the St. Regis hotel. *La Reine* was enjoying the afternoon in typical Western fashion. She had drawn the shades, cut off the telephones and settled herself to imagine that the riveting machine on the next building was a woodpecker.

"You and I suffer in this proletarian age," I declaimed pompously, "by being natural born aristocrats."

"Have some more beer," said Corinne. "I think it's a little flat."

RAMON NOVARRO, having been elected to do a picture at the U. S. Naval Academy in Annapolis, was preparing himself patriotically by visiting Grant's Tomb and Texas Guinan's supper club.

Upon viewing the Tomb after luncheon at Claremont he swore he hadn't been so thrilled since the age of five when at a patriotic concert in Mexico City he kicked a hole in the drum and got his nurse slammed in the housegown.

MALCOLM MCGREGOR, another two-fisted hoister from Hollywood, was waiting at the Biltmore in doleful reminiscence of the college vacations spent at the old Biltmore bar, now a soda water fountain. This led to an attack of homesickness for his own little patio in Hollywood with St. Anthony in a niche and a table under a grapevine, which produces what God wills regardless of man's laws.

THE voice of Europe is being heard at the box-office, and producers are intently listening. One Norma Talmadge picture cleaned up a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in England alone. "Scaramouche" almost earned its cost abroad. An ordinary film can net fifty thousand from the Central Powers. Paramount can pay for the drinks with the lire, francs, marks and shillings collected by Pola Negri. The three most popular stars in England, according to a recent canvass by Picturegoer Magazine, are Valentino, Norma Talmadge and Novarro, each of whom brings home the pounds. On the other hand, Rex Ingram, filming "Mare Nostrum" in France, is rapidly paying up our debt to Lafayette, with Metro-Goldwyn money. And since "Ben Hur" was filmed in Rome, Italy is talking of paying her debts. Why talk of a League of Nations? Leave it to Hollywood.

ACCORDING to press dispatches, Betty Blythe was abducted by Bedouins and returned the next day. Evidently she was only taken on approval.

EVENTUALLY I hope to be promoted to the Answers and Queries department because of my skill in opening other people's letters. By way of practice I herewith answer a few queries which have been misdirected to my desk:

K. K.: Why do we never hear of stars' fathers? Most of them died in infancy. Those who didn't were either drowned or pensioned. They never get a credit line except in an emergency.

J. M.: You ask is Barbara La Marr unmarried? *Out*, five times.

Handsome: Betty Bronson is not yet sixty. You must have her confused with Fanny Ward. You ask will she never

grow up like Peter Pan. She hasn't much of a start, has she? And I understand Jesse Lasky won't let her until the picture has played all the second-run theaters.

Busch booster: You think Mac Busch the Bernhardt of the screen. Sh, Miss Bernhardt is dead. Ben Lyon is not married. He free lances.

Cowbell: Yes, it is customary for stars' husbands to retire after marriage.

Anxious: You ask why do we call the Marquis, Henry? Because if we called him Joshua he wouldn't pay any attention. Is he of a theatrical family? Yes, they produced three stars by the name of Hennessey.

History student: Mabel Normand was not present the night Lincoln was shot. She was at the Boston tea party. Rudolph Valentino did not discover America. It was discovered by an unknown Italian named Christopher something.

Skeptic: You want to know whether the letters to fans are written by the stars or their secretaries. The stars do the writing and the secretaries the spelling.

STAR reasons for going to Europe: Publicity, divorce, and face-lifting. I predict that some day a star is going to hit upon the novel idea of going to Europe to see Europe.

OF all the foreign cities I've visited New York appears to have the least number of Americans. Something ought to be done to interest American tourists in this city. Inasmuch as we have pushed the frontiers of America as far West as possible with Iron Horse and Covered Wagon I suggest that the next patriotic movie be "The Return of the Covered Wagons," dealing with a visionary reconquest of New York by the vanishing Americans.

DEFINITION of "Upstage": A Hollywood term applied to gentlemen who keep their affairs to themselves and ladies who do not scratch dirt with the Persians. It is generally a synonym for aristocrat.

Hollywood can forgive you for being involved in a scandal but it can't forgive you for not being caught in one.

AS on the screen, so in life. I once attempted to write a story for a star. I created one character as Wally Beery. I couldn't sell the story because the character stole it.

THE success of "The Iron Horse," "Black Cyclone," and "The Covered Wagon" plainly indicates that historic honors are being [CONTINUED ON PAGE 110]

The Corinne Griffith Frock

*Second in a series
of Stars' Dresses
selected for you through
the Photoplay Shopping
Service*

By Grace Corson



THE latest whim of the fashionable Parisian dress-makers is to take a typically feminine fabric like georgette or chiffon, and make it up in a severely tailored model. That is one of the three reasons for this being considered the season's smartest frock. Another is that it follows the two-piece vogue, and the third reason—well—you can see for yourself that Corinne Griffith is wearing it! The gold elephant embroidered on the pocket is added for good luck. We believe that you will get exceptional satisfaction out of this gown.

Dainty and cool as this little gown is for summer, it is the type of garment that will be just as correct for tea and informal dinner wear right through the fall and winter, if you choose it in the proper color combinations. It is available in the following popular color schemes: lipstick red with black, tan with brown, grey with blue, navy blue with Copenhagen, and yellow with white. It comes in sizes from 14 to 20 and is priced at \$29.75.

*Instructions for ordering
on following page*

HITCH YOUR WARDROBE TO A STAR



Cool Things for Summer Suggested

MAY ALLISON'S frock of peach-colored crepe de chine falls gracefully in clusters of pleats from a yoke of embroidered net. This is very striking in appearance and is a remarkable value at \$18.50. Also comes in white, pink, French blue, beige and all black. Sizes, 14 to 20. White pumps with tiny bow, \$10.50 in kid or \$8.50 in linen. Sizes, 3 to 8

RICHARD DIX illustrating what one well-dressed man will wear at the beach. His good-looking sweater comes in white with either blue, tan or grey trim; in green or brown with tan; and dark grey with light grey trim. Of light weight wool and suitable for either man or girl. Sizes, 34 to 46. Modestly priced at \$6.00. With him is our Western Editor, Ivan St. Johns, wearing Hollywood's newest man's bathing suit, which comes in blue, white and black; grey, blue and navy; tan, orange and brown; and white with navy. Sizes, 34 to 46. Price \$7.50

BESSIE LOVE'S bathing dress is of black taffeta with red and black. Also in black and white with checked trimming. Only \$7.95. All worsted tights to be worn underneath \$3.50 extra. Sizes, 34 to 40. Black satin bathing sandals \$1.95. Sizes, 3 to 7

THIS Shopping Service is designed for your benefit. In ordering send detailed information, giving, when possible, second choice as to color, and take especial care as to sizes and measurements. Any articles returned must be sent to Photoplay Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

LET PHOTOPLAY HELP YOU SHOP



By the Santa Monica Beach Club

Sports coats now follow the tailored mode. HELENE CHAD-
wick's is of fine quality flannel, lined with crepe de chine—
has black vel-
ret collar,
Splendid
value at
\$25.00. All
sports shades.
Sizes, 14 to
20. Velour
sports hot is
\$7.95—pop-
ular colors

This smartly simple sports outfit for the
young girl is shown by BETTY BRONSON.
New turtle neck sweater, of light weight wool,
comes in tan with powder blue, light green
with emerald, red with green and grey with
rust. Sizes are from 34 to 40, and it is
priced at \$7.00. The flannel skirt has the
new kick pleat and comes in white, tan or
grey, at \$9.75. It may also be had in crepe
de chine, with side pleat, at some price.
Sport shoes of white canvas with black trim
and crepe rubber soles are \$2.95. Sizes, 3
to 8

ELEANOR BOARDMAN is
showing the indispensable
"extra" dress for summer
wear. Of cotton fabric that
looks like silk and washes
beautifully. Guaranteed fast
color and pre-shrunk. Comes
in various pretty plaid color
combinations with blue,
brown, green, tan, tangerine
or black predominating.
Sizes, 34 to 40, and priced at
\$5.75

Photoplay Shopping Service, 221 West
57th Street, New York, N. Y., will pur-
chase any of these lovely things for you.
Send check or money order—no stamps
—together with size and color desired.
No articles sent C. O. D. Millinery and
bathing articles are non-returnable.

The Girl with the Broken Ankle



Georgia was discouraged—she was leaving Hollywood—when Fate stepped in and made her famous

*The story of Georgia Hale
who was willing to work
for nothing*

Told by Jim Tully

the time she arrived in Hollywood. He made a valiant effort to use Georgia, making a test of her which ran four hundred feet. Georgia waited two weeks and looked through many a doughnut in the waiting—for I have forgotten to say that Georgia landed in Hollywood with thirty dollars in money—the rest in faith. She got word after a weary time that she "was unsuited to the part."

She made the rounds of the studios—day after day and week after week. A landlady had faith—as landladies do sometimes—else where would poets sleep? Georgia owed money in large measure, for a high school girl, and after a while she was given a part in the chorus of "Vanity's Price." She became so excited over this that she broke her ankle.

Now girls with broken ankles have a sad time of it—in Hollywood. The landlady still had faith. Georgia wrote cheering letters to her parents in Chicago and somehow suffered it through. Those weeks with the broken ankle meant more to Georgia than she realized at the time. She has a good brain, and she used it to think with during these troublous days, little realizing she was to be a picture star.

A SHORT time after she was able to walk, she went to the depot and asked the fare to Chicago. She was walking toward the turning point in her life—but how is one to know?

She had met, casually, a young Austrian director, who was also out looking for the turning point in his life. He was not a director then, but a sometime assistant director and a cameraman so gifted that he was out of a job. His name was Josef von Sternberg. He had seen Georgia doing her stuff in "Vanity's Price," and he felt that she had talent. When she told him at the depot that

she was tired and was trying to get home, he felt certain she had much more than talent. He was looking about at the time for players who wanted to work for glory, as he had a picture that was to cost the great sum of forty-five hundred dollars—the labor, the lease of the studio and everything. When it was considered that Milton Sills will hardly discuss Schopenhauer with a producer for that amount, Sternberg's problem will be made more vivid.

"It was wonderful," I said, "that Jo saw your talent and was willing to give you a chance as his leading lady."

"Well," replied Georgia, "I was willing to work for nothing."

There, at the railroad station, the drifter from Austria and the drifter from Chicago—unknowingly leaped on a horse that was to carry them both to fame and fortune. Georgia became the leading lady in Sternberg's "Salvation Hunters."

I saw this picture four times—once with Charlie Chaplin. Georgia's performance in it is one of the finest I have ever seen. I watched the real Chaplin that night as he watched this girl at work. I said to him, "She is greater than—so and so—" naming a well-known player. "Far—far—far—far," was Chaplin's rejoinder.

It is presumed that producers saw her marvelous work. I am certain of this—for none of them [CONTINUED ON PAGE 107]

THIS is the story of a girl who won a Chicago beauty contest. She came to Hollywood with high hopes—alone. So our tale opens with Georgia Hale—a very fine looking girl—recently out of a Chicago high school—and out of a job. She had unknowingly joined that band of screen immortals whom the casting directors had discarded.

That was two years ago. It is not a long period of time. To start unknown and become Charlie Chaplin's leading lady in that period is something worthy of note. Georgia Hale is today acclaimed as one of the best actresses on the screen. And of course that made it so much harder for her. In no other business in the world is talent such a handicap. She has acted in four pictures—as an extra in two of them—as a leading lady in the other two. Her work in the last picture, Charlie Chaplin's "The Gold Rush," will make her world famous. Georgia has just signed a two-year contract with Charlie Chaplin. The New York writers with stepladders on their foreheads and florid French writers go clear dotty when they write about Chaplin. In one thing he is supremely great—and I write as one who has been for eighteen months on his payroll . . . when it comes to motion pictures, he stands almost alone, with a touch of genius. Now for the story.

Rupert Hughes was making "True as Steel" for Goldwyn at



SHE has only played in four pictures; in two of them she was an extra girl—in the other two she was the leading woman. And now Georgia Hale has been signed by Charles Chaplin. You will see her in "The Gold Rush."



The hair is the most engaged girl on the screen,
 The eyes played a coveted role,
 The mouth has made love 'neath the soft southern skies
 Of Italy—and stayed heart whole!
 The hair is dark brown, and was born in Du Chien,
 The eyes are a flapper's best bet—
 The mouth has just known an astounding success,
 Though, really, she's just a child, yet.

This hair has been bobbed to look boyish—guess why?
 The eyes have been, often, mis-cast.
 The mouth was divorced, and is married again.
 And this romance, we all hope, will last!
 The hair went to Normal School, once, and the eyes
 Belong to the mother of one;
 The mouth is related to several great stars,
 And her pictures create mirth and fun.

Three of them have dark hair and two have blue eyes.
 And one has hair golden in tint—
 And three first saw light in the east of this land,
 And two never wed—and folk hurt
 That one, who was married for 'real a short while
 Is hawking again in the light of love a smile

Contest Conditions
 on Page 64



His father's a star of the first magnitude,
 (We're speaking, just now, of the hair!)
 The eyes have been acting since childhood, the mouth
 As the father of three girls is there.
 The hair from the land of the shamrock has hailed.
 The eye's are an actor's young son;
 The mouth! It belongs to a promising boy
 Whose battle, with fame has begun.

The hair can make love in the subtlest ways.
 The eyes are the merriest blue;
 The mouth shows great talent (takes after his dad!)
 And they say he's engaged—is it true?
 The hair's from the city O' Henry adored,
 The eyes are as young as can be;
 The mouth's from Chicago, although the name sounds
 As if it came over the sea.

Just one has been married—and happily, too!
 The other three boys will, in time
 All four have appeared on the stage, with success . . .
 And here, at the end of this rhyme,
 We'll mention that three have dark hair, and one light,
 And that one has eyes that are black as the night.

\$5000⁰⁰ in Prizes



Russell Ball

THE Sheik of Our Western World—Richard Dix as a 100 per cent American. His new portrayal of a Red Man in "The Vanishing American" promises to be his greatest and most popular role.

Tired of "Single Cussedness"

Richard Dix bets that
he will be married
within a year!

By Bill Colling

THE screen's most eligible bachelor has made up his mind to take the leap. On the limited somewhere west of Chicago, on his way to California, he made the big decision.

And the worst or best of it is that he means it. He bet me a hundred dollars on it.

It was unexpected—perhaps as much of a surprise to Richard as it will be to his friends. Walking through a Pullman, we passed a section occupied by a young wife and her husband.

"Why, it's—is it?—yes, it's Richard Dix!" the girl whispered, excitedly, clutching her husband's arm. The young man looked jealous daggers at the retreating broad back of the star and muttered peevishly.

"What do you want me to do—have chills and fever?"

Two sections farther down the aisle practically the same thing occurred—only this time it was Dix who did the peevish muttering.

"Is that the sort of thing you get all the time, Rich?" I asked.

"In places like this—yes," he replied with a wry grin. "On the street it isn't so bad, because they don't 'get' me there, as a rule. No spats or cane or fancy pocket handkerchief, you know."

"Movie stars must get awfully tired of—"

"She was pretty, though, wasn't she?" Dix interrupted thoughtfully.

I DIDN'T think Richard had even seen her. I nearly fell into lower seven trying to get another peek. Finally we found our way into our compartment and I started clutching for the tobacco pouch.

"Lovely eyes," mused Richard. "Did you ever see such lovely eyes?"

I had—lovelier; and for a while there was a long pause while we puffed away at our briars. Richard broke the silence.

"I think I'll get married, Bill."

"Wha—a—at!"

"Yep; I'm tired of single cussedness! I'm tired of being alone. I want a home of my own. I'm out to find the girl."

Here was news! While struggling to recover from the shock of the announcement, I had a mental picture of the effect which Dix's decision would have on feminine hearts all over the country.

"And who—er—er—" I stammered.

"I don't know," he replied gravely; "but I'll be married within a year."

"You're serious?"

"Just that!" said Richard. "I'll bet you one hundred dollars on it."

I took him up, but then, convinced that he was in earnest, I drew him out and found that he has put a lot of serious thinking into the subject.

"I've never married," he said, "because I didn't want to ask any girl to share the hardships and uncertainties of the life of an actor struggling for recognition. Things are different now,



Richard Dix is the screen's most eligible bachelor—but tells you why he is tired of the title

and, believe me, I want a home. But one thing's sure—it must be built on the right basis of love and mutual confidence and respect. I've passed the callow youth stage, and I've seen too many of my friends bust up their lives, so I'm going to be sure before I step off."

Evidently when Dick falls in love it's going to be a mighty serious thing with him.

Contrary to general opinion, a popular star doesn't meet many girls. Of course, he receives thousands of letters from feminine admirers, including the rather pathetic "mash notes." He very seldom has a chance to meet girls socially. Of every hundred girls he meets, nine-tenths are connected in some way with the movies or the stage.

"Object to marrying a girl in 'the profession'?" He repeated the question in some surprise. "Not a bit, if she's willing to pool her interests with mine toward one common end—happiness."

"Why do so many marriages these days go on the rocks?" I had my own ideas on the subject, but I wanted to get Richard's angle on it.

"Because there isn't the proper feeling of give and take," he replied. "It's too often all give or all take. If a man tries to give the very best that's in him and the girl's attitude toward him is the same; if both are studying and striving toward a mutual goal and are trying to make marriage something big and fine and inspiring—then it should succeed. Anyhow, that's the line I'm going to work on, and maybe somewhere there's a girl—"

Maybe? Well, knowing Richard when his mind is made up, I haven't much doubt about it. The only question now before the house is—where and who is she?

\$5,000 in Fifty Cash Prizes!

RULES OF CONTEST:

1. Fifty cash prizes will be paid by Photoplay Magazine, as follows:

First Prize	\$1,500.00
Second Prize	1,000.00
Third Prize	500.00
Fourth Prize	250.00
Fifth Prize	125.00
Twenty prizes of \$50 each	1,000.00
Twenty-five prizes of \$25 each	625.00

2. In four issues (the June, July, August and September numbers) Photoplay Magazine is publishing cut puzzle pictures of the well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Eight complete cut puzzle pictures appear in each issue. Each cut puzzle picture will consist of the lower face and shoulders of one player, the nose and eyes of another, and the upper face of a third. When cut apart and properly assembled, eight complete portraits may be produced. \$5,000.00 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correctly named and most neatly arranged set of thirty-two portraits.

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the fourth set of cut puzzle pictures has appeared in the September issue. Assembled puzzle pictures must be submitted in sets of thirty-two only. Identifying names should be written or typewritten below each assembled portrait. At the conclusion of the contest all pictures should be sent to CUT PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. Be sure that your full name and complete address is attached.

4. Contestants can obtain help in solving the cut puzzle pictures by carefully studying the poems appearing below the pictures in each issue. Each eight-line verse refers to the two sets of cut puzzle pictures appearing directly above it. The six-line verse applies generally to the four sets on that page. Bear in mind that it costs absolutely nothing to enter this contest. Indeed, the contest is purely an amusement. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of Photoplay Magazine to com-

pete. You do not have to buy a single issue. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in Photoplay Magazine and assemble the pictures from the copies. Copies of Photoplay Magazine may be examined at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

5. Aside from accuracy in assembling and identifying cut puzzle pictures, neatness in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. The thirty-two cut puzzle pictures or their drawn duplicates, must be cut apart, assembled and pasted or pinned together, with the name of the player written or typewritten below.

6. The judges will be a committee of members of Photoplay Magazine's staff. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of any one connected with this publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone everywhere.

7. In the case of ties for any of the first five prizes, the full award will be given to each tying contestant.

8. The contest will close at midnight on September 20th. All solutions received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears to the moment of midnight on September 20th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with Photoplay Magazine. Send your answers as soon as possible after the last set of cut puzzle pictures appears in the September issue, which will appear on the newsstands on or about August 15th.

Cut Puzzle Pictures Are on Third and Fourth Pages Preceding This Announcement

SUGGESTIONS

Contestants should read and study the poems appearing in connection with the cut puzzle pictures. These are the indicators by which the contest puzzle pictures may be identified and prizes won.

Contestants will note that identifying numbers appear at the margin of the cut puzzle pictures. These numbers may be copied upon the cut portraits, with pencil or pen, so that, in pasting or pinning the completed portrait, it will be possible to show the way the cut pieces originally appeared.

As no solutions may be entered before the fourth set of puzzle pictures appears, it is suggested that contestants merely pin their solutions together until the conclusion. This will permit the shifting and changing about of pictures as the contest progresses—and will give time for lengthy consideration and study.

There is no distortion of portraits. Each cut puzzle picture is a portrait of a well-known motion picture actor or actress.

Mr. Barrymore Pays His Annual Visit

He goes from Shakespeare
in London
to movies in Hollywood

By Agnes Smith



John Barrymore—whose Hamlet has glorified the American actor

HE had just discovered that it isn't so bad to be interviewed. He had always refused them, but he had just found out that being interviewed goes with this business of being in the movies.

The men and women of the press, behaving very much like ladies and gentlemen, had been swinging in and out of the offices of the Warner Brothers all afternoon in search of conversation with John Barrymore, whose performance of *Hamlet* has glorified the American actor, to paraphrase Mr. Ziegfeld's trenchant phrase. He was about to leave for his annual visit to the movie studios.

At the end of the afternoon Mr. Barrymore was found completely surrounded by Warner Brothers. Now the Warners are successful producers, and they are also, needless to say, business men. Mr. Barrymore is supposed to be a highly temperamental artist.

But was the atmosphere filled with static and clouded by electric interference? It was not. The Warners were treating Mr. Barrymore like a favorite nephew. Mr. Barrymore was treating the Warners with genuine respect and courtesy.

For instance, the Warners showed Mr. Barrymore the copy of an advertisement announcing their acquisition of "the world's greatest actor."

Mr. Barrymore looked at it and blushed. "In some cities," he ventured to say, "you might put a question mark opposite that line, 'the world's greatest actor.'"

"Is it all right?" asked one or two of the Warner Brothers. "It's great," he answered, "the photograph is flattering. If you'll lend me two of them, I'll walk up and down the street with them like a sandwich man."

Everything being more than serene, the Warners left the office, shaking their heads over the oddness of this actor who actually likes his own posters. And Mr. Barrymore faced another interview.

He is shorter than you might think, because on the stage and on the screen he has a way of making himself look very tall. But when he talks he hunches up his shoulders and pulls down his head. His hair is worn rather long and is streaked with grey. But it isn't because he is old—he is a young man; it is because he has crowded so much into a few short years. And his face has some lines—not drawn there by time, but by intensive living and intensive working.

His eyes are searching and brilliant. But his voice is really his most distinctive charm. And I have heard only one other person who spoke with such a fine accent, and that person was the Prince of Wales. It isn't the affected, allegedly cultivated accent used by the English actor or by the American actor who has spent three weeks in London or three months in an English drawing-room comedy. It is the accent of the scholar or statesman who is accustomed to speaking clear and precise English.

And Barrymore uses this voice and this accent brilliantly. He speaks in straight Americanisms; he talks without flourish or ruffles.

He spoke, as any earnest actor will, of the technique of the actor's art, just as any earnest business man will talk shop or any earnest golfer will talk golf.

"I have made up my mind to one thing," he told me. "Hereafter I am going to watch the cutting and editing of my pictures. It may be painful to be obliged to look at myself day in and day out, but I am going to do it. The performance of the actor is made, not in the studio, but in the cutting room."

"For instance, haven't you seen this sort of thing in the movies? A carefully planned murder scene. One man is about to slam another on the head with a bottle. In steps the cutter and wrecks the suspense by inserting a scene showing the hero's mother, away off in Detroit, milking a cow. Away goes the mood of the whole episode."

I recalled to Mr. Barrymore the transformation scene in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," which ran, without interruption, for one thousand feet. And Mr. Barrymore was the only person on the scene. It was a triumph of acting.

"Yes," he went on, "John Robertson, my director, and I worked it out very carefully. We [CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]

That Terrible Thorne Girl

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

Illustrated by
Ray Van Buren

Part IV—Chapter XI

THE little apartment over the bookshop which Sylvia's father called home could be reached through the store, but there was another entrance, from the street, leading to a narrow hall and staircase.

Sylvia went down the stairs rather slowly, certain that the bell announced the arrival of Howard Bennett. He would call about nine, he had said, and the clock in her father's study was just chiming the hour as she emerged from her bedroom to the landing.

She had dressed for the street, since it had been Howard's suggestion that she take a drive with him, and in her one-piece gown of black velvet, with fur-trimmed coat to match, her wide hat, drooping a plume of bottle-green, she seemed the embodiment of youth, of gay adventure. There was little gaiety, however, in Sylvia's heart. The events of the day had been too deplorable; it was not surprising that the ardor which had brought her so swiftly home was by now largely evaporated.

There was her interview with her sister Kate, for instance, terminated so abruptly when Mrs. Sollers had told her with sisterly frankness that it might injure her husband's business, as Millersburg's leading photographer, to have his family associate, on terms of intimacy, with one who had been so publicly disgraced. That had cut deep—very deep.

Then there were her astonishing talks with Sam Miller, the local picture magnate, and Alvin Mercer, the lawyer, both of whom had treated her precisely as her father had predicted, had shown plainly enough that they looked on her as fair game, to be run to earth at the earliest possible moment (always provided that the pursuit could be carried on in secret, without the knowledge of observing friends or jealous wives). Wolves, she termed them in her anger. Certainly no one, with the exception of her father, had welcomed her with real understanding. Even the Reverend Dr. Wharton had proceeded on the assumption that she was a fallen woman, a lost sheep, a brand to be

snatched from the burning, instead of the innocent victim of an unfortunate scandal. Everyone, it seemed, went on the theory that she was guilty. It outraged her sense of justice. Why did they not ask for her story first and judge her afterwards?

She had said nothing to her father about her experiences of the morning. When she mentioned the fact that Howard Bennett was to call for her, take her for a drive, Mr. McKenna had remarked merely that he hoped she would enjoy herself. In his heart he thought young Bennett a cad and his plan to take Sylvia for an unnoticed drive but proof of it.

It took Sylvia perhaps twenty seconds to descend the stairs and open the door, but during those twenty seconds she thought of a great many things.

One was her parting with Howard in the Los Angeles station a month before. He had said then that he was going to marry her—that nothing could ever change the state of his feelings. She was curious to know how he would greet her now. If he loved her as deeply as he said, he would believe in her as her father had believed in her, asking no explanations. But, Sylvia thought to herself, if he had felt that way, he would have rushed to her side the moment he learned she was in town, have lost not an instant in assuring her of his sympathy and love. Instead, he had spoken of a dinner engagement, had put off seeing her until nine o'clock at night.

With a twisted smile, Sylvia thought of Steve Hollins. It made little difference to her now whether Howard loved her or not. Only—and in this she was entirely human—she did want to retain his friendship, his respect, and her own respect as well. She was to give him an answer to his proposal of marriage—a negative answer, it is true, but Sylvia would not have been a woman had she not desired to treat that proposal seriously—to retain the right to decline it.

It was one thing to say, "I'm sorry, Howard, but I can't marry you because I love someone else," and quite another to find that now, after what had happened, the question required no answer at all. She somehow hoped, without being at all confident of it, that Howard would be sufficiently

That Which Has Gone Before

ON the eve of receiving the leading rôle in "The Miracle of Notre Dame," one of the most important productions of the year, Sylvia Thorne finds that her career in Hollywood is wrecked by a scandal in which she has become innocently involved. Jean Martin, with whom Sylvia shares a bungalow, has been carrying on an affair with Sidney Harmon, a married man. One night Harmon comes to their bungalow, intoxicated. Jean is ill and Sylvia, who is taking care of her, sees Harmon and begs him to leave. Harmon refuses to go, until Sylvia kisses him and, to avoid a scene, she does so. But the kiss is seen by Harmon's wife, who, with some friends, has followed him to the bungalow. The next day Harmon's wife files suit for divorce, naming Sylvia as co-respondent. Jean, jealous of Sylvia's success, refuses to clear her name. The ensuing scandal kills all of Sylvia's chances in the studios, and she is advised by her friends to go home until the storm blows over. On her way to Pennsylvania, Sylvia meets Steve Hollins. He, too, is traveling by boat from New Orleans to New York. Before the trip is over, Hollins and Sylvia are genuinely in love with each other. Hollins knows nothing of the scandal and, ashamed to admit the truth, Sylvia has given him an assumed name. On the night before they land in New York, Hollins asks Sylvia to marry him. Too honorable to accept him without telling him her story, Sylvia begs for time to think it over. In New York, her position becomes more difficult, as Hollins is eager to marry at once and anxious to introduce her to his mother and sister. Hollins leaves Sylvia, promising to return for dinner, and Sylvia goes to her hotel. On passing a newsstand, Sylvia sees a magazine with her picture on the cover and takes it to her room. In it, she reads the whole sordid story that had forced her to leave Hollywood. Realizing that Hollins would be sure to learn about it, she leaves for her home in Millersburg. She is met by her kindly father, who fully understands her situation and asks her if she will be willing to work in his book store. He also warns her that she need expect small sympathy from the women of the town, and he warns her, too, that the men will look upon her as a "fallen woman" and therefore as legitimate prey. Her first day at home soon reveals to her her unhappy position. Her sister declines to have anything to do with her. Other women snub her. Some of the men offer to help her, but their real motives are but thinly veiled. Finally Sylvia telephones to Howard Bennett, who had many times begged her to marry him, hoping to find that he is still loyal. Howard is cold and distant and, when she asks if she may see him, agrees to call for her and take her motoring that evening. But his manner tells Sylvia that he has no intention of burting his business and social position by being seen openly with her. Meanwhile, Hollins, distracted by Sylvia's sudden disappearance, goes to her room in the hotel. There he finds no trace of her, only the magazine with the whole story of the Hollywood scandal.



"What you mean, I suppose," Sylvia interrupted coldly, "is that you want to take back the offer you made me?"

gallant to go through the form of asking her, in spite of what had occurred.

Perhaps she would have grasped the situation better had she thought of *his* feelings. Having begged her to marry him, Mr. Bennett was now in a state of terror lest she might accept. He would have been glad enough of an acceptance a month ago, but it was something entirely different to go through with a proposal of marriage to a girl who had been publicly pilloried as an immoral woman. Not reasonable at all. As his father, his friends, had pointed out to him, to marry Sylvia now would be to ruin both his social and his business career, to cut him off from his former associates, to invite, in short, utter disaster.

Of course, the girl might be the victim of circumstances, be less black than she was painted, but even that possibility, his

father assured him with cruel cynicism, would make very little difference in the net result. A woman's reputation, he asserted, depended on what people thought her to be, not on what she really was. No sensible man would be foolish enough to try to combat, single handed, the devastating force of public opinion. The Bennett women, he told his son proudly, had always, like Caesar's wife, been above reproach. It was almost as bad for a girl, by loose conduct and associations, to invite suspicion, as it was for her to be actually guilty, actually worthy of it. Clever women knew how to protect their good names, keep their skirts out of the mire—only fools, whether innocent or guilty, got blamed. Sylvia, he maintained, was a fool, and in the opinion of Mr. Bennett, Sr., all fools were utterly damned.

Quite unaware of the cynical advice which had been poured

into Howard's ears, Sylvia opened the door. There was a single gas jet in the hall, and beneath it she saw him standing, an impressive figure in his well-cut evening clothes.

His ruddy, rather fleshy face wore a troubled look, and a gleam of apprehension lay in his small grey eyes. Sylvia, staring at him for a quick moment, realized with blinding suddenness how greatly she loved Stephen Hollins, and why. Howard, in spite of his money, his position, was just a machine-made product, a Babbitt, as her father had said, one of a hundred thousand like him, standardized, stamped out by the great god of convention, wearing conventional clothes, thinking conventional thoughts, doing conventional things over and over, utterly incapable of any original ideas or convictions.

She knew, as her eyes measured him, that he would greet her in a perfectly conventional and unemotional way, would shake hands, murmur something about being glad to see her—and he did. True, the sight of Sylvia's lovely face, a white flower against its background of velvet and fur, gave him a moment of flaming desire, but he checked it.

"Hello, dear," he said pleasantly, in the manner of one friend to another. "Awfully glad to see you. I'm on time. I think." Absurdly he glanced at his watch. "Sorry I couldn't come earlier, but Dad had a man at the house to dinner—big hydro-electric expert from New York. We're thinking of putting in a power plant on the river, where the old mills used to be."

"Yes," said Sylvia, not in the least interested in power plants. "I'm glad to see you, Howard." She allowed him to help her into the shining closed car. "Where are you thinking of taking me?"

Mr. Bennett had been thinking of that very thing for the past hour and consequently was prepared with a ready answer.

"Why—I thought this. It's pretty cold and cheerless, driving around at night. And we want to talk, of course. So it occurred to me we might run out to the Log Cabin Inn."

"Log Cabin Inn?" Sylvia asked. "What's that?"

"Oh—rather a decent little joint, about ten miles down the river. Run by a fellow named Burger, from Philadelphia. Chicken dinners, something to drink, if you want it, nice log fire, snappy orchestra. Everybody goes there, on parties, you know."

BY everybody, Mr. Bennett meant the gay flappers of Millersburg and their escorts, in search of excitement, of a place to take supper and dance, after the theater, to consume their Scotch and gin in more comfortable surroundings than those afforded by motor cars. Mr. Bennett did not add that he had chosen the place as their destination because at this hour of the evening it was almost certain to be deserted.

One of the most standard and conventional qualities which Mr. Howard Bennett possessed was his fear of public opinion. It was well known in Millersburg that he had been eager to marry Sylvia. All the mothers of marriageable daughters, not to mention the daughters themselves, looked on him as the town's most eligible bachelor—its greatest catch. All of them had been on the watch, since news of Sylvia's return reached them, to see what Howard Bennett would do—what attitude he would take toward a girl now thoroughly discredited.

Their predictions had ranged all the way from his refusal to see her at all, to his possible marriage in spite of his father's objections. Howard did not wish to afford the town any food for gossip. He knew exactly what he meant to say to Sylvia, and he meant to say it promptly, before she could bring up the question of his proposal. In addition, he intended to say it privately, discreetly hidden from public view. What better place than the Inn, at nine o'clock in the evening.

The wide dining room was, as he had anticipated, practically deserted. One or two couples, people he did not know, lingered over late dinners. The orchestra was absent, being fed, in anticipation of a long and strenuous evening. Howard chose a table in a sheltered nook, ordered ginger ale, drew a silver flask from his pocket. Then, fortified by a large drink, he plunged into the business of the evening.

"Sylvia," he said, "the last time I saw you I asked you to marry me."

"Why, yes, Howard, so you did," Sylvia told him, rather surprised by his abrupt beginning. "And I said I would give you my answer when I came home around Christmas."

"Exactly. Well, here's the situation. Since I last saw you, you've got into this mess. Personally, I don't believe all I've read about it, but that isn't the question. The old man, as you know, has always been against my marrying you. Naturally, this newspaper story hasn't made him any more enthusiastic.



Now he says that if I marry anybody, before I'm thirty, I'm out, so far as he is concerned. They've made me assistant manager of the business, you know, and Dad says if this new hydro-electric company goes through I'm to be president of it. A big opportunity, of course. But he says I can't have it unless I agree to stay single for another five years, so of course—"

"What you mean, I suppose," Sylvia interrupted coldly, "is that you want to take back the offer you made me."

"No. Not quite that, dear," Mr. Bennett, in spite of the standardization of his emotions, could not keep a tremor from his voice as he glanced across the table at Sylvia's lovely and altogether desirable person. "Not exactly that. I'm not withdrawing anything I've said. Only, I want you to understand the situation. As president of this new company I'd be a big man—a rich man. If Dad, for any reason, were to withdraw his support, why—I wouldn't be anything at all. Probably have to go out and look for a job. And most likely he'd make a new will, leaving everything to my sister. So it seems to me that marriage, right now—"

"Don't worry, Howard," Sylvia said, an icy tinkle in her voice. "I'd made up my mind to refuse you."

This was a most unexpected shock to Howard Bennett's pride. After all his careful preparations, he had not thought to be rejected with so little ceremony. There had even been a

She could imagine defying the conventions, daring the criticism of the world, for the sake of a great love, but these men, these wolves who pursued her, did not think of love



shade of contempt in Sylvia's cool voice. He took up the glass of gin and ginger ale which he had prepared for her and drained it at a gulp. He had visualized an angry Sylvia, a tearful Sylvia, even a seductive Sylvia, but certainly he had not reckoned on contempt. And as he felt the sting of her refusal, certain pagan desires, still existent within him in spite of his conventional shell, flamed up with the liquor he had drunk. Quite suddenly he realized that he was talking to one of the loveliest creatures in the world, and, in addition, to one who had fallen from grace—a woman who had thrown aside the protecting garment of virtue to carry on an affair with a man she did not love. If Sydney Harmon, why not he? The more spiritual forms of Howard's love, if any such existed, had disappeared with the knowledge of Sylvia's wrongdoing. According to conventional standards, he could not love a woman who had "gone wrong." But that did not prevent him from desiring her, in a physical sense. With a quick movement he reached across the table, laid his hand on Sylvia's bare arm.

"Look here, sweetheart," he whispered. "This business about my not marrying at present is the old man's idea, not mine. Can't we be friends, just the same? I'll have all kinds of money, if I do as he asks. And there's nobody I'd rather spend it on than you. What's the good of your sticking around here in Millersburg? These people all know you, and they aren't going to make your life any too pleasant. Why not move to New York? You'll be free there—able to live your life in

your own way and all that sort of thing. If you need any money I'd be tickled to death to help you out. You know that. And of course I'd run down every week-end to see you, and we'd have no end of fun. After all, marriage is getting to be a sort of hack number nowadays, don't you think?"

He spoke slowly, trying to determine from Sylvia's expression just how far he dared to go. Denied him as a wife by the standards of his class, he saw nothing amiss in still desiring her as a mistress. He had never really loved her; his passion, his lust for her fresh young body remained as vigorous as before.

Sylvia found herself thinking of Sam Miller. The motion picture man's words had been strangely similar to those with which Howard was favoring her now. And as she realized what was in her companion's mind, she knew that he had dealt her the hardest blow of all. Howard Bennett, the man she had thought loved her, suggesting that he furnish her with money, enable her to maintain herself in New York, for his pleasure and benefit! The thing was humiliating beyond words.

"You could take a little apartment down there," she heard him saying, "and go in for some sort of work—the stage, maybe. They're not so fussy as the pictures."

It seemed clear, from his words, that he believed everything that had been said about her. Up to this moment she had intended to tell Howard just what had happened that night in Hollywood, to set herself right with him, as a friend. She had supposed that he would invite, even ask for, such an explanation, but it appeared that, like all the others, he had already judged her. Pride now held her silent—pride and a keen hot anger.

"You evidently believe the things they've been saying about me," she exclaimed, her cheeks suddenly white. "And without having heard my side. I guess that ends any possible friendship between us."

A startled look came into Howard Bennett's eyes. That she was guiltless had not occurred to [CONTINUED ON PAGE 86]

Priscilla Dean's New Reduction Method



In Buffalo, Miss Dean tested the biggest organ in the world



Held up by a Canadian customs officer. A smile helps a lot



Then broadcasting in Chicago

TRAVEL, they say, broadens one. But that, says Priscilla Dean, is exactly what it doesn't do. Priscilla has just returned to Hollywood from a personal appearance tour that lasted over five months. When she left, she weighed 143 pounds. She came back weighing 123 pounds. How did she do it? Well, she appeared in 200 theaters, met 3,000,000 of her fans and made speeches everywhere, even in asylums for the deaf and dumb. If you don't believe it's a strenuous and slenderizing life, look at the pictures on this page.



An automobile plant—Detroit, of course



Miss Dean drove her own locomotive for twelve miles. This is guaranteed to be a good way of getting thin



In Minneapolis, she was godmother of a christening. Now she knows how a Presidential candidate feels

Are You Movie Wise?

How much do you know about stars and directors? How closely do you follow screen news? Here is a test of your film knowledge

HOW much do you know about motion pictures? Are you a real fan?

Here is an intelligence test, patterned after the mental and psychology tests used in many of the large universities. Get a pencil and try your luck with it. You ought to be able to answer all the questions in twenty or twenty-five minutes. Naturally, you must play fair with yourself and not consult any magazine or newspapers.

If you make less than ten mistakes, you may rate yourself as having an excellent knowledge of the movies. If you make from eleven to twenty errors, you are only a casually good fan. With from twenty-one to thirty, you are just fair. And if you make more than thirty, you may mark yourself as poor and go to the foot of the class.

In the September issue of PHOTOPLAY you will find the correct answers. Now let your conscience be your guide and go ahead.

Compiled by E. K. McMullen

FIRST GROUP

Cross out the numbers before the untrue statements.

1. Shirley Mason and Viola Dana are sisters.
2. Colleen Moore is a Paramount star.
3. Samuel Goldwyn is one of the heads of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation.
4. The corporation name for Paramount Pictures is Famous Players-Lasky.
5. Irene Rich and Lillian Rich are related.
6. Norma Talmadge's pictures are produced by her husband.
7. "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," by John Fox, Jr., has never been made into a picture, but it is to be produced as such soon.
8. Bebe Daniels makes pictures for Universal.
9. "The Enchanted Cottage" was a comedy starring Richard Barthelmess.
10. Harry Langdon is a Mack Sennett comedian.

SECOND GROUP

Draw a circle around the number or numbers at the end of the questions that indicate the correct answer. Some, all, or only one may be correct. (Each correct answer not encircled and each incorrect answer encircled counts as one mistake.)

11. Marion Davies was supported by Harrison Ford in (1) "When Knighthood Was In Flower"; (2) "Janice Meredith"; (3) "Yolanda"; (4) "Little Old New York."
12. Rex Ingram is noted for his productions of (1) "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse"; (2) "The Prisoner of Zenda"; (3) "Where the Pavement Ends"; (4) "Scaramoche."
13. The following are comedienne: (1) Norma Talmadge; (2) Constance Talmadge; (3) Lillian Gish; (4) Louise Fazenda; (5) Dorothy Devore.
14. The leading role in "If Winter Comes" was taken by (1) Percy Marmont; (2) Richard Barthelmess; (3) Ramon Novarro; (4) Richard Dix; (5) Holmes Herbert.
15. "Peter Pan" was directed by (1) Marshall Neilan; (2) Herbert Brenon; (3) Alan Crosland; (4) D. W. Griffith; (5) Allan Dwan.
16. Gloria Swanson starred in (1) "Forbidden Paradise"; (2) "Sinners in Heaven"; (3) "The Humming Bird"; (4) "The Famous Mrs. Fair"; (5) "The Wages of Virtue."

THIRD GROUP

Fill in the missing word or words.

17. "Isn't Life Wonderful?" was made in _____.
18. The leading feminine role was played by _____.
19. _____ plays the title role in "Ben Hur."

20. Estelle Taylor was recently married to _____.
21. The first picture made by Rudolph Valentino after his return

to the screen was _____.

22. A well-known producer who recently died was _____.
23. Wallace Beery is said to have taken acting honors away from _____.
24. In what picture _____?

FOURTH GROUP

The following names and titles are arranged in groups. That is to say, as producers, directors, pictures and actresses. Which names or titles do not belong with the others? Draw a circle around the number corresponding to the misplaced name or title.

25. (1) Carl Laemmle; (2) Adolph Zukor; (3) Sol Lesser; (4) Thomas Meighan; (5) Louis B. Mayer.
26. (1) Allan Dwan; (2) John Robertson; (3) Ernest Torrence; (4) Fred Niblo; (5) Raoul Walsh.
27. (1) "Safety Last"; (2) "Grandma's Boy"; (3) "Girl Shy"; (4) "The Navigator"; (5) "Why Worry?"
(Note: This series concerns Harold Lloyd comedies.)
28. (1) Bebe Daniels; (2) Claire McDowell; (3) Mary Alden; (4) Vera Gordon; (5) Mary Carr.
(Note: This series concerns actresses who play mother roles.)

FIFTH GROUP

Within the parenthesis at the end of the questions write the number that indicates the correct answer.

29. Sidney Olcott is a (1) cameraman; (2) actor; (3) director; (4) comedian; (5) author. ()
30. Richard Barthelmess won the PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor in 1921 for (1) "Broken Blossoms"; (2) "Tol'able David"; (3) "The Bright Shawl"; (4) "The Girl I Love"; (5) "Fury." ()
31. By her recent marriage Gloria Swanson now has had (1) one; (2) two; (3) three; (4) four; (5) five husbands. ()
32. June Mathis is a (1) scenario writer; (2) character actress; (3) comedienne; (4) star. ()
33. "Secrets" was a (1) melodrama; (2) drama; (3) comedy; (4) western. ()
34. "Greed" is the embodiment of (1) comedy; (2) beauty; (3) art; (4) realism. ()
35. Adolphe Menjou made his first big hit in (1) "The Marriage Circle"; (2) "A Kiss in the Dark"; (3) "Merlot of the Movies"; (4) "A Woman of Paris." ()
36. Mae Murray was formerly a (1) swimmer; (2) dramatic actress; (3) dancer; (4) opera singer. ()
37. James Cruze's greatest picture was (1) "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse"; (2) "America"; (3) "Big Brother"; (4) "The Covered Wagon." ()

SIXTH GROUP

Cross out the numbers before the untrue statements.

38. William C. de Mille directed "The Ten Commandments."
39. "Kinograms" was the name applied to the "third dimension" novelty picture produced about a year ago.
40. Ethel Barrymore has never been on the screen.
41. "Ashes of Vengeance" was a costume picture.
42. Ernest Torrence has always appeared in supporting casts and has never had a featured role.
43. Richard Dix plays in Paramount pictures.
44. "Sundown" was a story of the cattle country.
45. Vitagraph is one of the largest producing companies.
46. Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky are the heads of United Artists.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 107]

The Girl Without "It"

For thirteen long years
Pauline Starke waited
patiently for Glory

By Joe Kelly



her—caused, of course, by extreme poverty. "Gee," she said, seated in her mansion, a five-year contract tucked away in the safe, or the Bible. "It was terrible in those years. . . . mother worked so hard—and I was always so tired. But we loved each other so—and that made us bear it."

In the set of Pauline's eyes and the perky twist to her nose, there is more than a faint resemblance to Gloria Swanson



IT has been thirteen years since Pauline Starke first came to Hollywood. She was merely a child then—a rather sad child—with large eyes and a great gift for wonder. She had arrived with her mother from Joplin, Missouri. This town is at the edge of the Ozarks and has no place in the tale, only—loving the town and its surroundings myself—I feel that it gave its most famous citizen a great deal of her charm. For Joplin is—but that is enough—I once knew a girl in Joplin.

Pauline's mother came with her. Never did two more naive citizens arrive in any city. Perhaps Mrs. Starke does not like me to mention it—she was very poor then, and she earned her living as a seamstress in a studio wardrobe. They settled in Hollywood where Pauline went to school, and made the rounds of the studios when she could. She worked as extra, in child parts, for three years. Gifted as she was with great emotional capacity, Ivan St. Johns called her at this period "the best little crier in Hollywood." Indeed it was easy for Pauline to cry—she really had imagination—and life had a sad tinge for

There is a genuine quality in Pauline Starke—which I am afraid more superficial people are trying to destroy. She has a very great emotional force which dominates all her better work. Rowland V. Lee, director of "The Man Without a Country," was the first to bring this quality out. Pauline's work—as young girl and old lady in this picture—are unforgettable evidence of real ability.

I said to her, "You should do something like 'Zaza' or 'Madame X.'" Her large eyes opened wider . . . she held her hands together in ecstasy—

"Oh, that would be wonderful," she

exclaimed. "I would just love to do them."

But in walks irony. She is now cast in a frivolous piece to be directed by Robert Leonard and produced by Metro-Goldwyn. The piece has something to do with Broadway or Paris—and is far better suited to Mae Murray. Pauline Starke is a great actress.

As a little girl she worked in the same pictures with Gloria Swanson and Bessie Love. Monte Blue also did extra work with the same company. So did Colleen Moore. Gloria Swanson, also in Hollywood with her mother, and working for forty dollars a week—while Pauline got twenty-five—was the latter's idol then, and remains so to this day. Both girls have often been mistaken for one another. Gloria went on to glory—Pauline lagged behind. Bessie [CONTINUED ON PAGE 108]

Harry Carey's Trading Post



Harry and Mrs. Carey clerk in the old-time store that they have established near their ranch. Did you know that Carey was once one of New York's East Side kids?



If young Dobe Carey doesn't learn all there is to know about ropin', it won't be his pa's fault



These Navajo women and their families were brought from Arizona to Saqus, California, to weave rugs for the post

Let the Screen Make Your



*Note the harmony and balance—the refreshing quietness, the invitingness of this set from the picture “Sackcloth and Scarlet.”
This is a room to live in!*

Some suggestions from “Sackcloth and Scarlet” that will add charm to your home

ASK almost any woman what she believes should be the essentials in the furnishing of a home, and she will give you an answer that implies the qualities of refinement, charm, beauty and simplicity. Ask any man and he will say, “Comfort.”

But press either of them further and you will find that home atmosphere means most of all to both.

For the home is the real center of our being. All the energies we expend in gaining a livelihood are for but one end—that we may better enjoy our home life. And whatever contributes to improving the surroundings there has the instant attention of every normal human being.

That is why motion pictures of domestic scenes have such a profound appeal to the public.

Thrill of action and suspense of plot, of course, hold the in-

By Frances Gilbert

STUDY screen settings to get ideas to beautify your home. The foremost interior decorators in the world have put much time and study in every scene that pleases you. PHOTOPLAY, through this department, points out how you can adapt ideas obtained in this way in your own home. You can carry out the above scheme on a much less expensive basis if you wish. The photos with this article are offered merely to suggest ideas and are not intended as models that you should exactly follow. Any articles you may see in these photographs we shall be glad to obtain for you at the prices quoted. Address: Home Furnishings Dept., PhotoPlay Magazine, 750 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

terest for the moment, but it takes those scenes which are, in large measure, counterparts of our own daily experiences to really strike the hearts of the audience and remain there.

It is for this reason that the furnishings of home scenes on the screen attract so many women and a large percentage of men, too. Consciously or unconsciously, they react to the charm of the atmosphere so subtly laid down by the art directors who are fully awake to their responsibility in seeing that the interiors are in harmony with the characters and with the particular scene that is being enacted.

Many intelligent persons alert to this fact make a practice of drawing ideas from such settings so as to obtain a more perfect touch and harmony in their own living rooms.

The fact cannot be too greatly stressed that there is a correctness in interior screen

Home a Better Place to Live In



Alice Terry and her leading man, Orrille Caldwell, in a scene from "Sockcloth and Scarlet," the charm of which is by no means diminished by the subtly tasteful atmosphere

settings hardly possible to find elsewhere. The men in charge are not merely technical experts. They are also true artists. They have a sense of the fitness of things. They have had the opportunity to experiment on a vast scale, regardless of expense, that is given, perhaps, to no other men. In fact, it would not be too much to say that the art directors employed by the motion picture companies are geniuses in the art of home decoration.

First of all, they have perfect materials to work with. There is no fake or camouflage in the splendid furniture and hangings that arouse the wonder and delight of the spectators in a movie theater. You must remember that substitution will not do. Everything is under the merciless glare of the most searching lights, lights that reach into every nook and cranny of the room. They illuminate

every detail of every chair, sofa or hanging. Moreover, in making a picture, lighting is often especially concentrated upon some portion of the setting. So authenticity is imperative.

There is not a chance for some second-rate article to escape the critical eyes of the motion picture audiences of today. When you see an expensive looking hanging on the wall, you may count on it that it cost from a thousand dollars up.

When you see a magnificent writing desk, marvelous period chairs and similar furniture, you can rest assured that many thousands of dollars went into the furnishings alone for that single scene.

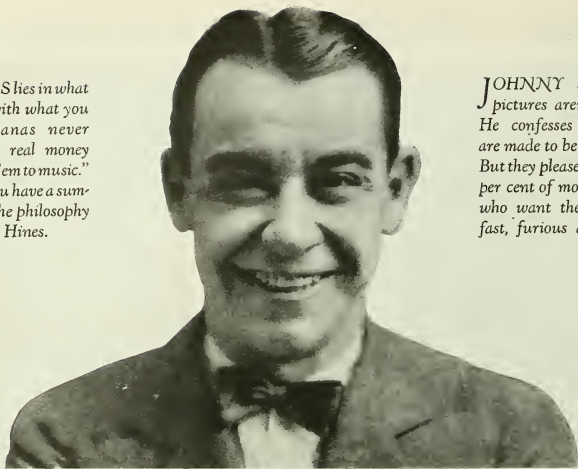
The cost of making pictures is too great for the producers to take a chance. As they put hundreds of thousands of dollars, even millions, into a picture, it would be foolish then to

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 119]



This pair of ginger jars lends a delightful touch to a room. Chinese hawthorne pattern, old blue and white. Price \$35 each

"SUCCESS lies in what you do with what you have. Bananas never brought any real money until they set 'em to music." And there you have a summing up of the philosophy of Mr. Hines.



Johnny Hines—don't call him John

JOHNNY admits his pictures aren't artistic. He confesses that they are made to be laughed at. But they please the seventy per cent of movie patrons who want their pictures fast, furious and funny.

Johnny on the Jump

He is only twenty-eight years old but he produces and stars in his own pictures.

A THRILL that comes once in a lifetime. (Apologies to Briggs.) Do you remember yours? What was mine?

A summons to the editor's office:

"Miss Boyle, did you see 'The Crackerjack'? How did you like it?"

"As a laugh-producer it can't be beat. Johnny Hines was great."

"Do you know the gentleman?"

"I met him once—know his pedigree from A to Z."

"Well, how would you like to interview him?"

"Like to? Whew! Do you mean it?"

"Surely. Have your story for the next issue."

Can you imagine how I felt, dear readers? At first I could hardly believe what had happened. The mere thought that I had been given the golden opportunity of interviewing a real-honest-to-goodness star thrilled me at once to a sense of fear and anxiety. To criticize their acting on the screen, to know their personalities, whims and caprices in a cursory way is indeed interesting, but the idea of coming face to face with a star and questioning him with the usual "who-what-when-where-why-wherefor"—oh, well, that was different.

Thinking it over I became panicky, the blood seemed to surge to my brain, leaving it an empty whirl, but summoning up that something that spurs all of us to greater things, I called Mr. Hines and arranged for an interview.

As fortune (good or bad if you will) would have it, the appointed day was a scorcher. I feared that perhaps Mr.

By Mary Boyle

Hines would be in an irritable mood. What would I do? Just trust to luck—that was all.

When Mr. Hines met me I noticed the look of surprise on his face. Evidently he did not recall our former meeting and expected the regular newspaper woman, mature in years, skilled in the subtle art. Believe it or not; I have just shaded twenty-two. Mustering together all forces of mind, I proceeded, ever conscious of the fact that this was my first interview, ever anxious to make the impression that I was well versed in "The Art."

Johnny (I'm not getting familiar but he refuses to be associated with the title Mr. Hines) suggested lunch at a very quiet restaurant in Central Park. No objection on my part.

He drives a very sporty Locomobile. You know the kind you would like everybody you ever met to see you in. And I am no different than you are. But the sad part of it is—I don't think a soul saw me.

After reaching our destination, atmospheric conditions became oppressive, and a quiet and cool inn at Yonkers was suggested.

Duly motioned and seconded, we sallied on in all the heat. While driving along Fifth Avenue, traffic stopped. A taxi drew up alongside of us. The brakes sang out—crying for grease. Very seriously, Johnnie turned to me and said: "Sounds like 'Dardanella,' eh, Miss Boyle?"

During the course of our luncheon Johnny remarked:

"Who was the last person you interviewed?"

I shivered—what would I say? [CONTINUED ON PAGE 128]

From the Land of Legend

Foreign film makers
strive for the unusual
and the magnificent in
their new productions



A scene from a UFA film, "Kriemhild's Revenge," that has the beauty of a painting. Attila, the Hun, on his devastating march, showers gold on the Pagan children of the North

Lionel Barrymore made a picture at the UFA studios under the direction of Graham Wileoz, an Englishman. A scene from "Decameron Nights," with Mr. Barrymore and Werner Krauss



Below: Alberich, the Dwarf, leads Siegfried through the misty plains of the Niebelheim. The great production of "Siegfried" will be presented in New York in the early Fall



Why I'm Going to Marry

*Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman
try to explain why they love each other*

As told to Marna Tully



By Edmund Lowe



By Lilyan Tashman

I AM going to get married because I am so much in love with Lilyan Tashman that I can't help it.

I don't believe in marriage for actors. I don't believe in marriage for artists of any kind. In fact, I don't think I believe much in marriage under any circumstances. It is the most difficult of all human relations. The percentage of failures is enough to scare any man to death.

Add to its general difficulties the special peculiarities of the life of an actor, and it's like suicide.

And yet—I'm going to get married. That's what love does for a man.

I'm going to get married because I can't live without this woman.

Nothing else could induce me to marry—and I think that's the only legitimate reason for marriage anyway. Never marry, some sage has said, until you can't live without her. That's me.

Marriage for a screen actor is nearly always a handicap. The hours of working are irregular, which makes an ordered home life impossible; the occasional necessity of long separations because of location trips; the possibility of rousing jealousy in one's wife when the customary love scenes are enacted—all these different forces make marriage a precarious path for an actor to tread.

Lilyan Tashman is the one woman in the world who is tactful and understanding enough to be the wife of an actor. But I'd marry her if she weren't. I know she will be able to always think of our home, her career and mine, balancing her attention nicely between all three, having [CONTINUED ON PAGE 109]

WHY am I going to marry? Because I'm in love, of course! But seriously—women for centuries have given up thoughts of marriage if they also wanted a career, for, too often, matrimony and a career are absolutely incompatible. It depends on the man's viewpoint. So, first of all, I am fortunate in loving a man who loves the thought of my career second only to myself.

Edmund Lowe and I have known each other for seven years. After this stretch of years I never have a qualm—never think for a minute that I am making a mistake. In fact, I feel sure now that our marriage will be a great success. Mainly because we love each other so much that nothing would hurt us more than feeling we had handicapped the one we loved.

Knowing then that marriage will in no way interfere with the development of my career—I know it will be a great advantage. The background of my own home life, the character enriching thing of saying "ours" instead of "mine," the sharing of troubles—and joys, the pleasure of being with one I love when the day's work is done—these things will bring a depth and greater understanding into my life, and consequently into my work.

Eddie is a real man. Of all the people I've ever known, he has the best disposition. He's genuine and real. And he's like a child in many ways—all men are. He comes to me with his little troubles and worries as if I were his mother.

I think if he were not a fine actor he would not have such understanding and sympathy. He has studied life and people continually as a part of his training [CONTINUED ON PAGE 109]

The lovely Vicomtesse de Frise discusses her method of caring for her skin



"CHARM and loveliness, which depend so largely upon an exquisite complexion, add immeasurably to a woman's social influence. Fortunately every woman may possess a lovely skin. But she must give it the right care, a delicate cleansing and a soft protection. These, in my judgment, can best be had by the use of Pond's Two Creams. I use them constantly and find them indispensable to the freshness of my complexion."

Vicomtesse de Frise

A PIQUANT intellect, wit and natural tact plus social experience in the exclusive circles of London, Paris and New York have made the Vicomtesse de Frise one of the most delightful hostesses in Society's younger married set.

Realizing that "charm and loveliness depend largely upon an exquisite complexion" and learning of Pond's Method of caring for the skin, she tried the Two Famous Creams which Pond's laboratories have for years been perfecting. They precisely met her needs as they are meeting the needs of beautiful society women everywhere.

And now the Vicomtesse declares: "I use them constantly and find them indispensable to the freshness of my complexion."

The first step in this famous method of skin care is a Rejuvenating Cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. Always after exposure and every night, spread it liberally over your face and neck, letting the pure oil sink deep into the pores to rid them of dirt, dust, powder and rouge. With a soft cloth, wipe it all off. Never mind if you are horrified at the dirt; just do it again. Now how deliciously soft and fresh your face is!

And now the second step—always before you powder, always before going out, smooth on a feathery film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. See what a lovely finished tone it gives your skin. And now watch how well your powder goes on with a smoothness that makes your skin just rose-leaves. It stays, too. For hours you'll hold that lovely finished look. Moreover, this delicate greaseless cream smoothed on under your powder before you go out, shields you from the coarsening effects of wind, dust and cold. It gives your skin that "soft protection" the Vicomtesse deems so essential.

Keep your youth and loveliness. Buy Pond's Two Creams today. You'll soon find them as "indispensable to the freshness of your complexion" as the Vicomtesse de Frise has found them to her own. The Pond's Extract Company.



Pond's Two Creams — used by society women to keep their skin young and lovely



Girlishness, simplicity and social poise give the Vicomtesse de Frise a fascinating personality. She attributes the exquisite freshness of her skin to the daily care she gives it with Pond's indispensable Two Creams.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA

THE DUCHESS DE RICHELIEU > THE PRINCESSE MATCHABELLI
MRS. O. H. P. BELMONT > MRS. GLORIA GOULD BISHOP
MRS. LIVINGSTON FAIRBANK > MRS. CONDE NAST
MRS. MARSHALL FIELD, SR. > THE LADY DIANA MANNERS
THE PRINCESSE MARIE DE BOURBON

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, 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 and a little folder telling you how to use them.

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. H
147 Hudson St., New York

Please send me your free tubes, one each of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams.

Name.....

Street.....

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

The Photoplay Medal of Honor

For the best picture released in 1924

Winners of Photoplay Medal



1920
"HUMORESQUE"

1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"

1922
"ROBIN HOOD"

1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"



What was the best motion picture of 1924?

THE ballot boxes of the fifth annual voting contest to decide which picture of 1924 is most worthy of the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Gold Medal are now open to the two million readers of PHOTOPLAY.

The decision of conferring this reward, which is looked upon as a supreme distinction in the motion picture world, rests entirely with the readers of PHOTOPLAY.

This is your opportunity to encourage better pictures by giving proper recognition to the producer who, by his vision and his faith in the public, has tried to give you the best in story, direction, acting, settings, continuity and photography. The vote that you cast in this contest is your way of expressing your appreciation and approval of the picture-makers who are constantly striving to bring the screen to a high and worthy artistic level.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE awarded the first Gold Medal of Honor in 1920. Each year the contest has assumed an increasing importance and the announcement of the result of your votes is an event of importance in the film world, as it most accurately reflects the best in public taste.

In its four past contests, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE had every reason to be proud of the decision of its readers.

For 1920, the Medal of Honor was awarded to William Randolph Hearst for his great story of mother love, "Humoresque," produced by Cosmopolitan. The Medal of Honor for 1921 went to Inspiration Pictures for "Tol'able David," a finely-told story of American boyhood, starring Richard Barthelmess.

Douglas Fairbanks won the Medal of Honor in 1923 for his masterful and spectacular production of "Robin Hood." Last year the award went to Famous Players-Lasky for its great picture, "The Covered Wagon," which was directed by James Cruze.

What American picture presented during 1924 do you consider represents the most significant advance in picture-making? Register your vote by filling out the coupon on this page. Mail it to PHOTOPLAY's editorial offices, No. 221 West 57th Street, New York City, and see that your coupon reaches this office not later than October 1, 1925. PHOTOPLAY will also be glad to receive short letters explaining the reasons for your choice.

In order to give all the pictures an equal chance, the voting is delayed six months after the close of the year so that voters in all parts of the country will be able to see the films released late in the year. Remember, the ballot boxes close on October 1st, 1925, so be sure that your coupon is registered before that time. In case of a tie, equal rewards will be made to each one of the winners.

THE PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor is solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights, and is two and one-half inches in diameter. It is being made, as were the other medals, by Tiffany & Company of New York.

Below, to refresh your memory, is published a list of fifty pictures released during 1924. Of course, your selection need not be limited to this group. Show your appreciation of good pictures by voting early.

Fifty Pictures Released in 1924

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 1924

NAME OF PICTURE

Name _____

Address _____

Abraham Lincoln	Girl Shy	Peter Pan
America	He Who Gets Stopped	The Red Lily
The Arab	Hot Water	The Sea Hawk
Babbitt	In Hollywood with Potash and Perlmutter	The Side Show of Life
Barbara Frietchie	The Iron Horse	The Signal Tower
Beau Brummel	Janice Meredith	The Snob
Black Ozen	The Lover of Camille	So Big
Broadway After Dark	Manhottan	Tarnish
Captain Blood	The Man Who Came Back	Tess of the D'Urbervilles
The Checkmates	The Marriage Circle	The Thief of Bagdad
Classmates	Merton of the Mosies	Those Who Dance
Cytherea	Monsieur Beaucaire	Thy Name Is Woman
Dante's Inferno	The Navigator	Three Women
Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall	North of 36	Wanderer of the Waste-land
The Enchanted Cottage	Not One to Spare	West of the Water Tower
The Fighting Coward		Wild Oranges
Forbidden Paradise		Wladawa



"SOME FEW YEARS AGO I ate Yeast for bacterial infections, boils and carbuncles. Within three weeks my infections disappeared and I have never been troubled since. But I have an especial message to mothers. Four children were born to me in four years, and they are perfect babies and I am a good specimen of a healthy mother—thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast. Not only did it settle my stomach, when other things failed, but it also toned up my system, and gave me an appetite, which is most essential in motherhood."

THEODOSSIA HESSON, R. N., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Now they are really well

Vital, joyous, certain once more of their power, thousands have found the way to glorious health through one simple food.

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today! Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. 8, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



"A YEAR AGO two friends and myself went on a hunting trip into an arid region. On our way out we picked up a piece of rich, gold-bearing float. We stayed nine weeks prospecting—living on the crude supplies the country afforded—and hope. My stomach was weak from abuse. My bonanza was a coarse, irritated skin—a breaking-out all over my body. I used a horde of 'positive cures' and then, discouraged, tried Fleischmann's Yeast. In two months I was as I am today. My skin was better than 'back to normal' and I was ready for every 'let's go.'" V. C. SMIES, Barrett, Cal.



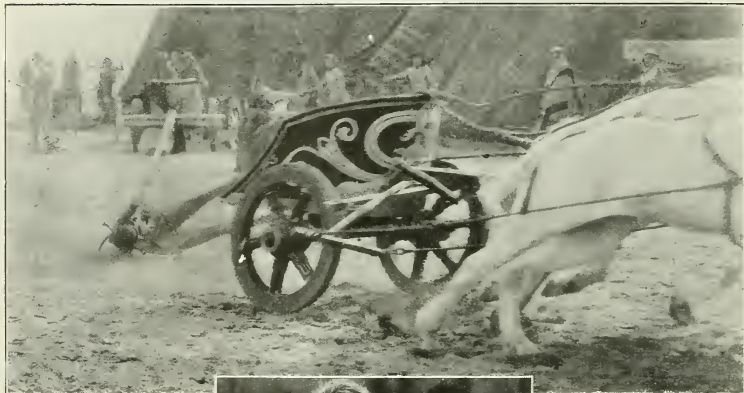
EAT 2 OR 3 CAKES regularly every day before meals on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime.



"FOR SIX YEARS I was ailing, nervous and depressed, interested in nothing, accomplishing nothing, rarely for twenty-four consecutive hours free from pain—all caused I know by intestinal putrefaction. At last I asked a nurse if there was anything in the 'yeast fad?' She assured me there was. I began eating daily three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast. Relief from constipation and pain followed. I continued to take it as a tonic and food, regaining strength and energy and the long-discontinued compliments on my complexion. Today I am vigorously well, praise be to Fleischmann's Yeast."

KATE D. MEARES, College Place, S. C.

"BEN HUR"—THE 1925 EDITION



Above is a remarkable photograph of the latest—and probably final—version of the chariot race from "Ben Hur." After two trips to Rome, the great scene of the picture was filmed at last not very far from Hollywood



At the left, May McAvoy, Ramon Novarro and Claire McDowell. Both May and Ramon are now on leave of absence and appearing in other productions. But, of course, they will return to their original roles

NO motion picture ever made has had the picturesque and exciting history that has accumulated about the production of "Ben Hur." But amid the chaos of shifting directors and changes in the cast, a great spectacular production is slowly taking on form.

The money spent on "Ben Hur" up-to-date would abash a Von Stroheim or a De Mille. The late General Lew Wallace's religious novel has been the storm center of the film world for over three years. It has caused heartbreaks and tempests among those associated with its production. It has caused headaches and heart failures among the experts engaged in tabulating its rapidly mounting expenses.

These new photographs show the latest developments in the great "Ben Hur" controversy. Unless there is another switching of plans or unless the picture is relegated to the Purgatory of unreleased films, these are three scenes you will see on the screen.



Another beautifully photographed scene from the chariot race. All the efforts of the producers are now concentrated on making this the most exciting climax ever filmed

In "New Lives for Old"

WHEN Betty Compson, as Olympe, the notorious Parisienne dancer, goes incognito to stay with her peasant aunt, the first thing she does is change her high heels for wooden sabots.

Shoes appropriate for every occasion are a hobby with Betty Compson . . . Goodyear Welt shoes for daytime wear, because they keep their trig lines even after re-soling . . . lace ties and oxfords preferred, because the mode is reaction against elaborate strap and cutout shoes.

Matching *visible eyelets* distinguish the new smart laced models.

United Fast Color Eyelet Company, Boston

Manufacturers of

DIAMOND BRAND *Visible* FAST COLOR EYELETS

Under oath not to reveal her Secret Service connection, Olympe has no choice but to leave her perplexed husband—New Lives for Old, a Famous Players Production.



Diamond Brand Visible Fast Color Eyelets preserve the smooth style lines of the upper and promote easy lacing. They retain their original finish indefinitely and actually outwear the shoe.

Look for the Diamond

Trade Mark.





Charles Chaplin's picture, "The Gold Rush," was more than fourteen months in the making. But it is worth waiting for. The scene shown above is from an episode that is said to be one of the greatest bits of pathos ever screened. It shows Charlie, the table spread in his shock and every penny spent for the New Year's turkey, waiting for his guests — and the guests never come

100 Miles of Film Were Shot to Make Charlie's New Picture

Below: Another scene of Charlie's lonely New Year's Eve. After waiting in vain for his guests and for the dance hall queen with whom he is in love to celebrate with him, he goes to the Alaskan saloon and watches their hilarious party through the snow-banked window. It is to perfect such sequences as this that Charlie works for days and weeks on one small detail in the action or setting



To the left: Georgia Hale and Charlie in another one of the scenes from the 600,000-foot picture. Of course, when "The Gold Rush" reaches you, you will see only a small part of the film that was actually taken—not more than eight or ten thousand feet. Perhaps the most difficult and the most trying task that falls to Chaplin is the editing and arranging of the vast number of episodes included in the original uncut picture. Many great scenes will be eliminated so that only the finest of them will appear in the finished picture. It's a heart-breaking job for an actor who directs his own work





SHE: "I'M SORRY—BUT I JUST CAN'T PLAY WITH HIM."

【 Listerine used as a mouth wash quickly overcomes halitosis (unpleasant breath). 】

That Terrible Thorne Girl [CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

him. Like all the other Babbitts, he took his thoughts, his opinions, his judgments, from the newspapers. Ready-made, of course. Public opinion was his god. What people, other people, said, or might say, was far more important than any independent thought of his own. Standardized mentalities, his kind possessed, originating nothing, creating nothing, following blindly like sheep in a flock.

"But—I don't understand," he gasped. "Do you mean to say all these stories they've printed about you have been lies?"

Sylvia sat staring across the table at her companion, wondering how she could ever have thought she loved him. She did not even like him now. A man whose so-called affection wilted, shrivelled up, died, at the first cold breath of criticism. Steve Hollins, she hoped, would have told the world and its opinions to go to the devil. A sudden disgust for her position, for herself in having been placed in it, came over her. To explain herself to such a man as Howard Bennett had shown himself to be was demeaning. Let him think what he pleased. What difference did it make? She stood up, very slim and lovely.

"I don't mean to say anything," she told him, nor did he make any effort to check her. "What's the use?" she asked wearily. "Everything's finished, so far as we are concerned. Take me home."

He attempted to soften her anger with kisses, on the way back, but Sylvia was like a block of stone. After all, the man had grossly insulted her, veiled though his suggestions of money, of an apartment, had been. She felt that she never wanted to see him again and fairly flung herself from the car when it drew up before the little bookshop.

"Good night," she called back, ignoring his suggestions of another meeting, and went up to her room. Mr. McKenna, nodding over a pious volume in the study, called to her and she went in. Perhaps the expression on her face told him all he wished to know. Placing his book on the table he drew her to his knee, kissed her.

"Somebody or other once said," he whispered, "that man made the cities and God the country, but that the Devil himself is responsible for small towns like Millersburg. And the people in them. You know I never liked him, Mary dear. Guess now you've found out why. I was afraid you would, but perhaps it's just as well."

Suddenly Sylvia found her eyes filled with tears.

"I—I think I'd like to go to work in the store, Dad," she said, her head against his breast.

Looking beyond her, Mr. McKenna's gaze fell upon a lithographed copy of Albert Durer's Christ.

"That's best," he murmured. "Out-side they'd want to stone you."

CHAPTER XII

SYLVIA had been in the bookshop only a week, but business had very nearly doubled. It was astonishing what a sudden interest the males of Millersburg, both young and old, began to display in literature, from Shakespeare to Mother Goose, from Dickens to the latest detective thriller. And, singularly enough, all these new customers desired Sylvia to wait on them.

The list ran all the way from the elderly and dignified Samuel Witherspoon, whose wife had spoken so feelingly to Katie Sollers on the question of upholding the sanctity of the home, down to the sportive young sheiks who hung around Crimmins' billiard parlor and pool room or lay in wait for flirtatious maidens in front of the Golden Hour picture house. Married men and bachelors, old and young, sidled

in to ask for prices on all sorts of books, utilizing the opportunity thus afforded to feast their eyes on Sylvia's keen loveliness, to engage her in conversations cleverly led away from literary topics, to refer more or less pointedly to dances, parties, trips of various sorts, in which they thought she might be interested. She had but to crook her finger and a host of admirers would be ready with open pocket-books to see that she had "a good time."

It amazed her to discover how hungry the men of the town seemed to be for amours. It could not arise from any lack on the part of Millersburg's women—there were plenty of seductive and not over-particular girls to be had for the asking. Perhaps it was because Sylvia represented romance to them, adventure along the gay primrose path with a woman who had already shown her readiness for such dalliance. God knows, she thought, their lives, their immoralities, were sordid enough. She could imagine defying the conventions, daring the criticism of the world, for the sake of a great love; but these men, these wolves, who pursued her did not think of love. Varying as were their methods of approach, they still left one thing quite clear—they wanted her body, her very lovely physical self, and were ready to pay for it.

There had been men in Hollywood who looked upon her like that, but they had veiled their intentions beneath a pretence of romance, gilded them, dramatized them into a semblance of real love. Here she found only a commercial proposition. That was what it came down to in the end, whether from prominent business man or crap-shooting sheik. No romance—no sentiment—just—how much? The price? It was disgusting.

Most of the older men cloaked their advances beneath an assumption of fatherly interest. A desire to help her in her trouble, Alvin Mercer's suggestion that she come to his office, after business hours, for legal advice was a fair

sample of their methods. Mr. Witherspoon had varied it by offering to get her a position in New York, where he had large interests. The proprietor of Millersburg's leading department store spoke of his need for a secretary and offered to lend Sylvia the money to take a business course at a school in Philadelphia.

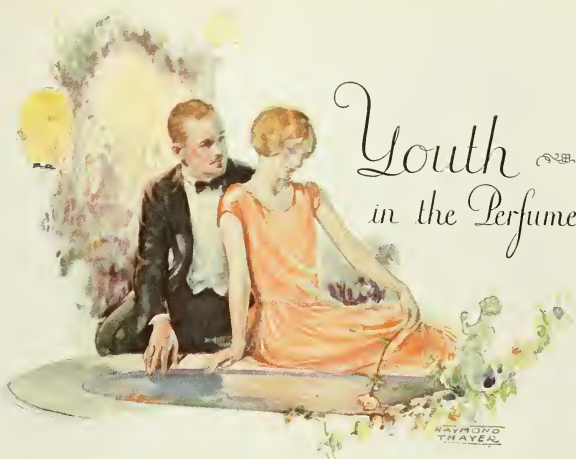
The younger men were somewhat more crude in their methods. Their attitude was summed up in the formula, "Catch 'em young, treat 'em rough, tell 'em nothing." They attempted to win Sylvia's attention by strong-arm methods, telling her insolently of their popularity with women, their many "girls," their willingness to show her a "good time" if she would listen to reason. If she would meet them after closing hours at the store, the "little old bus" would be waiting just around the corner, its owner with "plenty of hooch on the hip." Crude stuff, it is true, but experience had shown it to be effective with the small-town flappers.

Sylvia met all these advances with patient silence, but her anger was slowly mounting, in spite of the fact that she tried not to show it. To quarrel with her customers would not help her father's business any. But the consolation she had hoped to find among her friends at home was conspicuous by its absence. Nor was her humiliation brought about entirely by the men. The snubs, the stares, the open insults accorded her by the women of the town had made even walking on the streets an unpleasant experience. Since the day when Millersburg's social leader, Mrs. Witherspoon, had cut her dead in front of the Beehive Store, it had become the proper thing for her satellites and followers to pass Sylvia by with upturned nose, a slight moving aside on the pavement, as though to suggest that contact with her might prove contaminating, as with one suffering from smallpox or leprosy.

Toward the end of the week the Reverend [CONTINUED ON PAGE 131]



"I can't tell you. She made me promise not to give anyone her address"



Youth

in the Perfumes of Youth

HAYMOND
THAYER

WHAT is Youth? Is it something to be measured in years—or lack of them? Is it something only young people have—and lose? No...

It is charm... Not quiet, unresponsive charm; but charm that is vivid, bright, changing, always alive, always different... Is it charm that can stir hidden depths, and create memories. That can turn back years in seconds, yet make seconds pass as years... It is charm that comes in a breath, and breathes spring when it is autumn... The charm you'll find in the Perfumes of Youth, Cappi and April Showers!

Cappi! April Showers! Perfumes of Youth! Say these words over slowly. They spell a magic perfume artists have devoted centuries to seeking—and CheraMy has found—perfumes you must own, and study, and use—perfumes whose delicate contrast will accent the loveliness of your varying moods, and give you a self-confidence, a vividness of personality, a charm, that people call **YOUTH!**

Fortunately, for your complete success, these odors are not only to be had in the perfume—but in toilet water, cool and refreshing—in bath salts and dusting powder—in talcum, face powder and compact... Everything that goes to make you beautiful may also make you young!

CAPPI PERFUME—a thousand spells of enchantment in one tiny bottle—\$1.25, \$2.50 and \$5.00. **CAPPI TALCUM**—wonderfully soft and so delicately cooling as the breath of a zephyr—25¢, glass jar, 50¢. **CAPPI FACE POWDER**—a little softer, a little more clinging, a little more delicately blended, than any you've ever tried—in five true shades—\$1.00. **CAPPI COSMETIC CREAM**—to make your complexion glow lovelier and younger every day—50¢ and \$1.00... Ask your dealer to show you other Cappi and April Showers odds to loveliness.



CHERAMY

NEW YORK

Cappi and April Showers

P E R F U M E S O F Y O U T H



All the World loves Natural Beauty

You can gain it in this simple way . . . it has brought the enticement of a fresh, clear skin to thousands.

THERE is one beauty standard upon which everyone agrees. That is natural beauty, a skin which depends neither upon lights nor shadows for its allure, nor upon artificial means for its charm.

More and more, every day, the world is turning to the natural type of girl . . . fresh, charming, and above all things, *real*, she attracts by being wholesome. Sweet and lovely, hers is the type that women envy, and men paint in mental pictures as their wives.

Yet that beauty is the simplest of all to attain. No costly beauty treatments—simply common sense, daily care with soothing olive and palm oils as combined in Palmolive.

Try this—see what a difference it will make

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge

them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then repeat both washing and rinsing. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. Palmolive is a skin emollient in soap form.

And it costs but 10c the cake!—so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), Chicago, Illinois

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped.



2816



AFRICAN
PALM TREE



OLIVE TREE



COCONUT
PALM TREE

Soap from Trees

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the priceless beauty oils from these three trees—and no other fats whatsoever.

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its green color!

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.

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 events. 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 Answers

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.

E. K. RAYMOND, ALBERT.—Colleen Moore is five feet, four inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. Her hair is a reddish brown and she has one green eye and one brown eye. She is just as nice as you think she is. Colleen's address is First National Pictures, Hollywood, Calif. Lloyd Hughes may be reached at the same studio. Please get up courage and write me again.

LILLIAN, DU QUOIN, ILL.—Thank you for your honorable intentions and also for your kind words. Teaching school can be an interesting career, if you care to make it so. Now for your questions. "Feet of Clay" was adapted from a novel of the same name by Margaretta Tuttle. Mary Pickford has hazel eyes and golden hair and was born April 8, 1893. Pola Negri is twenty-eight and she has dark grey eyes. Charlie Chaplin was born April 16, 1889. April seems to be a lucky month. Vera Reynolds' birthday was November 25, 1905. As for America's favorite movie stars, I wouldn't dare give an opinion on such a dangerous subject.

REGINALD, SHAWINGAN FALLS, P. Q.—All about Doris Kenyon? Here you are: She has golden brown hair and grey eyes, she weighs 127 pounds and is five feet, six inches tall. She was born September 5, 1898, and you can address her at First National Pictures, 383 Madison Avenue, New York City. An Art Director is the gentleman who designs the settings. It isn't as easy as it sounds.

I. C. MILWAUKEE, WIS.—You're gonna find out all you wanna know. See? I can write like that, too. Jack Pickford receives his mail at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood, Calif. Drop in again some time.

HELEN OF THE WORLD!—What a name! What a girl! Why do you sympathize with me when I get letters like yours? Virginia Lee Corbin may be addressed at the Tec-Art Studios, 378 East 48th Street, New York City. Your "doll-like and wistful" favorite is sweet sixteen and unmarried. She has violet eyes and is five feet tall. Pearl White is living in Paris. She has been appearing on the stage there. I believe she makes pictures for French companies; anyway, she's a big favorite over there.

E. E. R., ST. MARYS, OHIO.—Colleen Moore is married to John McCormick. Florence Vidor's last name is pronounced "Vee-dor."

MIZZI, COPENHAGEN.—Mizzi, your English needs no excuse. Your accent is delightful, even on paper. How about the "film hero" of the Danish women? Milton Sills was born in Chicago, Ill. Can you find it on the map? He is about thirty-eight years old and Milton Sills is his "veritable" name. His wife was Gladys Wynne and he has a charming daughter. Write me again.

B. C., HAGERSTOWN, MD.—By enclosing a quarter with your request, you may receive a photograph of Ronald Colman from the United Studios, Hollywood, Calif. His latest picture is "The Dark Angel." I take it that you are—well—er—fond of the gentleman.

JOE B., WEST FRANKFORT, ILL.—Caumberg, Switzerland, is the birthplace of Richard Talmadge. He's twenty-eight. Fred Thomson was born in Pasadena, California, on April 28, 1860.

LENA, GERMANTOWN, PA.—Write to Percy Marmont at the Cosmopolitan Studios, New York City. He's not married. So far as I know, Mary Pickford never lived in Philadelphia.

MARJORIE C., GREENVILLE, MICH.—Jack and John Gilbert are one and the same person. No, the child in "Her Love Story" wasn't Gloria's own child. Dorothy Dalton is married to Arthur Hammerstein, theatrical manager, and she has retired.

G. N., WOODCLIFF, N. J.—By a clause in the will of my great-uncle I am forbidden to use my name. If I should tell you who I am, I would lose a fortune of a million dollars. Now do you still insist on it? Lewis Stone was born November 15, 1879. Ronald Colman is, as you guessed, an Englishman. He was born in Richmond, Surrey, on February 2, 1861. Thomas Meighan is married to Frances King.

EMMA L., YONKERS, N. Y.—I'll send your requests to the editor and ask him what he's going to do about it. Meanwhile, in my humble way, I'll try to satisfy your curiosity. Victor McLaglen is a newcomer in the studios. He was born in London and "The Beloved Brute" is his first American picture. But you will see him again in "The Unholy Three," so watch for it! Victor hasn't told us whether he is married or not, but you can write him a letter at the United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

C. C., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.—You'll be glad to know that Bebe Daniels is a Texan, like yourself. Perhaps that's why she is your favorite. She was born in Dallas in 1901. Bebe is five feet, three and one-half—don't forget the one-half—inches tall and weighs 112 pounds.

R. C., NEW YORK CITY.—Leatrice Joy was born in New Orleans in 1897. She is divorced from John Gilbert. She has an adorable baby daughter. Sure you have seen their pictures in PHOTOPLAY.

KATHRYN, BLACK LICK, PA.—When you ask about Bessie, do you mean Bessie Love? Probably, because she is the only Bessie of our acquaintance. No, she isn't married and neither is Bebe Daniels. Bessie was born in Midland, Texas, and has light brown hair and brown eyes. Bebe's hair is black.

ALFENO, R. PENDELTON, ORE.—Lois Wilson and Richard Dix in "The Vanishing American."

R. K., ST. LOUIS, MO.—We'll see what we can do to oblige you and the girl friends. Cullen Landis was married but is divorced. He was born in 1898. July 9th is his birthday. He went into the movies in 1921 and is five feet, ten inches tall. You're welcome.

E. D. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.—Mary Astor's hair is auburn and bobbed. She is unmarried. Priscilla Dean played on the stage in stock. She's married.

RAMONA, CUYAHOGA FALLS, OHIO.—I showed your letter to Herbert Howe. It wasn't personal, was it? Anyway, now I have the laugh on him. You are not the only fan who has complained about Ramon Novarro's absence. In fact, the kicks have reached the Metro-Goldwyn lion, so Ramon is taking a vacation from "Ben Hur" and making a picture called "True Blue," which should reach the screen soon.

BROWN-EYED JACQUIE, ATLANTA, GA.—How well you know me! I am handsome, if I do say it myself, in a cynical sort of a way. Homely men, like homely girls, are never clever. If they were clever, they wouldn't be homely. Now, Jacquie, listen carefully while I answer your questions. Lila Lee is twenty-three. Mary Brian is seventeen. Thomas Meighan is 46; he has no children. Marguerite Clark lives in happy retirement at Patterson, La. George Hackathorne was the son in "The Lady." Write me again. And so on.

MARTHA B., NEW YORK CITY.—Lewis Stone was born November 15, 1879. Louise Fazenda was born January 25, 1890, at Lafayette, Ind.

PATIENCE W., NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—There's a real New England name! Clive Brook is, indeed, married. Born June 1, 1891. Do you like him too? So do I.

M. A. V., BEFFALO, N. Y.—Yours can't be such a desperate case if you are able to love two heroes at once. Both Ben Lyon and Ronald Colman may be reached at the United Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Ben was born February 6, 1901. Ronald is ten years older almost to the day. He was born February 9, 1891. I rushed this answer just as fast as I could.

E. C., HAMILTON, N. Y.—Fred Thomson was born in Pasadena, Calif., April 28, 1860. He started in pictures in 1920 and played opposite Mary Pickford in "The Love Light." He is happily married to Frances Marion, the scenario writer. I suppose Hazel Keener is cast in his pictures because she happens to have a contract with the same company. That's usually the way those things are. Buck Jones is married to a non-professional.



Eleanor Boardman,
film star, appearing
in Metro-Goldwyn
Productions

A Joy for Any Journey— the DAISY BAG!

THE modern woman has banished forever the old-fashioned drudgery of travel—heavy hand luggage.

Everything she needs for the trip—whether it be an over-night or an over-seas journey—can be carried so easily and conveniently in the trim, light-weight DAISY BAG!

It takes but a moment to pack extra hats, dresses, underthings, slippers and toilet articles in this compact—yet roomy—utility bag.

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DELUXE MODEL sells from \$5.00 to \$6.00 and Button Model from \$3.50 to \$4.25 at leading department stores, luggage and specialty shops.

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Dorothy Gish

The Girl on the Cover

By Elizabeth Borden

DOROTHY GISH had gone down to Clinton Street, in the heart of New York's East Side, to do some shopping. To be exact, she had to buy some costumes for her new picture, "The Beautiful City," in which she plays a member of New York's Four Million.

In a little hat shop—one of those funny burlesques of the Fifth Avenue establishments—a typical East Side flapper engaged Dorothy in conversation.

After some talk of fashions, the girl stopped and looked at her.

"Do you know," she said, "you look the image of Lillian Gish? Yes, you certainly look just like her! Did anyone ever tell you that before?"

"That's what my mother says," answered Dorothy.

The flapper sighed. "Lillian Gish looks like an angel."

"Do I look like an angel?" asked Dorothy seriously.

Again the flapper studied her.

"No," she said, finally, "you don't look a bit like an angel, but you do look like Lillian Gish."

And there, in a little anecdote, you have the history of the career of Dorothy Gish. Because Lillian looks like an angel, Dorothy has played the rôle of an imp. Because Lillian has been a tragedienne, Dorothy has been asked to play the comic.

As soon as she finds a suitable story, Dorothy will be starred.

Just at present she is playing opposite Richard Barthelmess.

Barthelmess considers her an ideal leading woman. She is one of the most versatile and resourceful actresses on the screen.

She is intelligent and keen-witted, and her suggestions are invaluable.

Dorothy is one actress whose mental horizon is not limited to the screen and the studio. Her friends and her interests are varied.

Just as her viewpoint is always fresh, so she imports to her work an unflinching variety and vitality.

Her presence in a picture is valuable, not only because of her popularity, but because of the clear, analytical quality of her mind. When Lillian departed for Hollywood she left these instructions with Dorothy, "Watch my work and watch it carefully."

"If you find me doing anything wrong, if you feel that I am being influenced by the accepted Hollywood standards, wire for me to come home immediately."

Dorothy is married, as you know, to James Rennie, one of Broadway's most popular actors.

It is not only a happy marriage, it is a genuinely congenial one.

She lives in New York, near Gramercy Square.



The Spotlight Of Youth has caught our act

Out front the house is hushed. Through the wimple of darkness steals the syncopated beat of our humor and the satiny throb which reveals the glamour of our fiction. . . .

If you enjoy thistledown loves and the jaunty comedies of these charming people who make up our world, you have picked the right show. . . . A dozen times a year we offer a fresh revue—a revue swarming with sparkles, with light and heavy surprises. . . .

Our jesters have an honest feeling for foolishness; our headliners top the bill every month with stories well and cleverly told. . . . This built-for-fun stuff is playing twenty-four hours a day, to capacity audiences, under the management of

College Humor

On sale at all newsstands

*Irresistible
is the charm of
a smooth clear skin*

NO other element of beauty has the alluring appeal of a fresh, velvety skin, glowing with health and color. Every man admires it and nature intended every woman to possess it.

But no skin, however lovely, will retain its beauty unaided and thousands of women have found the solution of their problem in the daily use of Resinol Soap. There are three excellent reasons why this soap appeals so strongly to the woman who wishes to preserve or restore the fresh, youthful charm of her complexion.

First, it is a decidedly pleasing toilet soap giving a quantity of creamy, pore-searching lather that invigorates while it cleanses.

Then its ingredients are absolutely pure and wholesome. There is no trace of free alkali—that harsh, drying chemical which makes so many ordinary soaps injurious to the skin and hair.

But best of all it contains the soothing Resinol properties which give it that distinctive, refreshing fragrance and rich color, and cause it to keep the skin clear and velvety. It leaves nothing to be desired for a toilet soap.

For special irritations, apply a little Resinol Ointment and see how quickly it clears them away. This healing ointment has also been used successfully for years for the relief of itching, burning skin troubles. Your druggist sells the Resinol products.



**RESINOL
SOAP**



Dept. M, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.
I have never used Resinol Soap or Ointment so please send me a free sample of each.

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Street.....

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

PLEASE WRITE OR PRINT PLAINLY



Thelma Raye, wife of Ronald Colman, who has returned to England after a friendly settlement of her marital difficulties with her handsome husband. A financial arrangement was reached out of court

Studio News and Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

THE adventures of an intellectual in the movies are always worth chronicling. There is, for instance, the case of Gilbert Seldes. Seldes is the author of a book called "The Seven Lively Arts," in which he extols jazz, movies, comic strip artists; and other delights of the lowbrows. But until he actually entered pictures, Seldes had no idea what a lively art the motion picture really is.

Seldes was engaged by Sawyer and Lubin to find screen material for Barbara La Marr. On the side, he did some highbrow chanting for the glories of "The White Monkey." Then came the disaster. Seldes was sent to judge of the merits of a play called "Aloma of the South Seas." He saw it before its New York premiere and promptly reported to Messrs. Sawyer and Lubin that it was so much cabbage and not worth screen.

"Aloma of the South Seas" then opened in New York and made a big hit. Sawyer and Lubin dashed around to see it for themselves. They found it ideal and perfect for Miss La Marr. They called on the producers and asked the screen price. The producers, without so much as blushing, said that they wanted \$100,000.

And here is the sad part of the story. It seems that the same play had been offered Seldes only a week or so before for \$10,000. Sawyer and Lubin found it out and now Seldes is no longer in their employ.

**FLORENCE VIDOR and Marion
Davies, attending the same
dinner party the other evening,**

met in the hostess' bedroom while they were removing their wraps.

"Oh, dear," said Marion, running her little gold pocket comb through her blonde locks, "I never saw such looking hair. I can't seem to get a decent hair cut, and anyway I haven't had time to get it cut for weeks."

Florence—and did you ever know a woman in your life that didn't have an itch to cut hair—immediately dashed to the rescue. Catching up a pair of her hostess' scissors from the dressing table, she said, "Turn around. I'll just trim it up some for you."

And she did. They kept dinner waiting for a few moments, but when they arrived, Marion was deliciously shingled and shorn.

"It isn't every woman," said she proudly, "that can have her hair cut by the most beautiful woman in Hollywood."

WHEN Edwin Carewe, First National director, and little Mary Akin, screen actress, accompanied the wedding party of Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor to Mexico last month, they had a double purpose in view which has just been revealed.

They wanted to find out about Mexican

divorces. And while they were in Mexico City with Mr. and Mrs. Lytell, Mrs. Akin, and Mr. and Mrs. Manuel Reuchi (Agnes Ayres), they found out. As a consequence, Mary Akin and her mother have returned to the little Mexican village of Culiacan, eight hundred miles from Mexico City, and there they will stay until Miss Akin gets her divorce from Thomas L. Armstrong, of Chicago. She will then come back to Hollywood and marry Mr. Carewe.

"A divorce obtained in Mexico, after residence is established," said Eddie Carewe in explaining the reason for Miss Akin's journey, "is final and absolute all over the world. We could be married next February, when her final decree comes through in the Chicago courts, but we don't want to wait that long. So after a thirty days' residence in Culiacan, she can get a divorce and we can be married at once."

AFTER much dreaming and talking about a model little theater in Hollywood, the Hollywood Art Theater has at last come to life. It is being organized along the lines that proved so successful in the case of the New York Theater Guild and has behind it such names as Mrs. William de Mille, Benjamin Glazer, Wilfred Buckland and a score of others who are well known in filmdom. Its first production was Franz Molnar's "Lilom," directed by Glazer, the author of the English text, and the settings were designed by Edward Jewell. In the cast in leading roles were Arthur Lubin, Adda Gleason, Rhea Mitchell, Lloyd Corrigan, LaFayette McKee, Belle Mitchell, William Moran, Wharton James and Stephen Benton.

Plans are now being made for the opening of a season of six plays in the fall. Besides doing plays which have been proven elsewhere, there will also be some original productions staged. It is probable that a permanent home will be erected for the Hollywood Art Theater.

SHE should have been triplets and then all would have been well. As it is, there are three names and only one baby girl to wear them.

This is the predicament the Herbert Rawlinsons found themselves in when a baby girl was born to Mrs. Rawlinson.

"It's a girl," said the doctor. "She weighs six pounds and thirteen ounces."

And then Herbert's anxiety became just plain worry.

The screen actor had rather liked the name of Ann for his first daughter.

Mrs. Rawlinson had decided, however, that she wanted her first daughter to wear the name of Sally. In an emergency—say in the case of twins—Patricia might do.

So, with just one daughter and three names, it seems probable that the new leading lady will bear the name of Sally Ann.

PATSY RUTH MILLER is rapidly encroaching on Connie Talmadge's reputation of "the most engaged girl in Hollywood." Among the most recent rumors of her engagements are those to Harry Crocker, scion of a wealthy San Francisco family, Donald Ogden Stewart, noted humorist, Matt Moore, actor, and Wilfred May, Los Angeles society youth. However, Patsy isn't wearing any big diamonds—she may keep them at home so the other boys won't know—and keeps right on having a perfectly splendid time with them all.

FRICHS VON STROHEIM will not be connected with United Artists, as has been expected in Hollywood. The terms asked by Von were not acceptable to United Artists.



FOR the bride wearing Orange Blossom there is, in addition to sentiment, a satisfaction in knowing that *her* rings are the ultimate in style and beauty. They are made of gold or iridio-platinum and set with the finest diamonds. She knows, too, that they are genuine Traub Orange Blossom rings because of the trade mark.

Sold exclusively by reliable jewelers. All styles—\$12.00 and up. Write for the free style booklet giving the interesting history of wedding rings.

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Bebe Daniels in "The Manicure Girl"

A Paramount Picture

Bebe Daniels, now appearing in the Paramount Picture, "The Manicure Girl," knows the value of beautiful nails. So do thousands of other "stars" in society, business and the home. That's why so many smart women have adopted Glazo as their "Manicure Girl."

Glazo is the original liquid polish. It takes but a minute to apply and lasts a week, keeping your nails gleaming all the while with the shell-pink lustre that Fashion and good taste demand. It spreads evenly and smoothly, does not crack, ridge or peel and is not affected by soap and water.

Separate Remover for Perfect Results

Glazo comes complete with separate remover, which not only insures better results but prevents the waste that occurs when the Polish itself is used as a remover.

Get Glazo today. It will mean lovely nails *always*, with the minimum of exertion and expense. 50c at all counters.

GLAZO

Nails Stay Polished Longer—
No Buffing Necessary
Try GLAZO Cuticle
Massage Cream

It shapes the cuticle and
keeps it even and healthy



This Coupon and 10c good for Trial Size
Glazo Manicuring Outfit
The Glazo Company, 28 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, O.
I enclose 10c (stamps or coin) for which please
send me one trial size Glazo Manicuring Outfit.

Name.....

Address.....

officials and there seems no likelihood of a compromise with the great director who left Metro-Goldwyn after a clash with Mae Murray and officials regarding the filming and cutting of "The Merry Widow."

I WAS tremendously amused at Joe Schenck the other evening. Joe Schenck, today probably the biggest figure in the producing end of the motion picture industry, is one of those men with a miraculous sense of humor, and a sentimental streak a yard wide. Between those two extremes lies the rest of his remarkable character.

He told me that his wife, Norma Talmadge, is building a house at the beach. And he said, "Norma gets tired of the studio, and of people, and of the responsibility of a big house, so she thought it would be nice to have a little place at the beach where we could slip away quietly. She decided not to have any servants' quarters, because we didn't want to be bothered with servants, and she thought it would be fun to cook, ourselves. And she didn't want a plug for a motion picture machine, because she wanted to get clear away from pictures. But—I had servants' quarters and a plug put in. I said, 'Even you, my darling, have been known to

change your mind, and you don't have to have servants because you have servants' quarters, nor a motion picture machine because you have a plug. But, in case you ever should want them, it wouldn't be so much trouble to get them'."

Which only goes to prove that all husbands aren't alike after all.

BEBE DANIELS denies she did a "Jack Dempsey" when she underwent a nasal operation in a Cincinnati hospital recently, while vacationing there under the nom de plume of Phyllis Griffin—her mother's name—in an ineffectual attempt to conceal her identity.

"I refuse to be placed in the Jack Dempsey class by having people think I have had my nose rebuilt," she said. "It was a birthday gift and I am satisfied with its shape. I simply had a nasal obstruction removed."

By the way, after three months of negotiations back and forth between Famous Players-Lasky and Cecil De Mille, Bebe has been won by the Paramount people and will sign a five-year contract.

MRS. WALLACE REID is starting a new picture, but this time she's only going to direct it. Finding a story that she wanted very much to do but that didn't have a part in it for her, Mrs. Reid decided to give the chief rôle to someone else and concentrate on supervising and directing.

"In the old days when Wally and I first played together," she told me, "we wrote,



This is the Erie turban, designed especially for Aileen Pringle and worn by her in "The Mystic." It is made of cloth of silver, drawn closely across the head and wound in an enormous ruffle on each side. It is trimmed with a slender band of jet across the forehead and the center of each rosette is ornamented with a large jet pin.

directed and acted in all of our pictures. He liked the writing end best, and did some lovely stories. I liked the directing. And he always thought I did it best of anything. So I shall try my hand at it in this. I've a tremendous story, and I believe it will be a big picture.

THE two young Talmadge-Keaton boys—Joe and Bobby, aged three and one and a half years respectively—were in the nursery the other day when their Aunt Norma—better known as Norma Talmadge—heard a terrific howl.

Dashing in, she discovered that Joe had just socked his small brother a terrible blow with a fairly good-sized dictionary. Taking the book from him, she said in a truly auntish manner, "Joe, how could you? What do you mean by treating your little brother like that?"

Said Joe, "Wasn't. It's hot, and I was just fannin' him."

"And," said Norma, in relating it, "what was I supposed to say after that?"

NEWs of what happened at that last conference between Joe Schenck, J. D. Williams and Rudolph Valentino, when Valentino and Williams agreed to tear up their contract and Rudy went over to United Artists, has just leaked out from a very reliable source.

All had gone well and peacefully. Delicate points had been cleared up with the utmost diplomacy. The ship of contract had been steered around this rock and by that danger.

Everyone heaved a sigh of relief. Mr. Williams got up to go. Not a word of friction had there been between him and Rudy, though it was well known that they were at daggers' points. Gentlemanly decorum had been observed at all points.

"Well," said Mr. Williams, "good-by, Rudy, no hard feelings on either side, I'm sure."

Rudy bowed and smiled and said he hoped not.

"I haven't got a thing against you," said Mr. Williams, with that hearty and pleasant manner for which he is famous, "and I know you haven't against me."

Again Rudy bowed.

"I could have got along with you fine," said Mr. Williams, "if it hadn't been for your wife always b——"

Rudy jumped over a chair and stood over him.

"Stop right there," said he, quietly, "don't you ever dare mention my wife again as long as you live to anyone. You're older than I am, and all that, and I'd hate to hurt you, but if I ever hear of your speaking Mrs. Valentino's name anywhere, at anytime, I'll look you up and give you the worst licking you ever had in your life. You leave my wife's name out of our business disagreements, do you understand?"

And that was that.

MONTMARTRE, that cozy little cafe overlooking Hollywood Boulevard where all of the celebrities of the colony gather at one time or another, is fast becoming known to the tourist, drawn by the chance of seeing his or her favorite star. And on Saturday for luncheon almost everyone who is worth while turns up, that is if they have remembered to order a table ahead.

On this particular Saturday I found myself squeezed against the wall behind a small table



Don't be worried
Embarrassed
Joked about

Freckles can be removed!

Skin whitened—costs nothing unless you are satisfied

IT'S EASY—and the way your skin becomes fair, fresh and white is astounding.

Freckles, tan, blotches and sallowness grow worse these hot summer days. No matter how daintily you dress, nothing can conceal their homeliness. The girl who values her appearance will not tolerate freckles. So don't delay. Smooth cool, fragrant Stillman's Freckle Cream on your skin tonight at bedtime. The rapid improvement will delight you.

Stillman's well-known, reliable—On market 35 years

Here is a preparation that has given satisfaction for 35 years. Girls recommending it to one another have caused it to become the world's most widely used freckle remedy.

Each application of Stillman's Freckle Cream makes the skin whiter, more velvetlike in its smoothness, refined, fresh and radiant. This stimulating, snowy cream has a double action.

It removes freckles and at the same time makes a blemished complexion white and soft as a rosebud. No other preparation brings out such a marvelous improvement in a girl's appearance.

You need not risk a penny to try it. If you are not satisfied with the way it gently dissolves away freckles, tan and muddiness and whitens the skin, it will cost you nothing. Stillman's Freckle Cream is guaranteed to remove freckles or money refunded. If you are sincere in your desire to improve your appearance, get a 50c or \$1 package today at some druggist or department store.

Girls in a hurry to remove their freckles will find that Stillman's Complexion Soap hastens the action of the remedy. Has the scent of fresh cut flowers and acts with creamy delicacy. Not in stores yet. Send 25c direct for a trial cake.

Send coupon for "Beauty Parlor Secrets"—free

Write for free booklet, "Beauty Parlor Secrets," and learn what your particular type needs in the way of make-up to look best. Let us tell you how your purchases can get you a \$1.50 bottle of perfume free. Clip out and mail the coupon now, before you forget.

Stillman's FRECKLE CREAM

THE STILLMAN CO.,
32 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.

I am interested. Send me free copy "Beauty Parlor Secrets." Tell me how my purchases can get me a bottle of perfume.
() Enclosed is 25c for a cake of Stillman's Complexion Soap.

Name _____
Address _____
(Print plainly)

Let us tell you how your purchases can get you a bottle of perfume free. See illustration.

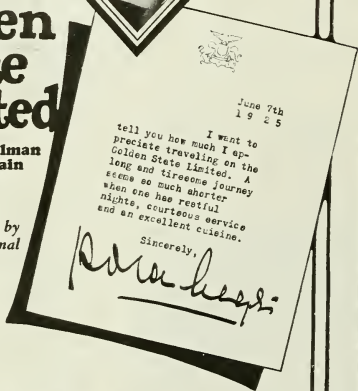




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Famous All-Pullman California Train

An appreciation by
a great international
favorite—
Pola Negri



Restful Nights!
Courteous Service!
Excellent Cuisine!

What a complete travel story those six words tell!

Rock Island Travel Bureaus in all principal cities at your service, or address

L. M. ALLEN, V. P. & P. T. M.
Rock Island Lines
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Rock Island Lines



This bearded hobo is Mr. Louis, all made up for his role in "The Limited Mail"

shared by a couple of tourists, and they were surely having the time of their lives.

"There's Charlie Chaplin, Alma Rubens, Ricardo Cortez, Marion Davies, Norma Talmadge—isn't that Richard Dix—" and on and on they rattled until I lost consciousness. And then I came to with a start.

"There's Lon Chaney—" the man with a thousand faces—"see him over there in the corner with that woman and boy—"

It was the fat man next to me who had made the wonderful discovery and, sure enough, it was Lon quietly enjoying his lunch.

"Well," said his friend, who didn't seem to be greatly impressed, "if he's got a thousand faces why don't he pick a good one to wear out in public?"

HANS KRALY, who came over from Germany with Ernst Lubitsch, has been signed by Joseph Schenck to adapt eight original stories for Norma and Constance Talmadge in the next two years. Kraly, who wrote many of Lubitsch's foreign made productions, did Connie's "Her Night of Romance" for Schenck, who was so well pleased that the long term contract followed.

THE outstanding feature of the last Sixty Club seemed to be Elinor Glyn. In the divinity—her own favorite word—white gown I have almost ever seen. Mrs. Glyn still wears her gowns long in the evening, and I had completely forgotten how exquisite a gown can be with soft trains wrapping all out the feet. She had a big party, which included, as well as I could see from where I sat, Jack Gilfert, Marjorie Daw, and some distinguished looking foreigners. Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Valentino had a big party, too, and I saw Fen Lyon and Norma Shearer—Norma is still sticking to her red complex—and Anna Q. Nilson and her husband. Blanche Sweet came in with her husband, Mickey Neilan, and Allan Dwan, and she had on red, too. And when I say red, in the case of both Miss Sweet and Miss Shearer, I mean red. And Mr. and Mrs. Lubitsch had a big party, in which were Florence Vidor and

Is your brush hitting on all 32?

Decay germs reach ALL your teeth—does your tooth-brush?

A GOOD brush cleans your teeth thoroughly. It reaches *all* your teeth. It sweeps off the film of germs and mucin from every tooth. It leaves no tooth endangered by the acids of decay.

Skilled men studied the contour of the jaw. They made a brush to fit. The bristles of this brush curve; the picture shows you how. Every tooth along the length of the brush is reached and cleaned.

They put a cone-shaped tuft on the end of the brush. This helps you reach your back teeth. They curved the handle. That alone makes it easier for millions of tooth brush users to reach and clean every tooth in their mouths.

Think of what help these features of the Pro-phy-lac-tic could be to you. No more trouble trying to make a flat brush clean a curved surface. No more awkward stretching of your mouth by brushes with the wrong shape of handle. No more fear that *all* your teeth may not be thoroughly clean.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic gets in between teeth. The saw-tooth bristles pry into every crevice and dislodge food particles which might cause trouble.

SOLD by all dealers in the United States, S Canada and all over the world in three sizes. Prices in the United States are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Also made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium, soft. Always sold in the yellow box that protects from dust and handling.



The index finger in the picture above shows you how the jaw is curved. Note how the Pro-phy-lac-tic, in the curve of the bristles and in the curve of the handle, conforms to this formation.



free Tooth brushes for life to the reader who helps us with a new headline for our advertisements. The headline of this advertisement is "Is your brush hitting on all 32?" After reading the text can you supply a *new* headline? We offer to the writer of the best one submitted each month four free Pro-phy-lac-tics every year for life. In case of a tie, the same prize will be given to each. Your chance is as good as anyone's. Mail the coupon or write a letter. The winning headline will be selected by the George Barron Company, Inc., Advertising Agents. This offer expires April 30, 1926.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., Dept. 10-BE4
 Florence, Mass.
 Gentlemen: I suggest the following as a new headline for the advertisement from which this coupon was clipped.
 Name (First name in full)
 Address

MADE IN U.S.A.
 LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF TOOTH BRUSHES IN THE WORLD
 GUARANTEE: We guarantee that the brush will last for a year or more. If it does not, we will replace it free of charge. We will also refund the purchase price if the brush is lost or broken.

Made in America by Americans

© 1925, P. B. Co.



And this elegant gentleman is again Mr. Louis as the Prince of Wales in "Beau Brummel."

George Fitzmaurice, Vilma Bankey, and a lot of other people. Eddie Lowe and Lil Tashman and Henry King and Marion Cookley had the next table to ours, and King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman and Donald Ogden Stewart were there together, and later Patsy Ruth Miller joined them. May Allison looked particularly lovely in an old-fashioned frock of white lace.

I OVERHEAR some strange things around the studios—some that are meant for my ears and some that are not. Here's one I'm sure wasn't:

A prosperous looking individual whom I did not know, evidently a tourist, was talking to the husband of a more or less unsuccessful star—a man of considerable wealth whom I did know.

Says the stranger: "Is there any money in the picture business?"

"About five million of mine," says the star's husband.

PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE has arrived in Hollywood to begin work on her first picture, "The Skyrocket," which Marshall Neilan is to direct.

And there has been a bit of a controversy over Peggy's entrance into the films.

Some people do say that Mickey Neilan got Peggy Hopkins Joyce only because her reputation as a heart-smasher is such that every woman in the country will want to see her. Certainly Peggy has had more men crazy about her than any one woman has a right to have—millionaires, titles, beauty connoisseurs and so forth, not to mention Charlie Chaplin.

And such people say that Peggy shouldn't be given a star part in a film just because she's the world's most successful vamp.

Mickey Neilan says he chose Peggy Hopkins Joyce to play "The Skyrocket," because she was the woman he saw as the heroine when he read the book. He says the story in many ways is close to her own life, and that he can make her act as if no screen actress he knows could do it. He says that he's out to prove it by the picture he's going to make.

So there seems no way to settle the argument but to wait and see the very famous Peggy Hopkins Joyce in the rôle.



Right and Wrong of Make-up

HERE'S a little lesson in coloring cheeks and lips and keeping them looking natural. Every actress knows the method. All other women should learn it. To see the difference it makes, cover half the picture above—then the other half! The next time you use color do it this way:



Start the color high, well forward on each cheek, in a point, with the fingertips. (It is assumed you use moist rouge; it has brilliance and "spread" impossible to dry color.)

Be sure to begin at same point on both cheeks. An inch from base of nose, and upward strokes ending an inch behind the eyes. Spread your rouge backward, in fan-shape, widest just in front of ear. This avoids the artificial look that always follows the application of rouge in round spots.



The French formula moist rouge is the one to use. It's called *Jarnac*, and blends so beautifully it defies detection even a few inches away! Only one shade—a true blood-red—so it matches any complexion—and is the right shade for lips, too. If you

Jarnac your lips with the mouth open, there will be no "dividing line" when you talk. And keep the color soft in the corners.

Heed these simple rules, use the genuine blood-red *Jarnac*, and you'll get perfectly wonderful results. *Jarnac* is made of solidified oils and is really waterproof; not even profuse perspiration can spoil its effect. And how it lasts! Many apply *Jarnac* at morning or in the evening, and do not even carry it. Its pure essential oils are good for the skin. Do try the joy of *Jarnac*! Adainty, but generous box is but 50c. Almost every drugstore has it, on this red counter card:



Jarnac et Cie., Chicago, U.S.A.



What if it should rain! No wonder Dorothy Dwan looks a bit horrified. She is carrying a parasol trimmed with old Viennese lace and decked with pearls and such like expensive ornaments. We hope that she has rain insurance on her parasol.

AFTER a month in which to look the thing over, Hollywood has decided that the Marquis and the Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudrayre are about the most happily married couple in the world, and that it is a love match if ever there was one. Gloria makes no attempt to hide her devotion, and as for the Marquis—better known now in the colony as Henry or Hank—he is like a school boy with his first crush.

Not only do they seem devotedly in love, but the beautiful part of it is that they seem to have every taste in common and to find life together a continually amusing affair. He makes her laugh—which Gloria needs—and she continually delights him.

"I'll kill anyone that ever tries to take him away from me," said Gloria the other day,

laughing a little, but she had a look in her eyes that made me wonder if she mightn't mean it.

They had a few friends out at their Beverly Hills home the other evening for dinner, and afterwards they played charades, and dressed up and did "stunts." That has always been Gloria's favorite pastime of an evening, and the Marquis likes it just as well.

Incidentally, they did an Apache dance that was a wonder.

So it looks as though Gloria, after a couple of most unlucky attempts, has found real happiness at last.

THIS happened some little time ago but was just unearthed to me and so I'm going to pass it on.

Elinor Glyn and Charlie Chaplin met for the first time.

After a few minutes' conversation, the great author said:

"You are not so funny as I thought, Mr. Chaplin."

"Neither are you, Madame," replied the little comedian.

A YOUNG director by the name of Howard Higgin has just made a picture for Paramount called "In the Name of Love," which is reported to be a knockout. And in that connection, Howard told me something the other day that might start a bit of discussion if repeated. So I will repeat it. For it is only by discussion that we progress.

In this picture, he had to make Greta Nissen cry. Miss Nissen had never cried professionally in her life—she is the lovely dancer Paramount is making into a star—and she said she wasn't crying much in real life and never had.

He made her cry. He wouldn't tell me just how. But he did say this—

"There is one infallible way to make women cry. Remind them of the one man they really wanted who didn't fall for them. Every woman in the world, I don't care who she is nor how wonderful or beautiful, has the memory of some man she wanted to love her, and couldn't get, or some man who did love her but wasn't free. And it will make them cry quicker than any of the usual sob stories. It's the only one I've ever seen that will get tears from every woman in the lot."

TOM MIX has just returned from a trip to Europe. And, as far as anyone can find out, it was in the nature of a triumphal procession, that trip.

Excepting the President, no American could go to Europe and cause such a sensation as Tom Mix, Harold Lloyd and Charlie Chaplin. They do more, right today, to develop the spirit of internationalism than state departments and diplomatic corps, because they bring about a feeling of love, friendship and closeness.

Mix's visit was one of pleasure, and he had a great time and was marvelously received by the great ones of the foreign countries, and I respectfully submit that in case of another international conference on disarmament or the League of Nations, that we send the three above mentioned gentlemen to represent these United States.

DESPITE the steady downpour (and they say it never rains in Southern California in the summer time), boy scouts and other youngsters of Los Angeles, to say nothing of the cowboys and Indians who paraded the streets in real Wild West style, turned out by the hundreds to welcome home Tom Mix and his famous horse, Tony, on their return to Hollywood. A tour of the United States followed their European trip.

WHICH reminds me of one of the fan letters Tom found awaiting him on his home-coming. It read:

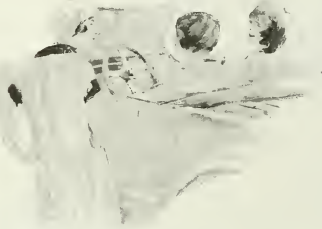
"Dear Tom Mix: I consider you the screen's greatest actor. Please send me a picture of your horse, Tony."

NOW that the crop of babies, which waxed fat and furious in Hollywood not so long ago, seems to be all in, the building fever has struck the town. Which, I suppose, is a natural result.

But any Sunday afternoon if you happened to be within sight of the hills about Hollywood and Beverly Hills, you will see lone and solitary figures standing upon hillsides, with a meditative air. And they will turn out to be Harold Lloyd, or Fred Niblo, or George Fitzmaurice, or Fred Thompson, contemplating the cellar

You Never Lose a Single Moment's Precious Charm

In this NEW way that solves so amazingly woman's oldest and most trying hygienic problem



SUMMER frocks and lightest silks . . . you are asked to motor, to dance, to dine. Do so now . . . in security.

There is a new way in woman's hygiene . . . a way that eight in every ten women in the better walks of life have adopted.

It assures immaculacy, charm and exquisiteness under the most trying of conditions. It will make a great difference in your life.

What it is

It is called Kotex . . . and is made of Cellucotton, the world's super-absorbent.

It absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. Five times that of the ordinary cotton pad.

It is as easily disposed of as a piece of waste paper. And thus overcomes the often embarrassing problem of disposal. No bother or expense of laundry.

It deodorizes . . . a new advantage that needs no comment.

It is obtainable everywhere and anywhere . . . at any department store or drug store.* You ask for it without hesitancy under its trade name, Kotex.

Test it, please

After a test, no other method ever again will satisfy.

It will bring you a poise, confidence, a feeling of security and immaculacy in delightful contrast to old ways.

It will protect against scores of ailments, common to women, due to the use of unsanitary ways.

And thus will make, in many ways, a great difference in your life.

Two sizes and thicknesses . . . get the Kotex-Super to start.

CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO., 166 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

*Supplied also in personal service cabinets in women's rest-rooms by The West Disinfecting Co.



Kotex Regular 65¢
Kotex-Super 90¢
Per Dozen

3 factors
you'll appreciate



1
Utter protection—Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture, 5 times that of the ordinary cotton pad, and is deodorized, thus assuring double protection.



2
No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.



3
Easy to buy anywhere.* Many stores keep them ready-wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.



"I use Deodo like talcum"

By LETICIA HADLEY

THIS is a comment which came to me in a letter recently received: "I use Deodo like talcum, after bathing."

Imagine the satisfaction of using a delicate white powder—just rubbing it under the arms and dusting it over the body—with the assurance of immaculacy from that moment! No waiting, or repeated applications. That is due to Deodo's almost unbelievable capacity for absorbing and neutralizing body odors. It does this without sealing the pores or interfering with their important functions. And it is so different from other deodorants—so exquisitely feminine!

To attain this result, the Mulford Laboratories sought the confidence of a large number of women, to determine their needs, their preferences. Ten thousand were questioned. Their suggestions determined the form, the scent—all the essential qualities of Deodo.

Deodo is more than a deodorant—more than a lovely feminine luxury. It is definitely soothing and beneficial to the skin—it brings healing comfort if the skin is chafed or tender. And it does not stain or otherwise damage clothing.

Outside of the important daily uses of Deodo, you will find invaluable its immediate and continued effectiveness on sanitary napkins. Surely

it is a boon to *know* you are sweet and fresh, regardless of circumstances.

Deodo is sold at most druggists' and toilet goods counters. Or I will send you a miniature container, holding a generous supply, free. Just fill out the coupon. Will you do this, please, today?



Deodo

A MULFORD PRODUCT
prevents and destroys body odors

FREE—MAIL COUPON NOW!

H. K. MULFORD COMPANY
Mulford Building
Philadelphia, Pa.

7 Ho. 8-25

Please send me the free sample of Deodo.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

that has just been dug so they can build a house over it.

Harold hasn't got as far as the cellar, but he walks around over his acreage every Sunday, trying to decide where to put the nine-hole golf course and where to put the artificial lake, and where to put the handball court, and the tennis court, and the swimming pool and the stables. When he gets this decided, he will think about the house.

RAYMOND HATTON found himself in a most embarrassing position the other day when he was forced to drive down Hollywood Boulevard with a bathtub tied to his trailer.

And to make matters worse he was hailed by cries from the news boys who yelled to the police that a new bootlegger was moving his gin mixer into town. Another wise-cracker wanted to know if he was C. B. De Mille getting ready for another super-special. But the real blush came when a flapper called him Rip Van Winkle and her friend wanted to buy a bath.

And it wasn't art but his wife who forced Raymond into this compromising position. Mrs. Hatton had purchased a bathtub for the new beach cottage which the Hatton's are building at Mussel beach, some fifty miles from Hollywood, and insisted that Raymond cart the tub up to the cottage.

I WISH to recommend to you this month, on my own hook, Edward Everett Horton in "Beggar on Horseback." Do not, I beg of you, miss this one. Not only is it directed by Jimmy Cruze, but in it Eddie Horton touches comedy heights achieved before by only Lloyd and Chaplin.

Personally, I cannot understand why they have failed to grab this young man. Be that as it may, go and see this picture and agree with me.

KATHERINE CORNELL, who to my way of thinking stands head and shoulders above every other young actress in the American theater today and whose "Candida" I would be willing to travel three thousand miles to see, may play the shameless, shameful lady of "The Green Hat" upon the stage, but



The half portion horse has even Buck Jones, expert cowboy, a bit worried. Rockett is all set for some strenuous bucking. He's just waiting for Buck to get in the saddle. Little Maxine Jones is the only rider that Rockett will tolerate, and Maxine is only six years old.

I shall never be wholly content about Iris until I see her played upon the screen by Blanche Sweet.

Miss Cornell will undoubtedly overcome completely the handicap of her utter unlikeliness to the shining, tiger-tawny lady of the book, and give a great performance, being the actress she is. But Blanche has just as much art at her command, in her own medium of the screen as has Miss Cornell in hers of the theater, and, in addition, Blanche is in every detail the embodiment physically of the lady who wore a Green Hat, as I pictured her.

Incidentally, I lunched with Blanche the other day and we had a violent argument as to whether women had justified their privilege of the ballot—Blanche contending they had, in a fashion that no club president could have beaten—and she told me she was learning to play tennis and liking it very much, and that she wore eight or ten charming, unique bracelets to match every gown because it made her feel nice inside, and that she had her hair cut every day, which was why it always looked more beautifully groomed than anyone's else (I had said that)—and altogether we had the sort of charming conversation that only Blanche Sweet knows how to supply.

THE Valentinos had a dinner party the other evening for a friend from New York, and, there, having been some last minute shifiting of guests, found themselves at the last moment with thirteen at the table.

Mrs. Valentino decided that would never do, so she set a little tiny book table over in the corner for one, and made the guests draw lots. Eddie Sutherland drew the black mark, and had to sit in the corner, and kept the entire party entertained by pretending that he was Nero, and insisting upon being served first.

Mr. and Mrs. Valentino, by the way, are the most ardent fight fans. They are always at the ringside on Friday nights, usually with a party of eight or ten people.

JUST as the film stars have been the first to lead the fashions, right now they seem about to lead a revolt against the terrific price of women's wearing apparel.

It wouldn't be quite fair to give names, but it would simply amaze you to know the number of stars right now who, refusing to pay the enormous sums asked them for gowns and coats and hats, are having their things made at home, and that sort of thing. I know one star who bought a model gown from a famous New York house for \$500. Then she brought it home and had it copied by a \$6.00 a day dressmaker, in three different colors, and with different trimmings, and they were all adorable. I know one star who is famous for her dressmaking, whose maid is making most of her clothes, and more than that, I ran into said maid the other day in one of these little fur shops up in an office building, buying some very nice looking imitation fur for the bottom of her coats. More and more the girls seem to have determined not to spend such enormous sums for clothes, when the same effects can be achieved just as well without such expense.

POOR little Mildred Gloria Lloyd!

Just think, her first birthday party—her very first—was spoiled by nasty old painters. She just couldn't have a party as Grandmother Davis had planned.

Upstairs in the nursery a painter was redoing the spots on the purple cow and lengthening the tail on the Peter Rabbit. All over the house were artisans redecorating the house, and the front door was covered with fresh varnish.

So Grandmother Davis had to telephone all the little boys and girls that the party was postponed, while Mildred Gloria watched Cousin Sonny Lloyd, Uncle Gaylord's little boy, eat up almost all of the beautiful birthday cake, one candle and all, which Grandmother had so lovingly baked.

However, Mildred Gloria didn't seem to mind really, for she had a long distance tele-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 115]



4 out of 5 now lose

The law of averages is immutable. Dental statistics prove that four out of every five over 40—and thousands, younger, too—are marked by Pyorrhea. Do you want to escape?

It takes healthy gums to keep healthy teeth

Bleeding gums are Nature's first warning. Then the gums begin to recede, lose that rich, healthy pink color. Poisons collect in pus pockets and often drain through the entire system, causing indigestion, anaemia, rheumatism and other serious diseases of mid-life.

Take no chances—use Forhan's

If used in time and used consistently, Forhan's will prevent Pyorrhea, or check its progress—something ordinary tooth pastes are powerless to do. It contains just the right proportion of Forhan's Astringent (as used by the dental profession in the treatment of Pyorrhea). It is safe, efficient and pleasant-tasting. Even if you don't care to discontinue your favorite dentifrice, at least start using Forhan's once a day.

Forhan's is more than a tooth paste; it checks Pyorrhea. Thousands have found it beneficial for years. For your own sake ask for Forhan's For the Gums. All druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—
it checks Pyorrhea

A little care
would have
saved them

Just as a ship needs
the closest attention
under the water-line,
so do your teeth
under the gum-line





If only I could write that story

THERE'S more than color and movement behind the chance incident on the street. You can almost sense the motive, the tug of emotions that forced that person on the street at just that hour, that put that oversized plant in those straggly arms and set that look of tenseness on the thin white face. To write of the way a person looks is one thing. But to write of the way she thinks, the terrible things she feels . . . to stamp a childishness, a hunger or grimmness on a few brief pages . . . to set a conscience beating on paper . . . to summon forces you can't see and make them pull and twist and wrench—that is the harder thing. That is the wonder that makes words breathe up a living being, and transforms a mood, a scene, an impression into a dramatic story that the screen can forcibly portray.

Whatever you would write, whether out of your observation and experience or told you by another, the Palmer Institute of Authorship can help you write it in the way a professional screen writer would. Palmer instructors are experienced photo-dramatists and directors. They train you in your own time, wherever you are, to write photoplays with the professional slant that producers demand.

Through Palmer training, for instance, you can make a child's motives and wispish actions her own. You can evolve a being whose vehemence crashes whole forces on the screen. You can master mechanism till there no longer is a mechanism. You can write as though the picture were already unreeling itself before you, and you lose yourself in recording those struggles of mind that change a life.

Yet since only those with a creative imagination can be admitted for Palmer training, the Palmer Institute of Authorship asks to give you a creative test. This comes to you without cost or obligation. For full particulars, mail the coupon.

PALMER INSTITUTE OF AUTHORSHIP

Affiliated with Palmer Photoplay Corporation

Palmer Building, Hollywood, Calif. 12-V

Please send me, without expense or obligation, a copy of your creative test and information about your home-study course in—

Short Story Writing Photoplay Writing

Name.....

Address.....

All correspondence strictly confidential



This is "Verboten" in Germany

DOES this picture look harmful to you? Of course, it may have been harmful to the gentleman swinging in mid-air. But would you select this as a scene apt to endanger the morals of a community?

Of course you wouldn't. But that merely proves that you don't understand the mind of a censor. This is one of the scenes cut by the German film censors from a picture called "Children of Montmartre." The picture was filmed by the Aubert Company of France, but distributed in Germany by the UFA Company, so it wasn't international ill-will that prompted the cut.

In the picture was a long sequence showing a chase on the structure of a building. It was

much similar to the thrill scenes in "Safety Last" and "The Shock Punch."

The German censors cut the most exciting moments of the sequence because they were too thrilling.

In the same film are scenes in Paris revues and cabarets, showing chorus girls in all stages of undress. There are also some moments of the plot that wouldn't look well described in print. The German censors let these hits—and many of them were really objectionable—pass through untouched.

But the daring stunts of the gentleman swinging on the beam were "verboten." Which only goes to prove that you never can tell at a censor.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

BAREE SON OF KAZAN—Vitagraph

ALL that needs to be said is this: a James Oliver Curwood story and you know what it is all about. No, not about the Royal Mounted Police, but about the supposedly clever dogs that inhabit the cold North. If this dog Baree is a sample of the remarkably clever canines, we don't want to see any more of them. The cast headed by Anita Stewart do their best to save the picture, but their efforts are in vain.—M. B.

SCANDAL PROOF—Fox

IS a good woman scandal proof? Apparently not. But don't forget that the good old power of love that passes understanding is always to be relied on. So the innocent though maligned heroine is snatched away from her accusers by the trusting hero. That's all there is to it. Tiny Shirley Mason handles her emotional part well and does not overact.—C. H.

JUST A WOMAN—First National

WIFE, husband and star boarder. Sudden wealth. Enter the Vamp. Any fan can recite the plot in his sleep. Any amateur submitting the story would promptly find it returned to the R. F. D. box. The picture is saved from total loss by a certain freshness in its direction and some good acting by Claire Windsor, Conway Tearle and Percy Marmont. Otherwise, just an example of the fleeting celluloids.—A. S.

THE BANDIT'S BABY—F. B. O.

A WESTERN, of course, for Fred Thomson's name has come to mean—a western. Fred is our favorite cowboy and with the aid of his horse Silver King succeeds in putting his picture over with a bang. Not that it is any better than the usual run of westerns—but Fred succeeds in supplying a number of laughs by his clumsiness as a nurse-maid. The children will love it.—M. B.

EVERYMAN'S WIFE—Fox

THERE'S nothing here to get excited about. A rather silly story about a wife who thinks her husband's love is cooling because he settles down and attends to his business. However, there is one thing to be thankful for—the presence of Dorothy Phillips in the cast after an absence of two years.—**M. B.**

HEARTS AND SPURS—Fox

RATHER a good Western—in action—not in plot. The story doesn't count at all but there are plenty of thrills and good scenes of cattle rustling at night, dangerous rock slides and cowboy fights. Buck Jones is always a dashing and convincing cowboy, and he rides hard and fast and wins the beautiful Eastern girl.—**C. H.**

THE VERDICT—Tru Art

WHO killed the bad man? A bewildering mystery caused by too many pistols lying around loose. With clues pointing at several people, of course the most innocent is convicted on circumstantial evidence. This gives William Collier, Jr., a chance to do a good bit of acting while he waits in the death house before the least likely of all is found to be the guilty one. Not much.—**C. H.**

IF MARRIAGE FAILS?—F. B. O.

THE same old story told in the same old way. All about a wealthy married man who falls in love with a society fortune teller. His wife seems satisfied with another man's attentions so the next best thing is a divorce and everybody's happy. Jacqueline Logan as the fortune teller acts as though she is shell-shocked in some of her most temperamental moments. Clive Brook is interesting as the husband.—**M. B.**

THE FIGHTING DEMON—F. B. O.

ALL in all a hodge-podge of impossible happenings, emotions and reactions with Richard Talmadge trying gallantly to win the love of a pretty Senorita. For grownups—one of the dullest pictures on record; for children—a dandy picture with plenty of action.—**M. B.**

THE WHITE MONKEY—First National

A FUNNY burlesque of John Galsworthy's novel. If you haven't read the story, you'll find it rather silly movie. But if you know the Forsyte Saga, you'll get the laugh of your life. Every time Barbara La Marr starts to act, the scene is mercifully cut. Charles Emmett Mack, with his sound Griffith training, is the only member of the cast who emerges from the melee with honor. Too rough for the kiddies.—**A. S.**

ON PROBATION—Wm. Steiner

A PICTURE that starts out to be fairly interesting and then falls down because of a ridiculous twist in the plot. Another depiction of the life led by the younger set of today. After escaping from a roadhouse when the police make a raid, a wealthy young girl drives her car recklessly with the result that one in the party is seriously injured. She is arrested but manages "to get away with it" and marries the judge's son.—**M. B.**

WHITE THUNDER—F. B. O.

THIS takes the prize for the worst picture of the month. If names or other items such as acting, plot or direction stand for anything then this is a total loss. A western melodrama that starts nowhere and arrives at the same place. The title writer furnishes a few good laughs but his comedy was unintentional. Not worth seeing.—**M. B.**



Tell-Tale!

Unconsciously a woman reveals important facts about herself

Little tell-tale revelations—how unconscious they're made! An expression, a gesture, a detail of dress!

Perhaps the most unfortunate of these revelations is that which tells the world a woman is lacking in one of her most potent appeals—personal daintiness!

If you are one of those who suffer with excessive perspiration you know the distress that unsightly rings of moisture under the arms can cause; the ruin it means to clothing in stains that can never be blotted out.

But underarm odor is an even more deadly thing. For you can offend and never know it! And soap and water cannot counteract it.

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What the Stars and Directors Are Doing NOW

WEST COAST

(Unless otherwise specified studios are in Hollywood)

BUD BARSKY PROD., 1442 Beechwood Dr.
Robert North Broadway directing "The Speed Demon" with Kenneth McDonald and Peggy Montgomery.

BUSTER KEATON STUDIOS, 1025 Lillian Way.
Les Neel directing "Go West" with Buster Keaton and Kathleen Myers.

CALIFORNIA STUDIOS, 1438 Gower St.
Raymond H. Gardner Productions. John P. McCarthy directing "Reality" with Fred Malatesta and Dorothy Hope.
Siera Pictures. John Lee directing Herbert Rawlinson and Grace Darmond in a picture as yet untitled.
Bill Patton Western picture—untitled.

CECIL DE MILLE STUDIOS, Culver City, Cal.
Alan Hale directing Leslie Joy. Picture as yet untitled.
Cecil De Mille directing "The Road to Yesterday" with Joseph Schillrauf and Janet Goddard.
Burgert Julian directing "Braveheart" with Rod La Rocque.

CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIOS, 1420 La Brea Ave.
Inactive.

CHRISTIE STUDIOS, 6101 Sunset Blvd.
Wm. Watson directing Neal Burns and Vera Steadman in an untitled comedy.
Archie Mayo directing Walter Hiers and Evelyn Francisco in an untitled comedy.
Harold Beaudine directing Jimmy Adams and Mady Malone in an untitled comedy.
Walter Graham directing Bobby Vernon and Frances Lee in an untitled comedy.

EDUCATIONAL STUDIOS, 7250 Santa Monica Blvd.
Merriland Comedy. Norman Taurog directing Elie Conley and Estelle Bradley in an untitled comedy.
Steven Roberts directing Al St. John and Virginia Vance.

Tuxedo Comedy. William Goodrich directing Johnny Arthur and Helen Foster in an untitled comedy.

F. B. O. STUDIOS, 780 Gower St.
"The Adventures of Missie" series with Alberta VanStan and Larry Kent. Director not named.
Ralph Ince directing "Lady Robin Hood" with Evelyn Brent and Robert Ellis.
Del Andrews directing "The Wild Bull's Loin" with Fred Thomson and Margaret Bennett.

Schulberg Productions. Leo Meely directing "The Keweenaw" with Robert Frazer, Clara Bow and Abbie Mills.
Maecé De Sano directing "The Plastic Age" with Clara Bow and Donald Keith.
Chadwick Prod. Scott Danapur directing "Blue Blood" with George Walsh and Cecil Evans.
Fred Noymer directing "The Perfect Clown" with Larry Senon.

Ben Wilson Prod. Ben Wilson directing "The Human Tornado" with Yakima Canutt and Nancy Leeds.

FIRST NATIONAL PROD. United States.
George Archibald directing "Joseph Greer and His Daughter" with Lewis Stone, Shirley Mason and Hugh Allen.
Edwin Currier directing "The Sea Woman" with Blanche Sweet, Robert Frazer and Victor McLaglen.
Kurt Neibfeld directing "The Viennese Medley" with Anna Q. Nilsson, May Allison and Conway Tearle.

Sammuel Goldwyn Prod. Henry King directing Alice Joyce, Belle Bennett and Ronald Colman in "Stella Dallas."

Rudolph Valentino Prod. Clarence Brown directing Rudolph Valentino in "The Untamed."

FOX STUDIOS, 1401 N. Western Ave.
John Ford directing "Thank You" with George O'Brien and Jacqueline Logan.
Roy Neill directing "Greater Than a Crown" with Edouard Love and Dolores Costello.
Henry Otto directing "The Ascent of Manneer." No cast announced.
Frank Borzage directing "Labyrinth" with Buck Jones and Madge Bellamy.
Robert Kerr directing "The Wrestler" of the Van Hinder series, with Eric Foxe and Florence Gilbert.
Jack Blystone directing "The Lucky Horse Shoe" with Tom Mix and Ann Pennington.

HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd.

Gerhan Prod. Frank Foster Davis directing "The Master's Voice" with George Hackthorpe and Margerie Daw.

Stuart Paton Prod. "The Lady from Hell" with Blanche Sweet and Roy Stewart. No director named.

Metropolitan Prod. George Melford directing "Without Mercy" with Robert Ames and Vera Reynolds.

LASKY STUDIOS, 1520 Vine St.
Irvin Willat directing "The Ancient Highway" with Jack Holt and Florence Vidor.
Edward Berbering directing "Are You a Mason?" with Raymond Griffith.
Clarence Barber directing "The Golden Princess" with Betty Bronson and Neil Hamilton.
Paul Bern directing "Flower of the Night" with Pola Negri.
William K. Howard directing "The Vanishing American" with Lois Wilson and Richard Dix.
James Cruze directing "The Pony Express" with Ernest Torrence.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIOS, Culver City, Cal.
Joseph von Sternberg directing "The Masked Bride" with Mae Murray.
Monta Bell directing "The Lights of Old New York" with Marion Davies and Conrad Nagel.
Robert Healy directing "An Exchange of Wives" with Lew Cody and Eleanor Boardman.
Christy Cabane directing "The Midshipman" with Ramon Novarro and Harriet Hammond.
Kine Vidor directing "La Boheme" with Lillian Gish and John Gilbert.
Robert Z. Leonard directing "Paris" with Lew Cody and Pauline Starke.
William Wellman directing "I'll Tell the World" with George K. Arthur and Gertrude Olmstead.

PICKFORD-FAIRBANKS STUDIOS, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd.
William Beaudine directing "Scraps" with Mary Pickford.

HAL E. ROACH STUDIOS, Culver City, Cal.
Robert McGowan directing "Our Gang" in a two-reel comedy.
Fred Guall directing Glenn Tryon in "Cuckoo Love."

SENNETT STUDIOS, 1712 Gleadside Blvd.
Art Rosson directing Alice Taylor and Ruth Taylor in a two-reel comedy.
Eddie Cline directing Raymond McKee and Thelma Parr in a two-reel comedy.
Del Lord directing Madeline Hurlock in a Fashion show burlesque.

UNIVERSAL STUDIOS, Culver City, Cal.
Edward Laemmle directing "The Still Alarm" with Helene Chadwick and William Russell.
Maurice Tourneur directing "Sporting Life" with Bert Lyell and Marion Nixon.
Charles Brabin directing "Stella Maris" with Mary Philbin and Elliott Dexter.
Edelman directing "The Beautiful Cheat" with Laura La Plante and Harry Myers.
"The Chicky Stampede" with Hett Gibson and Virginia Brown Faire. Director not named.
Al Rowell directing "The Devil's Double" with Reed Howes.
William Crainly directing Edmund Cobb in "A Two-Fisted Fighter."
Cliff Smith directing "Red Dawn" with Art Acord.

WARNER BROTHERS, 5842 Sunset Blvd.
Lewis Milestone directing Marie Prevost and Clive Brook in "Wanted by the Police."
Eric Kenton directing "Red Hot Tires" with Mogie Q. Rice, Patsy Ruth Miller and Lucio Stedman.
W. Van Dyke directing "The Ranger of the Big Pine" with Benjamen Herbert and Helen Costello.
Harry Beaumont directing "His Majesty Bunker Bean" with Cliff Ruffalo and Huntley Gordon.
Noel Truth directing "The Chub of the Wolves" with Rile-De-Tite and Dolores Costello and Don Alvarado.

EAST COAST

BIOGRAPH STUDIOS, 807 East 175th St., New York City.
Webster Campbell directing "The Pace That Thrills" with Ben Lyon and Mary Astor.

COSMOPOLITAN STUDIOS, Second Ave. and 127th St., New York City.
Alfred Green directing "Clothes Make the Pirate" with Louis Errol.

FORT LEE STUDIOS, Fort Lee, N. J.
Joseph Henahan directing Glenn Hunter in "The Flinch Hitter."

JACKSON STUDIOS, Jackson and Westchester Aves., New York City.
Charles Hines directing Johnny Hines and Mildred Tracy in "The Love Wire."

PARAMOUNT STUDIOS, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.
Alfred E. Green directing "Whispers" with Thomas Meighan and Virginia Valli.
Frank Tuttle directing "Lovers in Quarantine" with Bette Enright, Harrison Ford and Alfred Lunt.
D. W. Griffith directing "That Royle Girl" with Carol Dempster and James Kirkwood.

PATHE STUDIOS, 134th St. and Park Ave., New York City.
True Story Film Co., Inc. Hugh Barker directing "The Wranglers" with Lionel Barrymore, Ann Coraway and Henry Hall.

PYRAMID STUDIOS, Astoria, N. Y.
Spencer Bennett directing "Play Ball" with Alton Ray and Walter Miller.

TEC-ART STUDIOS, 344 West 44th St., New York City.
Kroneth W-hh directing "The Beautiful City" with Richard Barthelme and Dorothy Gish.

WHITMAN BENNETT STUDIOS, 537 Riverdale Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.
"Scandal Street" with Madge Kennedy and Niles Welch.

CHANGES IN TITLES

HAROLD LLOYD PROD.
"Rah, Rah, Rah" will be released as "The Freshman."

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
"Lorraine of the Lions" will be released as "Beauty and the Brute."
"Titania" will be released as "The Storm Breakers."

PARAMOUNT PICTURES
"California or Bust" will be released as "The Lucky Devil."

BUSINESS NEWS OFFICES

Associated Exhibitors, Inc., 35 West 45th St., New York City.
Associated First National Pictures, 383 Madison Ave., New York City. Richard Barthelme Prod. Incorporation 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 Booklet Office of Amer., Inc., 723 Seventh Ave., New York City.
Fox Film Corporation, 10th Ave. & 55th St., 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 Diverser 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, Heckscher Building, 5th Ave. and 57th St., New York City.
Vitagraph Company of America, 1600 Broadway, New York City.
Warner Brothers, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

The Extra Pirate

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

worked with Al as an extra player. He was a mechanic and knew something about automobiles.

When Al had missed several meals in a row the other extra player shared with him a trifle more than equally. That extra player has been Al Green's chauffeur for better than four years now.

In fact, Al often calls a business council and Cuckoo Otto and the chauffeur make many a wise suggestion.

This is not at all as Horatio Alger would have it—but then this, of course, is awfully true, and can be verified any day in Hollywood.

And if ever there was a violet in a circus ring, it is Al Green. He is the essence of modesty and kindness. I once overheard him saying to an aged female extra player—with his finger held up: . . . "Now you should never do that—it is very foolish—you must always come to me at such times . . . now remember!" And the director went away to his job of directing a mob scene.

BEING a writer and curious, and long having known the dear and aged woman, I asked her for why Al had been scolding her.

"Well, you see, Jimmy," she said, "I soaked my bloomie 'wrist watch this mornin', and Al says I should do it na more and gives me five dollars to git it out—he does—Glory be to God!"

Indeed I know many such tales about Al Green—enough that I can go on record in pronouncing him one of the whitest men I have ever known.

Once Al Green waited outside a famous producer's door for three hours. Said producer came out and refused to even talk to him about a job as an assistant. Five years later the same producer sent for Green. Producer says when he sees Al . . . "Seems to me you've been here before . . . your face is familiar." And Al says—just two words—he says, "Is it?" Al is a great believer in letting the dead past bury its dead.

Green had directed some big films and was not satisfied with himself. He went to Marshall Neilan and asked that map of Irish ego for a chance as assistant director. He got it. He did the drudgery on Neilan's "Daddy Long Legs," "In Old Kentucky" and other pictures. Whether or not it helped Al, it surely must have helped Neilan.

Green has directed Thomas Meighan in some of his greatest successes, such as "Woman Proof," "The Bachelor Daddy," "Back Home and Broke," "Our Leading Citizen," "Pied Piper Malone," and others.

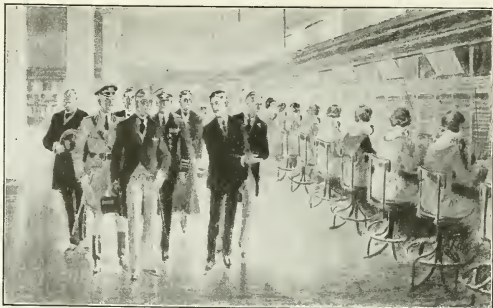
His latest pictures have been "Inez from Hollywood," "Potash and Perlmutter in Hollywood" and "Sally." "Potash and Perlmutter" has been rated as one of the ten greatest pictures of 1924.

And no less a critic than Jack Lait wrote in Variety regarding "Sally": "Rarely does a musical book, even a grand opera, make a good film. Maybe more of them would if Alfred E. Green directed them. This Green has a human understanding which is colossal as applied to screen expression of a theme, a plot and a story . . . the director in this instance is the motivating influence. And in this instance he has done a super-job."

And whisper it low on Broadway—Al Green was born in a little jerkwater town in Southern California.

Most everybody leaves Perris, California, quite young—and Al left when he was younger than that.

When Al Green directed "Inez from Hollywood," he needed a collection of beautiful girls for one sequence in the story of a motion picture girl's career. Seven girls were chosen who had won beauty prizes in one section or



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Visitors from foreign countries invariably wonder at the number of telephones in America. "Why is it," they ask, "that nearly everybody in America has a telephone, while in Europe telephone service is found only in a limited number of offices and homes?"

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another of America. They all posed with him. Will they all become great stars? Time will tell. But while time is telling, some little embryo Gloria Swanson is playing hide and go seek with great fame and fortune all unknowing.

For did not the extra pirate of thirteen years ago become a director at a hundred thousand dollars a year? Cuckoo Otto and Jim Tully will tell the cock-eyed world he did.

Mr. Barrymore Pays His Annual Visit

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

wanted to create a certain mood, to build up suspense. So we were careful to see that no one could insert an episode showing me as a school boy walking down a lane at Mamaroneck with a slate under my arm. They do put in things like that, you know, to prove that the hero isn't a bad fellow at heart.

"And then," he continued, "do you remember the safe scene in 'The Four Horsemen'—the one in which *Julio* persuaded the lady to come to his studio? It ran for about ninety-five million feet—just two people sitting at a table talking. There was no action but there was drama. And there was, too, some great acting by Mr. Valentino and Miss Terry. If that scene had been cut shorter or interrupted by views of the German army on the march, the most charming and sympathetic part of the picture would have been lost.

"You see, on the stage, the actor has time to create a mood, to build up a character, to time a scene. In the movies, his performance is turned over to a cutter who can do what he likes with it. You see, I am studying the movies. This trip to the Coast is no vacation for me; neither will it be a let down. It's nonsense to say there is no opportunity in the movies for good acting. There is a wealth of good acting on the screen.

"A great deal of good acting has been wasted in the past, not only by bad stories but by bad cutting. In fact, it would be possible to have a cast with Sarah Bernhardt, Jackie Coogan, Eleanor Duse, and David Warfield and have the picture cut so jerkily that it would turn out a masterpiece of bad acting."

JUST then a Warner Brother entered—Mr. H. M. Warner, to be exact—and I thought to ask Mr. Barrymore what he planned to make for his first picture of the season.

"I don't know," he answered. "It's to be 'Captain Alvarez,' in all probability," volunteered Mr. Warner, "and it will be presented as a special."

Mr. Barrymore gave Mr. Warner a grateful look. "I've read it, and it's awfully good."

And that was the first time, in all my weary years in this business, that I ever heard a star and producer talk story without a terrible fight. I thought it was just about time to go.

I remembered that I had forgotten to ask him about the success of "Hamlet" in London. But what was the use? Who would march up to Babe Ruth and say, "Well, old kid, I see you have made another home run?"

In the outer office, I snookily asked how many pictures the star would make under the terms of his contract.

"He'll make two pictures," answered a proud producer, "but there isn't a real contract—just an exchange of letters. You see, Barrymore is so great he doesn't need anything like that. Only the small ones require protection—for their own peace of mind. And, on our side, we'd be crazy if we didn't give him everything in our power. Anyway, he's a genius."

I wonder if Mr. Barrymore remembers the days in the movies when he was a handsome comic grinding out foolish farces for a small salary and for smaller personal consideration. There were no geniuses then, nor was there any demand for them.

The Girl with the Broken Ankle

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

engaged her. Fairbanks, through a combination of circumstances, put her under contract—and the wily Chaplin, casting about for a new leading lady, "lifted" her contract. She played the leading role in Chaplin's "Gold Rush." Now Chaplin—like most all men of great talent—has no patience with people who have the urge without the gift. A bad player will throw him into a mood that may last for days. Georgia's work made him happy. I am writing this before the picture is shown. My prediction—a very great actress is walking down the road of time. She has poise and controlled fire, dignity without affectation and demeanor that must be born with the individual. I think she is one of the greatest actresses on the screen, and Chaplin thinks so too. He has signed a contract with her, and it is one of the very smartest things this terrific little vagabond has ever done.

Georgia Hale was about to become Rudolph Valentino's leading woman. Joseph Schenck said to her, "You can wear clothes—you've got everything." Chaplin saw all this first—Georgia became his leading lady.

Georgia has long since sent for her parents. They live in Hollywood with her.

I have forgotten to mention—her ankle is completely healed.

So is her pocketbook.

Are You Movie Wise?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

47. Mary Pickford appeared in "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

SEVENTH GROUP

Which of the following does not belong with the others? Draw a circle around the number corresponding to the misplaced name or title.

48. (1) Barbara La Marr; (2) Mary Astor; (3) Nita Naldi; (4) Dagmar Godowsky. (Note: This series concerns vampires.)
49. (1) "Hot Water"; (2) "The Fighting Blade"; (3) "Little Old New York"; (4) "Beau Brummel"; (5) "Robin Hood." (Note: This series concerns costume pictures.)

50. (1) Raymond Hatton; (2) Noah Beery; (3) Ben Turpin; (4) Theodore Roberts; (5) Lon Chaney. (Note: This series concerns character actors.)

51. (1) "The Golden Bed"; (2) "Man-handled"; (3) "The Ten Commandments"; (4) "Adam's Rib"; (5) "Feet of Clay." (Note: This series concerns Cecil B. De Mille's pictures.)

EIGHTH GROUP

Fill in the missing word or words.

52. Rex Ingram's wife is _____.
53. D. W. Griffith is a _____.
54. His first great masterpiece was _____.
55. The leading feminine role in "Way Down East" was played by _____.
56. The leading male role in "The Sea Hawk" was played by _____.
57. "Humoresque" was directed by _____.
58. The role of Abraham Lincoln in the picture of the same name was played by _____.
59. It was produced by Al and Ray _____.

NINTH GROUP

Draw a circle around the number or numbers at the end of the questions

Beauty Contest

Last Announcement



A George B. Seitz Production
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Allene Ray
and Walter Miller
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that indicate the correct answer. Some, all, or only one may be correct.

- Colleen Moore's latest released picture is (1) "So Big"; (2) "Flaming Youth"; (3) "The Desert Flower"; (4) "Sally"; (5) "Hoot Gibson"; (6) "Jack Hoxie"; (7) Tom Mix; (8) Buck Jones, are western stars.
- Willard Louis made hits in (1) "The Sea Hawk"; (2) "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall"; (3) "The Alaskan"; (4) "Babbitt"; (5) "Beau Brummel"; (6) "The following have appeared as leading men for Norma Talmadge (1) Harrison Ford; (2) Conway Tearle; (3) Percy Marmont; (4) Milton Sills; (5) Eugene O'Brien.
- Name all the players you know on the line below whose last name is Hamilton.

(Note: Full credit should be given if three of these are named.)

- Some actresses who are truly stars are (1) Pola Negri; (2) Mary Pickford; (3) Louise Fazenda; (4) Marion Davies; (5) Corinne Griffith; (6) Bessie Love; (7) Lillian Gish.

TENTH GROUP

Cross out the numbers before the untrue statements.

- William Fox is a prominent director.
- Gloria Swanson was a former bathing beauty.
- Betty Bronson was selected by James M. Barry to play the title role in "Peter Pan."
- Rod La Rocque did not appear in "The Ten Commandments."
- John Gilbert has temporarily retired from pictures.

In the September issue of PHOTOPLAY will be a list of the correct answers.

What Is Camera Beauty?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

down. Miss Nilsson's crooked nose, for instance, is lighted from one side only, which gives it a straight effect.

Careful make-up can help a large mouth. The expert cameraman tries to catch this sort of mouth for a close-up only from the side. The Negri chin and mouth, for instance, are lighted from above, cutting down the squareness.

The complexion is of no consequence. Make-up can cover all sorts of facial blemishes, from freckles to scars.

The average person has unpleasant lines running from the nose to the sides of the mouth. To overcome this in close-ups, the lights are placed close to the camera and the face is flooded with illumination. Result: the lights fill the creases and smooth them out—on the film.

Projecting ears are filmed at an angle and never full face. Note this the next time you watch Valentino on the screen.

The Girl Without "It"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

Love went up the ladder—Colleen Moore did likewise. Pauline watched them climb. Everyone said she had great ability—but no "sex appeal." She was given character bits now and then—and remained idle for months between the now and then.

She was rather ungainly at this time, with no beauty, but with something greater than beauty, which made her more than beautiful. She went from one studio to another. She read of Gloria's and Bessie's and Colleen's success. This kept up for eight years. Everywhere was heard the same story—she had no sex appeal—she could do good character work, but, as a leading lady—no sex appeal. She brooded over this apparent tragedy for a long time. It made her sad. And all the while there was fermenting in her nature the chagrin that would make her great. Of this she was unaware. Duse had soul ferment. I do not know about her sex appeal.

Thwarted on every side, and taking any part possible with the hope of getting a foothold and developing this "appeal" about which all the casting directors talked, she developed greatly. In her hunger.

Hollywood is full of pseudo people more or less supposedly misunderstood. Pauline Starke is really one who needed understanding. It came by accident.

She succeeded in getting a part under Ernest Lubitsch. That brilliant Continental asked no questions. He was too big to be guided by the middle-class whims of casting directors and

My canvass of cameramen—and it included such notable studio photographers as Ira H. Morgan, James Wong Howe, Arthur A. Miller, Alvin Wyckoff, Charles E. Schoenbaum and Percy Hilton—brought out the interesting fact that dark-haired and dark-complexioned male stars and leading men are considered best and that the brunette female star and leading woman is looked upon with most favor. The blonde is slipping in the eyes of the cameramen.

Another interesting item is the fact that the cameraman no longer like the old-fashioned cupid's bow mouth for film actresses. They now want a fairly large mouth with both sensitivity and strength.

But these mere physical demands are secondary. The camera can be made to overemote and transform each and every one of them. The old saying that the camera never lies collapsed long ago before the trickery of the studio cinematographer and electrician.

others. He saw the ferment in the girl's soul. He brought that out.

Cecil De Mille watched her work under Lubitsch.

"A great actress," said the designer of trick bathrooms—"but has she got sex appeal?"

At his advice she gave up seeking the lavender bird called sex appeal. She became herself again. "I was wonderful to me," said Pauline. "I owe him so much."

With Lubitsch she found herself. Only in one other picture had she been able to catch a glimmer of Pauline—"The Man Without a Country."

Her work in "The Devil's Cargo," "Adventure" and "Wrath" is the crowning point of thirteen years of effort. In these pictures she forgets everything, and as a consequence is climbing to the point reached by her girlhood friend and fellow film-worker, Gloria Swanson.

Pauline told me an epic of heartache that need not be recorded here. It touched her whole life and made her what she is—a splendid actress.

It was while Pauline was talking that Mrs. Starke came into the room again. She overheard her talented daughter. "There was a lot of joy, Pauline—you must forget those poverty days," interrupted Mrs. Starke looking about the immense room.

I said to Pauline, "I think it's Shakespeare who speaks of a man scorned the base deeds by which he did ascend—never do that—will you?"

"I won't," she answered, "really I won't."

"You see, Pauline—all the real people I've talked to love you. It's that splendid natural quality they love—now just be yourself, and, above all, don't pretend. You have a great gift—that divine something all the colleges in the world can't give you.

"I'm so glad you've talked to me," she said, the tears in her wondrous eyes.

Why I'm Going to Marry

By Edmund Lowe

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]

them all closely knitted together, yet independent of each other. That sounds paradoxical, doesn't it?—but it is the only way the three could be successful.

I would never ask Lilyan to give up her career. I know what acting means to me—how much it is a part of my life and mode of self-expression. And I couldn't or wouldn't think of asking my wife to give up something that meant as much to her as it does to me. It would be unfair to Lilyan. I think she is going to be one of our great emotional actresses.

But remember the fact that she is also a woman. One of her dearest dreams will be culminated in the home we are planning. She is essentially a homemaker, and she realizes the responsibilities of a home will not in any way interfere with her career unless she allows them to but will rather enhance her capabilities as an actress by making her private life richer in fundamental experiences. She will have her man—her home—and I hope sometime, her children. Marriage deepens a woman's life and her sympathies and understanding. With men, it is too often irksome. It is because Lilyan, who is everything to me, has come into my life, that I am going to marry. She is the only woman I have ever known who has every requisite for happiness—happiness not only for me but for herself. She will be not only my wife, but my sweetheart, my mother, and, as an actress, my pride. She is beautiful, gracious, intelligent, loyal and joyous.

I have known Lilyan for several years. I fell in love with her when I saw her on the stage—she was in a number in the Follies with seven other girls. But to me she stood out. She dominated the whole group—she scintillated. And from that day to this I have loved her. In fact, I love her more each day. And that's why I am going to marry. I can't do without her loveliness. And after these years when we have both had plenty of time to find out if it was lasting—and we've found out that it is—well, what's the use of waiting any longer?

By Lilyan Tashman

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]

for acting. This has reacted in his work as exemplified on the screen—as well as in his own character.

Eddie's success is due to his native ability and his love of work. He delights in every production and believes thoroughly in the ability of every other person connected with the work—from the director to the assistant electricians. And he lets them know it. So he works in harmony with every company he is connected with—and that makes his performances very vital and real.

We have planned everything together—we have the same desires—the same love of the tangible and intangible things that go in the making of a home. He is tender, generous, manly—he will make the ideal husband.

And my formula for the ideal husband? He would be strong and tender and true, patient, courteous, jolly, intellectual, kindly, and last, but not least, human. I don't only love

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Eddie's good qualities—I love his faults. Because if he didn't have them, he wouldn't be real.

If I hadn't met him, I doubt if I would have ever married. So few men feel as he does about a woman's career. And knowing that he wants me to go on—I sometimes wonder how I would

feel towards him if he wanted me to stop. If it were any other man, I would choose the career, but Eddie—if Eddie asked me tomorrow to stop—I would, I think. Because, after all, he means more than anything else in the world to me. But it is nice, isn't it, that I will only gain in marrying—and not lose.

Close-ups and Long Shots

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74]

carried off by horse and wagon. The only job for an actor on the screen a year from now will be as a traffic cop—unless he learns to play horse or ride a bicycle.

Few actors could touch the performance of Rex, the stallion, in "Black Cyclone." But I can think of a number who could excel the performance of the jackass.

I WAS discussing art with a coon boothlack. "I don't like them hokum comedies," said he. "What I likes is drama with a moral."

"Drama with a which?" I asks. "Drama with a moral," he insisted, "that is realistic drama—things what could happen and do."

His favorite star, he reckoned, was Corinne Griffith, because dog-gone, "She looks like a lady and yet she's good-lookin'."

He also likes Lon Chaney and Marion Davies. His favorite pictures are "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" and "The Last Laugh."

At last I have discovered what's wrong with the movies—The public is going over the heads of the producers.

STARS no sooner win fame in pictures than they start shop-lifting glory from all the arts. I'm particularly tired of seeing a star posed as a sculptress in her grandpa's nightshirt seated in front of a mud pie with a fingernail file in hand. May Rodin's Hand of God smite the next one who does it!

HAROLD LLOYD'S Tragic Ambition: "Now that you have all the money and fame in the world, what are you going to do?" I asked Harold Lloyd.

"Keep on making pictures," he said plaintively, "until they stop laughing at me."

THE only persons who have profited thus far by the production of "Ben Hur" are the manufacturers of Ben Hur coffee and Ben Hur soap. This reverses the normal course of publicity. The soap and coffee, being good, may sell the picture.

THE voice of Ouija again: When I saw little Buster Collier in "The Bugle Call" seven years

ago I started predicting. I'm a little hoarse but still predicting. As the prodigal son in "The Wanderer" William Collier, Jr., will win the fattest calf, with dessert to follow.

THERE is nothing so snobbish as reference to the humble occupation of a man prior to his success. Abraham Lincoln was once a rail-splitter, but he didn't continue one after entering the White House. The fact that stars were waitresses or producers junk peddlers signifies nothing; but there is reason for howling when they continue to throw hash and peddle junk, after getting in office.

ALLA NAZIMOVA announced her intention of becoming an American citizen and confirmed it by leaving for Paris—that's always the first move of the real American.

AMERICAN Censors Abroad: In Paris an outraged American and his spouse had a man pinched for trying to sell them dirty picture cards. Upon examination the judge found the obscenities to be photographs of the Venus de Milo. The obscene eye cannot distinguish between the nude beauty of the Louvre and the naked horrors of a peep show.

THE use of "doubles" seems still to imply to the lay mind a lack of sportsmanship on the part of stars, whereas it is merely a business precaution on the part of the companies. The loss of a star means the loss of money invested in the current picture. Thus Chaplin is insured for two million by his company, Doug Fairbanks for two million, and Ramon Novarro for three million, representing the cost of "Ben Hur" which would be a total loss if the star turned up dead for the chariot races.

So far as being game, the stars often excel their doubles. The raft scenes of "Ben Hur" were filmed in Lehighon bay when the temperature was at pneumonia level. As Novarro and Frank Currier were compelled to fall into the chilly waters a number of times, the director engaged a couple of extras to relieve them in the long shots. After remaining out for ten minutes the extras shouted in their resignations, and Novarro and Currier had to go out and double for their doubles.

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The Most Beautiful Women on Earth

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

Etna and Negri. Etna was inactive whereas Pola never was. So to her I awarded the willow plume of adjectives.

Pola's beauty does not conform to standards. None of the famed beauties of history ever did. Each established a standard of her own that later became a model.

Pola's beauty is the beauty of suggested drama. It is the Orientale. It is the barbaric throb of drums in hot-scented jungles by moonlight. It is a volcanic flame with the enchantment of threat. Green eyes, slumbrous dilating tigress eyes, in a face as white as Moscow winter beneath the night blackness of her hair. Savage, threatening Cossack beauty that knows no law.

Pola is the dagger beauty of barbaric splendors. Corinne Griffith's that of soft-stealing lotus charm, sensuous as a perfume secretly distilled. Her beauty lies in aura more than flesh, in a gentle luminosity of warm vibrations. Though fair, she has the languor of the Orient and her eyes are almond-shaped, shifting in color from blue to amber. Patrian and ambrosial, she moves a goddess, walks a queen; aloof, aristocratic and alone, the lady of the manor.

Maie Allison is a piquancy in gold and blue and rose, the freshness of dawn and the quaintness of Quality street. Yet even in crinoline of the stiffest she would suggest, in grace of movement and alertness of poise, the mythical ladies who frequent woodlands. Hers is a youth grown lovelier far with maturity.

Florence Vidor's is the soft dark beauty of night in the South when jasmine scents the air. An artist would paint her in muslin beneath high pillars of a Southern house slightly touched by moonlight. Or perhaps with a fichu caught by a moonstone, her hair drawn low, in an oval frame.

A SNOW maiden dancing out of the midnight sun with the color on her hair, Greta Nissen is the Norse exquisite. The glory of morning, the clarity of a bell, the loveliness of a lily swaying in dawn.

Mary Astor is a nocturne; an ode. Hers is the serene and untroubled beauty that belongs neither to time nor to place. Maxine Elliott possessed such beauty; it is impersonal, untroubled. It does not belong to the woman who has it; it is an ideal and a heritage from the Grecian past.

Rubens painted Alice Terry when he was in his prime. She was created by Mahomet in praise to Allah, with the placidity of a lake in the prophet's paradise. A poet would place her in a seraglio, softly thrumming a lute (instead of her ukulele) while fanned by Ethiopians.

May McAvoy—such a little queen but nevertheless a queen, and the only justification for the ingenué I've ever seen. The perfect miniature. The maid in the bower whom troubadours woo in vain.

Barbara La Marr—the lady in the limousine whom knights woo not in vain. The justification of modern art as practiced by Erte. Orchids and diamonds, champagne and lip rouge, with all the latest improvements on nature. Venus in the spotlight. The other woman in the Garden of Eden.

Nita Naldi—A crash of cymbals, a lion's roar and the marriage of Europe and Asia. The Sphinx broadcasting Pharaoh stories. Cleopatra as she should have been. Juno turned Venus in lamb chops and pineapple.

Such is the all-Olympian ten; try and match any team against them. I have other favorites but the harem is limited, and so is the English language. If this feat doesn't earn me a trip to heaven I'll name the ten homeliest and go the other way.



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SUBSCRIBE FOR PHOTOPLAY

Subscription rates are listed on page five, below contents.

"SALLY OF THE SAWDUST"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the stage play by Dorothy Donnelly. Directed by D. W. Griffith. The cast: Carol Dempster, W. C. Fields, Alfred Lunt, Effie Shannon, Glenn Anders.

"DON Q"—UNITED ARTISTS.—Based on the novel by K. and Hesketh Prichard. Photoplay by Jack Cunningham. Directed by Donald Crisp. Photography by Henry Sharp. The cast: Dolores de Muro, Mary Astor; General de Muro, Jack McDonald; Don Sebastian, Donald Crisp; The Queen, Stella De Lanti; The Archduke, Warner Oland; Don Fabrique, Jean Hersholt; Colonel Matsado, Albert MacQuarrie; Loto, Lottie Pickford; Forrest; Robledo, Charles Stevens; Bernardo, Tote Du Croc; The Duqueno, Martha Franklin; The Dancer, Juliette Benger; Her Admirer, Roy Coulson; Kimon, Enrique Acosta; Don Cesar de Vega and Zorro, his father, Douglas Fairbanks.

"ARE PARENTS PEOPLE?"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Alice Duer Miller. Adapted by Frances Agnew. Directed by Malcolm S. Clair. The cast: Lita Hazlett, Betty Bronson; Mrs. Hazlett, Florence Vidor; Mr. Hazlett, Adolph Menjou; Maurice Mansfield, Andre de Branger; Dr. Ducer, Lawrence Gray; Aurelia Wilson, Mary Beth Milford; Margaret, Emily Fitzroy; Freedyho (butler), William Courtwright.

"SIEGFRIED"—UFA.—Story by Thea von Harbou. Directed by Fritz Lang. Photography by Carl Hoffman and Gunther Rittau. The cast: Siegfried, Paul Richter; Kriemhild, Margarete Schon; Brunhild, Hanna Ralph; Hagen Tronje, Hans Adalbert Schlettow; King Gunther, Theodor Loos; Mime, George John; Alberich, George John.

"BLACK CYCLOPE"—PATHE.—Original story by Hal Roach. Directed by Fred Jackman. Cast: The horses—Rex, Lady. The Killer; The People—Guinn Williams, Kathleen Collins, Christian Frank.

"I'LL SHOW YOU THE TOWN"—UNIVERSAL.—From the novel by Elmer Davis. Adapted by Raymond L. Schrock. Directed by Harry A. Pollard. The cast: Alce Dupree, Reginald Denny; Hazel Deming, Marjorie Nixon; Professor Carlyle McCabe, Edward Kimball; Fan Green, Lilyan Tashman; Martin Green, Hayden Stevenson; Agnes Cleaver, Cissy Fitzgerald; Lucille Pemberton, Margaret Livingston; Bill Bonner, Neely Edwards; Professor Goodwin, William A. Carroll; Ann Sarah, Martha Mattos; Edith Torey, Helen Greene; Frank Pemberton, Lionel Braham.

"OLD HOME WEEK"—PARAMOUNT.—Story suggested by George Ade. Screen play by Thomas J. Geraghty. Directed by Victor Heerman. The cast: Tom Clark, Thomas Meighan; Ethel Harmon, Lila Lee; J. Edward Rice, Larry Hunt; Marshall Coleman, Charles Dow Clark; Townsend Barton, Max Fisman; Uncle Henry, Charles Selton; Mary Clark, Selma Tilden; Judge Harmon, Sidney Paxton; Jim Ferguson, Joseph Smiley; Frikkle, Jack Terry; Olev Jinks, Leslie Hunt; Mrs. Clark, Isabel West; Gressman, Brady, Clayton Frye.

"THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Adapted by John Russell. Directed by Herbert Brenon. The cast: Madiane Verrier, Alice Joyce; Alix Verrier, Mary Brian; Giles Bradley, Neil Hamilton; Toppie Westmacott, Esther Kalston; Owen Bradley, Anthony Jowitt; Mother Bradley, Jane Jen-

nings; Ruth Bradley, Mildred Ryan; Rosemary Bradley, Eleanor Shelton; Jerry Hamble, Maurice Cannon; Lady Mary Hamble, Maude Turner Gordon; Andre Valenbois, Paul Doucet; Mme. Dumont, Julia Hurley; Dr. Maubert, Mario Majeroni.

"WELCOME HOME"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman. Screen play by Walter Woods and F. McGrew Willis. Directed by James Cruze. The cast: Old Man Pronty, Luke Craswell; Fred Pronty, Warner Baxter; Yvette Pronty, Lois Wilson; Jim Corey, Ben Hendricks; Lil Corey, Margaret Morris; Miss Pringle, Josephine Crowley; Annie, Adele Watson.

"THE DESERT FLOWER"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the stage play by Don Mullally. Adapted by June Mathis. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: Margaret Forbes, Colleen Moore; Randolph "Rance" Conway, Lillian Hughes; Raul Quade, Kate Price; Joe Lee, Gene Corrado; Dizzy, Fred Warren; Mike Dyer, Frank Brownlee; Inga Hulterson, Isabelle Keith; Floella, Anna May Walthall; Jack Royal, William Norton Bailey; Mr. McQuade, Monte Collins; Fay "Babe" Knight, Edna Gregory.

"THE TEASER"—UNIVERSAL.—Written by Adelaide Matthews and Martha Stanley. Scenario by Edward T. Lowe, Jr., and Lewis Milestone. Directed by William A. Seiter. The cast: Ann Barton, Laura La Plante; James M. Donahue, Pat O'Malley; Margaret Wyndham, Hedda Hopper; Robert Caswell, Walter McGrail; Perry Grayle, Byron Munson; Lois Caswell, Virginia Oakland; Jeff Loring, Wyndham Standing; Janet Conchard, Margaret Quimby; Jenkins, Frank Finckh Smiles.

"EVE'S SECRET"—PARAMOUNT.—From the stage play by Zoe Akins. Adapted by Adelaide Heilbrun. Directed by Clarence Badger. Photography by McKinley Martin. The cast: Eve, Betty Compton; Duke of Poltava, Jack Holt; Pierre, William Collier, Jr.; Duchess, Vera Hires; Baron, Lionel Belmore; Prince Boris, Mario Carillo.

"THE PRICE OF PLEASURE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Elizabeth Holding and Marion Orth. Adapted by Raymond L. Schrock. Directed by Edward Sloman. The cast: Linnie Randall, Virginia Vail; Garry Schuyler, Norman Kerry; Stella Kelly, Louise Fazenda; Mrs. Schuyler, Kate Lester; John Osborne, George Fawcett; Billy O'Guffy, T. Roy Barnes; Jenkins, James O. Barrows; Grace Schuyler, Mary Astaire.

"DRUSILLA WITH A MILLION"—F. B. O.—From the story by Elizabeth Cooper. Scenario by Lois Zellner. Directed by F. Harmon Weather. The cast: Drusilla Doane, Mary Carr; Sally May Ferris, Priscilla Bonner; Colin Arnold, Kenneth Harlan; Eric Arnold, Henry Barrows; John Thornton, William Humphreys; Dupine Thornton, Claire Du Brey.

"SIEGE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the novel by Samuel Hopkins Adams. Adapted by Harvey Thew. Directed by Svend Gade. Photography by Charles Stumar. The cast: Frederika, Virginia Vail; Kenyon Rusland, Eugene O'Brien; Aunt Augusta, Mary Alden; Marcell Rusland, Marc McDermott; Dawley Cole, Harry Lorraine; Alberta Rusland, Beatrice Burnham; Frederika's Mother, Helen Dunbar.

"SILENT SANDERSON"—PRODUCERS DIST. CORP.—Story by Kate Corbaley. Adapted by Harvey Gates. Directed by Scott R.

Dunlap. Photography by Sol Polito. The cast: *Joel Parsons* (*Silent Sanderson*), Harry Carey; *Judith Benson*, Trilby Clark; *Jim Downing*, John Miljan; *Art Parsons*, Gardner James; *Mrs. Parsons*, Edith York; *Silver Smith*, Stanton Heck; *Single Tooth Wilson*, Sheldon Lewis.

"HOW BAXTER BUTTED IN"—WARNER BROS.—From the story by Owen Davis. Scenario by Julien Josephson. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: *Beulah Dyer*, Dorothy Devore; *Henry Baxter*, Matt Moore; *Walter Higgins*, Ward Crane; *R. S. Falk*, Wilfred Lucas; *Emmy Baxter*, Adda Gleason; *Jimmy Baxter*, Turner Savage; *Mory Baxter*, Virginia Marshall; *Amos Nichols*, Otis Harlan. Rags, Cameo.

"ANY WOMAN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Arthur Somers Roche. Adapted by Jules Furthman and Beatrice Van. Directed by Henry King. The cast: *Ellen Linden*, Alice Terry; *Tom Galloway*, Ernest Gillen; *Mrs. Rand*, Margarita Fischer; *James Rand*, Lawson Butt; *Mrs. Galloway*, Aggie Herring; *William Linden*, James Neil; *Mrs. Phillips*, De Sacia Mooers; *Egbert Phillips*, Henry Kolker; *Alice Cartwright*, Thelma Morgan; *Robert Cartwright*, George Periolat; *Ignes Young*, Lucille Hutton; *Jones*, Arthur Hoyt; *Lord Brackenridge*, Malcolm Denny.

"BAREE, SON OF KAZAN"—VITAGRAPH.—From the story by James Oliver Curwood. Directed by David Smith. The cast: *Nepcepe*, Anita Stewart; *Carcel*, Donald Keith; *Pierre*, Joe Rickson; *McTaggart*, Jack Curtis.

"SCANDALPROOF"—FOX.—From the story by Charles Kenyon. Directed by Edmund Mortimer. The cast: *Enid Day*, *Grace Whitney*, Shirley Mason; *Herbert Wyckoff*, John Roche; *Monty Brandster*, Freeman Wood; *Thelma Dolores*, Hazel Howells; *Mrs. Brandster*, Frances Raymond; *Lillian Hollister*, Ruth King; *Red Hollister*, Edward Martindel; *Dick Thorbeck*, Joseph Striker; *Benny Hollister*, Billy Fay; *Miss Wyckoff*, Clarissa Selwynne.

"JUST A WOMAN"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the stage play by Eugene Walter. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: *Jane Holton*, Claire Windsor; *Robert Holton*, Conway Tearle; *Bobby*, Dorothy Brock; *George Rand*, Percy Marmont; *Clarice Clement*, Dorothy Revere; *Oscar Dunn*, George Cooper.

"EVERYMAN'S WIFE"—FOX.—From the story by Ethel Hill and Enid Hibbard. Scenario by Lillie Hayward. Directed by Maurice Elvey. The cast: *Mrs. Randolph*, Elaine Hammerstein; *Mr. Randolph*, Herbert Rawlinson; *Mr. Bradin*, Robert Cain; *Mrs. Bradin*, Dorothy Phillips; *Emily*, Diana Miller.

"THE BANDIT'S BABY"—F. B. O.—Story by Leece Renick Brown. Scenario by Marion Jackson. Directed by Del Anderson. Photography by Ross Fisher. The cast: *Tom Bailey*, Fred Thomson; *Esther Lucy*, Helen Foster; *Maid Hartigan*, Harry Woods; *Bobby*, Mary Louise Miller; *Sherriff*, Clarence Gelder; *Bill Henry*, David (Red) Kirby; *Doctor*, C. W. Mack.

"HEARTS AND SPURS"—FOX.—Story by Jackson Gregory. Scenario by John Stone. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. Photography by Allen Davis. The cast: *Hal Emory*, Buck Jones; *Sybil Esterbrook*, Carol Lombard; *Sid Thomas*, J. Gordon Russell; *Celeste*, Jean Lamont; *Jerry Clark*, Walt Robbins; *The Sheriff*, Charles Eldridge; *Ford Driver*, Robert Litterfield; *Oscar Esterbrook*, Freeman Wood; *Victor Dufresne*, William Davidson.

"THE VERDICT"—PHIL GOLDSTONE-TRUART.—Scenario by J. F. Natteford. Directed by Fred Windemere. Photography by Roland Price. The cast: *Victor Kossard*,

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"IF MARRIAGE FAILS?"—F. B. O.—From the story by C. Gardner Sullivan. Scenario by C. Gardner Sullivan. Directed by John Ince. The cast: *Nadia*, Jacqueline Logan; *Eleanor Woodbury*, Belle Bennett; *Joe H'oodbury*, Clive Brook; *Dr. Malini*, Jean Herdshott; *Gene Deering*, Donald MacDonald; *Liza*, Mathilde Comont; *Mrs. Loring*, Cissy Fitzgerald.

"THE FIGHTING DEMON"—F. B. O.—From the story by Charles Metz. Adapted by James Bell Smith. Directed by Arthur Rosson. The cast: *John Drake*, Richard Talmadge; *Dolores Darcy*, Lorraine Logan; *Sanguinelli*, Dick Sutherland; *Mrs. Sanguinelli*, Peggy Shaw; *Jackson Pierce*, Herbert Prior; *Senor Darcy*, Charles Hill Mailes; *Isaac Kelding*, Stanton Heck; *Professor*, Jack Hill; *Dick Price*, Dave Morris; *Slippery Logan*, A. Cheron; *Arnold Malvin*, Frank Elliott.

"THE WHITE MONKEY"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by John Galsworthy. Adapted by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Fleur Forsythe*, Barbara La Marr; *Wilfrid Desert*, Henry Victor; *Elephant Danby*, Colin Campbell; *Victorine*, Flora Le Breton; *Michael Mond*, Thomas Holding; *Soames Forsythe*, George Marion; *Tony Bicket*, Charles Mack; *Bill Hawkes*, Tammany Young.

"ON PROBATION"—WM. STEINER PRODUCTIONS.—Author and adaptor, J. F. Natford. Directed by Charles Hutchison. Photography by Ernest Miller. The cast: *Mary Forrest*, Edith Thornton; *Bruce Winters*, Robert Ellis; *Judge Winter*, Joseph Kilgour; *Detective Reilly*, Wilfred Lucas; *Non Miller*, Helen Lynch; *Phil Coleman*, Eddie Phillips; *Dolores Coleman*, Betty Francisco; *Ralph Norton*, Lincoln Stedman.

"WHITE THUNDER"—F. B. O.—From the story by Kingsley Benedict. Scenario by Kingsley Benedict. Directed by Ben Wilson. The cast: *Cluck Richards*, Yakima Canutt; *Chas. Evans*, William H. Turner; *Black Morgan*, Lew Meehan; *Sherrif Richards*, George Lessey; *Alice Norris*, Nell Brantley; *Rev. Morris*, Kingsley Benedict.

Hollywood in a High Hat

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

He referred particularly to those bootlicking banquettes in honor of star or producer, at which upon arrival you are presented with a stick of incense and a glass for toasting. After about six toasts to the glory of the feted nabob a fellow is liable to go wild and start drinking to himself until he feels as good as the god, if not better.

I feel that drinking is excusable in Hollywood on the ground of medicinal purposes. Rather than die of boredom a man will resort to most any stimulant.

Most players do their hardest acting off screen. Playing society roles in the manner deemed proper in Hollywood is by no means easy work. Thus a truly successful hostess rushes the cocktails around as swiftly as possible so the guests can drink themselves natural. I know one lady who will not admit a certain actor to her circle of guests until she has braced him with at least three martinis. It is only then that he has the confidence to be his charming self, as he is on the screen. At all other times he acts like Brunhild.

One of my aristocratic lady friends declares you can't have a good time at a picture party unless you drink yourself stupid. This is inaccurate. What you really do is drink yourself brilliant.

As remarked by one of my favorite hostesses, Adela Rogers St. Johns, in her novel "The Skyrocket," movie people as a rule are not interested in any subjects aside from themselves. I have found, with a few exceptions to prove the rule, that what an actor wants is not a companion, not even a friend, but an audience. A party composed entirely of sober actors would be impossible because there would be no audience. But with sufficient manna from the cocktail shaker each can talk to himself and have a genuinely good time.

F. Scott Fitzgerald and his wife Zelda, the prototype of the flapper, as individual in her way as Pola Negri, were astonished to receive a party invitation from a star whom they had never met. Not so astonishing, as I tried to explain to them. The star had conceived a yen for being surrounded by literary lights. And Scott burns no mean incandescence.

BUT their real astonishment came at the party, where the principal stunt of the evening was to push the star around in a wheeled

chair, the guests shouting, "Hurrah for Mazie, the beautiful Mazie!" Mrs. Fitzgerald galloped gallantly for the first half hour until she sank to the floor exhausted. "I felt a terrible flop," she confided. "It was a dreadfully proper party."

Don't mistake me. All Hollywood parties are not so. I've only shown you the cages containing the strangest specimens.

Hollywood society, as I have said, consists of circles within circles, just as that of your own home town. There are cliques which never touch one another; therefore, if a fan writes Gloria Swanson conveying love to Pola Negri he need not be surprised if Pola fails to reply. The message probably miscarried.

There are cliques, and there are also such solitaires as Pola Negri and Corinne Griffith who receive the outside world chiefly by radio. It is almost impossible to inveigle Douglas and Mary to a party. They entertain only in their home precincts.

There are also charming homes where you meet as many civilians as cinemes, as at the hill castle of the Tony Morenos, the home of Kathryn Williams and her husband Charles-Eyton, of Ivan and Adela St. Johns, the Raymond Hattons, the Gishes, the Charles Rays, Florence Vidor, the Harry Carrs, the Jack Hays—to name a few at random from the lists.

Incredible as it may seem there are places in Hollywood where imported refreshments are never served and yet are not missed; others, where, though they are served, they are but incidental to the entertainment.

Where Hollywood is tedious is where she is perspiring to be a social climber—where hostesses who used to exclaim "Hot Dog!" now draw, "You dirty dog!"

Hollywood unquestionably is putting on the pup, or to be more accurately polite, she's putting on the pekinese.

And yet there is no home like Hollywood for the literary gent. When parties get low-ton I thank God I have Bull Montana's phone number. In Bull's salon (spelled with two o's in the old-fashioned way by Boo) one may chat of the Italian renaissance while quaffing real period stuff.

Hollywood society is putting on the high hat but as long as Bull wears his brown derby it will remain in a class by itself.

Studio News and Gossip —East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101]

phone from Mama Mildred, who, with Papa Harold, was 'way off in New Orleans, and this helped a lot.

So she just sat and cooed, and pulled the kitten's tail, while Sonny proved how really good the cake was.

PROBABLY the most consistent amusement fan in all Hollywood is Constance Talmadge, vivacious and beautiful Connie, and no matter how hard she is working, she is seldom if ever at home early getting her "beauty sleep"—so precious to most of the picture stars when they are actually engaged on a picture.

Although working on "Her Sister From Paris," one of her most strenuous rôles in a long time, Constance was seen twice at the Coconut Grove, once at the Biltmore and three times at theater openings, and all in one week. Wonder what she did on the seventh evening—waste it in sleep?

AFTER an engagement lasting over more than five years, Helen Ferguson and William Russell were married at the parsonage of the Los Angeles Wilshire Congregational Church by the Rev. Frank Dyer, with only Albert Russell, the bridegroom's brother, and Vola Vale present. They planned to keep it a secret, but their plans became known and as the bridal party left the parsonage, they were kidnapped by Edward Laemmle and a crowd of friends who had been waiting and carried off to the Laemmle home in Beverly Hills for a surprise wedding supper. Among those at the supper were Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Helen Chadwick, Raymond L. Schrock, Norman Sprowl and May McAvoy. The Russells spent their honeymoon at Coronado. A beautiful tiara studded with thirty-two diamonds was Russell's gift to the bride.

DON'T ever let anyone tell you Bull Montana, my favorite actor, excepting Farina, isn't a business man.

Hearing of the fortunes of a few stars like Harold Lloyd, Ruth Roland, Mrs. Wallace Reid and Richard Dix were amassing in Hollywood real estate, Bull steps out and buys a small lot next to one of the largest and finest estates in Hollywood, the home of a multi-millionaire department store owner.

For a while Bull waits patiently to treble his money, but they didn't seem to be fighting over who was to buy his lot.

Then Bull gets an idea.

Visiting a sign shop, he causes to be created a huge billboard reading:
"This lot owned by Bull Montana."
It did the work, too, for the next day after the sign went up a mysterious stranger called upon Bull and paid him his price for the property, without haggling or quibbling one little bit.

When the transfer was made out it developed that the mysterious stranger didn't think Bull had oil on his land. No, he was simply acting as agent for Bull's neighbor, the owner of the estate, which is now increased by one small lot.

HOLLYWOOD has grabbed another twinkling star from Broadway.

An Pennington, who came West to appear in the prologue of Marion Davies' latest picture, "Zander," when it was given its premiere in Los Angeles, has left the Follies and signed with Al Christie to appear in one of his features.

And, by the way, little Ann and Ray Griffith, who has just been elevated to stardom on the silver sheet, are seen everywhere together nowadays.

MARY PHILBIN, Universal's great little emotional actress, is to remake "Stella Maris" under the direction of Charles Brabin,



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the man who made "Driven" and "So Big." We wish them luck, for it was Mary Pickford's greatest picture and Miss Philbin and Brabin will certainly have something to shoot at.

POOR Kathleen Key!

It seems they just won't let her stay home long enough to get acquainted with her friends.

A short time ago Kathleen returned to Hollywood after many dreary months of "Ben Hur" in Rome. Like the rest of the company, she was tickled pink to get home again.

Then came a call from the studio and the news that she had been cast to play in a new picture with Ramon Novarro.

"Great!" said Kathleen.

"Glad you're pleased," said the casting director. "Pack your things and be ready to start for Annapolis tomorrow. The picture's to be made at the Naval Academy there."

So Kathleen packed up her make-up case and again waved her beloved Hollywood Boulevard a fond farewell.

FINIS has just been written to one of Hollywood's once promising romances, and there is much genuine sorrow in the colony to see the sinking of the marital barque in which Leatrice Joy and Jack Gilbert once sailed so happily. Both are great favorites in Hollywood and the actual divorce came as a blow to the many who had never abandoned hope that their troubles might be patched up with the arrival of Leatrice Joy II.

Garled all in black, Leatrice appeared in court and played the stellar rôle in this drama of life, which struck vitally at the heart of two of the screen world's best loved players. She

declared that she and Gilbert had come to the parting of the ways and that there was no hope of a reconciliation.

A property settlement, arranged out of court, was filed and Miss Joy was granted a divorce.

As she left the witness stand, the actress, in answer to a question of the court, replied with tears in her eyes:

"No, I don't love him any more and I could never go back to him."

HE won't say he won't.

And she won't say she will.

But Hollywood gossips say that Viola Dana and Maurice (Lefty) Flynn, former All-American football star and now a star in motion pictures, are soon to be married. In fact these same gossips expect the wedding almost any day now. Flynn was divorced from Mrs. Blanche Palmer Flynn, April 16, 1924, in Los Angeles, and according to the California divorce law the decree becomes final in one year, so it would appear that Lefty is now a free man.

LEMON wafers and apricots are not a particularly nourishing diet for a husky he-man. But they furnished the piece-de-resistance of William Powell's sustenance during a time when times were lean and food was leaner.

Powell and Ralph Barton, nationally-known illustrator, were pals in New York. Powell was a struggling young actor and Barton an equally struggling young artist. Their living quarters were so humble that even the mice passed them by. They got down to their last quarter and were dismayed to find that it was bad!

They knew it would never pass the scrutiny of the sharp-eyed Yiddish delicatessen keeper, so they went to a dingier little shop nearby and ordered five cents' worth of candles to illuminate their little hole-in-the-wall, ten cents' worth of apricots and ten cents' worth of lemon wafers. The quarter passed the squint-eyes of the dealer and Powell and Barton hastened out of the shop to their little two-by-four quarters, where they feasted on the lemon wafers and apricots, and afterwards consumed large quantities of water, which caused a sudden expansion of the food. And that night they slept with full tummies!

EDDIE LOWE got himself out of a rather bad hole the other day by a quick-witted understanding of feminine psychology.

Walking along Hollywood Boulevard, he saw a limousine draw up to the curb and within a lady whom he thought he knew. He spoke. The lady gave him a terrible glare and he realized he had made a mistake.

"I'm so sorry," said Eddie, with a gallant bow. "I thought you were Constance Talmadge."

LET other stars have perfumes, frocks and hats named for them. Agnes Ayres claims the distinction of having the first bull named for a motion picture personage. And a real live bull, too, with snorting nostrils and pawing hoofs. It all occurred down in Juarez, where Agnes and her good-looking husband, S. Manuel Reachi, went with the Windsor-Lytell wedding cortege.

After scattering Indian maize (they couldn't get a bit of rice in Juarez. Imagine!) at the newlyweds, Agnes and her husband decided to set a bit of the town. Of course, he was well acquainted with that part of the country, being an attaché of the Mexican government. So they went to a "bull fight!" There were four bulls and an admiring throng who cheered every movement of the favorite matadore. The matadore spied the famous Ayres profile and, resplendent in orange satin and gold braid, dashed over to her box.

"You see the bull with the white mark on its forehead?" Spanish the matadore, and Senor Reachi obligingly acted as interpreter. "I have given it your name and will see that it meets with instant death in your honor, senora!"

Agnes blanched and bowed—the matadore beamed. After a gory round the Ayres bull was dispatched to Bull Heaven. And Agnes says she hasn't eaten beefsteak since.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE prefers the news reel to all other screen productions. Every star prefers his own stuff. But in this instance the star's preference is shared by most of us. The reason is that people are tired of sappy fiction all cut to the same measurement. They want truth. In truth there is infinite variety. Even fiction is being presented as true stories by the popular magazines. The success of such classics as PHOTOPLAY and the American Magazine is due to the popular interest in living people and actual experiences. This likewise explains the success of such pictures as "Nanook of the North" and "Grass." Of the recent screen productions, based on fiction, the most popular are "The Covered Wagon" and "The Iron Horse," because they both have backgrounds of reality.

"My Beauty Secret?" —a touch of henna in the shampoo

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with a gleaming glory of lustrous hair"

An interview with the most beautiful bathing girl in America

THE sun streamed upon the ivory white of her flesh and the cool grecco of her bathing suit—and I knew why the judgment of men had made her Princess of Beaches—Queen of Mermaids.

One must be born with such a form, with such a skin. But one cannot give oneself daily to the rough caresses of the surf and have what she had—that shimmering, luminous softness that played almost imperceptibly over her features, from the living lustre of her hair.

"What is it you do," I questioned, "that makes your hair so live and radiant?"

"That is my one secret of beauty," she said. "A secret that every hairdresser knows—that every woman should know. I use—a touch of henna in the shampoo."

"But henna—" I exclaimed.

"No woman is ever convinced until she has tried it," she said. "Yet every friend I've ever told who has found the proper blend of just a touch of henna with a good shampoo, has had a compliment from every man she knew, next day, upon the LUSTROUS beauty of her hair. And yet, whether her hair was blonde, or brunette, it had only been made more gloriously itself—unchanged."

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While getting thin

Different in reducing action from all

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FRIENDLY ADVICE

From
Carolyn Van Wyck

EVERY mail that comes to me brings a goodly number of letters with reference to affairs of the heart. Most of these concern problems of how to regain love that has been lost or how to awaken love that is not yet manifest. So many factors are involved in the first that every case requires its own individual solution. Yet one general tone runs through all this correspondence—either some definite action has been the cause of alienation, or some neglect—real or fancied, has brought about a serious misunderstanding. In cases of this sort, as I have written before in this department, if the situation is such that one can send or write an explanation or apology—that is the first step. If, however, the man is at fault there is little to do except await the effect of the impulse that his second thoughts or better nature may inspire.

With reference to such cases as where the man has not as yet expressed his love, there is little that can be done but to wait patiently. Of course, a pleasing, agreeable bearing is always an aid in such matters. A girl should always appear at her best. One unpleasant impression may prove disastrous. In spite of this jazz age there are many men who do not consider certain types of girls whom they go about with in the light of future wives. By always retaining one's self-respect and thereby creating a feeling of corresponding respect in the mind of the man you are interested in, you are far more likely to win his approval than by "going with the crowd."

There are also certain men that need encouragement. If it is done tactfully and unobtrusively, so as to give the impression that the young man's society is quite pleasing, a girl need not feel that she is sacrificing maidenly reserve or modesty.

PAULINE, TRENTON, N. J.

Wear your hair softly around the face covering your high forehead. Use any of the freckle creams advertised in this magazine; they have been tested. Use cold cream at night until you have softened the skin that is now rough. Then keep it that way by using mild soap every day and cold cream occasionally. With your bright you should look best in simple, well-made dresses with good lines.

ROSE, TACOMA, WASH.

You should use flesh colored powder and pale rouge with your fair skin and light hair. You are not at all too tall; wear high heels

instead of medium if you care to. Do not use heavy perfume. Wear light blue and rose in the daytime, but at night you can dress more to your dark eyes with brilliant colors. Wear your skirts fashionably short, but not so short that they are unbecoming or conspicuous. My dear child, I should choose your life for his personality not by his height.

ROSE, SHELTON, CONN.

Your weight is not at all too much for your height and age. Live out of doors and exercise as much as you can.

CYNTHIA, SCRANTON, PA.

If the scar does not disfigure your face, I should leave it alone. However, if it seriously affects your looks, go to the very best skin surgeon you can find.

ROSALIE, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

While away, the young man may have been very busy or he may be waiting to see if you want to continue the friendship, now that he has returned. The only way to tell if that is the case is to invite him to your home again. Then let all further advances come from him. If he wants to show you attention, he will welcome this effort on your part. If not, I should not bother with him.

CATHERINE.

Consult a bone specialist about remedying knock knees. Plastic surgeons can sometimes greatly improve a misshapen nose, but be sure to go to a reliable one.

JANE, HARRIMAN, TENN.

I agree with you that enlarged pores and blackheads will ruin any girl's opportunities in a beauty contest, but if you will follow the course of treatment I am suggesting, it will not take long to cure the irritating condition of which you write. Select a cleansing cream and a massage cream from among those advertised in PHOTOPLAY. These creams have all been tested and are guaranteed. After thoroughly cleansing the skin, use the massage cream, patting it in lightly and wiping off with a soft cloth. Then "iron" the skin with a lump of ice, rubbing it over the face softly until the skin glows. The ice treatment closes the pores that have been cleansed with the creams. Follow this treatment with any one of the powders advertised in this magazine, using a flesh-tinted preparation. Use medium rouge and lipstick. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 121]

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 flatters, 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

Let the Screen Improve Your Home Furnishings

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75]

economize unwisely on the various things that the audience, through its trained experience, would be sure to detect as being only second-rate. When you see fine furnishings in a picture those furnishings are genuine. Therefore it behooves everyone who wishes to add beauty, comfort and atmosphere to the home to make a special study of the furnishings displayed as the film unrolls.

As an example for study we have chosen for this issue of PHOTOPLAY the film, "Sackcloth and Scarlet." We have purposely selected one photo of a drawing room without a single person in it, as we wish you to be able to examine this without the distraction of any of the interesting personages in the cast.

Perfectly Balanced Room

In this photo—page 74—you will first of all gain an impression of comfort and hominess, of richness and simplicity, of balance and order. There are many articles in this room, yet there is not a superfluous one. No attempt to crowd, to over-elaborate, to confuse the eye by a too great variety of objects. But wherever the eye may stray it will still find something to arrest and interest—the vase and candlesticks on the mantel, another vase on the cabinet at the left, a humidor on the pedestal table at the right, a vase of flowers on the table at the left of the fireplace.

Then as to the main pieces of furniture themselves. Note how harmoniously each is placed with reference to every other one in the room—no effect other than just one thing—this is a room in which refined people live—harmoniously, comfortably, happily.

It is hardly possible in any description to give an impression of the quiet yet rich beauty of this furniture as it appeared on the set where "Sackcloth and Scarlet" was being filmed. The sofa is covered in a figured mohair—gold and green showing through a soft rose taupe. One very similar in appearance to this may be purchased in a good furniture shop for about \$450.

The chair is similar to the sofa and can be obtained for \$200. The little Spanish end table, beside the sofa, may be had in a somewhat similar style done in walnut for about \$70.

The Chinese rug in the left foreground is of soft amber, rose and blue, measuring about nine feet by twelve feet, and one could purchase a very satisfactory article of this kind for \$325.

The loveseat against the rear wall in front of the mirror and under the lamp is finished in tapestry with dark brown background and a walnut carved frame, and may be purchased for \$450.

The tilt top table may be had finished in maple at the moderate price of \$32.50.

The pedestal table of the type shown in the foreground, in walnut, sells for \$40.

The coffee—intended to be used as a humidor—supported by this table, is in Italian gold and sells for \$35.

The cabinet on the left, with old antique gold base and black or red lacquer cabinet part decorated in a Chinese manner, is priced at \$750.

Stools beside the cabinet in walnut, covered with rose mohair, sell for \$125.

Inviting Coziness Here

The photo on page 75 shows a scene from "Sackcloth and Scarlet" with Alice Terry and Orville Caldwell. There is a coziness in this corner of the room that invites one to come, read and rest. Everything contributes to this—the luxurious sofa, the position of the bookcases, the lamp, the table, the flowers and the cheerful sunlight through the window.



Be Yourself—thrill all with the amazing hair-free beauty of your skin—simply rinse away unwanted hair from arms, underarms, and legs with Neet, the ready to use hair-removing cream.

See just why hundreds of thousands of girls and women all around you depend upon Neet for thrilling beauty of skin where unwanted hair had been. With this easy to use cream you not only remove unwanted hair but bring to your skin unexpected loveliness and charm—the faultless beauty that others envy. It brings in a new day of happiness and freedom to wear the things you'd love most to wear. You use Neet just as you press it from the tube, merely spread it over the surfaces to be treated then rinse away the offending hair. No other method is so convenient and so rapid and satisfactory, especially for the larger surfaces of legs and arms—to remove hair from the entire forearm

takes but a few minutes. Try it now. Learn what Neet means to you—Buy Neet at your drug or department store. Accept no substitutes. Test it critically if you wish. You will agree that no other method, regardless of cost, equals this quick, simple, hair-removing cream. Neet is really quicker than shaving and you use it with absolute assurance that hair will not come back thicker and coarser than before—as it does after shaving. . . . Following its use, note the whiteness of underarm in contrast to darkened skin where the razor has been used. Should your favorite store for the moment be out of Neet, send fifty cents with name and address for full sized tube, Lysol, Hamblett-Phar. Co., 661 Olive St., Louis, Mo.



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WITH

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\$5,000 In Cash Prizes

See page 64



We found the Chinese table, pictured above, in a very exclusive oriental shop. The delightful feature about this table is that it has a folding stand and a separate brass tray which is very beautiful. It would be a great comfort to any hostess because it can be folded and set aside. Even when in a folded position it is very ornamental. You can place the brass tray on end and simply set the mahogany stand in front of it in a corner or against the wall. We would be glad to purchase this table and tray for you—price, complete, \$45

Orville Caldwell is standing on a Fereghan runner—a blue ground with rose, brown and blue designs—purchasable at about \$100.

The Mosul rug is of camel's hair color with a pattern of oriental reds and blues—to be had for about \$375.

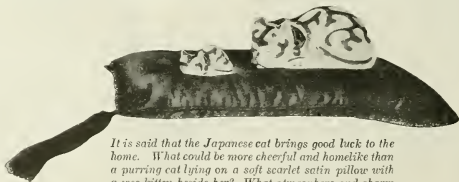
The sofa is covered in printed velvet—done in colors to harmonize with the blue of the rug. One of similar type may be had at \$325.

These two settings in "Sackcloth and Scarlet" blend splendidly with the atmosphere of wealth and culture that mark this portion of the play,

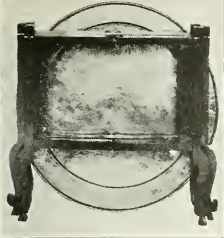
and if this picture comes to your theater it would be well worth seeing from that one viewpoint alone.

Of course, it is not suggested that anyone attempt to slavishly copy or imitate these particular settings, but they are full of ideas. They may give you new points as to the arrangement of furniture in your own home. Probably now you have satisfactory pieces, but perhaps you are not satisfied with the way they look.

A careful rearrangement will very likely remove this dissatisfaction, if it exists.



It is said that the Japanese cat brings good luck to the home. What could be more cheerful and homelike than a purring cat lying on a soft scarlet satin pillow with a wee kitten beside her? What atmosphere and charm it would add to your comfortable fireplace! Cat, (china), \$6.00; kitten, 75c



We have photographed the table shown on the opposite page in this folded position just so you can see how attractive it really is

In this series of articles on home decoration, we are endeavoring to bring into the homes of our readers something of the splendid decorative taste and artistic knowledge of the highest paid interior decoration experts to be found anywhere in the world.

If you have the idea in mind that you can carry away from a picture valuable suggestions for future use as well as merely a recollection of two hours of well spent recreation, you will enter the theater with a mind alert to these things, and in a short time you will be surprised how your taste will have been enriched and how much more capable you will be of creating a true home atmosphere in your own household.

Friendly Advice

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118]

BETTY, NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

At sixteen your weight is a little too much for your height. But don't worry about it, for your figure will take on better proportions as you grow older. I should not use any salts or reducers yet; take plenty of exercise and I am sure you will grow thinner naturally if you do not eat too many fattening things.

KATHERINE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Dancing and walking are two of the best exercises for developing the legs. If you can do so, it would be well for you to take some special instruction in dancing. Any teacher of rhythmic dancing will give you the exercises of which you speak.

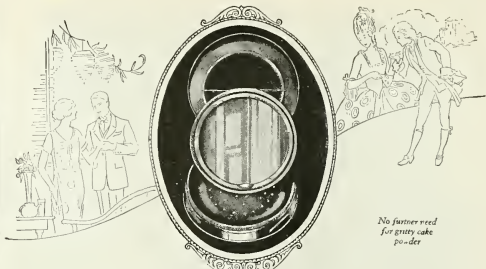
RENNY, BOSTON, MASS.

The situation you describe is an exceedingly difficult one, but if the young man in question really loves you instead of your friend, the only honorable course open to him is to tell her so frankly. No, I do not think it is your place to tell her. He should have gone to her as soon as he realized his feelings toward you and explained how things stood. There is nothing to be gained by continuing in a false situation, but I think you should both be very sure of your love for one another before taking a definite step. In love, as in many other situations with which we are confronted, it is usually best to "make haste slowly."

RUTH, LOS ANGELES.

Flabby flesh can be remedied by the use of cold water or ice after bathing. Rub the flesh briskly for some time with ice or dash cold water on yourself and after a time I believe you will get results for I know of nothing so good as this treatment for making flesh more firm.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 135]



Loose Powder—In all ages beauty's greatest requisite.

Norida
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A dainty two-inch case—gilt or silver—filled with Fleur Sauvage (Wildflower) Powder. Worth many times its cost. Your dealer can't supply you, order direct.



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Loose powder makes your daytime loveliness lovelier, enhances evening charms, lends the fragile bloom of a wild rose to your skin. But the use of velvety, beautifying loose powder outside the home was impractical until the Norida Vanitie was invented to carry your favorite loose powder wherever you go without spilling. Get a Norida Vanitie today and insure that aluring charm that comes from the use of your favorite loose powder.

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darkens every the embarrassing blanches and restores the skin to its natural whiteness, velvety softness, such as nature intended you to have. No lady's dresser should be without a jar of it. Side, hairless, in use over 25 years. —Add the Hollywood stars—
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Trados Model No. 25 corrects now all illshaped noses quickly, painlessly, permanently and comfortably at home. It is a superior, safe and guaranteed patent device that will actually give you a perfect looking nose. Over 57,000 satisfied users. For years recommended by physicians. 10 years of experience in nasointellectual. Naso Shapers is at your service.

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THE C. S. WELCH CO. Dept. F. L. NEW YORK CITY

Just an Old Fashioned Girl

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42]

it is so easy



No scrubbing. No hard work. Simply sprinkle Sani-Flush into the toilet bowl—follow directions on the can—and flush. Watch every mark, stain and incrustation disappear. See how beautifully white and shining it leaves the porcelain.

Sani-Flush is made for just one purpose. It cleans and sanitizes the toilet bowl and hidden, unhealthful trap. It destroys all foul odors. There is nothing else that will do the same work.

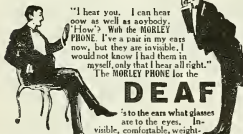
Sani-Flush will not harm plumbing connections. Always keep a can handy in the bathroom.

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Quickly disappear when Dr. C. H. Berry's Freckle Ointment is used. One jar of this fragrant snow-white cream is usually sufficient to remove the most stubborn freckles. Easily applied. Keeps skin clear and soft. Price 65c and \$1.25. Send for free Beauty Booklet.

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"Sayre! Sayre!" she wailed. "I did hear what Marta said and it hurt. I—it hasn't been a pose of mine to act the way I do, I have not been pretending. I don't know how to do anything else, act any other way. That's just me. And such a useless me. I'm not good for a thing!"

"Well for my'n' our lout!" commented Paula. "Say Linda, turn off Niagara and use sense. Good heavens, if I were in love with a man I wouldn't weep over him, that's the surest way to lose 'em. Get him interested and keep him guessing and make him think you're wild, wild, wild! That's the flapper's creed and you can't go wrong."

"H-how can I learn to flap?" gurgled Linda. "You gotta learn to flap before you can fly, sister, and you might as well begin now."

"Will you help me? I do want to be up to date and interesting. Ever since I've been called the saint of Hollywood, I've felt like a stained glass window. Ooh! The little head went down on her arms and there was the sound of weeping.

"Let's call it a day, Linda, and go home and sob on the pillow. Come on, I'll take you and we can talk things over." Sayre raised a knowing eyebrow at the group and they melted away.

She cuddled the girl into her arms. Arms that had held despair and bleak dreariness of soul. Arms that had shoved and pushed through the mob of unheeding humans that lined the road to success, but arms that had not forgotten the knock of being soft and warm and understanding.

"Poor little kiddie," she whispered. "It is a darned shame. So it's Billy Derwent. For the love of Mike!" she exploded suddenly. "If you had to go and fall in love why didn't you pick out some ordinary sensible boob? Anybody but Billy. He's got more girls after him than a Turk has wives. The jazziest boy what's in. Oh, Lord!"

"But he's so big and blond and protecting."

"I knew it! We women are all alike. Trot out a big blond baby and if he didn't have a bean in his pockets or a brain in his head, we'd love him just because of his bigness and blondness. Billy's a nice boy, I think. I never heard anything about him and he certainly isn't up stages. He just plays around a lot with every new girl in the place. And I think he's too darned good looking to fall in love."

"Maybe that's why he plays around, hoping to fall in love, hoping to meet the right girl," ventured Linda.

The tears had dried in little powdered streaks. She had the hurt look of a puppy inexplicably whipped and then comforted.

"Lesson one. There ain't no such animal as the right girl. It's propinquity and getting your fingers crossed before the other games do. That's all this love game is and take it from one who knows."

"Do you think anyone has her fingers crossed on Billy?" gulped Linda.

"I sure do. And that makes it harder. I think Marta Blair is out after him and she's got the spines tired when it comes to wisdom. She's a woman, same as you, but a darned clever one, and you've got to admit that Marta has a style that's different and she can keep the men guessing. But if you're really in love with Billy Derwent I'll have to try and help you get him. Don't have any maidenly reserve about the man doing the pursuing, because in these days of catch who ever you can a woman's got to be up and going. Besides I'd like to put it over on that dame, anyway. She's too sure of herself," reflectively.

MARTA was languid as a southern breeze. Her dark eyes glowed and whipped into dancing lights. Her scarlet lips seemed to lure with the warmth of a flame. But her smile, the poise of her body, the lift of her

hands, her shoulders were languid and as mysterious as love. There was a slowness about her speech like the soft purring of a raven. In her jade green gown she seemed a carved statue of suspended motion, yet lambent with hidden fire. Her eyes invited confidence. Her lips promised much. Her arms were very magnets to draw the heart out of a man.

"Marta, you're the most beautiful woman in Hollywood." Billy leaned across the table. Somehow Marta had gotten into his blood tonight. Perhaps it was the night itself, lapping about them with the sibilant hush of kisses. Perhaps it was the wine. But more, it was Marta herself. Thinly aloof, warmly inviting, coolly mistress of herself and the situation.

"You're a nice boy, Billy. The nicest I know." Finger tips that almost chilled with their ivory touch.

"I want you to think that, Marta—I—" Only his ordinary masculine caution and a sudden fleeting vision of his income tax saved Billy Derwent from taking the plunge into matrimony. He trembled nervously, clearing his throat of its tremors.

"GEE, I must be acting like a fool. That wine's pretty strong." To himself he breathed a huge sigh of relief and then mentally kicked himself for not saying the words he had intended.

A sudden rustle swept the room. One could sense that someone was entering, someone whose coming was presaged by an electric thrilling of the air.

Marta's teeth clicked in anger.

But her lips curved into a slow smile.

"Be yourself, Billy," she laughed, "be yourself."

"By George, Marta, I'm not myself when I'm with you. You transport a chap to India, the Nile, right up to the shadow of the Sphinx itself. I—" Again the words trembled as a butterfly poised for flight. But before they could break the space between them, the rustle swelled into the sound of feet and a laughing group stormed into the room. A group that commanded attention by its very liveliness of color.

Marta's eyes became twin points. There was a mangled cigarette beside her plate.

"Vulgar!" she drawled.

It was Marta's first mistake.

Billy had his back to the door and could not see the group, would not have turned to look but for the sharp little exclamation. Then manlike his head snapped around.

Orange and orchid and flame and green. They crowded the room with their brilliance, darting into corners and pricking them into sudden gleams.

Youth and vividness of color! Laughter and love and adventiveness. There on the threshold for his brief moment and then a gap and the gloom of an empty doorway. Rather like life itself—breathlessness of beauty, then the emptiness of a sombre stretching vista!

Billy whistled between his teeth.

"Lord!" he exclaimed. "That's a party for you! Why, Marta!" He leaned forward in inexpressible eagerness. "Marta, that's Linda Jane in that group. That girl there." He was pointing in his astonishment. There was a wonder about his face that caused the cold heart of Marta Blair to quaver with sudden weakness.

"I hate green," she snapped.

"Green?" vaguely. "Oh, is she wearing green? I hadn't noticed. I—the only thing I did notice was that somehow she looks different. I don't remember ever seeing Linda in such a low necked dress before. Her shoulders are like a kid's, aren't they? So round and—and white."

"I think she's drunk!" the woman blazed, with sudden hate. "Disgusting exhibition!"

"Why, Marta! Linda would not know how

to drink. Oh, no! You're all wrong." Billy was placidly unconscious of the storm raging in the woman's breast. He rose to his feet suddenly. "Guess I'll go over and say hello. Want to come?" he invited.

"Thanks, no." Ice against a glass.

"You'll pardon me, won't you? I'll be only a minute."

"Certainly." The blade stabbed at the air. Linda saw him as he rose and her heart beat in her throat.

"Oh, Sayre!" she fluttered, "he's coming, he's coming!"

"Hold 'em, Deacon! Don't forget your role and for heaven's sake stop showering those dying love looks on his noble dome. If he thinks enough of you to leave Marta Blair and come over for a closer slant, that's rock for our side. Now, be indifferent, think of him as the camera and gaze past his left ear!"

Linda did.

Billy with his best manner lounged up to the table.

"Howdy, folks," he greeted and then in lifting tones as though seeing Linda for the first time, "Linda! It can't be, but it is! Have I died and gone to heaven?"

It was the first time he had ever bantered with her. It was the first time he had called her Linda!

Her throat was dry from emotion. She swallowed desperately and strove to reply lightly, but the words would not come and her lips only twitched into a mechanical little grimace.

"Hello, Billy. Sit down." Sayre's voice slid easily into the pause. "Why didn't Marta come over? Say, doesn't she look stunning in that green dress?"

"Green? Why she said she—er—ah, yes, it is becoming. What you folks doing out here? I never knew Linda went out to parties."

There it was again—Linda!

She was whispering to her dinner partner. And while his use of her first name was like the sound of an alarm to a fire horse she didn't turn in his direction.

The music began and Linda shimmied two creamy shoulders in exaggerated motion.

"Come on, let's go," she cried suddenly, dragging at her partner's hand, "I craves to dance."

She had a swift glimpse of Billy's eyes as she was twirled out on to the floor. Eyes that were a trifle bewildered and hurt—and there was, there was a questioning look in them.

He was wondering!

Billy slumped into his chair back at his table.

"Merry bunch," he commented dryly. "But you know I hate to see Linda starting out. Somehow she's different from the usual gang." He shrugged and flicked his cigarette into his coffee cup.

THE hiss of its passing might have been Marta's breath between her teeth.

"Oh, why bother your head about it, Billy," she drawled. "Pedestals are rather hard things to stand on and halos are horribly unfashionable."

"Right you are, old dear." He smiled across at her. Billy Derwent was adorable when he smiled. There was something of the big brother and the little boy and the charm of the lover in the way he quirked his lips. He had thrilled more feminine hearts by his smile than by all of his masterful portrayals of the dominating male. The sheer boyishness of it demanded response from the observer.

Marta felt her heart swaying.

"Shall we go?" she asked, lifting provocative eyes to his blue ones. "We can chat so much more comfortably at home, and if you're real good I'll fix you a cocktail."

"Righto, we shall depart."

There was a little procession of triumph to the door. Billy Derwent was somebody even in Hollywood, where stars are as numerous as Fords, and it was a matter of great interest



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to note his companion of the evening. Nearly always a different girl!

Marta herself was worthy of attention, for, with her distant air, her exotic clothes, her aloofness of spirit, she seemed a thinly regal princess of some reigning dynasty. There was a distinction about her that gathered admiration like a cloud.

In their journey toward the door they had to pass the gaily colored throng at Linda's table.

Billy tried to remain erectly rigid in his bearing, but the figure of Linda Jane drew his eyes in spite of his determination. They met hers in a quick glance—brown and blue touching in one swift look, then tearing apart coolly. And he was at the door and out into the drifting night.

OUTSIDE, the rain wept and stormed and tore at the frowning brows of the clouds. Inside the music swirled and the air was thick with laughter and smoke and perfume.

One of those days when studio work had to be suspended, when even the arc lights could not compete against the opaqueness of the weather and the players unexpectedly had an afternoon free from grease paint and sputtering spots.

The usual crowd had gathered at Marta Blair's bijou hungalow, hectically gay and light-hearted.

Paula Weston and Ned Crane were doing an imitation of the apache dance as performed by Gay Nelson in her latest picture. The original performance had been rather an absurd affair, stiffly uninteresting and without life. But as caricatured by Paula and Ned it was a Ralph Barton drawing lightly sketched into the ludicrous by swift mirth provoking strokes.

Marta relaxed in a chair of almost grotesque contour, gazed on with eyes that were faintly humorous. The others shouted their approval like so many school kids on a lark. But one could never be quite sure of Marta. She seemed to be with but not of their good times. Always that air of mysterious reserve, of quiet aloofness.

Sayre swept into the room with Linda Jane in tow. Both were breathless from their dash through the downpour.

A hail from the gang.

Marta extended languid fingers. "Hello," she said negligently. "Glad you dropped in. Beasty out, isn't it? The gang seems to be having a good time, but then they always do." There was something cryptic in her tones and in her eyes a secret laugh quivered.

Sayre flung herself into a chair.

"Cig!" she called, and a dozen cases were extended to her hand.

"Some service!" she grinned. "On with the dance, let joy be unfeigned."

An automobile horn blared loudly above the staccato dance of the rain.

"It's Billy Derwent!" called Paula excitedly. What's he doing out a day like this?"

It required all of Marta's self-control to keep herself coolly poised. She loosed to dart to the window and shove aside those inane beings obstructing her view of the man who had come to mean so much to her. But she managed to lift her shoulders in that characteristically slow shrug and to drawl with studied indifference.

"Oh, Billy probably wants another cocktail—or something."

"Another?" Sayre muttered to herself.

The next moment Billy was in the room, the center of light chaff that foamed around him.

He grinned to cover his feeling of inward dismay.

"Don't let me stop the fun," he laughed. "I just dropped in for a—er—cup of tea and a kind word."

"Hootch, moo!" Sayre held out a cup to him.

"Thanks," He accepted the cup and found a chair beside her. He liked Sayre—everyone did. She was so vibrantly friendly and human. Besides, he wanted to ask her about

Linda. He didn't see Linda here today, his eyes roved the room and then in the shadow of the fireplace he caught sight of her. Linda! This calmly assured woman!

A frock of sophisticated outline clung to her body like wet leaves, the neck clasping her throat in velvet encircling embrace. Her lips leaped out from her face with the intensity of roses glowing with hidden passion. Her hair was smoothed, Madonna-like across her white forehead, but the dress, the poise of her body and the blatantly crimson mouth imparted a sinuous outline to her face, giving it almost a cynically sinister expression.

On a sudden impulse Billy got up and moved to her side. She started as he bent over her. And then he saw that her eyes had not changed. They were depths of wistful brown and as they met his he knew that Linda Jane was just a little girl playing at being grown-up.

"I didn't know you," he said abruptly. "What have you done to your—elf?" He shook his head and smiled down at her gently.

"Greetings, Billy." She had managed it at last—Billy! And casually when her very tones seemed dropping into a bottomless pit of fright.

He was juggling his cup and a plate of hard dry cakes.

"Why don't they give us some real food at these parties?" he demanded sulkily. "Weak tea, or weaker Scotch, and cakes from the corner store. I'd give anything for some home cooked food."

"I thought you liked modern things. And tea and cakes are quite *au fait*, you know."

"Sure, for women and children, but I have a man's appetite. Between studio lunches and hungalow teas I don't know what genuine food looks like, much less tastes like."

"Oh."

"Linda, stop vamping Billy and let him come over and say hello to me." It was Marta's voice, cold as china cutting across the room with brittle distinctness.

The girl flushed painfully. Again she found herself voiceless at a moment when she longed ardently for speech. It was so hard for her to fling herself into the modern way of bandying words and feelings and emotions as though they were straws tossed about by the wind.

Billy rose reluctantly and Marta crossed the room to meet him.

Her fingers touched his arm in a gently possessive manner.

"Billy," she said in her curiously clipped voice. "Did you drop in to rehearse our part?"

He hadn't, of course, though they were to play together in his next picture. Billy had selected Marta for the role because of her ability as an actress, and tinged with his professional respect was that seeking flame she had called into being leaping to meet the hidden lure of her nature. But Billy had no pose where his acting was concerned.

Outside of the studio he never dragged his stardom around with him. It was true he had come to see her—alone. But not to rehearse any scene from a play. So her words were something of a surprise to him and he was puzzled at her meaning.

"I—" he was floundering helplessly.

THEN Marta laid cold arms about his shoulders and with her long slim hands drew his face down to hers.

"This part, Billy," she murmured. And kissed him! Kissed him with a cold passion that stirred more than any fusion of mad warmth.

There was a terrible silence. Even Sayre could find no words with which to bring them back to normal. It flashed through her mind that Marta was either very sure of Billy or very uncertain and she was doing this to prove her possession or to utterly destroy Linda Jane's illusions.

Billy had played the lover in too many screen productions to be much disconcerted by Marta's actions, but the ice of her, the deliberateness of her lips against his, thrilled

him into living fire, like contact with liquid air, which is the coldest of all things cold and yet causes the most intense burn. His hand touched her bare arm and the blood rioting in his veins seemed to be flowing from his finger tips into her body.

There was a triumphant light in Marta's eyes as she turned toward Linda's corner.

A shrill laugh scattered the air into crystal particles. Linda rose to her feet, flinging up her hand in a mock salute.

"Let's all have a drink," she proposed, "and Ned and I'll show you our latest kiss."

With Marta's body away from him and Linda's laugh shrilling in his ears with the sharpness of a new wound, Billy felt the thrall of his senses slipping from him and he became again a normal young man.

"No drinks," he said firmly. "And I don't think we need any more rehearsing."

"Don't be an old stick, Billy," glibbed Linda.

"Why should you and Mary have all the fun? We're young, too, and there's no reason why we shouldn't do our stuff. Besides, this kiss is part of our next picture."

THERE was a livid tightness about Marta Blair's face, but she smiled with steel bound lips. "C'mon, Ned, fifty-fifty."

Sayre half started toward the girl. She realized that Linda had been bitterly hurt and was in a mood to do anything. Marta had aroused something in her that was desperate, that would stop at nothing in order to strike back at her and have all the fun.

Ned laughed lightly and rose to his feet prepared to play his part in the little comedy. To him it seemed that Linda intended only a mockery of Marta's surprising action. So he planned playing her role with Linda as the passive recipient of the kiss.

He laid his arms on Linda's shoulders and, while the scarlet lips trembled, the eyes swept his with rigid feverishness.

All at once the humor went out of the situation and the comedy became a drama. He wanted to kiss Linda as he had no right to kiss her—to draw the soft body into his arms and kiss the quivering lips into a very tumult of passion! The smile was wiped from his face by the suddenness of the desire that flooded his being, and his hands tightened about her shoulders with a force that wrenched her heart.

He felt her shrink, but she did not draw away. And he decided he would have his kiss. She had asked for it and it would be one worth remembering! Slowly his lips swayed to hers, his hands crept up to her head, tilting it back. The air pressed about them like the beating of a frightened bird's wings, throbbing with voluptuous whisperings, swirling in mad enchantment.

In a little gesture of appeal Linda tried to escape the penalty of her moment's folly, but relentlessly the man's lips came closer to hers. Then automatically Billy's arm shot between them and jerked Ned back with spinning velocity.

"Say, you two," he growled, "can't you behave?" He turned to Linda and grasped her hand. "Come on, Linda," he said, "I'll take you home in my car; it's time you left."

He bowed formally to Marta, his eyes fugitive from her seeking glance. Her lips continued to smile, but the blood had drained from her heart, leaving it dried and withered within her breast.

Still holding Linda's hand tightly he led her to his car and saw that she was comfortably ensconced therein.

Then climbing into the driver's seat he let in the clutch with a sudden jerk that caused the wheels to fairly bound over the wet street.

He drove with savage intensity, peering fixedly through the rain misted windshield, never once glancing in her direction.

On and on, and out and up the lacquered shining asphalt. Only the throb of the motor and the rain tapping on the glass broke the silence. At the top of a hill he brought the car to a quick stop and turned to face the girl huddled down in the seat beside him.

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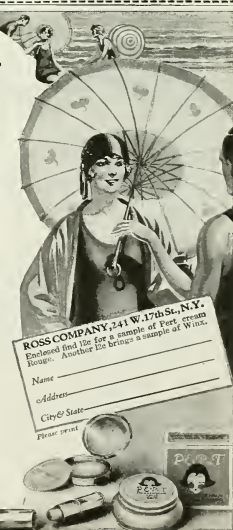
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She had someone regained her lost composure, but her eyes were pleading as they timidly met his stern ones.

His lips lost their line of grimaces. After all, she was just Linda Jane. Clothes couldn't change her; she was the same sweet kid she had always been.

"Linda!" There was a tenderness in his voice that swept about her like a caress. "I had to get you away from that place. Why did you do it—change this way, try to be like those other shallow women without souls or conscience? Somehow I've always thought of you as being different from most of the women I've met. You were refreshingly old-fashioned—sweet—like a—" he groped blindly for words to express his meaning, "well, like a lily growing in a city yard. It seemed to me you were a real girl. And then you had to start in being different. Why did you, Linda, why?"

His hands were gripped about the steering wheel tensely, the knuckles standing up in little tight skinned mounds.

The tenderness caused her to choke and then the memory of that searing kiss burned her mind.

"People who live in glass houses should always pull down the blinds," she said flippantly. Sayre was always using this line to draw a laugh.

"Linda! Stop it! That's not like you. You mean that kiss of Marta's? I—I, well, there isn't anything that I can say without appearing the cad, but, Linda, believe me, it was a—damn it! What can I say?"

"Nothing," icily. "And besides what business is it of yours what I do? What do you care?"

Care? Billy jerked himself up suddenly. It came to him that he did care. All the time he had been playing with Linda in various pictures he had unconsciously cherished her as an ideal. He had never thought of loving her—a man's love for a woman—but he had placed her in the same category with his mother. That kind of a girl. To be revered and respected but not loved. But now, it came to him that she was to be loved! The very thought of her loving him thrilled his being like music.

Care? He cared terribly. That was why he had hated to see her jazzing in the restaurant. That was why he couldn't bear the thoughts of Ned Crane profaning her lips in a mockery of love.

Care? The realization swept over him like a tidal wave, darkening his eyes with its tender pain. So this was love? Reverence and exaltation of spirit, something almost holy that gripped a man and shook his soul as stark passion could not.

You see she was very much in love and had no reserves where her confidence was concerned. Where another woman would have died rather than reveal her pitiable state of masculine loneliness, Linda poured forth her story with childish candor.

And this very candor appealed to Billy more than anything else. She was such a kid she needed protecting, he decided. He would have to insinuate love to her slowly and carefully or he might startle her maidenly reserve. He had reached that state! And when a man reaches the protecting state towards a woman and thinks of her in terms of maidenly reserve Cupid knows that his work is done and fit another arrow to his bow.

"We'd better go," he said, hastily turning the car around. "When may I come to see you?"

She hesitated and then took the plunge. "Billy, it's still raining, so why don't you stay and have dinner with me? Mother isn't well so I'll fix her dinner on a tray and you and I can dine together alone. I'd love to have you."

Her confusion and shyness were lovely. His eyes glowed.

"Why, that's great, Linda! Of course I'll stay. I might have known you could cook. You know that's almost a lost art with the modern girl and I've always thought that I would want the girl I—ah, well, I think you're wonderful!"

"Do you?"

IT seemed the briefest of times before they stopped at Linda's door. Billy was anxiously solicitous that she did not get wet.

"I love the rain," she laughed happily. "I like to take long walks in it and feel it beating against my face."

"You do! So do I!"

Another link.

Linda insisted that Billy sit by the fireplace and read while she prepared the dinner. He protested that he wanted to help, but firmly she shook her head and said she couldn't cook with a man under her heels.

Linda picked up her books and settled himself into enforced quietude. The fire was a lovely dreaming place. Little pictures sprang up in violet and orange and beckoned to him with pulling fingers. One picture more vivid than others persisted. A vine covered bungalow and Linda on the porch in an apron. She looked adorable in an apron, he thought. With the warm color pushing up into her cheeks and her hair curling in damp tendrils about her neck. He wondered why she didn't always wear an apron . . . suited her somehow. Well, when they were married he'd see that she wore one!

"Dinner's ready!"

Linda smiled into his dream picture. She had on an apron. A blue and white check affair that looked demurely domestic. He found the real Linda so much more enchanting than the pictured girl had been.

They had their dinner before the fire on a small table that fitted between them in chummy comradeship. It was a delicious meal. Soup, of course, and salad of fresh vegetables with some kind of tangy dressing, creamed chicken on crisply brown toast, snowy mashed potatoes and coffee with butter-yellow cream. But the dessert was the crowning *piece de resistance*. Sweet potato pie with inch deep meringue. Something Billy adored but hadn't tasted for years. To think that dainty Linda Jane could cook such palate tickling food. He had gazed across at her with something like awe in his eyes. Some girl!

That did the trick, of course. What chance had Marta against home cooked food?

Hollywood wasn't surprised, therefore, when their engagement was announced. And the men were openly envious at Billy's recitals of Linda's prowess as cook. They wondered why it was they hadn't discovered her charms. For she was charming. Any girl who could cook that way was bound to be! All men are but little boys in long trousers with an older

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MARTA had been passion. He knew that her love, lust, mystery, she had appealed to his hunting instinct and led him on with the fascination of pursuit.

But Linda. He stole a look at her. The little head was poised like a haughty flower. The eyes gazed steadily before her with unwavering directness.

"Linda," very softly he spoke and dared to take her hand in his. "I'm sorry, but can't we be friends? I liked you as you were, and I'd like to know that Linda more intimately. I'll drive you home now, and perhaps you will let me call on you?" An unusual thing for Billy. Deserving to be asking, for generally it was his telephone that was besieged by the feminine contingent.

Linda tried to keep her eyes steely and her lips in a firm line, but she melted in spite of her resolves and turned to him with friendly eagerness.

They smiled into each other's eyes and were lost—hopelessly and utterly lost.

"I'm terribly old fashioned," she confessed naively. "I hated trying to be jazzy and up to date, but I was so lonesome. It's awful staying home all the time and only going out with a relative or Sayre or some of the other girls."

set of emotions. So sweet potato pie is sweet potato pie, but a scented cigarette is just a drift of smoke!

Sayre was the only person taken into Linda's confidence about her engagement and the dinners a *doux*, which she prepared for Billy ever so often.

"Whenever he's had a particularly trying day at the studio and is all worn out, poor dear," Linda had said.

"Yeah! Feed 'em and reap! Kid, you sure got a system that beats these jazz janes all hollow. You didn't need any lessons from me."

"Oh, but I did, Sayre, or Billy wouldn't have wanted to save me from the wicked world. And, Sayre—" She fumbled with her dress, then continued hurriedly, "I know I can tell you and you won't tell a soul. But you know the first time Billy took me home—that day from Marta's? He s-said he was so hungry for a home cooked meal that I invited him to d-dinner."

"Sure, that's ancient history. That dinner was Billy Derwent's Waterloo, and I'll bet you Marta Blair is biting her finger nails because she didn't take to the bungalow apron instead of the cigarette as a vamp weapon. Marta's about done on the screen, anyway. She's slipping fast. Expect she'll be doing character roles next."

"But, Sayre," Linda protested, "I haven't told you the story. I can't cook a thing! There, it was out!"

"YOU can't cook? Say, what have you been doing to Billy Derwent—hypnotizing him into thinking he's been eating? He's a strong, husky man—"

"You don't understand, Sayre. I give him food, but I don't cook it! I'm learning to cook and I'll be a good one before we are married, but everything I fix for Billy I buy at Mrs. Schwartz's delicatessen. She makes such lovely things. And I just warm 'em up or fix another dressing for the salad or something. And the coffee is the kind you make in the cup, you know—one teaspoonful to a cup of boiling water, and it's coffee! Mrs. Schwartz makes the sweet potato pie and then I just add the meringue and brown it in the oven. I had to tell somebody, Sayre, it seemed like deceiving him so. But I love him and he likes the old fashioned girl! He says he doesn't want a modern dancing doll, but a girl who know how to cook nice things that he likes, things his mother used to make!"

"Well, I'll be damned!" Sayre's cigarette described a sudden circle of amazement! "You've got to hand it to these old fashioned girls! Feed 'em and reap!" She gurgled into laughter, laughter that bubbled up and out of her throat in hysterical bursts of sound. "Feed 'em and reap!"

Of course, as I said, Linda Jane was an anachronism!

THEY just won't let Gloria Swanson add twenty years to her age and when I saw her last night she star was all in tears over it. Can you imagine anyone crying because she wasn't allowed to grow old?

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Then Dwan and Gloria, mightily upset, started a little investigation which disclosed that the laboratory force had been putting forth heroic efforts to obliterate all signs of middle age on the negative, thinking the harsh lighting had not been intended.

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Johnny on the Jump

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]

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Bravely though nervously I replied: "Have been very busy reviewing pictures the past few months. I do not recall who the last person was."

I wondered if he realized he was my first victim. Just the same, I wouldn't admit it. Perhaps Johnny will be surprised when he reads this.

However, no offense, is there, Johnny?

Graciously and kindly he related to me the details of his life. He admits being just a bit over twenty-eight. At least he says so. It is just as hard to pry and pry out a man's age as it is a woman's. Johnny was born in Golden, Colo., though he spent most of his life in Pittsburgh. He comes from a theatrical family, his sister and brothers having appeared on the legitimate and vaudeville stage for many years.

But Johnny is not the sort of a person to infringe on the family name, so he started out for himself. Johnny says: "Success lies in what you do with what you have. Bananas never brought any real money till they set 'em to music," and so at first when things seemed gloomy he stuck to it because he believed "he had the goods."

Later he teamed with his brother in a vaudeville act and before they knew it they were in musical comedy.

IN 1915 Johnny first graced the screen with "The Old World Film Company." His first film portrayal of importance was that in which he was featured, "The Cub," a picture that made him famous in a week. Then came the *Torchy* series which won a firm place in the admiration of motion picture fans. When he began making feature length comedies—well, there was no topping. Each one outdid the other until now at the age of twenty-eight he is producing his own pictures—pictures that he can well be proud of.

Johnny admits that his pictures are not artistic—they are not supposed to be. But they are brimful of the everyday silly humor that delights his audiences and provokes mirth and laughter. But don't think for a moment he doesn't take his work seriously. There is no question that comedy productions are a very arduous and serious undertaking and, unless you have the gift, you can't make them. This is evidenced by the fact that there are so few comedy stars in proportion to the number of dramatic stars.

To watch Johnny work during production time and then see his finished product is almost unbelievable. Everything in the picture rests on his shoulders. Although possessed of plenty of originality, he is ever alert for new ideas, new gags for his comedies. He listens to suggestions from everyone and many times puts them to use.

By the way, Johnny is now working on a new picture which will be called "The Live Wire."

There has been a great deal of comment about this year being comedy year, so naturally I asked Johnny for his opinion.

Here it is: "I am of the opinion that this year is in no way a comedy year more than any other year. However, I do think that exhibitors are awakening to the fact that seventy per cent of the patrons prefer comedy entertainment. There is nothing people enjoy more than a good laugh and this is proven by the fact that many of the comedy films draw much more than the so-called sex films. These triangle love affairs of the screen, and the sex pictures, as many people are wont to call them, fill a certain gap, but in my humble opinion the good clean comedy is the most acceptable."

After that long and serious speech our interview ended. Johnny refused to talk pictures any longer—so what could I do? Nothing! Just call it a day. Or rather, the end of a perfect interview.

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"Stunt Men"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

in another way. He shipped with a motion picture company to whaling waters. When a whale was sighted, the regular stunt man was to dive overboard with a harpoon in his hand and give the impression that he had speared the whale.

When the time arrived the regular stunt man failed. In a moment "Red," taking the harpoon, jumped overboard and, landing squarely on the back of the whale, plunged it viciously into the oily flesh just back of the eye.

The huge bulk plunged and dove and Thompson, instead of letting go, went down also. When the mammal was next seen above water, "Red" lunged his weight against the harpoon again, driving it farther into the skull.

The battle continued until the whale died and then only did Thompson leave it and swim to the boat.

There is in all stunt men an almost absolute fearlessness. Thompson is only one of the many who go to prove it. It is the unforeseen or the unexpected which cannot be calculated that places the life of a man in danger.

I am reminded of Bob Rose. Bob is one of the unerring. In analyzing a thrill, he discards all but the dangerous parts. These he takes, dissecting them one by one until he reduces them to little more than regime. Should there be a mistake in his calculations, he considers it as part of the problem which he neglected to solve.

THERE was a scene of a runaway stage coach drawn by six powerful horses. When the animals arrived, they were found to be poorly trained and more or less wild. Taking the stage on a high mountain road, the director prepared to get the scene.

He asked Bob if he thought it possible to accomplish the hazard successfully under the conditions, and, after studying the situation, Bob drawled that he could. The cameras started grinding. Bob lashed the horses into a fast gallop and drove past the camera.

Then something went wrong. Still holding the lines, he worked his way out on the whipper tree. From this position he was trying with one hand to control the horses and with the other to replace a partially slipped bolt. At that unfortunate moment the leader on the right stumbled and went down. Everything was chaotic. Six horses, violently struggling in wreckage and harness, and under it all, Bob.

Surely he must be dead. But no; when finally the horses were cut away, he emerged somewhat cut and bruised, but otherwise unharmed. "Well, that's that!" was his comment. "I suppose, though, it would have happened if the horse hadn't stumbled; the bolt was almost loose from that whipper tree."

Then, getting in his car, he drove home.

Perhaps the greatest example of the courage with which a man meets his great problem was Gene Perkins. Gene was the greatest double in pictures. To outward appearances he was an ordinary looking quiet sort of fellow, lean and rather tall, not exceedingly muscular, but well developed. Yet what action and what daring! Paul Malvern, the well known athlete and tumbler, who works in pictures, quotes the following story which happened while they were on location one day.

"Gene was to slide down a steeply gabled roof of corrugated tin. At the edge of the roof was a drain to carry rainwater to a cistern. From the edge of the roof to the ground was approximately forty feet. As the soil was hard, two mattresses were placed where Gene thought he was most likely to land. Of course these were covered lightly with dirt, so that the camera would not 'pick them up.'

"Everything would have been all right had it not been that as Gene left the roof his coat caught in the trough, taking him completely off his balance. Down he came, the full forty feet, missed buried mats and landed on the hard soil, head first.

"I thought he was dead. We picked him up unconscious and rushed him to the nearest doctor. En route he came to and called for a drink. Then, after finding that the scene was all right, he made us drive him back to the location, where he worked until they called it a day."

It was not long after this that Paul and Gene went to Riverside. Gene was to make a change from an airplane to the top of a passenger train while "Pauly," doubling for the villain, was to catch him as he landed and engage in a seemingly desperate struggle on the train top. Handicapped by a pilot unused to making changes and a stiff side wind, the transfer was unusually dangerous. Twice they failed, and the train was signalled to make more speed.

On the third trial, Gene on the rope ladder struck the side of the Pullman car. It did not seem to bother him, however, and he hung as before from the last rung as the plane made a wide sweep before trying it again.

As the airplane approached the train on the fourth trial, Gene could be seen trying to climb the ladder. He made several attempts, but each time his strength seemed to fail. Finally his struggles became feeble, and with a hopeless shake of his head his hands slid from the ladder. He fell probably fifty feet, but the speed of the airplane increased many times the force with which he hit.

Paul Malvern, from the top of the speeding train saw, and without the slightest thought for his own safety, jumped. Unhurt, he gathered himself up and ran quickly to Gene. He was still conscious.

"I—I couldn't make it, Paul," he smiled. He lived for several days and to the very last he was the ever kind, uncomplaining, self-sacrificing Gene.

People with whom I associate, who are not stunt men, do not seem to realize that to us this is a profession. There are those who eternally scoff at our work—until they see us perform. Then they change their minds.

An opportunity to test this statement was presented not long ago when I arranged a visit to the studio for a few of my skeptical friends. Believing me to be a good stunt man they contended, nevertheless, that the danger, as well as the excitement, was feigned. The party included a man and two women.

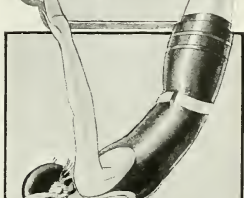
IN this particular stunt, I was on the firewall of a six story "set." Stretching across the front of the building and parallel to it were two telephone wires which were approximately six feet from the structure. I mention these wires because they played an important part in that stunt.

The building was supposed to be on fire, and, to save myself, I was to jump to a net. These big waste cans of old film, which is highly inflammable, were distributed throughout the building. A great quantity of waste was then stuffed on the landings of the different floors. Over this was spread one hundred and fifty gallons of gasoline and three fifty pound cans of black powder.

At a given command the "set" was lighted but instead of a fire it was more like an explosion, so quick and furious was it. In a moment the entire building was blazing. Men and women were screaming in their hysteria, even the director.

For some little time I was obscured from view and when I finally glimpsed the pavement below I realized a horrible thing. Several hoses were playing on the building, but the fire was so hot that the men could not bring the net close enough for me to alight in it. I knew that I could not stay there much longer—the foundations were giving.

The crowd of extra people were moved from the street so they would not be injured when the wall fell. A quick and desperate attempt was made by the firemen to rush a little closer with the net, and to my consternation I saw



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them hold it directly under those telephone wires.

If I dived over or under them I would surely hit the ground. I had to jump quickly, for no man could stand that intense heat. I dived head first, and under me was nothing but solid cement pavement. I gauged correctly, though, and as I passed the wires at the third story I swung my arms back, and catching the closest wire, closed my fingers around it for the merest fraction of a second.

This action changed my direction and pivoted me directly under the slight but formidable obstruction. I landed squarely in the center of the net, happy to escape so fortunately.

And my friends? The two women were crying and the man was so excited that his hat was destroyed from the crushing he had given it while watching me.

Directors and producers are to be commended for getting stunt men and getting the best of them. It is highly absurd to think of most stars doing their own risks. This does not mean that they are physically unfit or unable, but this sort of work is body breaking. Then there is the danger of tying up a production by injuring a player who has an important rôle. The star himself draws big money, and the producer who has spent millions in advertising him cannot afford the risk.

THEREFORE a division line is drawn where the star or principal player quits, and from then on the stunt man takes his part.

There are a few fearless stars, though, who must be given credit for everything that appears in their pictures. The chief among these is Tom Mix, the greatest of all stunt men, and without a doubt the most successful. In all the work I have done for Mr. Mix I can honestly say that never yet has he been doubled.

The thrill picture finds its most ardent supporters among the children who, not being able to understand the ordinary love plot, cling to something with action and daring. However, the appeal for the thrill picture rests not alone with the children. It is universal, dating back many thousands of years.

While visiting the Coliseum in Rome, the guide related in glowing terms tales of daring gladiators who fought the duel of death before the thousands of enthusiastic spectators. He showed me the royal box from which the Caesars witnessed the matches.

Taking me to the arena he pointed out the cages from which ravenous beasts were turned upon helpless slaves and Christians. In the catacombs I saw the bleaching skeletons of many heroes. There was one subterranean passage leading from the San Christina Church in Bolsena to a neighboring city fifteen miles distant, and in it were thousands of streaks of lime, about three inches wide and five feet long—the bodies of more gladiators.

So I believe that the craving of man for such excitement is born in him. The actual physical combat necessary to life exists no longer for the most of us, but the elemental or the primordial instinct is still there, and so long as it is, there will be interest shown in strife and combat.

I am proof of it myself, for I get my own thrill from every stunt I attempt. I am inwardly keen with anticipation of the conflict into which I thrust myself. After I have accomplished my purpose I am filled with a delicious feeling of satisfaction. I have wrested another jewel from the clutching hand of Miser Death.

He (romantically): "Dear one, as I gaze into your eyes I know that spring is here. They are beautiful. I become lost in their depths. Your heart yearns, and reflects an image of me. I can feel the thrill of your wonderful arms around my neck, with your smooth caresses enrapturing me. I float on clouds of ecstasy. I—"

She (realistically): "Aw, come down to earth, kid, and kiss me before I smack you down!"
—U. of Wash. Columnists.

That Terrible Thorne Girl

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]

Dr. Wharton called on her. Sylvia would have refused to see him had he not caught her just as the store was closing and insisted on accompanying her up to the apartment. Mr. McKenna, busy over his cash book, gave her a noncommittal smile.

In the little study both Sylvia and the minister remained standing. She did not ask him to sit down because she still resented the way in which he had assumed her guilty, on the occasion of their first meeting. She had had an especially trying day as well, and was in no mood to be preached to. Walt Stringer, a rich young bachelor of her acquaintance, had spent half an hour looking at books on travel and offering, between times, to take her on a trip to the West Indies, without benefit of clergy. And Theodore Meyer, the proprietor of Millersburg's best jewelry store, had bought a book on precious stones and inquired solicitously regarding her preference in the matter of earrings. He had just got in some unusually fine bits of jade. Sylvia would have slapped him, had she not realized the inadvisability of it; she still felt like slapping somebody, when Mr. Wharton laid a sympathetic hand upon her arm.

"I haven't seen you in church since your return, Mary," he observed, with a tender and somewhat reproachful smile. "Why is that?"

The reason was plain enough; he had not seen Sylvia in church because she had not been there. It meant merely running the gauntlet of Millersburg's snubs and sneers. Rebellion in her heart, she said nothing.

"I am sure, my dear child," Dr. Wharton went on, "it would comfort you in your hour of trial to come to the house of God. We are all of us but miserable sinners, yet there is grace for those who truly repent."

Sudden anger flamed in Sylvia's breast. Always this talk of sin, of repentance. Could no one believe her innocent, without her first having to tell them so?

"I haven't anything to repent," she burst out.

The minister looked pained. Here, he thought, was evidence of hardness of heart, not of innocence. But he was very gentle in his reproach.

"A few of us can say that," he whispered. "And please don't think I am here to judge or blame. We all know our own hearts. Come anyway. It will do you good, I am sure, just to be with those who love you." His voice trembled a bit as he remembered his youthful adoration of the girl. "I want you to come, Mary. On Sunday. Please." He held out his hand and Sylvia, tired, confused, took it.

"All right," she said. "I'll come."

"Good. That's a promise." Then he left her. Sylvia scarcely heard what he was saying.

CHAPTER XIII

STEVE HOLLINS sat slumped in his chair in the hotel lobby for over an hour pondering the amazing story he had just read concerning Sylvia, and her recent adventure in Hollywood.

When a young man of Mr. Hollins' rather temperamental nature really and truly falls in love, it is apt to be a tremendous and soul-stirring experience, quite unlike the fugitive amours of more worldly and practical men. It was so that he had fallen in love with Sylvia. In spite of what he had just read, he knew that he still adored her, would continue to adore her, no matter what the world might say.

Already he found himself making excuses for her, beginning to doubt the truth of what he had read, pitying his conception of her as a sweet and innocent young girl against the picture of her drawn in the magazine article, arguing, against all reason, that he was right and the article wrong. Steve Hollins did this because love—the kind of love he felt for Sylvia—is based on faith, and faith, in love no

less than in religion, laughs at logic and accepts miracles. Steve accepted a miracle—Sylvia's innocence—no matter what might be said against her, and, as is so often the case, faith and not logic arrived at the truth.

It was one thing, however, to believe Sylvia innocent and quite another to prove it. So far as he was personally concerned, the only proof necessary was her word, but even that he could not quite find fault with. And how to find her was a problem. Or at least so it seemed to Steve Hollins, at the moment. In the picture world, it appeared, she was known as Sylvia Thorne. To him she was Mary McKenna. There must be those, he argued, among her associates of the screen, who would know her home address. The magazine article spoke of her as being, at the time of her disgrace, in the employ of International Players. An examination of the telephone directory showed that the company had a New York office. It took Steve, by means of a cab, just eleven minutes to get there.

The man who greeted him in the beautifully appointed waiting room displayed but a languid interest in his quest. Stimulated at length by Steve's excitement, he turned him over to an under secretary. The latter was scarcely less languid.

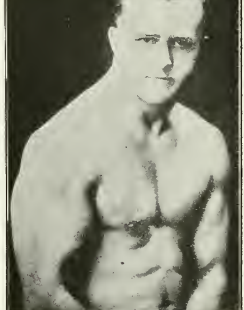
"Miss Thorne isn't with us any more," she drawled. "We have no idea where she is at present." It sounded like a formula, as indeed it was, but it was all Steve could get. The International people were very angry with Sylvia; she had disarranged their plans, and they were not at all inclined to further her affairs in any way. His request that he be allowed to see some official of the company was met by polite assurance that they were all "in conference," that they saw no one except by appointment. He faced a blank wall.

There was but one thing to do; he must secure Sylvia's address through her friends in Hollywood. For that, he dashed downtown to see his lawyer. The latter thought he would experience no difficulty in obtaining the information through his correspondents in Los Angeles. At Steve's urgent request he agreed to wire. The young man went to his club, tried to divert himself by seeing a show, but with little success. With Sylvia gone, the joy of life had vanished too, so far as he was concerned.

CHAPTER XIV

IT WAS VERY CLEAR and clear that Sunday morning, and Sylvia made her way to the First Church, her soul filled with the spirit of Christmas. She had not wanted to go, but Dr. Wharton had taken her final handclasp as a promise, and, somewhat to her surprise, her father had seconded it. Mr. McKenna had no ulterior motive in so doing. He thought that Sylvia had moped too much indoors and as things turned out, she got it.

Dr. Reed and James Wharton was a kindly man, a well-meaning man, but he was far from being a very intelligent one. Otherwise, knowing that Sylvia would be numbered among his congregation that day, he would doubtless have shown greater tact in his selection of a text. When he began to read from the eighth chapter of the Gospel according to St. John, the story of the woman taken in adultery, Sylvia felt a shiver of anger sweep over her. Not only was she sensitive on her own account, but her presence in the church that morning had been noted, commented on, by the entire congregation. Consequently, when Dr. Wharton pronounced his text, "Go, and sin no more," there was a great craning of necks, which brought the blood to Sylvia's cheeks and caused a fire of anger to grow in her heart. Ignoring the stares of those about her, she gazed straight ahead, her eyes unseeing, but her ears very acutely open to the flutter of whispers among her.



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Do you awake in the morning with the dread of the day ahead of you and after managing to perform your duties, you go trotting home with drooping shoulders and dead tired—good for nothing but the bed, O' my!

Do you awaken fully refreshed, ready to die to death to be alive? Do you sprout out of bed, bristling with vitality and anxious and ready to meet your responsibilities with that spirit that "cannot be beat"? That's living!

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HEY—WAKE UP

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What do you say? Do you want to go on dragging yourself about or do you want the life, robust life with a real man's body and power? Are you with me, fellows? Hot dog! Let's go.

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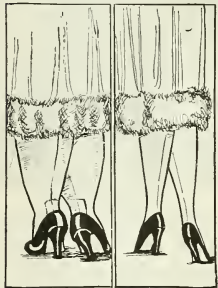
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Dr. Wharton, quite unaware of the stir which his selection of a text had made, went calmly on with his sermon, urging all who had sinned to turn with repentant hearts to the Savior of mankind. With more than his usual vigor, he pointed out the tenderness shown by Christ toward sinners, and it might have been a helpful lesson to Sylvia, had she in reality done any wrong. No doubt Dr. Wharton so argued, but his premises were at fault. To a woman in Sylvia's position, the experience was torturing beyond measure, to be thus pilloried before the world as an adulteress. And especially so, when so many of those in the congregation had tried to induce her to further wrongdoing.

"Let him who is without sin cast the first stone," she reflected, her head very high as Dr. Wharton, meaning perhaps to convey to her a particular and personal message, asked for the good-will, the help, the charity of all before him toward those who had sinned, whether their sins had been hidden from men or shouted from the house-tops. The reference was so clear that another period of whispering, of neck-rattling, followed. In a flash, Sylvia saw the bland, unctuous face, the full-blown neck of Mr. Wither-spoon, the roving eyes of Mr. Alvin Mercer, the self-satisfied smirk of Mr. Arthur Soller, the embarrassed flush of Howard Bennett, sitting beside his sensual-faced father. A score of other faces impressed themselves on her consciousness—faces of men who had flirted, or tried to flirt with her, in the bookshop—sitting complacently beside their sweethearts, their wives, smug and sanctimonious. All these would-be Lotharios, condemning her, when they were the ones who should be condemned. Small wonder that the injustice of it filled her with wrath.

WHEN the minister, his concluding words spoken, was gathering up his notes preparatory to announcing the collection, Sylvia rose dramatically to her feet. She could endure the situation no longer. Scorn blazing in her eyes, she swept the sea of faces before her with a swift glance of contempt, then marched out of the church. A shocked silence lay upon the congregation—even her father seemed to share in the general consternation.

When he reached home, half an hour later, he found Sylvia packing.

"What are you going to do, child?" he asked, gazing at her with a look of deep concern.

"I'm leaving," she told him. "I can't stand this wretched little town any longer. Miserable hypocrites—condemning me, barring my pictures, for something I haven't done, and all the while trying to make me a lot worse. I hate them. I'd be better off in New York, where nobody knows who I am."

Mr. McKenna sat on the bed, his eyes very tender.

"I guess you would, Mary dear," he said. "Small towns are always cruel in their judgments. New York is too big to care."

"I wouldn't mind so much," Sylvia stormed on, "if I'd done anything. What makes me so angry is that they don't give me a chance."

"I suppose by 'they,'" Mr. McKenna said softly, "you mean the whitened sepulchres of our growing young metropolis—Alvin Mercer and the rest?"

"Yes. I haven't told me what they've done to me—tried to do. Asking me to go to New York with them for week-ends—offering me presents—treating me as though I were a common woman of the streets. The hounds!"

"Didn't I warn you, Mary child, how it would be? Didn't I tell you they would try to hunt you down?"

"Yes. And I wouldn't believe you. I thought you were just—cynical."

Mr. McKenna lit a match, applied it to his pipe.

"Mary," he said, "you're a young girl. I hoped you would never have to know how rotten the world is. Every father, I suppose, feels that way—would like to keep his daughters clean and sweet and trusting. But you're in the fire, now, and you've got to know the truth.

I play cards, every Saturday night, as you know, with certain old cronies of mine—Dr. Walker, who is, among other things, a coroner, Tom Cross, chief of police, Judge Sinsbaugh, Ed Frairie, manager of the Penn House, Herb Watson, health commissioner. What those men don't know about dear old Millersburg isn't worth knowing. Naturally we gossip. All this saintly upper-crust is a joke to us. We don't tell the public what we know, but it's aplenty. Take Howard Bennett's father—a deacon of the church. He has two mistresses—maybe more, for all I know. One in New York, the other right here in town. That hypocritical son-in-law of mine, Arthur Soller, may fool his wife about what he does Saturday afternoons, but he doesn't fool me. I know all about his girl in Allendale. Old Mr. Wither-spoon may give all sorts of stained glass windows to the church, but that doesn't prevent him from getting his rum every Saturday afternoon from his bootlegger in Philadelphia—those fresh eggs he's always bothering the express office about.

"Alvin Mercer has a secretary who doesn't draw down forty dollars a week for nothing. Maybe he'd be surprised to know that his wife doesn't spend every Monday afternoon playing bridge, the way he thinks she does, while he's 'working late at the office.' A great many of our prominent pallbearers and society men are pretty gay dogs, in the supper clubs of New York. Our respected Mayor has been carrying on an affair with a certain married woman here in town for over three years. The reason I never liked Howard Bennett particularly is that he ruined a girl in the company's office and refused to take care of the child.

"I don't want you to feel, Mary dear, that Millersburg is any worse than other small towns. They're all alike. If you knew the real truth about them, it would turn your stomach. When I see that book on my night-table, in judgment on a decent girl like you, it makes my blood boil. I don't wonder you walked out on them. And understand me—it isn't the church I'm blaming. There are plenty of decent people inside it—and out. It's the hypocrites, wherever you find them, that I condemn. The 'holier than thou' bunch—the professional reformers. Always ready to judge somebody else, never thinking how rotten they are themselves. I'm rather glad, dear, that you have decided to go to New York. This place would kill you. I have an old friend in one of the big Fifth Avenue bookstores. I'll give you a letter to him—ask him to fix you up with a job. You go on down there, Mary. Maybe you'll run across this Hollins chap you've told me about."

"I DON'T want to run across him," Sylvia whispered. "At least not now. Promise me you won't tell him where I am. Or anybody else."

"I promise," Mr. McKenna laughed. "And maybe that is best. What you need is to be alone. You'll never have that chance here. Millersburg is all right but—dull. Even its vice is dull. No imagination. I've often thought, child, that if I were going to be a terrible sinner I'd try at least to sin gaily, brilliantly, in the sunlight. Even in the light of publicity that shines on places like Hollywood. I don't think I'd be a sneak, a hypocrite about it, strutting at gats and swimming canals. I suppose you'll say I'm just an old cynic, but—I know life—particularly the kind of life you find in towns like Millersburg—and I'm glad you're going to get out of it. The worst sin of all, in my opinion, is the sin of hypocrisy."

Sylvia dropped the *lingerie* she was throwing into her trunk and, going over to her father, kissed him.

"You're such an old dear, Dad," she whispered. "Why don't you give up the bookshop and come along to New York with me?"

Mr. McKenna gazed through the dusty window, his eyes travelling down a long road.

"Twenty years ago I might have," he said,

"but not now. I've taken root, here among my books—like an old tree. But you haven't, Mary child. Thank God, you haven't. And I don't want you to. Go—see the world—live. And take my blessing with you. That's about all I have to offer."

"It's all I want," Sylvia said, closing her trunk. Life, she had begun to think, was very like a "movie," with censors on every hand, ready to cut out the baby clothes and forget all about the babies—to look on sex as sin and forget that without it the race could not go on—eternal old women, like the Bourbons, learning nothing, forgetting nothing, finding a vicarious joy in snooping, judging, condemning.

CHAPTER XV

BY some strange quirk of fate it was the next afternoon that Steve Hollins, now finally supplied with Sylvia's home address, arrived in Millersburg. He found Mr. McKenna listing some newly-arrived books.

"My name is Hollins," he said. "I want to see Mary."

Mr. McKenna mastered his surprise, led the way to his study.

"My daughter is not here," he told Steve, when they were alone.

"Where is she?"

Mr. McKenna considered, puffing at his pipe. It had not escaped him that Sylvia was in love with Steve Hollins; the girl's confidences, fragmentary though they had been, had told him that. And a glance at the young man before him left no doubt in his mind that here was just the sort of son-in-law he would like. But there was his promise to Sylvia not to tell anyone where she had gone.

"Why do you want to see her?" he asked.

"To ask her to marry me. She ran away from me, in New York."

"Do you know why she ran away?" Mr. McKenna inquired softly.

"Yes. I read all about it in a magazine. I don't believe it. Damned rot!"

Mr. McKenna thrust out a hairy and freckled hand.

"Shake, young man!" he exclaimed. "Neither do I." And proceeded to tell Sylvia's story.

Steve Hollins stamped nervously about the little room.

"Why didn't she confide in me?" he asked.

"Why didn't she look on me as a friend?"

"Mary's proud," Mr. McKenna knew the answer to that. "Not one to ask favors. Maybe, having no proof, she thought you'd doubt her."

"Hell's bells!" Steve was getting angry. "I don't need proof, with the woman I love. Her word's good enough for me."

"That's the stuff. Good enough for me, too." The older man's gaze, as he looked at Steve, was very warm and friendly.

"Well, where is she, then? I've got to see her."

"I can't tell you. She made me promise not to give anyone her address."

"But—that doesn't mean!"

"Yes, it does. I gave her my word." Mr. McKenna shook his head sternly, but there was no sternness in his eyes. "But," he went on, "she told me you were interested in archaeology—ruins, things like that. So am I. And I've just heard of a new book on the Maya ruins in Yucatan. A wonderful book. You'd enjoy it, I'm sure. If you go to"—he named a famous Fifth Avenue bookstore—"and ask for it, I feel sure you'll be repaid." His bright grey eyes, full of meaning, met Steve's, held them. Perhaps there was a drop of an eyelid. Mr. Hollins, reading their unspoken message, smiled gaily.

"I get you, Mr. McKenna," he said. "Just drop in, casual like, and ask for the latest work on my favorite subject. What could be sweeter?"

"And if you don't find it at first, why, keep on looking."

"I'll do that little thing," Steve grinned, reaching for his hat. But Mr. McKenna stopped him.

"What's your hurry, young man?" he asked.

"You'd best spend the night here. I want to talk to you about Mary. And that took I've been telling you about may not be in for a day or two yet. It's my opinion you'd be wise to wait awhile—give things a chance to settle down." He smiled mischievously. "Do you apprehend my meaning?"

"Perfectly," said Steve, tossing his hat into a corner.

It was not until noon the next day that he boarded a train for New York. The following morning found him entering the bookstore on Fifth Avenue.

To the clerk, who came up to him, he gave a smiling excuse.

"Just looking around," he said and began a leisurely stroll through the store. Mr. Hollins was indeed looking around, his soul in his eyes. But when he at length descried a familiarly slender and attractive figure at the rear of the store his expression became puzzled. Since when had Mary McKenna boasted cinnabar red hair? He reached her in half a dozen eager strides. Sylvia, standing before a counter of children's books, looked up, turned very white, gasped.

"Steve! Steve!" she exclaimed. "What are you doing here?"

"I guess this store's open to the public," Steve replied sturdily. "A lot of people seem to be coming in. Why not me? As a matter of fact I'm looking for a book on the Maya—my God, Mary, what have you been doing to your hair?"

"Why—I had it dyed, so no one would recognize me."

"H—m." Steve gazed at her thoughtfully. "Let's go to lunch."

"Don't be silly. It's only eleven o'clock."

"Oh, well—take a walk then."

"You know I can't do that. I—I'm working." The quick happiness which had flamed in Sylvia's eyes began to disappear. Once more the old question rose in her mind. How could she tell him?

Under cover of a pretended interest in her books, Steve was speaking rapidly.

"I've got to get you alone somewhere, so I can ask you to marry me—again."

"Before you do that," Sylvia warned him, "there's something I must tell you."

"If you mean about that mixup in Hollywood," Steve said, smiling, "I know about it already."

"And you—you don't believe it?" Sylvia gasped.

"Believe it? Of course not. Nobody but a dumbbell would, knowing you. When will you be ready for lunch?"

"Come back at half-past twelve, Steve."

Sylvia's eyes glowed like rubies. She watched him, spellbound, as he passed through the crowd about the door. At the sidewalk he turned and waved his hand. A woman, asking for "Peter Pan," stared curiously at Sylvia when the latter handed her a copy of "Alice in Wonderland." Certainly no one could have been more in wonderland than Sylvia was at that moment.

CHAPTER XVI

IT took Steve Hollins two weeks to persuade Sylvia to accept his mother's invitation to spend Saturday afternoon and Sunday at their home in Rosemont, and then the girl went, in fear and trembling.

She had met Mrs. Hollins at a dinner in town, arranged by Steve for that purpose. His elder sister, Julia, had formed one of the party, a woman of thirty, whose outlook on life, because of an unfortunate love affair some years earlier, was exaggeratedly cynical and bitter. Steve's other sister, Marcia, was visiting friends in Washington.

Mrs. Hollins had liked Sylvia, or rather Mary, in spite of her prejudices against any woman ready to deprive her of her son. Steve had always been the baby of the family, and even now his mother found it difficult to realize that he had grown up. As for Julia, she did not like Mary and made no great effort to hide it. She was irreproachably polite, during din-



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ner, but between the two rose one of those instinctive dislikes so difficult to account for, or to remove. When the little party was over and her mother and herself were on their way home, she gave expression to her feelings.

"I don't like that girl," she said. "What do we know about her, anyway? What does Steve know about her? That her father keeps a bookstore in some small town out in Pennsylvania—that she herself works in a shop on Fifth Avenue. Not much of a background, I must say."

"Well, Julia," Mrs. Hollins remarked, trying her best to be just, "there's nothing dishonorable about keeping a bookstore—or in working in one, either. A great many society women go in for that sort of thing, nowadays. This girl seems to me a very modest and well-bred young person."

"Her hair's dyed," Julia snapped. "What's the reason for that?"

Mrs. Hollins, unable to offer any answer to the question, remained silent, but for the rest could tell, very enough, by looking at the roots. Her real hair is brown. Why should a girl of her age—under twenty, she claims—want to dye her hair? Do you think it could be a disguise? She seemed terribly nervous at dinner, I noticed. Worried. Kept looking about as though she was afraid somebody might recognize her. I think, before we ask her down, we ought to know more about her."

"BUT, Julia dear," Mrs. Hollis protested, "I've already asked her. She's arriving Saturday, for the week end. Don't you think, for Steve's sake, we ought to be as nice to her as we can?"

"For Steve's sake I think we ought to know all about her—her past, if she has one. What was she doing on that boat, travelling from New Orleans, alone?"

"Why—she'd been visiting friends, out on the coast, Steve told me."

"Humph!" Julia muttered, unconvinced, and made up her mind to do a little investigating of Sylvia's affairs on her own account.

On Saturday afternoon Sylvia came, a beautiful snow-princess in white fur. It was not a terribly expensive coat, but Julia found herself wondering how a clerk in a bookshop managed to get it. Steve, inordinately proud of his lovely girl, conducted her through the house, showing her its ancestral relics, its pictures, its old china and Sheffield plate, as well as his books, and the many curios he had brought back from his globe trotting expeditions. All the while he was picturing her as the ultimate mistress of the old place, its beautiful and exquisite chateauine. Aware of a certain veiled hostility on his sister's part, he strove manfully to overcome it, made light of Sylvia's fears, convinced her that by the end of her visit his mother and sister would have fallen as completely under her spell as he had fallen himself. In spite of his reassurances, however, Sylvia moved in dread. Luckily, the Hollins family were not ardent patrons of the "movies" and did not read the magazines devoted to that industry, but there was nevertheless an ever-present danger of exposure. She thought of herself as an impostor, who might at any instant be unveiled. It was well, she reflected, that Steve knew her story, could defend her, should she need defense.

Julia Hollins watched her carefully, asked her many apparently innocent questions, designed to entrap her into confiding admissions, but Sylvia, answering them honestly, fell into no traps. Luckily Miss Hollins, knowing nothing of her picture experience, did not think to question her along those lines. Yet when Sylvia had returned to town and the store, Julia, baffled yet no whit less suspicious than she had been before, suddenly made up her mind to go to Millersburg.

She took no one into her confidence, merely saying that she was going to run out to Pittsburg to visit a school friend. Having frequently visited this same friend before, neither Steve nor her mother attached any importance to the matter, and Julia did not consider it necessary

to explain that on her way back she meant to stop off at Mr. Sylvia's home town and have a talk with Mr. McKenna, find out what manner of man he was.

She reached Millersburg on a snowy, blustery afternoon and drove at once to the bookstore. Mr. McKenna, supposing her to be an out-of-town customer—he knew practically everyone in Millersburg by sight—came briskly up to wait on her. Now that the holiday rush was over, there were no other customers in the store at the moment. When Julia disclosed her identity, said she was Steve's sister, Mr. McKenna turned the shopover to Miss Umbach and escorted his visitor to the little study on the second floor.

Apologizing briefly for its untidy appearance, its litter of books, he placed Miss Hollins a chair. In a way he resented her coming, although he fully understood the reasons which lay back of it, had even been expecting it. Sylvia had written him of her engagement to Steve, of her visit at Rosemont, had even hinted that Julia was suspicious of her, not inclined to be over-friendly. Lighting his pipe, Mr. McKenna sank into his thread-bare easy chair. Twenty or more years of use had made it almost form-fitting.

"I happened to be coming through your town, on my way east from Pittsburg," Miss Hollins explained coolly, "and as my brother is engaged to marry your daughter, I thought it would be an excellent idea to stop off and make your acquaintance."

"Yes," Mr. McKenna nodded gravely. "That was very kind of you." Convinced that his visitor's sole purpose in coming was to "snoot" at Julia with suspicious of her, he said, "Naturally I'm glad to meet you." Julia went on, finding things rather more difficult than she had anticipated. The man before her, educated, intelligent, refined, showed not the slightest disposition to be overawed by her metropolitan superiority. In fact, Miss Hollins suspected, from the shrewd twinkle in his eyes, that he was secretly laughing at her.

"The feeling is entirely mutual, I'm sure," Mr. McKenna told her. "Personally, I'd have been better pleased if Mary had waited a while. She's very young. But, having met your brother, I feel satisfied he will make her an excellent husband."

Miss Hollins sat up sharply. She had not come to discuss Steve's qualifications as a husband. What concerned her far more were Sylvia's qualifications as his wife. Mr. McKenna was indeed carrying the war into Africa.

"WE all like your daughter very much indeed," she observed. "A charming girl."

"Yes. She is that. And a good girl."

"Oh—of course," Julia agreed, and the conversation languished. Quite suddenly Miss Hollins found that she had nothing more to say. The more she asked questions she could ask, the thoroughly poised and well-bred man that she had any right to ask. Sylvia had apparently been quite frank and truthful about everything. Her father might be a shopkeeper, but he was clearly a gentleman. And a certain rather bleak gleam in Mr. McKenna's taciturn eyes warned her that she had better not say anything which might imply an attitude of criticism so far as his daughter was concerned.

"Are you staying in town long?" he presently asked, agreeably enough, but without much warmth.

"No. Just over trains. I wanted to meet you. They are planning to be married in June, Steve tells me."

"Yes. So Mary wrote. I hope they will be very happy."

That terminated the interview. Julia, feeling completely baffled, and if the truth be told rather disappointed as well as her complete failure to find any flaws in Sylvia's story, went down to the bookshop. Mr. McKenna at her heels.

"If you would like me to see you back to the station," he suggested, "I should be very glad—"

"It's quite unnecessary," she told him. "I'll find a cab. And I couldn't think of taking you away from your—shop." It was the one little dig she had been able to give him. "Good day." She hurried out. As Mr. McKenna turned from the door he gave Miss Umbach a broad wink.

Miss Hollins, on the sidewalk, stood for a moment fumbling with her umbrella. Two over-dressed young men, swagging down the street in long, coon-skin coats, paused before the bookshop window, looked in.

"What's become of old man McKenna's good-looking daughter?" one of them asked.

"Why," the other replied, with a nasty laugh, "I thought you'd heard. When the town got too hot to hold her, she beat it for New York."

"You don't say? Why?" the first boy inquired, grinning.

"What's the matter with you, feller? Don't you read the newspapers? That mix-up in Hollywood, of course. Some little vamp, I'll tell the world. Wouldn't have minded giving her a whirl myself."

They passed on, chucking. Miss Hollins forgot all about the train she had intended to take. Over her rather gaunt features spread a look of triumph. So she had guessed right, after all.

(END OF PART IV)

Friendly Advice

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 121]

FRANCES, CHICAGO, ILL.

I suggest Rachel powder, and orange rouge, not too conspicuously used. Your correct weight is about one hundred ten pounds. You can wear advantageously the more brilliant of the shades that are the mode.

LUCILLE, EUGENE, ORE.

Be yourself, Lucille. I am convinced by your frank letter that it is a very sweet self. If you loathe petting parties don't indulge in them. You will meet a man who dislikes them as much as you do. For there are such. Stand by your ideals. Others share them. You need not always be lonesome.

K. H., SHREVEPORT, LA.

It is puzzling that the young men call at your home but never invite you to dances or other merry-makings. Your family, appearance and wardrobe, according to your description, are faultless. What of the disposition, K. H.? Is it possible that you are often tactless, as when you offer me payment for what it is my pleasure to give you, advice? Look to your disposition. If it is a little, or very, nagging, inconsiderate or hypercritical, that can be remedied by yourself.

ELSIE LOU, CALIF.

Vaseline rubbed gently into the edges of the eyelids, is one of the lash growers. See advertisements. A good powder is a palliative for an oily skin. Your type should use medium powder, rouge and lipstick.

R. A. W., CHICAGO, ILL.

Advertise in the newspapers for the work you need. Or visit the Young Women's Christian Association. It has an employment department.

C. I. E., BOSTON, MASS.

If I were you I would use dry shampoo for my hair. Sprinkle cornmeal or pulverized orris root into the hair and brush it out. The brushing will carry out the dust and absorb superfluous oil. Often a too oily condition of the hair is caused by a nervous condition, occasioning relaxation of the pores. In that case you need more rest and a course of scalp massage by someone who is an expert in the care of the hair.

Don't you think that once a week is too often for a shampoo? I do. Once a month is sufficient according to most of the authorities.

Famous Movie Actress Once more Slender Gives full credit to French discovery



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No Diets, Exercise, Dangerous
Drugs or Reducing Girdles

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If you weigh 100, 50 or 100 pounds too much you can bring your weight down to normal WITHOUT INJURING YOUR HEALTH, says well known beauty specialist of New York and Paris. If you suffer from heart trouble, puffing, swollen feet, you can be relieved. NO MATTER HOW MANY THINGS YOU HAVE TRIED BEFORE AND HOW MANY TIMES YOU HAVE BEEN DISAPPOINTED, I am absolutely convinced from my own results and that of hundreds of others that any one burdened with excess fat can be made slender and attractive with SAN-GRINA. Before I found out about this new discovery I myself weighed 180 pounds and many times I had been told that I was a most obstinate case and could never reduce, yet, today thanks to this discovery, I tip the scales at 130.—Letters of praise from all over the country come in to us daily from men and women in all steps of life, some of them who have been burdened with fat for years who are today slender and healthy, thanks to SAN-GRINA.

Make this simple test today—First weigh yourself—then get a package of SAN-GRINA, from a good drug or dept. store, take it as per directions and watch your weight go down—No miracles done overnight—nothing magic but a steady and gradual loss of weight, a daily improvement in health and appearance. SAN-GRINA has been found wonderful not only as a reducing treatment but also wins praise from its users because it is incomparable to do away with high blood pressure, puffing and tired feeling—Be sure you get the right tablets called SAN-GRINA—Do not accept any substitute—Look carefully for the name and it will not be long before you will say, like so many others: "I tried everything advertised but SAN-GRINA is the only thing which ever reduced me." If your druggist is out of SAN-GRINA he can order it from his wholesaler or you can send a check or money order for \$1.50 to the Scientific Research Laboratories, Dept. 203A, 1841 Broadway, New York City, and one full sized box SAN-GRINA will be mailed you prepaid.



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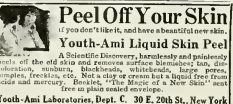
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See the difference it makes in the appearance of your hair.

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See how soft and silky, bright and glossy your hair will look.

THE alluring thing about beautiful hair isn't the way it is worn.

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Fortunately, beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck.

You, too, can have beautiful hair if you shampoo it properly.

Proper shampooing is what makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, now use Mulsified 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 all through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.



After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before. After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh, warm water. This is very important.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky. The entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find

that your hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

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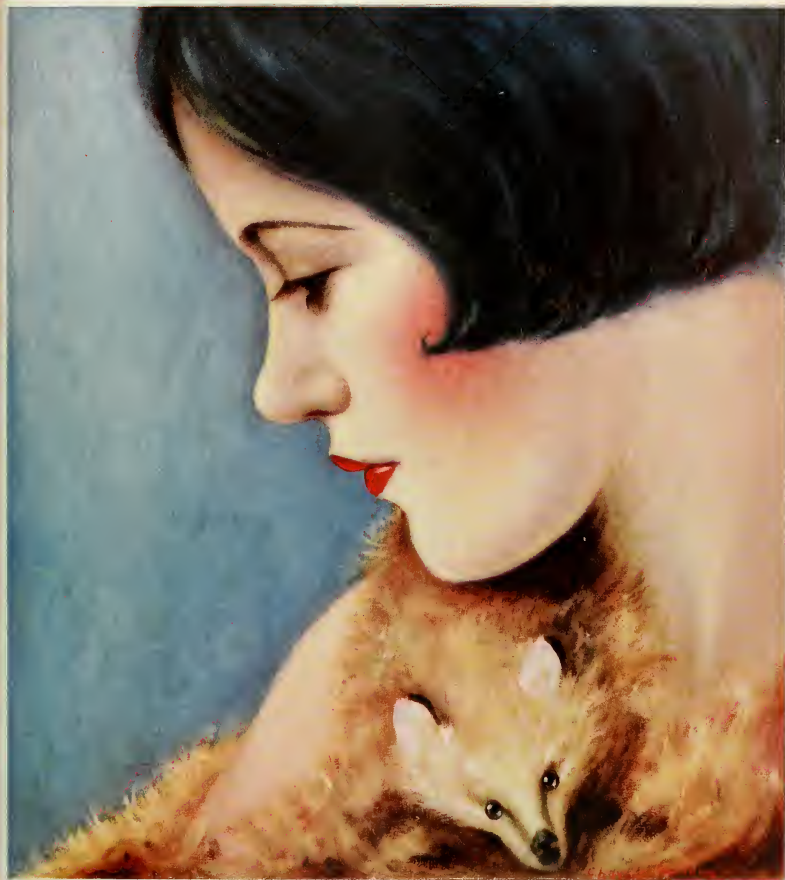
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See that the skin is kept clean, the pores open and free.

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Wash gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly with cool water. In this simple manner is beauty and charm preserved and youth prolonged.

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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.

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When Jack Holt swings on to the screen with tightened belt swift action seems ready on sea, in forest or desert. His outstanding Paramount successes are *Call of the North*, *While Satan Sleeps*, *North of 36* and *The Light of Western Stars*. Jack Holt's first new season Paramount Picture is "*Wild Horse Mesa*."

ERNEST TORRENCE

Fans had a wonderful time picking out the bits they liked best in *The Covered Wagon*, and oh, how they joyed in Ernest Torrence! What expressions! Don't miss him in *Peter Pan* (as Hook the Pirate), *The Fighting Coward*, *North of 36* and *Heritage of the Desert*. He will be seen in *Night Life of New York* and *The Wanderer*.

NOAH BEERY

Perfectly equipped by nature is Noah Beery to play the rough-diamond types of unquenchable courage. Paramount fans easily remember him in *Wanderer of the Wasteland*, *The Fighting Coward*, and *Heritage of the Desert*. He may be seen this season in *The Light of Western Stars*.

Jack Holt

Lois Wilson

Noah Beery

Ernest Torrence

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

IVAN ST. JOHNS
WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXIX

No. 4

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

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Unhappy Marriages

of the

Picture Colony



Is marriage a failure in motion pictures and the theater—any more unsuccessful than with other folks?

Yes and no.

The problem of marriage is more difficult than in many other circles, but when you come right down to it, what do the figures prove?



Read the great article in the

October

Issue of

Photoplay

for the answer



Out Sept. 15

IN THE BEST THEATRES YOU WILL FIND FOX PICTURES

George O'Brien

in

THE FIGHTING HEART

JOHN FORD, who made "The Iron Horse," directed this picture from Larry Evans' "Once to Every Man" - the story of a young country boy's resolution in conflict with the Gay White Way. Clean-cut George O'Brien has the star role, supported by Billie Dove, J. Farrell MacDonald and other skilled players.



Youth and the charm of young love — Billie Dove and George O'Brien.

LAZYBONES

HERE, hard on the heels of its long successful run on the New York stage, comes Owen Davis' play, picturized by Frances Marion, and directed by Frank Borzage [director of "Humoresque."] *Lazybones*, the lovable idling villager, is delightfully portrayed by Charles [Buck] Jones, and the waif who grows up to be Kit is charming Madge Bellamy. Leslie Fenton, Zasu Pitts and Jane Novak are in the big cast.



The art of Charles (Buck) Jones against the homely background of village life.

The great international stage success of New York, London, Paris.

HAVOC

A Drama of War-dazed Women

SCENES laid in a London nerve-racked and fun-mad, and on the French front, bring us a faithful picture of the havoc wrought by the world war on the souls of women, and in turn by them on men! A tremendous production - with an exceptional cast, including George O'Brien, Madge Bellamy, Margaret Livingston, Leslie Fenton, Walter McGrail, Eulalie Jensen - directed by Rowland V. Lee, who staged "As No Man Has Loved."



Fox Film Corporation.

Louis B. Mayer presents "Fine Clothes"

Neither minutes nor hours counted—
In unreckoning Budapest where time
fights privation—

Nor in the life of Peter Hungerford who
had poured the milk of kindness from
his cup to have it replaced by hem-
lock—

Until the one fine girl came who saw
through poor clothes where the others
had sought fine clothes through poor
ideals.

Produced with a dash of spice and touch
of humor as only John Stahl could do it
with a cast headed by Lewis Stone,
Alma Rubens, Percy Marmont and Ray-
mond Griffith. From Franz Molnar's
play, "Fashions for Men."

Paula (Alma Rubens) and Peter (Percy Marmont); at right, the store of contention in "Fine Clothes."



First National

"The Half Way Girl"

From the captain's log:

July 15, 19—

A terrific explosion sent the S. S. Mandalay to the bottom. No list of casualties is available.

BEHIND the spectacular climax is a story of electric emotions. You get the lure of the Far East, of which Kipling wrote so realistically. The story is the ever poignant one of the girl who fights to retain her soul in a land where women aren't supposed to have any.

You get the splendor of action in the names of the cast. Doris Kenyon, Lloyd Hughes and Hobart Bosworth are featured. John Francis Dillon directed under Earl Hudson's supervision. The story is an original by E. Lloyd Sheldon.



Phillip (Lloyd Hughes) and Poppy (Doris Kenyon). At left, the last of the Mandalay from "The Half Way Girl."

Norma Talmadge in "Graustark"



Princess Yevie (Norma Talmadge) and the lover (Eugene O'Brien). At right, another scene from "Graustark."

IF proof were needed, here it is. The fact that so superb an artist as Norma Talmadge has selected a modernized "Graustark" for her latest picture, is evidence of the perpetual popularity of George Barr McCutcheon's novel.

Romance — action — thrills abound in the love quest of the adventurous American who follows the mysterious girl of his choice back to her homeland where she stands revealed as a princess. With Eugene O'Brien as the lover and under the hand of the skilled foreign director, Dimitri Buchowetzki, "Graustark," the picture, will be as unforgettable as the book. Produced by Joseph M. Schenk.

Pictures



Milton Sills in "The Knockout"

IN the ring or out, the world cheers a fighter. In Milton Sills' starring picture, "The Knockout," you'll live the life of a champion. First in the north woods, where brawn meets brawn. Then in the classic city arena of a championship bout. And one person only can floor the champ for a count—a tiny, wistful girl who has his number.

Gorgeous atmospheric scenes of the north, secured through the co-operation of the Canadian government, enhance the story. Little Lorna Duveen, a screen newcomer, plays opposite the star. Lambert Hillier directed under Earl Hudson's supervision. The film is from M. D. Crawford's story, "The Comeback."

The light heavyweight champion (Sills) and Jeannie (Lorna Duveen). Below, the champion's walltop, from "The Knockout."





Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

ACROSS THE DEADLINE—Steiner.—Another feud story. It's mildly entertaining. (June.)

ADVENTURE—Paramount.—Fast action, good comedy and nothing serious to strain your brain. Pauline Starke and Wallace Beery are in it. (June.)

AIR MAIL, THE—Paramount.—A high-flying story of thrilling adventures in the government air service. (May.)

ANY WOMAN—Paramount.—A trite story of the perils of a refined working girl. Alice Terry heads the cast. (August.)

ARE PARENTS PEOPLE?—Paramount.—Daughter reunites her quarreling parents. The daughter is Betty Bronson; the parents are Florence Vidler and Adolphe Menjou. A thoroughly charming comedy. (August.)

ARIZONA ROMEO, THE—Fox.—The story is weak and silly but you'll enjoy it because of Buck Jones. (April.)

AS MAN DESIRES—First National.—A colorful and romantic melodrama of the South Sea Isles. (April.)

BAD COMPANY—First National.—Madge Kennedy and Conway Tearle should know better than this. (May.)

BALTO'S RACE TO NOME—Educational.—A splendid record of Gunnar Kasson's fight through the frozen north to bring the antitoxin to Nome. (July.)

BANDIT'S BABY, THE—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson and Silver King make this more amusing than the average Western. (August.)

BARRE, SON OF K'ZAN—Vitaphone.—Just one of those dog stories of the frozen north. Rather mediocre entertainment. (August.)

BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK—Paramount.—Satire and fantasy so well directed by James Cruze that it is one of the most interesting pictures of the year. (July.)

BLACK CYCLONE—Pathe.—Rex, the King of Wild Horses, scores one of the bits of the year. The remarkable acting of the not-so-dumb animals makes this unusual amusement. (August.)

BOOMERANG, THE—Schulberg.—It might have been funnier than it is. Anita Stewart and Bert Lyell head the cast. (May.)

BREED OF THE BORDER—F. B. O.—Just one of those Westerns with Lefty Flynn as the quick-drawin', hard-ridin' hero. (May.)

BRIDGE OF SIGHS—Warner Brothers.—Lugubrious hokum with Dorothy Mackail again bidding for your sympathy. (June.)

BROKEN LAWS—F. B. O.—Mrs. Wallace Reid's new picture sounds a caution to indulgent mothers. For parents and children alike. (April.)

BURNING TRAIL, THE—Universal.—An eat-up Western with William Desmond. (June.)

CAFE IN CAIRO, A—Producers Distributing.—Bait-up melodrama with Arabs and Priscilla Dean. (June.)

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT—Preferred.—A propaganda picture against capital punishment with George Hackathorne excellent in the leading role. Depressing. (April.)

CHAMPION OF LOST CAUSES—Fox.—A story of a clever crook. But—sad entertainment. (April.)

CHARLEY'S AUNT—Producers Dist.—Don't miss this. Syd Chaplin becomes a perfect screen comedienne. (April.)

CHARMER, THE—Paramount.—Pola Negri triumphs over a bad story and worse comedy. (June.)

CHEAPER TO MARRY—Metro-Goldwyn.—A matrimonial drama along the gold-digger type. Amusing. (April.)

CHICKIE—First National.—Dorothy Mackail gives an appealing performance of a poor working girl. (June.)

CHU CHIN CHOW—Metro-Goldwyn.—Another spectacular production that doesn't amount to a row of pins. (April.)

CLOUD RIDER, THE—F. B. O.—Dandy real-ness-to-goddess aeroplane stunts in this picture. Entertaining. (April.)

CODE OF THE WEST—Paramount.—The city flapper and the noble Westerner are with us again. Attractively staged and well acted. (June.)

COMING THROUGH—Paramount.—A pleasing Tom Meighan vehicle. Cast good, action splendid. (April.)

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.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE—Hepworth.—You'll enjoy this picture better if you stay at home. It's the worst of the worst. (March.)

CONTRABAND—Paramount.—Merry melodrama with bootleggers as the villains. Lois Wilson and Noah Beery are in it. (June.)

CONFESSIONS OF A QUEEN—Metro-Goldwyn.—Proving that kings and queens are only human, especially kings. Lewis Stone and Alice Terry enact scandal in a royal family. (June.)

CRACKERJACK, THE—C. C. Burr.—Johnny Hines at his liveliest. There's no sense to it but it is lots of fun. (July.)

CRIMSON RUNNER, THE—Producers Distributing.—Exciting times in Vienna with Priscilla Dean as a fascinating lady crook. (June.)

CROWDED HOUR, THE—Paramount.—A war story, humanly told, and well acted by Bebe Daniels. (July.)

CURLY TOP—Fox.—Shirley Mason frets through a gooey-gooey top in London's wicked Limehouse district. Tiresome. (March.)

DADDY'S GONE A-HUNTING—Metro-Goldwyn.—A lugubrious story of domestic unhappiness played by Alice Joyce and Percy Marmont. (May.)

DANCERS, THE—Fox.—Nothing out of the ordinary. An Englishman returns to his childhood sweetheart only to find her a victim of the jazz craze. (March.)

DANGEROUS INNOCENCE—Universal.—Adapted from "Ann's an Idiot." Nice light romance with Laura La Plante. (May.)

DECLASSE—First National.—Corinne Griffith saves it from being rather tedious society drama. (June.)

DEADWOOD COACH, THE—Fox.—Tom Mix shoots, rides, climbs, leaps and loves his way through this rousing melodrama. You'll like it. (April.)

DENIAL, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—Claire Windsor doubling as mother and daughter in a heavy-handed story. But there's a good Spanish-American war sequence. (May.)

DESERT FLOWER, THE—First National.—Cecile Moore's unending vivacity saves it from being just another one of those Cinderella takes. (August.)

DEVIL'S CARGO, THE—Paramount.—One of the finest pictures we've seen in some time. It is sprinkled with good comedy relief. (March.)

DICK TURPIN, FOX—By far the best thing that Tom Mix ever did. (April.)

DIXIE HANDICAP, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—The old racing thrills moulded into a melo-racer-thriller intended to stimulate the most blasé. (March.)

DON Q—United Artists.—Douglas Fairbanks stages a mother great show. It has beauty, adventure and thrills. It's one of the treats of the year. (August.)

DRESSMAKER FROM PARIS, THE—Paramount.—A fashion show with fourteen—count 'em—beautiful models. Leatrice Joy is featured. (May.)

DRUSILLA WITH A MILLION—F. B. O.—It's hokum but it's good hokum and splendidly acted by Mary Carr. Be sure to take a handkerchief with you. (August.)

DUPED—The title tells all. Crook stuff played by Hulet Holmes and William Desmond. Not so good. (July.)

EAST OF SUEZ—Paramount.—Pola Negri does not measure up to her previous screen effort. An intriguing story, splendid sets, good cast and excellent characterization. Not a family picture. (March.)

ENTHUSEMENT—First National.—Be sure to leave the children home. A story of a girl's trust in man. (April.)

EVERYMAN'S WIFE—Fox.—Marking the welcome return of Dorothy Phillips. Otherwise, just a trite domestic drama. (August.)

EVE'S SECRET—Paramount.—Wherein the Duke educates a peasant girl and marries her. Another version of Pygmalion and Galatea played by Jack Holt and Betty Compton. (August.)

EVE'S LOVER—Warner Brothers.—The story of a modern American girl and her titled husband. Nothing extra, but Irene Rich, Bert Lyell, Clara Bow and Willard Louis are in the cast. (July.)

EXCUSE ME—Metro-Goldwyn.—A rollicking comedy filled with plenty of good laughs in a novel setting—a transcontinental railroad. (April.)

FIFTH AVENUE MODELS—Universal.—An interesting picture with Mary Philbin splendid in the leading role. (April.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]



A Ventriloquist, a Giant and a Dwarf



*More Stars than
there are in Heaven*

Lillian Gish
Marion Davies
Norma Shearer
Ramon Novarro

Lon Chaney
Buster Keaton
John Gilbert
Jackie Coogan
Mae Murray
Eleanor Boardman

Lew Cody
Aileen Pringle
Pauline Stark
Mae Busch
Conway Tearle
Claire Windsor
Conrad Nagel
William Haines
Renee Adoree
Zasu Pitts
Bert Roach

And many more

*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Pictures are made in the vast
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Studios in Culver City, Cal.*

DON'T miss "THE UNHOLY THREE", featuring Lon Chaney, with Mae Busch and Matt Moore. Directed by Tod Browning.

Lon Chaney rings the bell again—this time as a ventriloquist in a dime museum, who recruits the Giant and Midget for an amazing career of intrigue and adventure. A swift-action story that holds you breathless from the first flash to the final fade-out—packed with suspense, thrills, violence, jealousy and *love*.

And this is only *one* of the fifty-two great Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures to be released this coming year. The greatest galaxy of stars ever gathered together under the banner of one producer! Directors who know how to make a picture jump into throbbing life! A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture is always a sure-fire evening's entertainment. Watch for announcement of the releases.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"Pictures with Personality"

To be shown starting this month:

A SLAVE OF FASHION—Norma Shearer's big starring vehicle, with Lew Cody, Hobart Henley, the director. Samuel Shipman, the author. ROMOLA—Lillian Gish stars. Dorothy Gish featured. Henry King, the director. George Eliot's classic novel. An Inspiration Picture (Chas. H. Duell, Pres.). NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET—A Cosmopolitan Production from Peter B. Kyne's best-seller, with a distinguished cast.

Following these productions will be many other outstanding Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer photoplays, including "The Merry Widow" (directed by Von Stroheim), "Mare Nostrum" (Rex Ingram's successor to "The Four Horsemen"), "The Big Parade" (The "What Price Glory" of the screen), "Lights of Old New York" (A Cosmopolitan production, starring Marion Davies). Fifty-two productions in all will be presented under the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer banner.

The World's Worst

New York City.

I have seen a lot of awful pictures, but yesterday I saw the world's worst. To the learned gentlemen who are offering a prize for the best answer to "What's wrong with the movies?" I offer a novel suggestion—why don't the directors, casting directors, scenario writers, etc., adapt a picture from the novel from which it is supposed to be taken. Yesterday I saw "The White Monkey." Now don't I get the prize?

The picture is supposed to take place in society, real society. Barbara La Marr is cast as *Fleur Forsyte*. A man that looks like a soda clerk is *Michael Mont*. George Marion, a splendid actor, was chosen as *Soames Forsyte* because he was so opposite *Soames* of the novel. *Tony* and *Vic* weren't as painful as the rest, although in the hook *Vic* was a brunette, pale, tall and thin, and in the picture was a blond ingenue.

Does the director think society women dress a la Barbara La Marr? And as for the *Monts'* palatial residence words fail me; but if you have seen "The Beggar on Horseback" and remember the home of the *Cadys*, the home of the *Monts* wins spades and hearts with six onyx pillars and such like scattered at intervals. I think enough of the movies to know there are people capable of making a clever and subtle picture of "The White Monkey" instead of a nightmare.

H. L.

Just One Little Brickbat

Waynesville, N. C.

Just one little brickbat among so many bouquet won't hurt, will it? But in the first place I only send a brickbat because I'm so interested in PHOTOPLAY. I have heard many people say that the trouble with your magazine is you just won't tell the right ages of the stars. Of course it may be the actors' or actresses' fault, because they won't tell their right ages. But I think PHOTOPLAY would be better if you gave the stars' right ages. Any gump-head would know Barbara La Marr is more than twenty-five years.

RUTH WILLIAMS.

Not Too Goodlooking

Buffalo, N. Y.

In the July PHOTOPLAY Jacqueline McDowd said, "Richard Dix is too goodlooking." He is goodlooking, but he is a wonderful actor and has a marvelous fascination for me. He is the only actor who truly acts and also is terribly attractive looking.

I haven't seen any bouquets for the Talma-Dees lately. I think Norma is the greatest character actress with a wonderful sense of humor. Connie is the world's best humorist.

MARY GOLDSBROUGH.

Who Will Take Wallace Reid's Place?

Jackson, Tennessee.

You may think a fourteen-year-old rather young to be expressing an opinion, but I would like to express my opinion as to who will take Wallace Reid's place in the movies. In a recent issue of a movie magazine I noticed an article about Reginald Denny, and the general feeling in it was that he has, as much as any one ever will, taken the place of Wallace Reid. I admire Reginald Denny very much, but in my opinion he is in no way like Wallace Reid. If any one ever takes Wallace Reid's place in the hearts of the public, I believe it will be Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. I wish him luck.

LUCY BLACKWELL

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.

Brickbats Never

Lincoln, Neb.

Have just read Brickbats and Bouquets in the July PHOTOPLAY. A. E. T. I'm with you. Three cheers for Ricardo Cortez. Brickbats, never. Bouquets are all I can send to the one and only Ricardo. I hope that they keep him in real man roles and that they will not allow him to do costume pictures—not that he could not do them perfectly.

TONY.

Imitation?

Kansas City, Mo.

I wish to throw several brickbats! Just came from the showing of "The Spaniard" and oh, was so disappointed. Ricardo Cortez deliberately copied Rudolph Valentino's acting. His smile, devilish eyes and everything else about him including his costumes were exactly like Rudy's—and why? Then "The Spaniard" was a combination of "Blood and Sand" and "The Sheik."

BAEB.

The Poor, Broken-Spirited Fellow

Los Angeles, Cal.

A word about Percy Marmont. Everybody likes him; they just can't help it. But why must he always seem the poor, broken-spirited fellow? In the beginning of a picture such as "Daddy's Gone A-Hunting," he is a fine character, but when things go against him he seems down and out. He is a fine actor and probably the pictures call for the expression, but can't he make it a little less demonstrative?

GLAYNS DAWN.

A Big Request

Atlantic City, N. J.

I know that what I am asking is a big request, but I want it and I know a great many other people do too. I would like to have a large picture of Ben Lyon in your magazine with the life story of Ben written by himself.

MAE BELLOWES.

Praise for One We Hear Little About

Detroit, Mich.

Just a good word for the man that none of us hear much about but wish that we did. In my opinion Harrison Ford is one of the greatest actors on the screen today. So many times have I heard this remark, "I always go to see Marion Davies' pictures because Harrison Ford always plays opposite her." That also is one reason why I always see Marion Davies' pictures, although I acknowledge Miss Davies as one of our leading actresses.

Why is it we don't see any more of his pictures in PHOTOPLAY or hear much about him? I wish that you would publish at least just one of his pictures. I heard that Paramount has engaged Harrison for a picture, and I hope that Paramount keeps him. It is one company that can and will develop and make famous any actor who has the real stuff in him. So may I add three cheers for Harrison? And I wonder if any of the other writers of this column agree with me that Harrison Ford is a great actor.

E. M. L.

Praise and a Suggestion

Detroit, Mich.

I would like to offer a little praise for one whom I consider to be the screen's best actor, Willard Louis. I very much enjoy all his roles, and he cannot make enough pictures to suit me. He took the part of *Bobbitt* perfectly. Also he was splendid as the *Prince of Wales* in "Beau Brummel."

Permit me to offer a suggestion through you to Conway Tearle. He is used to be one of my favorites, but now I very much dislike him. Won't you please get that bored look off your face for a change? Even in "The Great Divide" where he was a cowboy, the same old frown prevailed.

HOWARD CUNNINGHAM.

A Bouquet and a Heart

Brooklyn, New York.

Here's a bouquet and a heart with it for Ramon Novarro. I have loved him for four years. I am only seventeen, so you see he is my first and only love and in all that time he has never failed to fulfill in any way my first ideal of manhood. Why couldn't "Romeo and Juliet" be filmed with Ramon as *Romeo* and Mary Astor as *Juliet*? They would be perfect for the parts. Then, too, why can't that beautiful story of "Lancelot and Elaine" be adapted for the screen with Ramon and Lillian Gish in the title roles and Alice Terry as *Queen Guinevere*?

LOUISE DE LISLE.

Another Argument Started

New Martinsville, W. Va.

In reference to the letter written by a European visitor to this country, I wish to state that I do not agree at all. Pola Negri, Gloria Swanson, Barbara La Marr, and Mae Murray are my favorites, and I cannot see those soulless flappers nor yet merely brains. They are wonderful and I offer them the highest praise.

A THIRTEEN YEAR OLD FAN.



When Children Ask

The plaintive request of the little child for a doll, a wagon or some simple toy is the most touching thing in the world.

Gladly you will deny yourself so that you can satisfy the want of the child.

And we would not have it otherwise. For childhood takes its pleasures with inexpensive toys—things that we should be able to give them.

The message we would like to impress is that you can have the things you need and give your children the things they would like. The way is easy.

It is only necessary to buy right. "Thrift is common sense applied to spending."

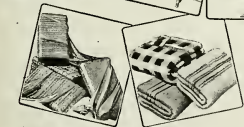
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

FIGHTING DEMON, THE—F. B. O.—Only the very glibbly will like this one. Richard Talmadge dashing through impossible melodrama. (August.)

FLASHING SPURS—F. B. O.—A ranger is the hero. Lots of fighting and shooting if you like that sort of stuff. (March.)

FOLLY OF VANITY—Fox.—A fantastic trip through Neptune's realm. Scupid. (April.)

FOOL, THE—Fox.—Melodrama with a moral. A dull but impressive version of a stage success with Edmund Lowe in the leading role. (June.)

FORTY WINKS—Paramount.—Don't miss this picture. There is more entertainment in it than the title implies. Story hinges on the recovery of coast defense plans. A garter is the only clue. (March.)

FREE AND EQUAL—A. H. Woods.—Pulled out of its groove for no good reason. The film is ten years old and deals with racial problems. Not for anybody. (July.)

FRIENDLY ENEMIES—Producers Distributing.—Weber and Fields doing their stuff in a ready-made plot. (July.)

FRIVOLOUS SAL—First National.—Good cast, wonderful scenery and two dandy fights. The action centers around a girl and a small boy who help a man find himself. (March.)

GALLOPING VENGEANCE—F. B. O.—A Bob Custer Western. Not so good. (May.)

GOLD AND THE GIRL—Fox.—Buck Jones vanquishes a gang of vandals who are robbing the gold mine. Leave it to Buck, every time. (May.)

GOLDEN BED, THE—Paramount.—A lavishly stupid spectacle. A trite story of a faithless, extravagant woman who kills two men and drives another to prison. (March.)

GOLD HEELS—Fox.—A trite horse racing story. The racing shots are the only redeeming feature. (April.)

GOOSE HANGS HIGH, THE—Paramount.—A perfect stage comedy with a perfect cast. Bring the whole family. (April.)

GO STRAIGHT—Schullerg.—A crook story dressed up with some off-screen views of the stars at work. Just fair. (July.)

GRASS—Paramount.—The story of the migration of the Lost Tribe of Persia, filmed in the Near East. One of the most impressive pictures ever made. (May.)

GREAT DIVIDE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A pleasing romance with a colorful background and splendid cast. (April.)

HEADWINDS—Universal.—How to win a girl, with House Peters playing the caveman. Improbable plot but lots of action. (June.)

HEART OF A SIREN, THE—First National.—If you like Barbara La Marr, here's your candy. Clifton Webb contributes some clever comedy. (May.)

HEARTS AND SPURS—Fox.—Buck Jones in a riot of hard-riding. It has plenty of action, so why worry about the story? (August.)

HELEN'S BABIES—Principal.—A nice little entertainment for the children with Baby Peggy furnishing most of the fun. (July.)

HER HUSBAND'S SECRET—First National.—Beautifully photographed but drearily developed. (April.)

HOW BAXTER BUTTED IN—Warner Brothers.—Matt Moore as a sappy clerk who would be a hero. He gets his wish. An amusing comedy melodrama. (August.)

HIS SUPREME MOMENT—First National.—Some beautiful colored photography, plenty of bad story and Blanche Sweet and Ronald Colman. (June.)

HUNTED WOMAN, THE—Fox.—A lady in search of her husband. Romance complicated by crooks. Nothing extra. (June.)

IF I MARRY AGAIN—First National.—Doris Kenyon and Lloyd Hughes make this romantic hodgepodge worth seeing. (April.)

IF MARRIAGE FAILS?—F. B. O.—Another one of those society dramas. Clive Brook, as the rich man, falls in love with a fortune-teller, played by Jacqueline Logan. Not so good for the children. (August.)

I'LL SHOW YOU THE TOWN—Universal.—Another hit for Reginald Denny. A genuinely amusing farce. (August.)

INTRODUCE ME—Associated Exhibitors.—Another good reason why Douglas MacLean is rapidly becoming one of our most popular comedians. Fine entertainment. (May.)

ISLE OF VANISHING MEN, THE—Adler.—Life among the cannibals, which is considerably more interesting than life in the average movie. (May.)

I WANT MY MAN—First National.—Murdered version of "The Interpreter's House." Heavy heroics by Milton Sills. (June.)

JIMMIE'S MILLIONS—F. B. O.—A tiresome picture. Richard Talmadge fights, runs and climbs buildings throughout. (April.)

JUST A WOMAN—First National.—Just a picture, redeemed by some good acting by Claire Windsor, Percy Marmont and Conway Tearle. (August.)

KISS BARRIER, THE—Fox.—Claire Adams and Edmund Lowe in a light romance. (July.)

KISS IN THE DARK, A—Paramount.—Sophisticated satire that sometimes misses fire. But that isn't the fault of Adolphe Menjou. (May.)

KISS ME AGAIN—Warner Brothers.—An ideal picture for adults. It's sophisticated, witty and shrewd. Ernst Lubitsch directed it and Marie Prevost, Monte Blue and Clara Bow are in the cast. (July.)

LADIES OF THE NIGHT—Metro-Goldwyn.—A well-told story of the two social worlds with some good comedy. Excellent acting by Norma Shearer, who plays a dual role. (May.)

LADY, THE—First National.—This mother-love story proves Norma Talmadge to be a great emotional actress. Be sure to see this! (April.)

LAST LAUGH, THE—U. F. A.—One of the greatest character studies ever produced. (April.)

LEARNING TO LOVE—First National.—Constant Talmadge endeavors to show modern girls the various ways to capture a husband. Good comedy. (April.)

LET 'ER BUCK—Universal.—Hoop Gibson swaggers through this as a he-man of the great outdoors and the hero of the hour. (March.)

LIGHTHOUSE BY THE SEA, THE—Warner Brothers.—Run runners plot to frustrate U. S. Revenue officers by substituting the keeper and his aids. Enter Rin-Tin-Tin and all is saved. (March.)

LILIES OF THE STREET—F. B. O.—Just white slave stuff which tries to be sensational—but doesn't succeed. (June.)

LITTLE FRENCH GIRL, THE—Paramount.—A study in French and English morals, not particularly suited to the screen. Alice Joyce and Mary Brian take the acting honors. (August.)

LOST CHORD, THE—Arrow.—A sobbing melodrama based on the song by Sir Arthur Sullivan. (March.)

LOST LADY, THE—Warner Bros.—A drab story. Irene Rich gives one of the finest performances of her career. (April.)

LOST WORLD, THE—First National.—A spectacular production introducing pre-historic animals. Slightly done. (April.)

LOVE'S BARGAIN—F. B. O.—An interesting and convincing story of domestic life in the theater world. (May.)

LYING WIVES—Aramson.—Lots of intense domestic trouble enjoyed by a batch of characters who seem to be half-witted. (July.)

MADAME SANS GENE—Paramount.—Gloria Swanson in her greatest role. The celebrated story was filmed in its authentic French background. Don't miss it. (June.)

MAD DANCER, THE—Jans.—A mean trick on little Ann Pennington who deserves something better. Not for the kids. (July.)

MAN AND MAID—Metro-Goldwyn.—One of Elinor Glyn's dime novels. Milder than usual. (June.)

MANSON OF ACHING HEARTS, THE—Schuberg.—An unsavory story that shouldn't have been filmed. (May.)

MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY, THE—Fox.—The famous Edward Everett Hale story of the young army officer who cursed his country. Adequately enough done but too long. (March.)

MARRIAGE IN TRANSIT—Fox.—Secret service plot No. 48. Routine entertainment. (June.)

MEDDLER, THE—Universal—William Desmond as a rich Wall Street man who hits the open spaces and licks them hard. (July.)

MEN AND WOMEN—Paramount.—Stuffed and old-fashioned drama which even Richard Dix cannot make interesting. (June.)

MIDNIGHT GIRL, THE—Chadwick.—Proving that it is hard for a good girl to get along. Reasonably entertaining, but not for children. (May.)

MIDNIGHT MOLLY—F. B. O.—Evelyn Brent in a dual crook role proves to be rather interesting. (April.)

MIRACLE OF THE WOLVES—Special.—A gorgeous and impressive French production that accurately recreates the France of Louis XI. But it is badly cut and edited for American audiences. (May.)

MISS BLUEBEARD—Paramount.—Plenty of laughs can be obtained from the love affairs of a French actress. Bebe Daniels plays the leading role. (April.)

MONSTER, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A real thriller with lots of mystery. (April.)

MY SON—First National.—Some real acting by Nazimova and Jack Pickford. Outside of that, just a movie. (June.)

MY WIFE AND I—Warner Brothers.—Constance Bennett again as a home-wrecker, with Irene Rich as the wife. Another domestic drama. (June.)

NARROW STREET, THE—Warner Brothers.—You'll get plenty of entertainment and good clean fun out of this story of a simple office clerk who rose to general manager and husband of the magnate's daughter. (March.)

NECESSARY EVIL, THE—First National.—Improbable and far-fetched with Viola Dana and Ben Lyon to save the day. (July.)

NEW LIVES FOR OLD—Paramount.—Fine entertainment. Well cast, well directed and fine photography. (April.)

NEW TOYS—First National.—A comedy of married life. Dick Bartlesness and Mary Hely (Mrs. Barthelme) are the married couple. (April.)

NIGHT CLUB, THE—Paramount.—Which proves that Raymond Griffith is one of our foremost young comics. Great amusement. (July.)

NIGHT SHIP, THE—Dumas.—It isn't supposed to be funny, but it is. (June.)

NO GUN MAN, THE—F. B. O.—Lefty Flynn is the only redeeming feature. It will please the young boys, though. (March.)

OLD HOME WEEK—Paramount.—A Grade A Thomas Meighan picture—his best in a long time. Ade wrote the story and Lila Lee is in it. (August.)

ONE WAY STREET—First National.—Just a dull picture. Not for the children and not for their fastidious elders. Anna Q. Nilsson works hard, however. (June.)

ON PROBATION—Steiner.—The escapades of a rich flapper. It's rich enough if you are not tired of goings-on of the younger set. (August.)

ON THIN ICE—Warner Brothers.—Gangsters, bank robberies and policemen. A good crook story well acted by Tom Moore, William Russell and Edith Roberts. (May.)

OPEN TRAIL, THE—Universal.—Jack Hoxie dresses up like an Indian and gives the young boys a good time. (July.)

PAMPERED YOUTH—Vitagraph.—A main street story of a spoiled, snobbish, high handed young man. Not so good. (April.)

PARASITE, THE—E. P. Schulberg.—A society drama of a divorced woman who tries to regain her husband's love. Not much. (April.)

PARISIAN NIGHTS—F. B. O.—Latin Quarter stuff in zat gay Paree with Apaches and such-like to keep things going. (May.)

PERCY—Associated Exhibitors.—Charles Ray returns to the old homestead. A fine comedy performance by Charlie Murray. (June.)

PETER PAN—Paramount.—A perfect picture of a perfect story, with a perfect cast. Everybody in America should see it. (March.)

PLAYING WITH SOULS—First National.—The story of a bad boy who tries to go to the bad. He doesn't, but the picture does. (May.)

PRICE OF PLEASURE, THE—Universal.—In which Cinderella is high-tailed by the Prince's family. Some good comedy by Louise Fazenda and T. Roy Barnes. (August.)

PROUD FLESH—Metro-Goldwyn.—Excellent satire, charmingly presented with three fine performances by Harrison Ford, Eleanor Boardman and Pat O'Malley. (June.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]

Watch This Column



CARL LAEMMLE

Universal has not become a part of any merger or combination because I can't see where it will benefit the great army of moving-picture fans. On the contrary, I believe it will operate distinctly to their disadvantage and eventually increase their cost of entertainment.

This is one industry which can't be organized into a trust without irreparable injury to its patrons and to the owners of moving-picture theatres. Keen competition is the very life-blood of entertainment,

and the real inspiration to better pictures and the right kind of development.

I prefer that UNIVERSAL *shall be absolutely free from* "entangling alliances" so that it may devote all its energies to pleasing the people and helping the theatre owner to improve his programs. If the formation of a trust would create better pictures and lower the cost to the public, I would be strong for it. But it can't—and won't—do these things, hence I prefer to be independent so that they *can* be done.

Ever since I have been producing moving-pictures, I have catered to the public at large, and by remaining entirely free, I can go on as before, *making the kind of pictures the people want*, charging only a reasonable profit and taking my cue from public opinion rather than from a group of men.

I want UNIVERSAL'S friends to know my position. I want the theatre owners everywhere to feel that the help I have given them in the past will continue uninterrupted. All the brains I have will be given to making better pictures, choosing the best stories from the best authors, selecting the best players and the best directors and adhering only to the small legitimate profit which has characterized UNIVERSAL from the beginning.

Am I right or wrong? A letter from YOU will be appreciated.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next month)

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]



Be Slender No effort is required

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OUO VADIS—First National.—Martyrdom of the Christians during the reign of Nero. (April.)

RAFFLES—Universal.—A good crook story marred by some slow direction. Hoop Peters heads the cast. (July.)

RAG MAN, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—Jackie Coogan—grown slightly taller—in an appealing and amusing picture. (May.)

RAINBOW TRAIL, THE—Another Zane Grey story. Good for small boys. (June.)

RECOMPENSE—Warner Brothers.—Sex stuff and grief with Monte Blue and Marie Prevost enjoying the agony. (June.)

REDEEMING SIN, THE—Vitaphone.—Nazimova romping through the role of an Apache can't be handed much. (April.)

RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE—Fox.—Considering the story, it's a disappointment. But good scenery, good photography—and Tom Mix. (May.)

RIDIN' PRETTY—Universal.—Just another Westerner. Average. (March.)

RIDIN' THUNDER—Jack Hoxie as the leader of another war between cattlemen and rustlers. (July.)

ROARING ADVENTURE—Universal.—Another Jack Hoxie Westerner—no better—no worse. (April.)

SACKCLOTH AND SCARLET—Paramount.—A penumbrating plot that fails to make its point. Alice Terry, Orville Caldwell and Dorothy Sebastian are in it. Not censurable. (June.)

SADDLE HAWK, THE—Universal.—How a sheep-herder made good as a cowboy, if that means anything to you. A Hoot Gibson film. (May.)

SALLY—First National.—A scintillating and beautiful version of the popular musical comedy. Colleen Moore is a delightful, dancing heroine. (May.)

SALLY OF THE SAWDUST—United Artists.—D. W. Griffith proves that he can make great comedy. In his gayest and most light-hearted picture. Wonderful acting by W. C. Fields and Carol Dempster. Everyone should see it. (August.)

SALOME OF THE TENEMENTS—Paramount.—Soyuz of the East Side captured the heart of a wealthy girl. Jetta Gondal in the leading role. (May.)

SCANDAL PROOF—Fox.—The story of one of those good but misunderstood girls. Sympathetically acted by Shirley Mason. (August.)

SCAR HANNAN—F. B. O.—The usual Western, with Yakima Canutt, rodeo star, exhibiting some wonderful feats of horsemanship. (May.)

SCARLET HONEYMOON—Fox.—A light and gay romance. Won't destroy your faith in Santa. (May.)

SCHOOL FOR WIVES, A—Vitaphone.—Proving that money is a curse, especially to Conway Tearle. Supposed to be a society drama. (June.)

SEVEN CHANCES—Metro-Goldwyn.—Another amusing one from Buster Keaton. (June.)

SHE WOLVES—Fox.—Old Home Week in the Paris cafes as pictured by a movie mind. (July.)

SHOCK PUNCH, THE—Fun on a skyscraper with Richard Dix romping about New York's skyline. A good show for everybody. (July.)

SIEGE—Universal. Mary Alden and Virginia Valli in a powerful drama of two generations. Highly recommended. (August.)

SIEGFRIED—Ufa.—Perhaps the most ambitious undertaking of the screen. A spectacularly beautiful and slightly dull version of the Niebelungen legend. Made in Germany. (August.)

SIGN OF THE CACTUS, THE—Universal.—Jack Hoxie becomes a Robin Hood of the West. Nothing to get excited about. (March.)

SILENT SANDERSON—Producers Distributing.—A really first-class Western with our old friend Harry Carey giving zest to the plot. (August.)

SLEEPING CUTIE, THE—F. B. O.—Two pals substitute in a basketball game. They know nothing about the game. They're a scream. (March.)

SO BIG—First National.—Thoroughly enjoyable. Colleen Moore steps before the public as a real actress in this story of mother-love and sacrifice. (March.)

SO THIS IS MARRIAGE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A scoundrel endeavors to win the wife by means of a story, told in milishly in colored flashbacks. (March.)

SOUL-FIRE—First National.—Colorful plot and lyric romance with some fine acting by Richard Barthelmess and Bessie Love. (June.)

SPEED, WILD—F. B. O.—Maurice Flynn as a speed-demon thwarts the usual crook band. (July.)

SPOOK RANCH—Universal.—A mixture of melodrama and comedy that is fairly amusing. Hoot Gibson plays the lead. (July.)

SPORTING VENUS, THE—A lady of high degree marries the commoner instead of the prince. A routine story made passable by Blanche Sweet, Ronald Colman and Lew Cody. (July.)

STAR DUST TRAIL, THE—Fox.—Another bad joke on poor little Shirley Mason. (May.)

SUPER SPEED—Rayart.—All the hokum of the old melodramas piled into this picture. (April.)

SWAN, THE—Paramount.—Without Adolphe Menjou in the cast, all that is left is a lot of beautiful and expensive scenery. Dull. (April.)

TALKER, THE—A dull story of domestic mix-ups that is helped along by the acting of Anna O. Nilsson, Lewis Stone and Shirley Mason. (July.)

TAMING THE WEST—Universal.—The great open spaces reform a bad boy. Hoot Gibson. (May.)

TEASER, THE—Universal.—A comedy snappily acted by Laura La Plante and Pat O'Malley. (August.)

TEXAS BEARCAT, THE—Another Western and that's all. Bob Custer and Sally Rand are in it. (July.)

THIEF IN PARADISE, A—First National.—The hero masquerades as another man, falls in love with one girl and is loved by another. A splendid picture with no dull moments. Not for the children. (March.)

THUNDERING HERD, THE—Paramount.—As good as "The Covered Wagon." Plenty of action, good cast and beautiful photography. (April.)

TIDES OF PASSIONS—Vitaphone.—A slow and old-fashioned story filled with grief and agony. Mae Marsh ought to know better. (July.)

TOMORROW'S LOVE—Paramount.—An amusing comedy-drama of youthful married life, strengthened by a smashing finish. (March.)

TOO MANY KISSES—Paramount.—Richard Dix goes to Spain and finds romance, thrills and all the other necessities of good farce comedy. (May.)

TOP OF THE WORLD, THE—Paramount.—Nothing to rave about. James Kirkwood appears in a dual role. (April.)

UNHOLY THREE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A striking and unusual story beautifully directed by Tod Browning and finely acted by Lon Chaney and Mae Busch. It's the thriller of the year. (July.)

UP THE LADDER—Universal.—Fair. A man becomes a successful inventor, then forgets those who helped him. But he descends off his perch. (April.)

VERDICT, THE—Tru-Art.—A far-fetched mystery story with William Collier, Jr., doing some effective acting. (August.)

WAKING UP THE TOWN—United Artists.—Mild fun. A small town story with Jack Pickford and Norma Shearer. (June.)

WAY OF A GIRL, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—An original light comedy with Eleanor Boardman, Matt Moore and William Russell. Satisfactory. (June.)

WELCOME HOME—Paramount.—A brilliantly realistic story of an unwanted old man, finely presented by James Cruze and beautifully acted by Luke Cosgrave. (August.)

WHITE MONKEY, THE—First National.—A riotous burlesque on Twain's novel with Barbara La Marr contributing to the massacre. (August.)

WHITE THUNDER—F. B. O.—A total loss and no insurance. (August.)

WIFE OF THE CENTAUR, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—Racy and spicy; Jack Gilbert, Aileen Pringle, Ekaor Boardman. Not for children. (March.)

WILD-FIRE—Vitaphone.—Old-fashioned and badly presented race-track melodrama. With Aileen Pringle. (July.)

WINGS OF YOUTH—Fox.—A modern mother reforms her flapper daughters. Good acting by Ethel Clayton. (July.)

WIZARD OF OZ, THE—Cladwick Pictures.—Larry Semon in a fine version of the popular classic. Great for the children. (June.)

YOUTH AND ADVENTURE—F. B. O.—Richard Talmadge battles his way through a heroic picture that will delight the youngsters. (March.)

ZANDER THE GREAT—Metro-Goldwyn.—An amusing picture, in spite of too much hokum. Marion Davies at her best and merriest. (July.)

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Do You Know How a Wife Can Keep Her Husband Faithful? Do You Know How to Make Yourself Attractive To Others? Do You Know What "Petting" Does to a Woman? The Things Young Girls Do That Disgust Men? The Mistakes Newlyweds Make? Do You Know How To Win the One You Want? What To Do When Marriage Seems a Failure? If You Do Not Know the Answers To These Vital and Other Vital Questions, Then Lose No Time in Reading Elinor Glyn's Latest—And Greatest—Book, "This Passion Called Love". Special Offer Enables You To Read Book 5 Days At Our Risk—With No Money In Advance. Mail Coupon NOW.

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In your own case—do you know the secret of attracting others? Do you know how to hold another's love and respect? Do you know what "petting" does to a woman? How to control your emotions? How to make passion a beautiful thing, instead of a degrading one? How a wife can keep her husband home nights? How to avoid squabbles?

Would you like to be the kind of man that all women admire? Do you know how to say the things that captivate a woman? Will you win the girl you want—or the girl you can get? Do you know the important problems of newlyweds? The mistakes to avoid after the honeymoon? What should a husband expect from his wife in affection? The dangers of too much affection?

Do you know what the modern girl does that disgusts men? The ways in which women can win men's admiration? How to acquire manners that always charm? Why do many women lose their charm at 30 when others are attractive at 50? How can a woman make her husband immune to vamps? What should a husband do if his wife falls in love with another man?

Do you know how to make yourself popular? Are most people eager to enjoy your society—or are you a "wallflower"? How can you make yourself attractive? What are the mistakes many single girls make? What are the mistakes young husbands make? How husbands often kill their wives' love?

In "This Passion Called Love", Elinor Glyn helpfully gives the answer to your most sacred uncertainties about love and marriage. She shows how love may be controlled, to bring lasting happiness. Tells the unmarried girl how to be attractive—the wife how to hold her husband's love. Shows women how to "manage" men, without seeming to. How to attract people you like. How to saturate yourself with love appeal. How to dress to please the opposite sex. She tells men how to keep women in love—warns women about the things that drive desirable men away—explains why most marriages end in indifference, disillusion, or despair. And best of all, she reveals the complete psychology of successful marriage, and gives countless fresh suggestions that should appeal all men and women—both married and single—to find the divine happiness of perfect mating and to get more joy out of it than was ever dreamed of!



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You need not advance a single penny to get "This Passion Called Love". Simply fill out the coupon—or write a letter—and the book will be sent on approval. When it arrives, pay the postman only \$1.98, plus a few pennies postage. Thee go over the book to your heart's content—read it from cover to cover—and if you are not more than pleased, simply send it back and your \$1.98 will be refunded gladly.

Elinor Glyn's books sell like magic—by the million! "This Passion Called Love", being the most helpful book she has ever written, will be in greater demand than all others. Everybody will talk about it—everybody will buy it. So it will be exceedingly difficult to keep the book to print. It is possible that the present edition may be exhausted, and you may be compelled to wait for your copy, unless you mail the coupon below AT ONCE. Get your pencil—fill out the coupon NOW. Mail it to The Authors' Press, Auburn, N. Y., before too late. Then be prepared to read one of the most helpful books ever written!

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- How a wife can keep her husband in love.
- How to win the girl you love.
- How a plain girl can be more alluring.
- What to do when marriage seems a failure.
- How to avoid being cheated out of happiness.
- Timely advice to those about to marry.
- Mistakes of the honeymoon.
- How a woman may always remain attractive.
- How to cope with a man's "hunting" instinct.
- How to make someone love you.
- A warning against grave dangers.
- Womanly attractions that charm men.
- Actions that make a woman charming.
- The kind of men all women love.
- How to preserve your powers of attraction.
- The important problems of newlyweds.
- Fatal mistakes of wives.
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The Authors' Press, Dept. 705, Auburn, N. Y. Please send me an approval Elinor Glyn's new book, "This Passion Called Love". When the postman delivers the book to my door, I will pay him only \$1.98, plus a few pennies postage. If it is uninteresting, however, that this is not to be considered a purchase. If the book does not to every way come up to expectations, I reserve the right to return it at any time within five days after it is received, and you agree to refund my money.

Do Love Letters Disgust—We have prepared a Limited Edition, handsomely bound in Royal Green Genuine Leather and lettered in Gold. It costs \$2.00 and does not sell elsewhere. No return required—make a genuine gift. If you prefer this leather edition, please specify the leather edition when you order. It is in the little square at the right, and pay the postman only 10c plus postage.

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At the Ritz-Carlton and the Ambassador in Atlantic City

One Hundred and Sixty-Four Women Guests tell why they prefer this soap for their skin

More than three-fourths of the women guests interviewed at the Ritz and the Ambassador find Woodbury's the best soap for their skin.

IT is to Atlantic City, with its golden air and its wonderful hotels that society women from New York, Philadelphia, Washington—even from as far as Pittsburgh and Chicago—go for a week-end of delicious idleness, when the rush of a crowded season has begun to wear on their vitality.

Because the brilliant throngs that drift through the Ritz and the Ambassador represent as cosmopolitan a gathering as America can offer—we undertook an investigation among the women guests at these two hotels. How do these women, who can afford the most costly personal luxuries, take care of their skin? What soap do they buy? Why do they choose it?

Their reasons, in their own words

One hundred and ninety-four women guests staying at the hotels at the time of our inquiry answered our questions.

One hundred and sixty-four, or more than three-fourths, said they were using Woodbury's Facial Soap for their skin.

We asked the one hundred and sixty-four Woodbury users why they preferred it for the care of their skin.

"Because my skin was so irritated by any ordinary soap."

"Because other soaps which I had given a fair trial had failed—Woodbury's has greatly helped me."

"Because of the amount of soap necessary to use, living in Pittsburgh. I find Woodbury's leaves the skin as smooth as possible."

"Because once I find something good, I want to hold on to it. It is the most refreshing soap in the world."

"Because all my friends who have good complexions use it."

These were a few of the answers.

One hundred and twenty-two women spoke of the purity of Woodbury's or of its mild, non-irritating effect on a tender skin.

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This for-

mula not only calls for absolutely pure ingredients. It also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap. In merely handling a cake of Woodbury's one notices this extreme fineness.

Around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is wrapped a booklet containing special cleansing treatments for overcoming common skin defects. Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter, and begin your treatment tonight!

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks.

To free your skin from blemishes—use the famous treatment on page 4 of the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch."



FREE—A guest-size set, containing the new, large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder.

Cut out the coupon and mail it today

The ANDREW JERGENS Co.,
509 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Please send me FREE

The new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder, and the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 509 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Biscuiters Road, London, S. E. 1.

Name.....
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Edward Thayer Monroe

New Pictures

AFTER a brief trip to Europe, Gilda Gray will return to make her first starring picture for Paramount. The film will be based on Gilda's own life—and there has been plenty of drama in the story of the Polish immigrant girl who became the most celebrated dancer on Broadway.

* * *



Russell Ball

THE friend of the family—the home-town boy who makes good—that's Thomas Meighan. His vogue has been the steadiest of them all. Next winter you will see him co-starred with Norma Talmadge—the first time two stars of such magnitude have consented to shine together



W. F. Seely

SHIRLEY MASON is free-lancing at present—which means that she is determined to make fewer and better pictures. Her next appearance will be in "Joseph Greer and His Daughter." Did you recognize Shirley in her new blonde wig?



Eugene Robert Richee

DOUGLAS MACLEAN knew what the public wanted—clean, lively amusement—so he went ahead on his own and produced his own pictures. His comedies have maintained such a high standard of excellence that now he ranks among the Big Ones of the business.



Edward Thayer Monroe

VIRGINIA VALLI has been hiding her gifts too long in mediocre pictures. But "Siege" brought her new recognition. She will be seen opposite Thomas Meighan in "The Man Who Found Himself." Just now, Miss Valli is in Germany making a picture for an English company.



Pach Bros.

A SKILLFUL artist—a charming woman—and one of the best dressed actresses on the screen. In the old days, Alice Joyce was one of the first stars to realize the importance of attractive gowns. She was a pioneer in bringing good taste in clothes to the screen.

* * *



Strauss-Peyton

MR. and MRS. HAROLD LLOYD have their picture taken together. Harold's new comedy, "The Freshman," is one of the greatest of his brilliant career. He may produce his next film in New York. But, of course, all movie plans are subject to change without notice.

* * *

Is this what happens to
your lovely silk things?

Even after one or two wearings, while not obviously soiled, a silk garment which comes into contact with the skin has in it enough perspiration acid to injure its delicate fibres and colors. And hamper dampness keeps the acid moist and active.

If only everyone realized this, surely a lovely silk blouse would never find its way into the hamper with soiled linens and other household laundry.



This simple method protects delicate fabrics

Have you ever considered this?

A great many women do their entire household laundry with Ivory soap—for their hands' sake as well as for the sake of the clothes. Why not try Ivory for your weekly wash and other household tasks?

Your personal laundry

Every one of these garments requires the care and protection provided by Ivory (cake or flakes).

Silk stockings, silk lingerie*
silk nightgowns*
silk blouses,* sweaters
scarves, dresses
handkerchiefs
ties
cuffs and collar sets
sports shirts
silk negligees*

**The garments indicated should be tubbed in Ivory suds as soon as possible after they are worn.*

A quick tubbing in Ivory suds as soon as possible after wearing will prevent acid action and premature wear by perfect cleansing.

This takes but a few minutes, and Ivory cannot hurt fabrics or colors, no matter how often they are washed, provided they can stand the touch of pure water. Yet think what it means in appearance and added wear if you take care of your silk things this way!

If it were not for the purity and gentleness of Ivory you might think twice before subjecting your fragile garments, or even your hands, to such frequent tubbings. But with

Ivory, you don't have to worry, for millions of women use Ivory on their faces, and a soap fine enough for your face is fine enough for the most delicate garments.

IVORY Flakes
—a sample, FREE

Let us send you a sample of Ivory Flakes. We shall also send you a beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," a veritable encyclopædia of laundering information. Address a postcard to Section 45-IF, Dept. of Home Economics, Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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IVORY SOAP

99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ PURE
CAKE or FLAKES

PHOTOPLAY

September, 1925

Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

DURING a recent trip to Hollywood I found that the best work was being done where the happiest conditions prevailed. One studio was full of politics, of suspicion, of petty double-crossing. The product was as spotty as the environment. In another, good feeling, mutual respect, consideration, and happiness resulted in the most consistent production of fine pictures of any studio to be found in the entire business. The first I will not name—the second was the Pickford-Fairbanks Studio.

IHAVE never known a more successful marriage than that of Mary and Doug. It proves that a man and a woman can have their own careers and be happy. Each has a separate organization. Each tries to help the other, yet neither tries to interfere or force opinions. They are happy and everybody else on their lots is happy. Mary says Doug is the best producer in the business and Doug says Mary is the most marvellous combination of feminine sweetness and brains.

And I think they are both right.

"WHAT'S the secret?" I asked Mary. Before I got the last word out she blurted at me: "It isn't any secret. I love Doug and Doug loves me. And while we do not go around cooing and billing like a couple of turtle doves he proves it to me every day by his actions and I try to do the same. We make a business of being happily married. We are partners and we play the game like partners. I tell you—remember the theme of Doug's 'Thief of Bagdad'—'happiness must be earned,—that's it. You must earn your happiness or you don't get it. We both work at happiness.'"

Seems simple, doesn't it?

IWAS leaving—was outside the door of her bungalow on my way over to play with Doug, his director, and one of the boys in his office, and then Mary called me back.

"I forgot to say," she whispered impishly, "that Doug and I have never been separated for a single day. We take no vacations on our job of being happy."

WHAT does the future hold for Lillian Gish? Criticism has its fads and fancies and it has in the past few years become fashionable to laud her as the Duse of the Screen, yet, since she left Mr. Griffith's studios

nothing has appeared which should give her artistic preference over other actresses who have earned high places. Miss Gish, like Richard Barthelmess, scored sensationally in Mr. Griffith's inspired production of "Broken Blossoms," but since she left him she has only the "White Sister" which would point to possible greatness. She has always played the frail girl caught in the cruel maelstrom of life, battling helplessly for her honor or her happiness.

IN real life Lillian Gish has many of the qualities represented in her screen characterizations. She has a philosophy of life and business which she adheres to with a deliberateness that amounts almost to a religion, reminding me of a girlish "Whistler's Mother." Not even the episode of the regrettable lawsuit over her business and emotional differences with her former producer could change the placidity of her bearing. She went calmly through the sensational trial nibbling a carrot a day to keep excitement away.

NOW she is cast to do a highly emotional role. King Vidor is to direct her in "La Boheme." While she may not be the intellectual personality some writers are so fond of seeing in her because of her serenity, she has a soundness of business judgment which has enabled her to capitalize her screen personality with one of the largest salaries, and no doubt she took careful stock of her ability to portray this new role before she chose it. She will have to develop a new character for the first time or she will play Lillian Gish instead of the unhappy "Mimi." It will be interesting also to watch King Vidor's direction, for he too will be thrown into a different style of direction from that used in "The Jackknife Man" and "Wild Oranges," which built up his directorial reputation.

Wouldn't it be interesting to see Lillian Gish play a Barbara La Marr role, for Duse was a versatile actress, if there ever was one?

IWENT to about half a dozen parties. I was disappointed. There wasn't a thing to criticize. Just folks in the same business, getting together of an evening to pass the time away in congenial company. Just like a pleasant crowd in Dubuque or Brooklyn.

No dope—no wildness—a few cocktails.

Hollywood is going to the dogs. Back to the great open spaces of New York.

Why you hear of
so many engagements
that never reach
the altar

Languishing

By Dorothy Spensley

HOLLYWOOD is sex under the spotlight. Hollywood is the world's illusion. Hollywood is the font of vicarious enjoyment. Here Sex, pirouetting under the focus of a million avid eyes, falters in its mad bacchanal and, for a trembling instant, vainly longs for country lanes far from the prying eyes of the multitude. A deafening call from Sex's audience who has paid its nickels and dimes to be thrilled, brings Sex back from the land of longing and again the wild gyrations commence.

Family life, struggling as it does in this jazz-mad age to retain some semblance of its former staid mediocrity, has a hard time to exist in the turbulent City of Films. Ordinary happenings that in Squash Center, Iowa, would be condoned and forgotten remain fare for the newspapers until the public shudders and cringes at the names of those involved.



Constance Talmadge and Buster Collier announced their engagement just so people would stop asking them about it. But people still will put questions

Mrs. Jones in Iowa has a baby—Father Jones quitting the old homestead about two months before the young squelcher makes its appearance. With the sympathy of the town on her side Mrs. Jones goes home to mother and the town forgets the incident, save perhaps if a similar one occurs, when they again refer to the unfortunate episode.

Let Mrs. Jones of Hollywood have an infant. Let her husband leave her before the baby arrives and the world is agog. Hollywood is divided in two sections. Those who are blatant in defense of Mrs. Jones and those who back Mr. Jones. Then the papers pick up the debate and loud and long are the discussions as to whether a career comes before motherhood, or should a man be allowed a certain amount of freedom. Mrs. Hollywood Jones' child is born and the fact that its parents were separated is never forgotten by the public.

Therefore, if this condition exists in married life, how can Romance—that fragile and tender illusion that adds color to Life's dreariness—hope to blossom under the scorching spotlight? If the keen observation of the public, represented by the sharp eye of a reporter, doesn't kill any budding romance, then you may be sure a proud mother will put the kibosh on it. And if there is no mother to bar the way, there is another more deadly element than all the meddling mamas in the world. This potent toxin is none other than our old friend Jealousy, clad in an outer garment of Professional Jealousy.

If Jealousy is represented as an insidious poison, then



Hollywood said, "I told you so," when Helen Ferguson and William Russell were married. They'd been engaged for years before the knot was tied

another deadly enemy of Romance in pictureland is Career—closely allied to Jealousy—but portrayed as a shrine. And how many crumbled Romances—like sacrificial offerings on the altar of love—remain before it!

And then there is Infatuation, often mistaken for Romance, that is bred by propinquity. A handsome and eligible actor quite by accident appears in two pictures in succession with an equally handsome and eligible young actress. Of necessity they



Among the candidates for the hand of Lois Wilson, was J. Warren Kerrigan. There was quite a lot of expectancy in filmdom circles, but it's all over now

Romances

False Rumors, Love of Careers, Jealousy, Mothers, Disillusions, Separations—All enemies of Picture Lovers and Marriages



After keeping their friends guessing for years, Viola Dana and Lefty Flynn stepped to the altar. And that's that! And so their friends had to find other fields for speculation

are subjected to the most elemental of human emotions—of necessity they are forced into a closer relationship than people not of the screen. Perhaps they dine and dance together in a public place. An enterprising reporter sees them and, being devoid of news for that night's edition, concocts an engagement. There is no dissent from their quarter and merrily the betrothal tale makes the rounds of the cities. We will suppose they were infatuated with one another. Along comes Fate, in

the shape of a producer, and decides to use a blonde heroine in place of the dark haired charmer. They separate. Each has a new leading player. Other interests enter their lives. The infatuation that set the world on fire flickers to a feeble flame and finally dies of malnutrition.

Sad as these other circumstances may be, the saddest is Disillusionment. To find that the idol you had worshipped has feet of clay is the greatest tragedy. And how few will admit their tragic discovery!

So with all these impending calamities it is a wonder that Father Dodd, Hollywood's own pastor, does not hang a "for rent" sign on his manse and move to more remunerative points. However, there are folks who do take the chance and live to rejoice. Our tale is not of them. It is of those romances that have been so gaily heralded and are now so frigidly ignored.

The cause for this ruminating is the announcement of the betrothal of Alma Rubens and Ricardo Cortez—both interesting personalities—both involved in erotic echoes—both extremely personable. Hollywood knows that Alma is manacled



Although they must wait a year, Alma Rubens and Ricardo Cortez are quite willing to tell the world that they're going to marry

by rude red tape and cannot marry until the first of next year, when her final decree of divorce from Dr. Daniel Carson Goodman is received. Hollywood has heard that Ricardo's marital meanderings are well guarded by an iron-clad clause in his existing contract.

Will the Rubens-Cortez announcement drift into the oblivion of other engagements? Will it join the Stark-White, the Wilson-Baruch, the McAvoy-Hunter, the Lyon loves, the Negri amours in the Limbo of Languishing Loves?

Let's reminisce over a few of these long-lost romances.

First there was the Pauline Starke-Jack White announcement that flashed across the sky, its brilliancy accentuated by the beautiful diamond that Pauline so proudly wore. Like lesser comets came repeated acknowledgments of their engagement. And then silence. But during this time Pauline was not inactive. There came her repeated successes in "The Palace of the King," "Forbidden Paradise" and "The Devil's Cargo," culminating in a desirable contract. And now not a word is mentioned about their promised alliance. What caused the rift in the plans is not determined. Mother? Career?

Not so long ago a betrothal was sensed in the ardent devotion Ricardo Cortez was offering Agnes Ayres. They were discovered teasing, talking and trotting together. For the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Public and all the little Publics a scribe declared them engaged. But something intervened. Check over the reasons given above and see [CONTINUED ON PAGE 110]



May McAvoy simply can't make up her mind. Robert Agnew has been waiting patiently for her decision. The future still holds the answer



You laugh at the man who is caught in the act — unless it's you



When Eve made her first pie and Adam his first wise-crack, the world started laughing

What Makes You Laugh?

By Al Christie



Al Christie, who has made millions by making millions laugh. He tells in this article just how he does it

BACK in the days of the good old Chautauqua lecture, the village smart-crackers thought it funny to stand up in the gallery and yell, "Louder and Funnier!"

It wasn't funny to the man who was talking about the lantern slides. And it isn't funny to the comedy producer today who has to make two hearty laughs grow where only one chuckle blossomed before if he doesn't want to find himself back in the gallery with the wise-crackers.

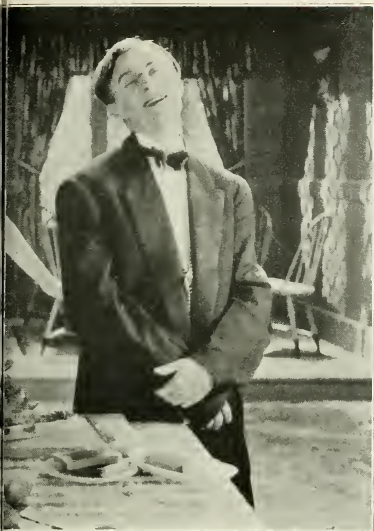
Exhibitors want to hear the cash customers laugh, and heaven help the producer who lets the audience rest in silence in their expensive upholstered seats.



The graceful art of Socking the Socker as demonstrated by Tom Wilson, Eddie Gribbon and Creighton Hole



The gentle suitor foiled is sure to bring a round of tough-look



Fathers are still walking the floor at nights and stepping on tacks at 4 A. M. That's why Walter Hiers gets a laugh

An expert's recipes for getting grins, giggles and guffaws

Humor goes in cycles; sometimes it runs in circles; but it doesn't matter how it goes so long as the audience laughs.

The editor of PHOTOPLAY has asked me for our recipe for sure-laughs. There are six time-tested situations which, we have found, are pretty sure to start the circulation in your risibles if properly applied.

1. Heaving the pie.
2. The lover foiled.
3. The Amateur Expert.
4. The Crowner Crowned—or The Socker Socked.

(This one always rocks the theater—human nature simply cannot resist the turn of the trick.)

5. Papa and the Baby.
6. Caught in the Act.

The first of these was discovered when Eve made the first pie for Adam and he made the first wise-crack. She heaved it—and the world has been laughing at her gesture ever since. This is symbolic today for the hurling of cabbages and parsnips, or, if we are seeking for subtlety, the sloughing of French pastry, a hag of flour or a fountain of mud.

When the lover is foiled in a comedy, it is usually by the sweetheart's father or by the ferocious rival.

If the father does the foiling, he has a gouty foot upon which the gentle suitor treads none too gently. If the rival lover intervenes, he is a tough-looking individual in contrast to the small shrimp hero; otherwise, with the hero an athletic Adonis, we would have non-laughing drama.

The Amateur Expert is one knowing nothing about aviation, prize-fighting and cowpunching. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 125]



chuckles. It's especially funny when the rival is a ing guy



The amateur expert—Bobby Vernon—in the throes of fright in sure-fire comedy. His perplexity and terror are irresistible

At the Crossroads Which Road Will This Girl Take?



In this scene from "The Sea Woman," Blanche Sweet, veteran of the screen, might well be saying, "Dorothy, you will be either a success or a 'flop.' It's up to you—no one else."

HER feet have come to the crossroads. Ahead lies her destiny. Which path will she take?

Thousands of girls long to stand where Dorothy Sebastian stands today—upon the threshold of screen fame, screen fortune, hailed by those who know as a first choice of today for future greatness on the silversheet. The way ahead would seem to be clear and straight.

And yet—and yet—many girls have stood where Dorothy stands today. I remember this one and that one, many who are now forgotten, who had their chance, and took the wrong road.

The question is, will this girl of the magnetic eyes and the great sweep of dramatic power, will she be able to stand the gaff?

When Dorothy came to Hollywood from Alabama, by way of the George White "Scandals," we all took one look at her enormous eyes and her fascinating mouth, and said, "Here is one of the chosen few."

When she made "Sackcloth and Scarlet," with Henry King, who directed "The White Sister" and "Tol'able David," Henry King and all of us, and the critics, gasped at her performance, and at the way she photographed, and said, "She's a good bet."

Al Rockett, one of the boys who made "Abraham Lincoln" and now among the powers at First National, says she has one of the greatest futures of any young girl on the screen today, if—

Frank Lloyd, who chose her for a big rôle in his last picture, "Winds of Chance," believes the same thing, if—

If what? They all know.

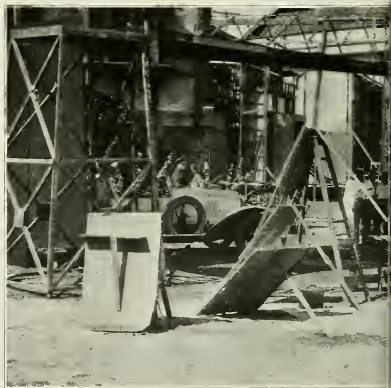
If she works. If she gives all her time, all her energy, all her thoughts to the development of her talent, her figure, her personality. If she is willing never to eat anything she wants. If she is willing to give up all the fun and the late hours that lure young girls.

If she is willing to keep training like a football star before the big game.

If she is willing to spend hours trying to find out, as Gloria once did, what clothes, what styles best suit her type. And then to spend more hours getting them. If she

is willing to spend the hours from eight in the morning to nine in the evening at the studio, working on stories, studying parts, as Mary Pickford does.

The "if" isn't only for Dorothy Sebastian. It's for every girl. But never has one stood more definitely at the crossroads than she stands today.



Here's George Fitzmaurice making scenes for "The Dark Angel" reflectors that throw sunlight on the faces of the players. Behind the

"Hurricane's Gal"
is Back

Dorothy Phillips Returns



Dorothy Phillips left the screen as "Hurricane's Gal" (right) and in "Without Mercy" returns in triple characterizations, one of which—Madam Corton—is here pictured at the left

THE return to the screen of a player of established identity—that is, the identity which has been established prior to the departure—is usually accompanied by a deluge of promises attendant upon past performances. The blare of the publicity trumpets, the broadcasting of reams of "you will recall when—" yarns, "the screen's

most charming personality"—and similar upheavals of idle fancy attempt to and oft times do succeed in creating in the fertile brain of the reader, facts which, when actually revealed, prove disastrous, not only to the player, but to the reader. The return of "Hurricane's Gal" is as totally different as is the well-known day and night. For few screen fans there are who will not recall "Hurricane's Gal"—in real life Dorothy Phillips.

The reputation achieved and sustained by Dorothy Phillips during her career in motion pictures had firmly established her as a screen star. There was no specially prepared screen story awaiting her—nothing similar to any former role was to be aligned in bringing her back to the silver sheet. Her return in the role of *Enid Garth* in "Without Mercy," is, by those who have witnessed the rushes, one of the most convincing portrayals ever evidenced.

The two years' absence of Dorothy Phillips from the screen was occasioned by the death of her most beloved, Allen Holubar, husband and director. It was not a whim nor fancy which prompted Dorothy Phillips to again seek greater laurels before the studio lights—it was the combined efforts of Director George Melford and William Siström, studio executive, who succeeded in engaging her for the dominant rôle of their new picture.

The role is most unusual in that it presents Miss Phillips in three distinct characterizations: as the youthful bride, honeymooning in the Argentine; later, as the executive of the largest banking concern in London; and lastly, as the tight-fisted money lender of the London slums.

The three characterizations are most unusual and they are a daring venture for Miss Phillips, as no obvious artifices must be resorted to.

Since the death of her husband, Allen Holubar, on November 20, 1923, Miss Phillips has kept away from the screen. His loss was a severe shock to her.

But Miss Phillips has been an actress since her girlhood. Work is a part of her life. As for the other part of her life—that which is gone—she is bravely hiding it away and going on with her career, as Allen Holubar himself would have wished her to do.

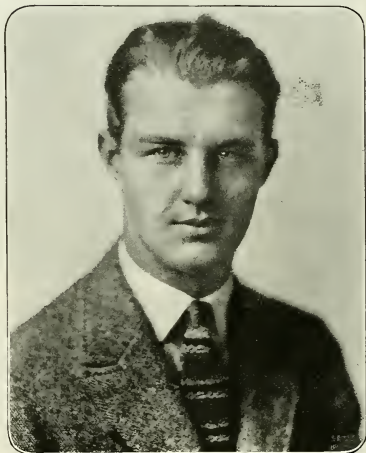


He is the lad in the felt hat behind the camera platform. Note the Ronald Colman and Vilna Banky, the new actress from Budapest

The Younger Generation



CONSTANCE BENNETT—This clever young artist who has appeared in several Paramount pictures is the oldest daughter of Richard Bennett, that veteran of the stage who has also had his fling at pictures and vaudeville



FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN, JR.—This handsome young giant, who reminds us of Wally Reid, began life as Ralph Bushman, but since signing a starring contract has taken the name of his famous father, Francis X., and become a junior



ROSEMARY CONWAY—She's the beautiful little daughter of Jack Conway, former leading man and present day director, and she's out for screen honors with Dad firmly behind her



THE COSTELLO GIRLS—Dolores, who is a blonde, and Helene, a brunette—they are the daughters of Maurice Costello, old Vitaphone star who is still in pictures. The girls have recently signed a Warner Bros. contract. Dolores will be John Barrymore's leading woman.

The Motion Picture is a Young Art, but the Second Generation is not "Still in its infancy"



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.—Here's another junior doing quite well on his own. Over at Paramount, where they have him under a long term contract, he is considered a real bet, with much of his father's charm and artistry



YVONNE CAREWE—She is the daughter of Edwin Carewe, director and former screen heavy, and must have it in her blood. She recently refused a world tour, which Dad offered as a bribe, to take a small part in one of Dad's pictures



RUTH MIZ—And this is the little daughter of Tom Miz and a "regular hand" herself, as you would agree if you could see her swing a rope or handle her little "point" pony, "Man." She is being starred in westerns



WILLIAM COLLIER, JR.—That's what they call this son of Willie Collier in the billing of "The Wanderer," in which he has the greatest part of his screen career, but every one around the studios calls him just plain "Buster"

The Public Just Won't Let Mary Pickford Grow Up



"Dorothy Vernon"

Mary changed her type to suit the critics, but the public clamored for their old sweetheart, and the answer is "Little Annie Rooney"

By James R. Quirk



"Annie Rooney"

MARY PICKFORD has just passed through a crisis in her career.

After years of unwavering triumph in child rôles she heard the inevitable cry of critics urging her to change her type, to put up her curls and play women.

The public had not tired of her youthful characterizations, the critics still praised them highly in review, but it appeared that a time had come for change.

Mary regarded the matter as critical, for there is no one less sure of self, no one more open to criticism and advice than Mary.

Deciding at last to act on the suggestion she engaged the best directors available, Ernst Lubitsch to direct her in "Rosita" and Marshall Neilan for "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." No labor or expense was spared in the matter of production.

The result? Two notable pictures in which Mary gave performances equalled by few actresses. Her ability was proved, both as an actress and a producer; the pictures were heralded among the best of the year; but somehow the appeal fell short, far short, of that which Mary had previously exerted.

Mary regarded them as failures, and saw in them her own failure. They missed. Some element was lacking. Did the public want a return to the old form of char-

acterization, or was the fault in her interpretation of the new?

Distracted and unhappy Mary at length directed an appeal through PHOTOFAY magazine asking the public to decide. "I know the magazine is read by two million five hundred thousand people every month," she wrote, "and that these constitute the essence of picture patronage. So I'm taking this direct route to ask for suggestions as to the type of stories I should do."

The appeal for advice brought twenty thousand letters from a public representing every continent. The mail men cried for help, and Mary's secretarial force was doubled.

There was no doubt left as to the will of the majority; ninety-nine per cent of the letters beseeched her "to be Mary Pickford," to return to the lovable character of youth which she has rendered classic.

Mary was overwhelmed with pleasure by the response. It was the greatest testimony of the love the world holds for her that she has ever received: post cards, words childishly scrawled on tablet paper, letters written on monogrammed note-paper and typewritten on business stationery, they poured in upon her as a tribute of esteem such as few world figures have ever commanded.

"They made a new woman of Mary," says Doug. Waverin in decision, fear-



A scene from "Little Annie Rooney," in which she volunteers for a blood transfusion to save the life of her East Side sweetheart, who was shot by her brother. It brings a lump in your throat. Francis X. Bushman, Jr., on the left, plays the role of a hospital surgeon



Mary Pickford and her gang. They will give Hal Roach's "Our Gang" a fight, down back of the gas house, on New York's East Side, any time they are looking for trouble

ful lest the public was tiring of her, the letters came as an exhilarating tonic to her courage. With enthusiasm she threw herself decisively into making the best picture of her career, "Little Annie Rooney."

Never has Mary Pickford played so skillfully upon the heart. When she showed it privately in Hollywood people declared it funnier than Chaplin's "The Gold Rush." But it is not just comedy; it is a creation of exquisite shading, from delicate, trembling pathos to sheer hilarious delight. It has the exuberance of youth and the soul of it, this "Little Annie Rooney," as great, if not greater, than "Tess of the Storm Country" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

Perhaps the art of Mary Pickford has been enriched with new experiences and new endeavor. The radiance has always been hers, and in it lies the secret of Mary Pickford's undying charm. Mary is more than an actress, she's a symbol. And through the child which she plays the quality of her shines clearest.

One of the letters she received expresses the world attitude toward Mary Pickford:

"Most everybody in the world is lonely," it said. "It is hard to find friends, and there are many disappointments. But we all go on hoping to find our ideal somewhere, and so that's the

TWO months ago Mary Pickford asked the public, through Photoplay Magazine, to assist her in determining on the type of pictures she shall make in the future. She had made "Dorothy Vernon" and "Rosita," as well as any living actress could do them. The critics raved, but the public sulked. Twenty thousand letters have been received by Mary since her appeal for suggestions appeared in these pages. "We want our Mary back," was the song they sang. And Mary is singing back to them with "Little Annie Rooney," which I believe is her greatest picture. It has more laughs than "The Gold Rush," and more tears than "Over the Hill." The awards on her letters will be announced next month.

JAMES R. QUIRK.



Mary Pickford and the editor of Photoplay in her Hollywood bungalow, at the difficult task of judging the letters

reason we come to you, as you are on the screen, a beautiful, wonderfully happy child who can make us smile and cry a little just as we used to do as children. Don't ever take that little child away, it would be taking more than entertainment, for we have made her ours to romp in our hearts forever..."

For years there has been speculation as to when Mary will retire with her screen immortality and fortune.

Mary has no thought of retiring. Her work is almost as necessary to her life as food and air. She is never so happy as when she is hard at it, working on the continuity of her story, deep in production, or the final task of editing and titling.

When one picture is completed and on its way to the laboratories for printing, the ordinary person would take a long vacation, free from all worries, Mary's worries begin. She becomes nervous, impatient to be at it again, always with a vision of a better picture, always eager to wrestle with new problems.

"The only time I ever saw her tired or bored looking was the day after she had approved the final working print on "Little Annie Rooney."

"You are going to take a rest now?" I asked.

"Rest?" she said. "I'm getting disgusted with loafing already. Do you know a good story?"

In a Gold Frame

The story of a girl who proved worthy of a borrowed setting

By
Margaret E. Sangster

Illustrated by
Harley Ennis Stivers

AN onlooker, perhaps, might have said that Sara Day knew her great moment on the night that proclaimed her stardom. On the night when her name first glowed, in foot-high letters of light, above the doorway of a great city's greatest picture house. But Sara Day—looking back across the chasm of the years—knew that the great moment had come more simply, more silently. On the still, spring evening when she was eleven years old and had been taken—as a special reward for a month of nearly perfect behavior—to spend the night with Miss Carey.

Sara Day had been Sally O'Day then—a child of the slums. Precocious, rather—but inclined to be shyer, more reserved than the average slum child of her age. Shaggy of hair, soiled of fingers and elbows, thin legged. So Sally O'Day! But, even then, showing a promise of the wistful prettiness that has, by some connoisseurs, been called perfection.

Miss Carey? She was Sally O'Day's teacher. And, incidentally—almost unconsciously—her ideal. A slim gentleman with greying hair and fine brown eyes—a woman frail and dainty, thrown by chance into a profession that is grueling and hard, if taken seriously. That is, mayhap, harder—if taken lightly!

Miss Carey had a unique system of teaching in the slums. Into the land of alley and tenement she had brought her indomitable love of cleanliness and beauty. She had also brought her gallantry and her high courage. She aided and abetted her teaching with a system of rewards that would have baffled the Board of Education—had they known about it. Her class showed an earnestness that could only be accounted for because earnestness meant Sunday walks in the far country that lay across the ferry, with teacher. Her pupils showed a desire to learn that might have been explained by the books that Miss Carey, from her own small salary, supplied as prizes. The children who sat before her, in their hard little seats, toiling at their stiff little desks—they showed a better average of deportment than other groups of children. Because, at the end of each month, the child with the highest rating was permitted to spend a night with Miss Carey in her wee, immaculate apartment. To eat a supper and breakfast with Miss Carey,



"But you are descended from her?"
asked the man
abruptly

from china sprigged with roses and forget-me-nots. To sleep, between spotless linen sheets, upon Miss Carey's guest day-bed. And to come to school the next morning, clinging to Miss Carey's friendly hand.

Sally O'Day had been a little frightened, at first, when she learned that the honor of spending a night with teacher had fallen, like a mantle, upon her meagre shoulders. Somehow, she was afraid of Miss Carey's neatness—at too close range. But pride, and a certain curiosity, sent her spurring to the test. For it was a test! Even at the age of eleven Sally O'Day knew the difference between Miss Carey's slim hand and her own rough, small fingers. Knew the abyss that lay between the pin tucked white petticoat of Miss Carey and her own soiled red flannel underskirt.

They went home to the wee apartment, together—the child and the woman who taught her—after Miss Carey had corrected the day's stack of test papers and Sally O'Day had cleaned the blackboards and watered the primroses that always stood, serenely, upon the window sill in Miss Carey's room. They went home, together, and on the way Miss Carey talked of lovely things—of fresh flowers and budding trees and gay colors. Of springtime things! That made Sally O'Day long—although she did not analyze her longings—for a clean frock and a shampoo. And fresh stockings. That made her feel self-conscious in regard to the red flannel petticoat!

Miss Carey let herself—and Sally—into the dim, tiny hallway of her home. She switched on an electric light. And the child, crowding close behind her, drew a sharp, almost sobbing breath.

In after years Sara Day was to know many a charming home. But none of them ever thrilled her as did the home which Miss Carey had created in a two-room and bath flat. A home of soft, subdued tones—of corners that were pictures, cleverly composed—of curtained square windows and bits of colorful porcelain and pottery. An inexpensive home, perhaps, but one of sheer splendor to the child. As she stood, speechless, before an unexpected sensation, Miss Carey spoke.

"My dear," she said, "I'll go about the getting of supper. And I think that perhaps you would like to take a bath—" Miss Carey was tactful—"while I'm making things ready. You did so many dusty things for me, before we left school, that I'm sure—" Miss Carey's voice trailed off into silence as she led Sally O'Day toward the bathroom.

IT was a small, immaculate bathroom. A place of scrubbed tiling and chambray curtains. Of wide white towels and fragrant soap. But it terrified Sally O'Day. There was no bathroom in the tenement dwelling where—with an aunt and

three cousins—she made her home. But as Miss Carey turned on the water, as she tested it with an experimental finger, Sallie O'Day squared her thin shoulders. And started, shyly, to unbutton her frock.

Seeing the shabbiness of that frock—sensing the squalor that lay beneath it—Miss Carey turned to go. Kindly. As she shut the door behind her—as she listened for the at first hesitant, and then vigorous splashing—her brown eyes kindled with sheer happiness. But she did not know that the eyes of the child in the tub—wide, suddenly rebellious eyes—were filling with tears.

"I don't wanta put on th' dirty d'os again," Sally O'Day was saying to herself. "I wanta be clean. Clean. Like she is. Everybody's got a right t' be clean! I wanta have a pretty room t' live in. An' a bath tub. An' white petticoats. . . ."

The great moment of Sara Day's life? It happened as she stepped—warmly alive and glowing—from the tub. And wrapped her slim little body in a bath towel!

UNTIL Sally O'Day was fourteen her life was merely concerned with the desire that Miss Carey, not quite unwittingly, had created. To be clean! It led to the night course she began to take, in stenography. For the sooner she could earn a living the sooner she could leave the tenement dwelling, and the dinginess that was a part of it. Neither the aunt—sodden with the cares of the drink that was to bring her to an early grave—nor the three cousins, who were soon to drift out of sight in the vastness of the city, took kindly to Sally's methods of reform. They jeered at the table cloth that she bought with a hoarded store of pennies. They tracked mud upon the floor that she scrubbed. They borrowed her laundered garments and forgot to return them. When Sally was fifteen she left the tenement for the last time and, in the opulence of a first job and twelve dollars a week, rented a hall bedroom in a plain but decent house. It was bare and sunless and cold, perhaps. But it was immaculate. And Miss Carey, coming to see her, brought a few yards of gay chintz and a print or two that worked wonders.

It was Miss Carey who helped Sally O'Day with the problems that confronted her in the business world. It was Miss Carey who took the girl to art gallery and atelier—where she might learn, of a Sunday, of a Saturday afternoon. It was Miss Carey who—when she drifted suddenly into a last calm sleep—left a legacy to Sally. To Sally O'Day



"You said last night that you loved me for what I am. You said it without knowing how bitterly your words hurt . . ."

at seventeen! Not a legacy of money—of lares and penates. A gift of beauty—of a soul thrilled and touched and awakened.

Sally O'Day at seventeen! No longer the wistful child of the slums. The shaggy hair was soft and glistening and tamed. The soiled fingers and elbows were soiled no longer. From some hidden gentleness, down the dark corridors of her ancestry, Sally O'Day had inherited slender, sensitive hands! And her legs were no longer thin legs in ragged stockings. They were as lovely, in their whole, though cheap, lisle, as lyric rhyme!

Perhaps it was the legacy of Miss Carey that kept Sally from becoming like the other girls—who also worked for a small, weekly wage—in her office. She was not of the flapper class, somehow. She did not use rouge or an eyebrow pencil. In a day of enormous ear pads she wore her hair simply coiled in the nap of her neck. To the virtue of cleanliness—her first groping ambition—she had added the desire for distinction—refinement of a sort. Her instincts, for a girl of her age, were true and finely etched.

IT was in the period just after Miss Carey's death—the lonely period, for she lived in a world that she, herself, had placed inside of a steep wall—that Sally O'Day first saw the Girl. The Girl! Who must be spelled in capital letters because she played so important a part in Sally's life.

She hung upon the wall of a certain staid gallery, did The Girl. She was labeled "Permanent Collection." Framed in a golden frame, she was. Serene and charming and sure of her position and poised. Her gown, quaintly made after the fashion of the fifties, fell away from white young shoulders. Her hair was brushed back from a high, calm forehead. Her eyes—grey eyes, rather like the eyes of Sally, were warm with the urge of youth. And her mouth, red lippped and young, smiled in a quaint, half reserved way. A smile that was curious as well as appealing. A smile held in check and yet—because of an amusing quirk at one corner of the mouth—arresting and intense.

Standing in front of the portrait, Sally O'Day felt the spirit of The Girl. The call of her, and the challenge. The Girl, you see, was everything that Sally had reached after! She was beauty, culture, breeding. *She was in a gold frame.* And yet—but for the accident of birth and the element of time—they were not so different. They were of—or almost of—an age. They had the same coloring. They wore their hair in nearly the same simple manner—for modes have a way of returning, after a bewildering passage of years.

"I almost think we'd look alike," Sally told herself, "if only I had her clothes. And pulled my hair back a little tighter—" Fumbling in her pocket she found a wee powder box with a mirror in the top. It was not a very good mirror and yet Sally's face—reflected in it—showed a resemblance to the face of The Girl. When, half unconsciously, she smiled with a quirk at one side of her mouth, the resemblance became more pronounced.

Her companions at the office, the next day, teased Sally because of her more severe headdress. But she only smiled—in a silent, enigmatical way. It was a smile that she had practiced, the night before, in front of the blurred glass in her mirror. A smile that was borrowed from a Girl of the past—a Girl who lived in a gold frame.

With Miss Carey gone it was only natural that Sally O'Day should look for another ideal. If she should find that ideal in the permanent collection of a sedate gallery, who can question her choice? If it made her happy to study The Girl of the portrait—to imitate her mannerisms, the tilt of her head, the

way she held her hands, the characteristic smile—well, it was Sally's own business!

SHE was standing before the portrait one Saturday afternoon—lost in contemplation of The Girl—when she met Miles Hedrick. She did not know that he was Miles Hedrick, then—she was only conscious of his keen eyes set youthfully in a lined face—of his sensitive, reaching hands. Of his brusque voice in her ear.

"An interesting portrait, yes?" said the voice. Sally O'Day turned. And, turning, smiled. A smile that was amusing because of the upward quirk at one corner of the mouth—an affectation that had become a part of her.

"I think so!" she answered simply. The keen eyes in the tired face swept over the girl. Eyes suddenly grown intense. Suddenly warm. And then, like a bolt from the sky, came the question.

"But you are descended from her?" asked the man, abruptly. "The resemblance—" his eloquent hand brought Sally and the picture into a small intimate group—"the resemblance is—striking. She was your—"

Sally O'Day never knew just why she lied. She had never, before, told a direct untruth. But all at once she had spoken against her own volition. Without even thinking.

"My grandmother," she answered softly. And realized, as she spoke, that she should beg the pardon of The Girl who lived, serenely, in the frame of gold.

For some reason the man seemed excited. But not too excited to fumble in his pocket for a card. Which he could not find.

"I wish you'd come over to one of these benches," he said, as he fumbled, and he nodded toward the seats that lined a far end of the gallery. "I want to talk to you. Hang it! I haven't a card with me. But I'm Miles Hedrick. I direct for—" he named one of the really great motion picture companies. "And I'd like to tell you about a script I'm working on—"

Together they walked over toward the benches. Side by side they seated themselves. The man eager. Sally O'Day bewildered, but still smiling her quaint, quizzical, utterly charming smile. And—

"Of course—" Miles Hedrick said abruptly, "you may not screen well. And perhaps your people—" he said "people" in a way that paid homage to the Girl in the golden frame—"might object. But I'm working on—"

AND so he told her of the costume picture that he was making and of the girl type that he had been unable to locate. He had gone to the galleries—as he often did—for ideas in costume, in composition. And The Girl in the gilt frame had caught his attention—had fascinated him. But where to find her replica in the garish land of studios—where to duplicate the quiet charm, the caste, of her? That was the problem he had faced! One could fake prettiness with grease paint and mascara. But not—caste. Sally, coming to pay homage to her grandmother's picture (the girl's smile wavered, a bit, as Miles Hedrick spoke the word "grandmother") had seemed the answer to a prayer. After all, the gods did listen—sometimes. Would Sally, properly chaperoned, of course, come to the studio? The next morning—it was Sunday, but no matter—for a test? Would her parents—

As one in a dream Sally O'Day heard herself telling the director that she had no parents. That, gulping, she would be glad to come. But that—for various reasons—she'd rather come alone. And Miles Hedrick, scenting a situation, raised bushy eyebrows and asked Sally if he might send his car to fetch her. That Sally chose as a meeting place the oldest and most staid of the city's hotels was a credit to the inherent good taste, to the fine instincts, that were a part of her.

The screen tests made the next [CONTINUED ON PAGE 118]



Doug Outzorros Zorro



When Elsie Janis saw "Don Q." previewed, she wired Doug: "Your tango dancing is great, but from pained expression on your girlfriend's face your singing is no better than it used to be"

Duchess Stella de Lanti, of Spain, plays the Queen. It was her first role in pictures, and she looks every inch the part

Doug and his bull whip, with which he has been practicing for more than a year. He can disarm any swordsman, throw any opponent, and has so perfected himself with it that he can, at a distance of twelve feet, kill five flies out of five with an adroit flick of its end. We've seen him do it



And Now They're Wearing

*Pearls are cast carelessly over the shoulder—
perhaps it is for good luck*



Two slender jeweled straps are all that hold Billie Dove's evening gown on her shoulders. An extreme style only a few can dare



A necklace of pearls and diamonds worn backwards. Carmel Myers learned the trick in Europe



No jewels are needed to enhance the marble-like beauty of Betty Compson's shoulders



Aileen Pringle is the stately type that can wear long earrings that dangle on the shoulders

Beads on Beautiful Backs

They must give a backward glance to see if their jewels are safe



Lilyan Tashman has some of the finest jewels in Hollywood. And she knows how to wear 'em



A bizarre oriental headdress with a cascade of pearls—worn by Betty Blythe, who is the most bejewelled Sheba of them all



A powder-puff concealed in the lavaliere—a smart fad introduced by Gloria Swanson



And last, but not least, Nita Naldi's interpretation of the newest style in jewels

STUDIO NEWS & GOSSIP



May McAvoy in a remarkable character make-up for "My Old Dutch." Do you remember May's splendid make-up in "The Enchanted Cottage"? And do you remember Florence Turner in "My Old Dutch," filmed several years ago?



Again including the Scandinavian. Greta Garbo, a Swedish star, arrives on her way to the Metro Studio. With her is Mauritz Stiller, her director. Victor Seastrom and Ben Christanson, two countrymen, are already on the Coast

I DON'T think anyone would be very much surprised to see a reconciliation between Mae Murray and Bob Leonard. Although Mae got a divorce during her recent trip to Paris, it's an open secret that neither she nor Bob is very happy about it. Certainly, Bob has been paying her court ever since she got back to Hollywood.

In the meantime, Mae says she is going to return to Europe to make pictures over there. She is a great favorite on the continent and was given a marvellous reception everywhere she went and she thinks she would like to live over there for a few years.

THE following from Colleen Moore, in Dublin—

"St. Patrick was right. I saw a girl wearing a pair of snake skin shoes on the boat and as soon as she touched Irish soil they fell right off her feet."

IT is an awful thing for a writer to admit that he has almost run out of adjectives. I haven't got there yet, but if they have many more of these Hollywood openings I soon shall.

I said Gloria's was the most emotional and Marion Davies' the most buoyant and entertaining, and now I can only say that Charlie Chaplin's in "The Gold Rush" was the most distinguished.

The long awaited Charlie Chaplin masterpiece was received by Charlie's conferees as no other picture has ever been.

Of course no theater can stage such an opening as Grauman's Hollywood Egyptian Theater. It is in the heart of Hollywood and its open court, spacious lobby and air of grandeur cannot be equalled.

And then Sid Grauman stands alone as a showman.

On the occasion of "The Gold Rush" he excelled himself. The prologue was as beautiful as anything I have ever seen in the Music Box or the Follies.

FIRST as a novelty feature on the evening of the opening was presented a few reels of films which the stars had "dashed off" for this special moment. Each episode had to do with the opening of the "Gold Rush" and showed the greatest celebrities of the screen in their lightest moments.

Mary and Doug did a little sketch full of Doug's well known tricks, John Barrymore brought down the house by doing a little stunt which included all the best known "actor devices," and Norma and Constance Talmadge and Buster Collier did a charming satire which might well be entitled "The Missing Tickets."

THE audience was composed of the greatest possible number of celebrities. Charlie had in his party Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, the Duchess of Sutherland, Elinor Glyn, Marion Davies, John Barrymore, Mrs. Charlotte Pickford and Mr. and Mrs. Sam Goldwyn. Gloria Swanson and her husband, the Marquis de la Falaise, had a party of friends. Norma and Constance Talmadge were with their mother, Mrs. Margaret Talmadge, and Eugene O'Brien and Buster Collier. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd and Mr. and Mrs. Earle Williams were in one party. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Niblo, Miss Catherine Bennett, and Mr. John Considine were another party. Ricardo Cortez, Alma Rubens, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice B. Flynn (Viola Dana), Priscilla Dean, attended by her usual bodyguard of aviation heroes, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil De Mille, Leatrice Joy, Richard Dix, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas MacLean, Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton, Dorothy Sebastian—it's impossible to remember everyone that was there.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN has had his cooby at last.

Pardon! What we mean is that a baby son—a new crown prince of filmdom—has been born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Spencer Chaplin.

According to the press Charlie threw his hat—not the old derby of picture fame but his best, brand new straw hat—into the air, let out a wild hooray and immediately left for New York and a European trip—minus the wife and baby of course.

The Chaplin heir arrived the day following the opening of his new picture, "The Gold Rush," at Grauman's Egyptian theater and altogether it was a big weekend for the little comedian.

ACCORDING to the most expert brains at the Customs House in New York, Pola Negri will have to pay \$57,000 for the jewels which are now in the possession of the Federal authorities. Pola failed to declare them when she arrived from Europe last May and blamed the oversight on her maid. When she was questioned about the diamond and emerald bracelet and the diamond ring, she cheerfully—nay, proudly—admitted that they were presents she received in France. The value of the jewels was assessed at \$47,000 and the total amounts to \$57,000 when you add the ten thousand smackers levied on them by the watchful government.

IN honor of Charlie Chaplin, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Goldwyn gave a marvellous supper party immediately after the opening of "The Gold Rush."

It was the first time Mrs. Goldwyn, who was Frances Howard, had entertained in her new home and she made a great hit. She looked adorable in a white frock with her short, curly hair caught about by a silver ribbon. A charming new hostess in the Goldwyn mansion on the hill is a great asset to the colony, for Sam likes to entertain.

Among the guests were Marion Davies, Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford and Douglas

EAST AND WEST

By Cal York



Florence Vidor took her little daughter, Suzanne, on location with her to Catalina Island, during the making of "The Trouble With Wives." It was all a vacation to Suzanne but not so much of a vacation for Florence



First National captures a prize. Joyce Compton, an unknown young actress, is given a long contract. She has, as you can see, a rare and distinguished loveliness. Miss Compton will be seen in "Joseph Greer and His Daughter"

Fairbanks, the Marquis and the Marquise de la Falaise (Gloria Swanson), Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd, John Barrymore, Elinor Glyn, the Duchess of Sutherland, Florence Vidor, and George Fitzmaurice, Mrs. Charlotte Pickford, May Allison, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Niblo (Enid Bennett), Buster Collier and Constance Talmadge, Mrs. Margaret Talmadge, Ronald Colman, Mr. and Mrs. Earle Williams, Madeline Hurlock, Catherine Bennett and John Considine, Eugene O'Brien, Anthony Jovetti, and Miss Louella Parsons.

Marion Davies wore white georgette and pearls, with the most beautiful bracelet I have ever seen. A slave bracelet with links of diamonds held together with an enormous pearl between each link. Mary Pickford wore a gown of soft gold lace over green, trimmed with green ostrich feathers. Norma Talmadge was in white, and wore diamonds about her neck, in her hair and long diamond earrings. The Marquise was in very pale pink georgette, with a flower-like cloak of the same material.

THE scene is the outer office of C. B. De Mille's studio.

The Man (he looks like a hungry author): I would like to see Mr. De Mille on an important business matter.

The Secretary (dashing from sight for a minute and returning with an awed expression on her countenance): Sorry, sir, but you can't see him this afternoon. He's thinking!!

FOR a unique name selected for their offspring, Dustin Farnum and Winifred Kingston Farnum have certainly won the prize. We thought Victoria Mix had done very well when she named her daughter Thomasina—which she swears isn't after Tom at all, but after her favorite teacher, who was Sister Thomasina.

But Miss Farnum's first name is not to be Winifred at all, as at first reported, but Dustella.

All we can say is that we think Mrs. Farnum's devotion to her husband in this instance might be termed pathetic.

HARRY BRAND, president of the Western Motion Picture Advertisers, and for five years director of publicity for the Joseph M. Schenck enterprises, has quit Hollywood for good and will make his headquarters in New York. Harry has been made director of publicity for the United Artists and will look after the interests in the East of such people as Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, D. W. Griffith, Rudolph Valentino and William S. Hart.

CECILE EVANS, she of the \$100,000 legs, for it was for this figure Mack Sennett had them insured when she was a bathing girl and known as the owner of the "most beautiful legs in the world," will flash them in person on the tired business man of New York. At Woods, when he was in Hollywood signing Mabel Normand for a New York musical show, also gave Miss Evans a contract and the \$100,000 legs will probably be a feature of Mabel's first vehicle.

RICHARD BARTHELMLESS' new picture, "The Beautiful City," got off to a false start. Elmer Clifton was engaged to direct Dick but, after a few weeks, Clifton and the Inspiration decided to call it quits and Kenneth Webb was engaged to go on with the picture.

Just who was to blame, no one can quite decide. Some say that Clifton took the name of the company too literally and wanted to make the picture entirely on inspiration. He started to work without a script and with only inspiration as his guide. On the other hand why any company with a valuable star like Barthelless allows a director to trifle with the reputation of its meal ticket is a vast and deep mystery.

FLORENCE VIDOR is to play the Elsie Ferguson rôle in the screen version of the new stage play, "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter."

Needless to say she is going to play the *Grand Duchess*, and Adolphe Menjou is going to play the *Waiter*. The story is one of delicious and very sophisticated comedy exactly suited to this clever pair.

I hope everybody will notice the beautiful work that Florence Vidor has been doing since she went with Paramount. And it's all been in a type of brilliant comedy in which I have always said she excelled. When a few years ago I used to mention Florence Vidor as a charming comedienne of the Grace George school, people stared at me in amazement.

Now I have a chance to say "I told you so."

MR. AND MRS. ERNST LUBITSCH had a party at their home one Sunday evening not long ago. The great foreign director has a charming home and one of the prettiest wives in Hollywood and everyone likes to go there. Among the guests on this evening were Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Brown. Mr. Brown is to direct the new Rudolph Valentino picture, and rumor hath it that Mrs. Brown thinks her husband is about the nicest man around here and doesn't intend that any of these vampires shall have a chance at him.

Said Mr. Lubitsch to Mrs. Brown, "I don't see my wife and your husband about anywhere. Wonder where they've gone?"

Said Mrs. Brown, brightly, "Oh they've gone outside to look at the dogs."



Conrad Nagel, who plays an important role in Elinor Glyn's production of "The Only Thing," has been learning to fence under the tutelage of Emile, the famous fencing master of Hollywood, who gives 'em all lessons

Half an hour later, he remarked, "Well, well, haven't those two come back yet?"

And Mrs. Brown said, "No, My, it does take them a long time to look at those dogs, doesn't it?"

A few minutes later, when there was one of those silences in the room, Mr. Lubitsch said, "But, Mrs. Brown, we haven't any dogs."

mate who lay dying. She was sinking rapidly and the tears coursed down Jock's rugged old face as he realized how soon he would lose the one who had shared his joys and sorrows for many years.

"Suddenly the sad little scene was interrupted by the ringing of the telephone in another room.

Jock felt he should answer it but hesitated to leave his dying wife.

"It rang again insistently. Jock bent over his wife.

"Mary,"—he said, "ken ye hear me?"

"The dying woman nodded her head affirmatively.

"Jock patted her withered hand.

"'I'll hae tae gang awa,' he told her in a broken voice. 'If ye feel yersel' a slippin', blow out yon candle.'"

HAROLD LLOYD has started to landscape his beautiful fifteen acre estate in Beverly Hills and before long will build a real old English manor house upon it. The plans are perfect and will reproduce as nearly as possible an English estate. Harold and Mildred chose this form of architecture because of the grove of stately old oaks growing on their hillside.

The Lloyd place adjoins the Ince estate.

VIRGINIA VALLI has gone to Munich to make a picture for an English company—the Gainsborough. Shortly before she sailed, she discovered that the terms of her contract stipulated that she might take a companion with her. American stars travelling in Europe are thoughtfully provided with chaperones. So Virginia wired to the Coast for her friend, Carmelita Geraghty. The idea of Carmelita as a chaperone is a little astonishing so it is no wonder that the English company promptly put her to work in the picture too. Both the girls will be back in September.

MISS VALLI is making rapid progress on the screen. Now that she is a free-lance player, many directors are trying to obtain her services. Her performance in "Siege" was an unusually excellent one and boosted Miss Valli's stock by many points.

When she was married to Demmy Lamson, Miss Valli tried her best to be a nice, domestic wife. She tried hard to make her marriage a success but it just didn't work out that way. And now, like so many others, she finds that, to quote Kipling, "he travels fastest who

THE Valentinos, Rudy and Natacha, have purchased a beautiful new \$100,000 home on a nine acre estate and are soon to quit the fashionable Whitley Heights district for the more exclusive Beverly Hills district, where such film celebrities as the Niblos, Charlie Chaplin, Mary and Doug, the Inces and many others now live.

The site is one of the highest in Beverly Hills. The new home is of Italian villa design and contains eleven rooms. It has just been completed and the landscaping and gardens will be put in under the Valentinos' own direction.

Rudy will now move his stables from Griffith Park to the new estate and will bring his furniture out from his New York apartment.

BEN LYON is back in New York, considerably subdued. It's hard to tell just what is responsible for the subduing. Ben is popular on the screen and he is also popular off the screen. He used to be the liveliest member of any gathering. But, they say, Ben is extremely tired of being played up as a Sheik and heart-breaker. After all, social success has nothing to do with screen success and Ben, being ambitious, takes his work seriously. Hence, his new and earnest attitude.

WALLACE MAC DONALD, whose forebears are not so many generations removed from the land made famous by Harry Lauder, tells this one:

"Jock MacGregor knelt beside the bedside of his faithful help-



Marion Davies "cannot sing the old songs," so her new director, Monta Bell, is giving her a lesson. Marion's next picture is "Lights of Old Broadway," a drama of the days when there wasn't a jazz band in town

travels alone." Only in this case, of course, it is a "she" who is doing the travelling.

LILLIAN RICH is going to call them "Fudge," "Budget," "Judge," "Nudge" and "Grudge."

No, she isn't naming Pullman cars, but old Doc Stork's newest deliveries—five of the cutest, wriggliest little pups you most ever saw. They are the sons and daughters of Billie's malamute, Pudge.

Lillian and Pudge made their picture debut together in "The Love Master" made up in the Lake Louise country of Canada. Lillian forged ahead in her chosen work, but Pudge, more domestically inclined, abandoned a screen career to marry a very dear friend of Strongheart, the famous film canine.

Pudge, with all due respect to her friendship with Strongheart and his beautiful and talented wife, Lady Jule, will not encourage her babies in a screen career.

"A dog's place is in the kennel, and furthermore a cinema canine leads a dog's life, anyway."



Carmelita Geraghty has gone to Munich to play in a picture for the Gainsborough Company, English producers. Virginia Valli didn't want to go alone, so she induced Carmelita to join her in the cast

DROPPED into the Montmartre the other Saturday for lunch.

Really, I don't believe you'd see anywhere in the world a more entrancing sight. It was a glorious California day and everyone wore their loveliest summer clothes, in all sorts of soft, pretty colors.

Mildred Davis Lloyd—Mrs. Harold Lloyd, of course—was there lunching with Dorothy Mackail, and she wore a little frock of peach-bloom georgette, with a tiny pink poke bonnet and a white coat with baby fox fur around the bottom. Dorothy was in apple-green crepe de chine trimmed in real lace and hand-made rosehuds.

At another table I saw Anita Stewart in

the most marvellous shade of orchid, with a purple felt picture hat. And Norma Talmadge was there with Mae Murray—Mae had on a frock of white chiffon, ending just above the knees in lovely scallops, and a big picture hat of pale pink horsehair with a pink satin rose—and Theda Bara and Mrs. Earle Williams. Kathleen Key was all in white, and Lilyan Tashman and Claire Windsor were lunching together—Lilyan in white embroidered sheer linen, over scarlet taffeta, with a scarlet felt

hat, and Claire in baby blue. Connie Talmadge came in with Buster Collier, and she had on a straight frock of nude chiffon, with big vari-colored flowers printed all over it and her inevitable turban. Altogether, it was like a big spring flower garden.

NELL INCE is taking her three sons, Bill, Tom, and Dick and departing for a summer in Europe. Quite a hefty undertaking, if you knew the three riotous young Inces.

A couple of days before she left Hollywood, Nell had a combination farewell tea for herself and reception for her house guest, Mrs. George Behan.

At the tea were Florence Vidor, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Natalie Talmadge Keaton, Mrs. Peg Talmadge, Marion Davies, Mrs. Harold Lloyd, Mrs. Wallace Reid, Mae Murray, Hedda Hopper and Mrs. Earle Williams.

All the sandwiches were made of brown bread—no lady would think of endangering her figure these days by eating white—and the Ince estate never looked more beautiful.

MARGARET LIVINGSTON was cast as a duchess in Roland V. Lee's production of "Havoc" for Fox. Lee worked hard with the youngster, who previously had played mostly gamins and flapper parts. Some had questioned his wisdom in his selection and he was doubly anxious for Miss Livingston to make good.

When "Havoc" was screened in the New York office for the Fox officials, Winnie Sheehan wired west:

"Sign the kid who played the duchess!"

This pleased Lee immensely.

Miss Livingston's next Fox rôle was the type of thing she was most familiar with. She was cast as a little rowdy.

And when this picture reached the east along came another wire from Sheehan: "Sign the kid who plays the rowdy."

But it wasn't necessary, for Margaret was then under a five year contract.

SOMETIMES people go to an opening for one reason, sometimes for another. Sometimes they go to be seen, to see others, because a

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]



They used to call them "bone-shakers"—these old high wooden bicycles. The early bikes have been resurrected for "Not So Long Ago," a comedy of early New York. Lawrence Wheat is taking two young ladies for a ride

The Screen's Saddest Hero

By Ada Patterson

ON the night of New York's wildest blizzard of last winter, when the snow was a thousand whips across the face, and a white blanket of it drifted about the knees, hobbling them, an obsequious bell hop bowed before a tall figure in one of the smartest New York hotels.

"Better not go out tonight, sir," he warned. "The snow's falling terrible and the wind can lift a man off his feet."

"That so?" answered the tall figure in a preoccupied tone. "Thank you." He drew a coin from his pocket and handed it to the boy without looking at either.

The warning was spoken at ten minutes of eight. At eight the tall figure in a black slouch hat and brown ulster was disregarding it. He was walking up Fifth Avenue in the teeth of the wind. He walked straight on for twenty-five blocks to his goal, the deserted park.

"Nobody has any business in Central Park in a storm. It's a dangerous place," say New York policemen. Men have been found in it, storm slain. But the tall figure strode into the black labyrinth of its twisting paths, along the slippery shores of its lakes, up and down snow-drifted stairways, among the white wastes of its bridle paths. He was a dark fury, fighting the snow and wind for four and a half hours.

The bell hop had left at midnight, else he would have been astounded at sight of the man he had warned, brushing through Peacock Alley as though it were not lined with palpitant beauty in gowns of tomorrow. Stumbling through it as though blinded, as he had been by the icy wind and whirling snow, the man went to his room, tossed off his wet clothes, and slept. Which was what he had sought in the park, sleep and forgetfulness. William S. Hart wanted to forget that he was the loneliest man in New York, the saddest man on the screen.

He was in New York to make plans for his future pictures. His pictures, he says, have already earned twenty-five million dollars. He wants them to make a few more millions and to retain as large a share of those millions as he can, for he wants to build wealth for William S. Hart, Jr., the wide-smiled two-and-a-half-year old son, whose photograph he showed me. He could not see it himself because there were tears in his eyes.

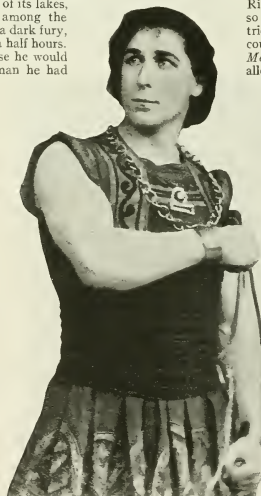
"Isn't he a great boy?" he asked. "I am a truthful parent when I tell you that he is the finest child in the world."

He will give the rest of his life to providing a fortune for smiling junior and to forgetting what?

The two women who have most



At twenty-five Bill Hart was in love with Corona Riccardo, the sloe-eyed enchantress of "Ben Hur," in which stage production he played Messala. She is shown above in a scene with the late Edward Morgan. Her part was Iras



Bill Hart as Messala in "Ben Hur"

shaped his life. One of them the Italian woman of the inviting, velvet blackness of eyes and the ringleted, midnight hair. The woman of the slow, sweet enchantment of the South; the other of blonde, childlike prettiness in which are mingled the white and gold of the North.

If you dare to say, as I did, in his presence that life is a glittering thing of hearts for the actor, he will laugh. A deep, derisive laugh, to be unpleasantly remembered.

"An actor's conquests!" He scouted the thought. "Other men have always taken the hearts of women I loved away from me."

Bill, the two-gunned marksman of the plains, always a loser at love. He says so himself.

Twenty-five years ago, when he was midway to his present fifty-first year, he was Messala, the handsome Roman in "Ben Hur." He was in love with Iras, the sloe-eyed enchantress whom we saw, Cleopatra-like on her

barge surrounded by flowers and exuding languorous seductiveness. Every evening he played the rôle and all day he lived it.

He was the cavalier of the beautiful Corona Riccardo, who played Iras. He was an escort so protective that when a summons server tried to hand her a document calling her into court to explain a milliner bill the young Messala resented it, resented it in the theater alley with his mighty fists, leaving the process server a wreck in body and in spirit. In his delirium he nursed the delusion that he was an humble handcar that had collided with the parent of the Twentieth Century express.

Theirs was one of the most colorful romances of that diagonal street of vivid romance. Broadway. The sophisticated old street believed that the romance was leading straight and soon to the altar. Then fate intervened. The handsome Messala went on that dim, dreaded land of the actor, the road, the enchanting Iras remaining in New York.

One afternoon of storm while Bill was touring the sticks, when the city was a black pall of mist, the panes of Miss Riccardo's apartment were broken by a pistol shot. Someone had sent a bullet speeding from the street and the beauty lay wounded and swooning on the floor. The mystery of the shot was never solved by the police, for Miss Riccardo could not or would not give any aid. Either the wounded woman did not know her assailant or her silence could not be broken.

The Messala and the Iras of the stage "Ben Hur" never married. Instead one who had known her well encountered Corona Riccardo making her way from a California vaude-

Bill Hart will devote the rest of his life, he says, to provide a fortune for his son and to forget the two women who entered into his life



At forty-eight he married Winifred Westover, "of blonde, childlike prettiness in which are mingled the white and gold of the north"



Corona Riccardo, his first love—"the Italian woman of inviting velvet blackness of eyes and the ringleted, midnight hair"

ville theater with her Indian husband. She had married a copper colored chief who had left the tepee for the ways of the white man and was playing a sketch on the western small time. Five years ago she died in a rented furnished room in Kansas City. Her Indian husband and their nine-year-old son mourned her in the stoic manner of the man's race.

The day after he had turned into his forty-eighth year the bachelor of the screen, the man who, it was expected, would never marry, took for his wife Winifred Westover, who was young enough to be his second or third or fourth daughter. The marriage was brief, and, her family declared, stormy. Everyone knows of his failure in the courts to keep his wife and his son from the life of the screen.

He is trying in another way. He wants to surround the growing lad with a cordon of wealth. To that end he will spend the rest of his life that remains to him. In his fifty-first year he has that single purpose. And, what he terms, a postscript.

"When I have done all for my son that I humanly can do I will build a cabin on an outer boundary of Alaska for my home. It is a country I love. I want to do what I can to develop it. I am at heart a frontiersman. It is in my blood. The Indians in the Dakotas called me 'The Tough Heart.' Maybe. It takes a tough heart to live life."

That is his survey of life, the backward and forward sweep of William S. Hart's vision in 1925. It is that of a man who waited until his forty-eighth year to marry.

If he had married at twenty-five the woman with the Latin eyes and the Latin heart I wonder whether his vision would have been the same. Don't you?

Or one wonders, had his choice been made of a still other type of womankind, whether acute loneliness would have ex-

pressed itself in the fight with the storm in the windswept park on the night of New York's great blizzard or in his determination upon that ultimate home on the outskirts of the outskirts state of Alaska.

There have been rumors of other loves and other brides for the quiet man with the eyes that look far distances across wake-like plains. His remoteness, his mere civility to them, have stirred latent romance in women of varying types,—in flat chested flappers, in round figured, mature matrons, in at least one grizzled spinster and in sad-eyed widows who sent him speculative glances from beneath their becoming white faced, mourning hats.

William S. Hart's seemingly incorrigible bachelorhood was a challenge to do their best or worst. They regard it as a gauntlet flung into the ring and many rushed to lift it from the dust.

It would not be hyperbole to affirm that an hundred women loved the man of the plains to one whom he loved. Since that far away day when he joined Mme. Modjeska's company and the lovely Pole regarded his suggestion of romance as a potentiality for the stage, till he made his debut on the screen in "The Bargain" and made new audiences, to that much later day when he married Winifred Westover, and the months since they have been separated, he has been a favorite of women.

There have been deluges of pink and mauve, scented love notes. There have been stories of unspoken love.

Yet it is a subject to conjecture by many friendly firesides, what kind of woman, what lovely wraith materializing from the background of his life, might have cured Bill Hart's now incurable loneliness, might have lifted and dissipated the cloud of his sadness.

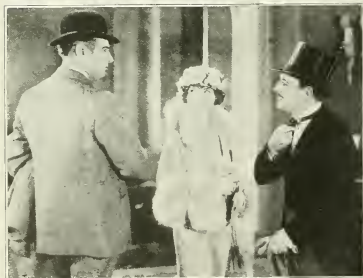


Bill, the two-gunned marksman of the plains, always a loser at love. He says so himself



THE GOOSE WOMAN—Universal

AN impressive and original mystery story—one of the best things of its kind ever filmed. Rex Beach drew on America's most famous murder for some of his incidents. One great character study dominates the picture. The *Goose Woman* is a drunken old witch who had once been a prima donna. The birth of her son robbed her of her voice. She has taken to drink and nourishes a deep hatred for the boy. When a murder is committed nearby and reporters flock to the scene, she gets a whiff of printer's ink and all the old Mary Garden rises to the surface. In seizing her last chance for publicity, she nearly sends her boy to the gallows. This weird study in the prima donna temperament is superbly acted by Louise Dresser and wonderfully directed by Clarence Brown.—A. S.



PATHS TO PARADISE—Paramount

MANY laughs are in store for you this month. Another comedy that proves to be a riot with laughs from beginning to end. This is a splendid crook comedy with the silk hat comedian, Raymond Griffith, and Betty Compton in the featured roles. As for Griffith—each production marks a step forward.

Griffith, a bogus detective, is guarding jewels at a fashionable wedding. He meets Betty, one of the maids, also waiting her chance to steal the gems. They team up. By tricking the real detectives they make a snappy escape to Mexico. But the police give chase. This is one of the funniest incidents you have ever seen. And it is thrilling, too! As they reach the border they decide that honesty is the best policy. Back they go and the race continues.—M. B.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



THE GOLD RUSH—United Artists

THE long-awaited Charlie Chaplin picture, "The Gold Rush," is at last released, and it is an amazingly pleasant thing to see Chaplin once more in person upon the screen.

This new picture of his, which is the first ten reel comedy ever to be sent out, is one of the best things Chaplin has ever done. The story is a simple and logical one, and some of the "gags" and situations are enormously funny. But the picture is, by no means, Chaplin's best.

Chaplin's individual performance as the lone prospector is, of course, a joy. His gay, pathetic little figure against the great backgrounds of ice and snow moves with all the Chaplin genius for touches of rare comedy and real pathos.

The scene in which Chaplin waits for the dance hall girls to come to dinner is delicately played and it is moving, but it is built upon too thin a premise and upon too unsympathetic an incident, to afford the real heart-twist of "The Kid" or "Shoulder Arms."

The final scenes on the boat are among the best in the picture, showing Chaplin as the Alaskan millionaire who still clings to his habit of "shooting snipes."

No doubt everyone will enjoy this new Chaplin offering. It is Charlie Chaplin, lots of him, and it is filled with merriment. But that it is a great development in the comedy field, or that it brings a new comedy era to the screen, certainly is not true. It is simply ten reels of very good Chaplin comedy, which ought to be enough for anybody, but it is no more.

Viewed as a picture, it meets a high standard. As Chaplin's masterpiece, as the result of two years' work touted as a supreme effort, it falls short. But it is infinitely better than "The Pilgrim" or "The Idle Class."—I. ST. J.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Six Best Pictures of the Month

THE GOLD RUSH PATHS TO PARADISE
THE FRESHMAN NIGHT LIFE OF NEW YORK
THE GOOSE WOMAN SHORE LEAVE

The Six Best Performances of the Month

CHARLES CHAPLIN in "The Gold Rush"
HAROLD LLOYD in "The Freshman"
LOUISE DRESSER in "The Goose Woman"
RAYMOND GRIFFITH in "Paths to Paradise"
DOROTHY GISH in "Night Life of New York"
RICHARD BARTHELMESS in "Shore Leave"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 114



THE FRESHMAN—Associated Exhibitors

IT'S the finest picture that Harold Lloyd has made because, like "Grandma's Boy," it is more than just a series of gags. The gags are there, of course, and some of them are the funniest that Lloyd has ever presented; but there is a spirit back of the picture that makes it something greater than just an extraordinarily funny comedy.

As you know, it is the story of a boy who goes to college. He's the greenest freshman of them all and got all his ideas of college life from the movies. He wants to be the most popular man in college and so he gets so collegiate that he is the joke of the place. The institution is just one of those "big stadiums with a college attached," so he goes in for football. In the scenes of the football practice and in the game itself, Lloyd surpasses himself. The climax of the picture—the big game of the year—is an achievement in picture making. Not only is it overwhelmingly funny, but it has all the excitement of a real game.

The scene in which Harold is thrown out of the line and lands just at the moment to catch a twenty-yard forward pass will always remain one of the Big Moments of this reviewer's life.

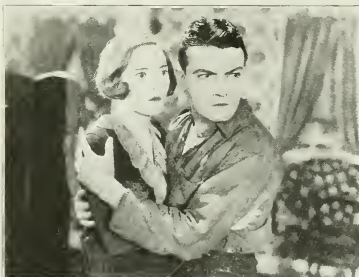
The comedy gains a lot by having its quiet moments; some of them border on pathos. All of them are human. Nevertheless, Lloyd has never done better farce comedy than the incident of the dress suit that has been only hurriedly basted together in time for the party. Countless other comedians have lost their clothes, but none of them has been so subtly and insidiously shorn of his covering. Lloyd can do this sort of thing in such a way as to make even a censor laugh. And what greater praise can there be than that?—A. S.



NIGHT LIFE OF NEW YORK—Paramount

MORE than just a movie—a sight-seeing tour of New York. After all the silly burlesques of night life in the big city, Allan Dwan deserves a vote of thanks for presenting Broadway as it really is. All the night clubs and hotels are called by their right names and there are no De Mille settings to deceive you. The story is a romance of a wild boy from Iowa and a telephone girl who yearns for the great, open spaces. The prodigal son's papa also comes East.

It is a shrewd and amusing picture of New York that will save you the expense of hotel bills and cover charges. These true pictures of Broadway ought to go great out where the tall corn grows. As the telephone girl, Dorothy Gish makes you realize she is seen too infrequently. Ernest Torrence and Helen Lee Worthing also do good work.—A. S.



SHORE LEAVE—First National

THE romance of a tough gob and a New England spinster, told with rare deftness by John Robertson, and acted with great humor by Richard Barthelmess and Dorothy Mackaill.

"Shore Leave" is apt to be Dick's most popular recent picture, because he really finds himself as a comedian. As the dumb sailor, pursued by a girl who is out to get her man, he makes 'em laugh as loud as the well-established comics.

The picture has a charming, sea-goin' atmosphere and, underneath its comedy, it has a human and sympathetic story. The United States Navy took part in some of the episodes, which gives the story that authentic quality that made "Classmates" so popular. This is a picture for the whole family.—A. S.



PRETTY LADIES—METRO-GOLDWYN

THE Ziegfeld Follies—beautifully presented in color photography, with Norma Shearer and Ann Pennington among those present. A charming ugly-duckling story of back-stage life by Adela Rogers St. Johns and enacted by Za Su Pitts and Tom Moore. More good performances by Lilyan Tashman and George Arthur. Broadway musical comedy brought to your door, and heart interest.—A. S.



THE LUCKY DEVIL—PARAMOUNT

RICHARD DIX certainly is a lucky devil that he has such a winning personality to fit perfectly into the character of *Randy Farnum*, a happy-go-lucky-sort of a lad. This story by Byron Morgan, who wrote many of the stories that served to make Wally Reid famous, is full of many laugh provoking situations and, lastly, a hair-raising automobile road race. The children will love it.—M. B.



THE WHITE DESERT—METRO-GOLDWYN

A SNOWSLIDE and an avalanche give an unusual punch to this picture. It's the story of the building of a tunnel through the Rockies. It's a great thriller, but a stiff and conventional touch in the direction of the non-spectacular episodes keeps it from the top ranks. But it has lots of nice, cool scenery. Claire Windsor, Pat O'Malley and Robert Fraser are in the cast.—A. S.



LOST—A WIFE—PARAMOUNT

ONE of those French farces about a dashing guy who is such a fiend for gambling that he gambles with love and wins a wife. The wife objects, but as the swank sport is Adolphe Menjou, you can guess the rest. Greta Nissen makes her debut. Sometimes she's beautiful; sometimes, not so good. She may learn to act. It's all a lot of froth, but leave the kids at home with Aunt Bessie.—A. S.



KIVALINA OF THE ICE LANDS—EARL ROSSMAN

ANOTHER picture filmed, like "Nanook of the North," within the Arctic Circle—a daring and worthwhile adventure. It is a beautiful study of a little known people and has scenes of lyric loveliness in the icy splendor of the North. "Nanook" had more drama. The simplicity and sincerity of this film is marred by a manufactured story. Nevertheless, it proves that life can beat art.—A. S.



CYRANO DE BERGERAC—ATLAS

AGORGEOUS romantic tale of Cyrano, the poet, whose life is ruined by an ugly nose. In fact it is a thrilling love story and the characters are well portrayed through the deft direction. Pierre Magnier, *Cyrano*, handles his rôle well, as do the other characters. This is one of the finest foreign productions we have seen in some time. You'll like it!—M. B.



SMOOTH AS SATIN—F. B. O.

EVELYN BRENT makes one of the best crooks in the business. Now don't mistake us, we mean that to be a crook one has to have brains and Evelyn looks as though she is capable of pulling off a neat job. This is one of the dandiest crook pictures going, due to the fine suspense interest, and the continuity and direction are as they should be. We bet you'll like it—M. B.



THE HAPPY WARRIOR—VITAGRAPH

IT'S an English drama and, as produced by J. Stuart Blackton, it is full of treacle and roast beef. The hero is cracked up as such a noble gink that if he hadn't been admirably played by Malcolm McGregor, you would want to murder him. A fight in a small circus is well staged, but the story is sentimental and out-of-date stuff. And leaping and hysterical subtitles spoil what drama there is.—A. S.



THE MANICURE GIRL—PARAMOUNT

BEING a study in the art of gold-digging, with Bebe Daniels as a digger whose heart isn't in her work. Some smart comedy and a few sophisticated touches can't disguise the fact that this is just the old working girl's dream of a nifty millionaire and a handsome poor boy. Dorothy Cummings is good as a girl who likes big square diamonds instead of little round ones.—A. S.



THE LADY WHO LIED—FIRST NATIONAL

FIRST rate entertainment but not as convincing as the former Edwin Carewe productions. Everyone in the cast lies like an auctioneer and thinks nothing of it. It was a case of the heroine giving up the man she loved or letting him perish, just because of a lie. But all wrongs are righted and everybody swears off. There are some beautiful night shots done in natural colors. For the grownups.—M. B.



GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE—PARAMOUNT

A FRENCH farce loses some of its lightness and charm when it is adapted to the screen from the stage. However, this stage success makes an entertaining picture. Matt Moore, forsaking downtrodden clerk rôles, is a worthy partner for Florence Vidor, a beautiful and subtle actress. A famous divorce lawyer neglects his wife, who divorces him. Then he has to dissolve her second marriage.—C. H.



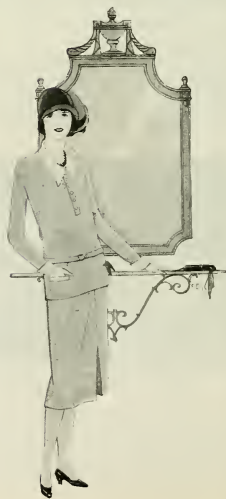
UNDER THE ROUGE—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS

TOM MOORE puts on his most cocky smile and plays *Whitley*, a crook with courage. He doesn't care who knows what he is and he has no intention of being anything else. But when pretty *Kitty* gets into trouble he realizes he can help her more by going straight. The change in him is well motivated and not just put in to make a bappy ending. Not for children.—C. H. [CONT'D ON PAGE 104]



The
 MARY ASTOR
 FROCK

Third in a series of
 Stars' Dresses
 selected for you through
 the Photoplay Shopping
 Service



CHARM, utility and economy combine happily in this clever frock of Mary Astor's. When we asked Miss Astor whether she were fourteen or sixteen (meaning size) she replied naively, "I'm much older than that—I'm nineteen!"—and we think the photograph proves that the dress will become not only the nineteen years, but younger and older sisters as well.

For college, business or general wear it would be difficult to find anything smarter and more suitable. Of a new pure worsted fabric, in the correct fall colorings, it comes to you cut out and with all the findings necessary to complete it. The detachable collar and cuffs of white bengaline are all made up, ready to haste on, and the pockets are set on the blouse. Sew up a few seams—attach the collar, cuffs and buttons, and behold! A modish fall costume that has cost you less than one-half the price of such a garment in the shops. Specify skirt and blouse lengths when ordering so that the dress may be cut to your individual measure—a great advantage. Sizes, 14-20 and 34-40. Black and white; brick and white; tan and brown; and grey and white. \$10.00. The tiny felt hat is suitable for wear with any street or sports dress and comes in all the fall colorings. Priced at \$5.00.

DRESS the PART of a STAR



VIRGINIA VALLI

Perfect tailoring and slenderizing lines characterize this youthful street frock of charmer worn by VIRGINIA VALLI. The type of dress that may always be found in the wardrobe of the well dressed woman. No better choice could be made for the chilly Fall days that are coming. The long, close fitting sleeves, tailored darts and white crepe de chine collar and cuffs are smart details. The material and workmanship are of the best, and the price is really extraordinarily reasonable for a frock of this kind, particularly when one considers the fact that it comes to you straight from Fifth Avenue. Price, \$29.75. Sizes, 14-20.
Navy blue only



DORIS KENYON

MISS KENYON'S afternoon frock of the always becoming black satin, is relieved with smart touches of white. The cape back, which is slashed up the center to reveal the white lining as the wearer walks, and the gathered skirt, are new features. The dress also comes in brown or in wine, with trimming of contrasting color. Sizes, 14-20. Priced at \$29.75

Photoplay Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y., will purchase any of these smart costumes for you. Send certified check or money order—no stamps—together with size and color desired. No articles sent C. O. D. Returns permissible only if articles are sent direct to Photoplay Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, within three days after receipt.

A HOUSE BUILT TO LIVE IN

The home of Mildred Gloria Lloyd, age one year, plus. Also occupied by Harold and his charming wife, Mildred Davis. No one in Hollywood ever declines an invitation here

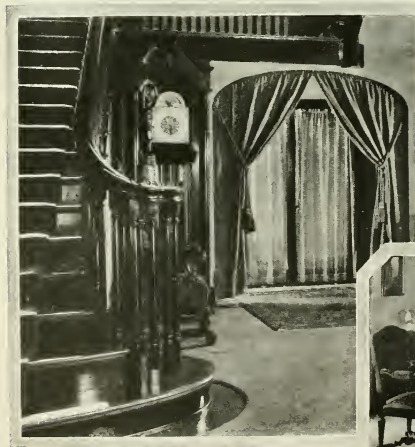


The color scheme of this comfortable living room shown above is soft brown enlivened by the richly-toned Oriental rug and green tile fireplace



The welcoming hall, below, would be incomplete without the stately grandfather clock and high-backed tapestry chair. The graceful hangings are of blue brocade

Demure Mildred is nestled in a raisin-hued velour sofa. The furniture is a simple adaptation of the early English period. The two chairs are upholstered in black print mohair. Twin rose lamps in tan and gold lend an air of symmetry and balance. The gauze curtains are gold mesh with hangings of green and tan brocade



The Louis XVI table, server, and chairs upholstered in dark green friséte give to the dining room a rare dignity and charm. The curtains are cream gauze with light green and gold brocade hangings





A boudoir as dainty as its blue-eyed occupant. The ivory painted furniture is decorated in orchid and green. The chaise longue is rose and gold, and the draperies are pale orchid. To the right, Mildred is pictured at her dressing table



Lower right, Harold Lloyd's bedroom is carried out in his favorite color, blue. A Chinese red lacquer design decorates the walnut chest of drawers. The bedside lamp has an antique gold base, a sand-colored plaited shade of georgette, and a crystal finial!

Mildred Lloyd's commode is a real comfort—all that a night table should be with drop leaves for breakfast trays. The painted icy-hot matches the furniture and is indispensable to milady's convenience



\$5,000 in Fifty Cash Prizes!

RULES OF CONTEST:

1. Fifty cash prizes will be paid by Photoplay Magazine, as follows:

First Prize	\$1,500.00
Second Prize	1,000.00
Third Prize	500.00
Fourth Prize	250.00
Fifth Prize	125.00
Twenty prizes of \$50 each	1,000.00
Twenty-five prizes of \$25 each	625.00

2. In four issues (the June, July, August and September numbers) Photoplay Magazine is publishing cut puzzle pictures of the well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Eight complete cut puzzle pictures appear in each issue. Each cut puzzle picture will consist of the lower face and shoulders of one player, the nose and eyes of another, and the upper face of a third. When cut apart and properly assembled, eight complete portraits may be produced. \$5,000.00 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correctly named and most neatly arranged set of thirty-two portraits.

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the fourth set of cut puzzle pictures has appeared in the September issue. Assembled puzzle pictures must be submitted in sets of thirty-two only. Identifying names should be written or typewritten below each assembled portrait. At the conclusion of the contest all pictures should be sent to CUT PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, Photoplay Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. Be sure that your full name and complete address is attached.

4. Contestants can obtain help in solving the cut puzzle pictures by carefully studying the poems appearing below the pictures in each issue. Each eight-line verse refers to the two sets of cut puzzle pictures appearing directly above it. The six-line verse applies generally to the four sets on that page. Bear in mind that it costs absolutely nothing to enter this contest. Indeed, the contest is purely an amusement. You do not need to be

a subscriber or reader of Photoplay Magazine to compete. You do not have to buy a single issue. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in Photoplay Magazine and assemble the pictures from the copies. Copies of Photoplay Magazine may be examined at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

5. Aside from accuracy in assembling and identifying cut puzzle pictures, neatness in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. The thirty-two cut puzzle pictures or their drawn duplicates, must be cut apart, assembled and pasted or pinned together, with the name of the player written or typewritten below.

6. The judges will be a committee of members of Photoplay Magazine's staff. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of any one connected with this publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone everywhere.

7. In the case of ties for any of the first five prizes, the final award will be given to each tying contestant.

8. The contest will close at midnight on September 20th. All solutions received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears to the moment of midnight on September 20th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with Photoplay Magazine. Send your answers as soon as possible. This is the last set of cut puzzle pictures which will appear, as this completes the series.

Cut Puzzle Pictures Are on Second and Third Pages Following This Announcement

SUGGESTIONS

Contestants should read and study the poems appearing in connection with the cut puzzle pictures. These are the indicators by which the contest puzzle pictures may be identified and prizes won.

Contestants will note that identifying numbers appear at the margin of the cut puzzle pictures. These numbers may be copied upon the cut portraits, with pencil or pen, so that, in pasting or pinning the completed portrait, it will be possible to show the way the cut pieces originally appeared.

As no solutions may be entered before the fourth set of puzzle pictures appears, it is suggested that contestants merely pin their solutions together until the conclusion. This will permit the shifting and changing about of pictures as the contest progresses—and will give time for lengthy consideration and study.

There is no distortion of portraits. Each cut puzzle picture is a portrait of a well-known motion picture actor or actress.



Ruth Harriet Louise

IS Lillian Gish a great actress? Critics disagree—violently. She has tenaciously held to the pose created for her by D. W. Griffith. She was splendid in "The White Sister." Dorothy took the acting honors from her in "Romola." Now she is to do "La Boheme" with King Vidor directing her. That will tell the tale.



The hair, from the Southland, came via New York—
 The eyes are most happily wed;
 The mouth won a contest for beauty, and so
 To Hollywood quickly was led.
 The hair hails from Texas, where cowboys abound,
 The eyes were Chicago's great pride;
 The mouth knew its birth in a certain resort
 That is known to the bridegroom and bride!

The hair went to High School—it's curly and brown—
 The eyes are unmarried, so far.
 The mouth took the place of a millionaire's bride,
 And did leads for a comedy star.
 The hair took a wonderful character part,
 (She's starred for a number of years!)
 The eyes did a musical comedy bit,
 And the mouth has moved many to tears.

*Just one girl is married, and three have dark hair,
 And one has blue eyes, and two brown,
 And one eyes of hazel (we can't rhyme this word!)
 And one is from a mid-western town.
 And one girl was raised down in warm Tennessee,
 And one is a star from a family of three*

**Contest Conditions
 on Page 58**



He played a blonde charmer, the hair—it's a joke!
 The eyes take their color from Spain;
 The mouth was in stock, and was born in a place
 That is, since the late war, French again.
 The hair was a find—one of Rex Ingram's best—
 The eyes have a nephew, at last;
 The mouth is adept at portraying a man
 From a set that we might label "last."

The hair made its hit in a new type of film,
 The eyes knew the stage for a while;
 The mouth has made fun—and it's easier, far,
 To make people cry than to smile!
 The hair is unmarried—he won't be, for long!
 The eyes have a step-son and wife;
 Herb Howe tells us much of the mouth—well he may,
 For it's part of his business in life!

Just one of the four is from our dear U. S. A.,
 The rest form a real foreign legion—
 The one who was born here came from a great town
 That is smoky because of its region!
 All of them have dark hair, but one pair of eyes
 Is grey, and one other is blue—and so wise!

\$5000⁰⁰ in Prizes



Eugene Robert Richee



ABOVE: Ricardo Cortez as he appears in "Not So Long Ago," his latest picture. Below: An informal picture of one of the most popular young men in Hollywood, enjoying his favorite form of exercise—a horseback ride.



A FEW years ago, Ricardo Cortez was a Merton—a Wall Street clerk unsuccessfully suppressing a wild desire to go into the movies. The story of his start in pictures, of his early aspirations and ambitions, of his romance with Alma Rubens is told on the opposite page by Dorothy Spensley. It is a fascinating picture of this fascinating young man.

Ricardo—the First

By Dorothy Spensley

and he doesn't pretend to be a second Valentino

IF I were a comely matron with a daughter of marriageable age and Ricardo Cortez were courting her, I certainly would want to be a third party to their tete-a-tetes—not only as a chaperone, for Ricardo has a strangely beguiling personality, but as an interested observer of how he would fascinate the female of the species who is drifting into the late forties.

He would and could skillfully carry on an ardent romance with a youthful daughter, at the same time making mother feel that she was reliving the ardor of youth. He just has that way about him. And this is not written with malice and aforethought but merely to illuminate one facet of his ingratiating personality.

He is a loving and lovable boy who loves his work, dreams his dreams (even as you and I), and tries to win the admiration and devotion of his fellow-workers. The latter was to be seen at the studio the other day when Ricardo and I talked in the glamorous confines of the file room.

He doesn't do it in the usual hail-fellow-well-met way of our Babbittlike citizenry but with an infectious manner that seems to say, "I'll swap friendships with you and I hope you will like me as well as I like you!"

ONE reason for his ingratiating personality might be credited to his sincere thankfulness at being permitted to do the thing he likes best—to act.

When he was a youth in New York City—a patient valet to a ticker in a broker's office—his thoughts were in teeming Times Square, and no sooner than three o'clock arrived (banker's hours, you know) he would snatch his cap and mingle with the gay theatrical throng, stopping at the billboards to worship the lithographed faces of the hourly heroes. He must have been a handsome boy—he is a handsome man—and he still retains that shy, yet eager manner that one associates with ambitious youth. Ricardo is only twenty-five and the glitter and gleam of stardom is still very new and alluring. I don't believe he will grow cynical with newer glories—but time and ennui have done horrors with other stellar material.

Ricardo Cortez was born in Vienna, Austria. His mother was a concert singer with all the brilliant visions of the talented. His father was a conscientious Austrian business man with a shrewd eye on the all-powerful kronen. As a result of this union, Ricardo's school days were decorated with long hair and stiffly starched collars. The august age of three found him crossing the Atlantic in company with parents and two sisters. They settled in New York City.

A very young Ricardo apprenticed himself to a brokerage (feel the iron hand of the father?) and a very young Ricardo spent



his extra pennies for film magazines and, when the ticker was not grinding out sad and glad news, avidly devoured the contents of the magazines. He frankly admits he often placed himself in the boots of the cinema interviewees and spent other extra quarters in having himself photographed in exotic garb—Merton of the Movies, Ricardo of the Reels, Cortez of the Cinema.

And one day he met Bob Ellis. Ellis was at that time directing for Pathé. At the old studio on East 48th Street, where the Talmadges have worked, Ellis was making a picture called "The Fringe of Society." It proved to be the fringe of success for Ricardo. A fringe, alas! that was trimmed in the cutting.

He was to play the renegade brother of Ruth Roland who was loved by Milton Sills, the district attorney. In the cast were George Larkin, J. Herbert Frank and Jules Cowles. Ricardo was to lead the band of crooks into the attorney's home and the stalwart Milton was to deliver an upercut that would knock Ruth's roguish brother into a twilight sleep. The rehearsals went over fine. But oh, when they came to take the thing! Sills, accidentally of course, delivered a punch that made Ricardo see more stars than a casting director. "Cut!" yelled Bob Ellis, the director.

"Yes!" groaned Ricardo, and a doctor was sent for post haste. Six stitches were taken and Ricardo was carried home.

"Enough of this monkeyshine business," said father.
"Don't be discouraged, my son," said mother.

BUT when "The Fringe of Society" played the theatres, every vestige of Ruth Roland's "brother" was gone. Couldn't have a white bandaged head in a gang of crooks, you know.

Nothing daunted, Ricardo's next effort filmwise was with Elsie Janis, in an Imp picture for Selznick, with Joe King in the lead. Sixty dollars a week he received in the long blue envelope, and he trod on air. But even with this piece of good fortune he did not feel entirely of the film world. He had lived so long in the land of longing that realization of his dreams seemed too remote to be true.

He had that profound awe for people of the stage that only folks far removed from that vocation can appreciate. He tells of his first glimpse of Alma Rubens, whom he is to marry in the near future. Enthusiastically he describes the street where he first saw her. Here again his boyish glow is apparent.

"It was across from St. Patrick's Cathedral, near Kirkpatrick's jewelry store in New York—I think the shop is still there. She was looking at a photographer's display—you know how they have them in front of their shops. I saw her pale face and dark lumi-
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 112]

COLMAN or GILBERT?

RONALD COLMAN or Jack Gilbert? Not only in Hollywood, but in every town where pictures with these new leading men appear, fans persist in comparing and contrasting their work and their personalities. What are their real selves? Which is the better screen actor? Which is thought most of by those who know them? Dorothy Spensley was assigned to study both men, and the surprising result will appear in the next issue of PHOTOPLAY.

Which is Your Favorite?

Too Bad—She's

"The Merry Widow" gave Hollywood a great treat with her new gowns when she returned from Paris and Berlin—but they're going right back to decorate her new German pictures

All photographs of gowns, wraps, etc.
by WALTER SEELEY



Mae brought back so many trunks that the Los Angeles truck man thought it was the wardrobe for an entire theatrical company and asked what theater they should be delivered to



A "pousse cafe" dancing frock. Its picketed hem is crimson, shading into carnation. The bodice shades from grey into tan and then to deep caramel at the shoulders

JUST back from Europe, where she spent three months resting after the hectic production of "The Merry Widow," under the direction of Eric Von Stroheim, Mae Murray will make one more picture in this country and then return to Berlin, where she has signed a two-year contract to make pictures at the Ufa studios.

The second day after her arrival in Los Angeles, she put all other business aside and posed for photographs in some of her new things, just to give the readers of PHOTOPLAY a glimpse of her new foreign wardrobe.

Mae supervised the designing and making of her gowns and wraps and would not permit the French modistes to make any of them too Frenchy. Mae believes that it is better to give your gowns a personal touch than follow too slavishly the regulation models of the Rue de la Paix dressmakers.

Hollywood was agreeably surprised when, expecting to see a lot of bizarre creations, she wore some of her new gowns to the many parties that were given in honor of her homecoming.

But if Mae does not altogether care for the ultra-French gowns, she is enthusiastic about the trifles that one may pick up in Paris. "Buy lingerie in Paris," she advises, "there is no place in the world where they have such divine lingerie as in Paris. You can't get it anywhere else. Buy gloves—they always have something new and smart. Stockings, shoes, hats, bags—the bags over there are beyond compare—and jewelry. You can always find wonderful novelties that add just the right touch of chic to your wardrobe."

Going to Take Them Back



"Moe of the Mist" in her coral rubber ensemble suit with a coral hat to match and non-skid Scotch boots



Not a doily or pocket handkerchief. Just a bit of peach-colored lingerie



Satin mules of ripe corn shade with canary colored ostrich billowing over the tiny toes



The "sophisticape," fur trimmed cloth of gold wrap. At left, with shawl collar down



"The Harebell," a frock of purple crepe de chine. The archid horse-hair hat has a satin bow and silver roses

Another bit of gossamer lingerie—cream lace with knife-pleated oyster white satin



CLOSE-UPS and By Herbert Howe

Satire, Humor and Some Sense

LONG-SHOTS

IT has been a month of seismic and cinematic disturbances in Hollywood with even the earth doing a movie to compete with "The Gold Rush."

As though the release of "The Gold Rush" and the birth of the Chaplin heir simultaneously were not enough to excite us, Nature got the heebie-jeebies and performed like a bootlegger's bride.

SOME claim Charlie held back the news of the baby's birth until after the premiere of "The Gold Rush" in order to get the publicity for the picture. Some may even suspect Charlie of pulling the earthquake, whereas, as a matter of fact, it wiped him right off the front pages just as he was saying the baby looked like him.

Maybe the quake was excited by the news that the Chaplin child would enter pictures at once, Nature preferring to wreck the world rather than let the Chaplins own it.

ANYHOW the rivalry between Heaven and Charlie for headlines was hotter than that between Pola and Gloria.

To add to the toll of disturbances—though I got no publicity—I had twin teeth extracted leaving a cavern so deep that I hear an echo every time I speak. This is confusing. A man likes to hear himself talk but not twice.

I recount all these disturbances in order to excuse any repetitious or irritable utterances that may gin the sobriety of the page this month.

SPEAKING of "The Gold Rush" and dentistry, I earnestly advise Charlie to rush the child—I refer to the brain child—to a dentist and have at least three dead reels extracted before they affect the good ones. It is a picture of flashing moments separated by dud ones.

But Chaplin at his dulllest is so vastly superior to the movie average that he suffers only by comparison with himself.

WHILE no picture can be judged by its Hollywood reception, it looks as though Charlie would be able to buy shoes for the baby even if the infant wears papa's screen size.

WITH the temperature at a hundred, stars came to the premiere wearing emine to keep their diamonds warm. Inasmuch as they come to act and applaud to perform their noise is no gauge of a picture's entertainment.

The prologue is also a consideration in the success of a picture when it is staged by Sid Grauman with the prodigality of a Roman emperor and the resources of



The proudest and happiest girl in Hollywood. Dolores Costello, daughter of the famous Maurice Costello, has been selected by John Barrymore to be his leading woman. It is, of course, one of the biggest honors of the year

Mack Sennett. There were parts of the feminine spectacle—notably from ankle to eye—that in themselves would warrant a gold rush.

THE month has also seen the presentation of the Valentino medal to John Barrymore, who thus comes into his own after years of struggle.

I'm glad to report that John's head has not been turned. He says Adolphe Menjou is the screen's best actor, with Chaplin second. But he keeps the medal.

MOVIE SYNONYM: Joseph Hergesheimer wrote a story for Pola Negri and suggested as the title "The Wanton." Presto! a brisk translation to the cinemese and we have "Flower of Night"—the movie synonym. What a truly beautiful language is the Cinemese!

I'M worried about Pola Negri. By plucking her eyebrows, sleeking her hair and washing her face she is rapidly becoming a movie version of herself, just as Nazimova became a bad adaptation of the great Alla. Pola ought to go out and roll in the mud until she feels like Carmen all over again.

Putting Pola in an ordinary star vehicle is like putting a high-powered motor in a Ford chassis. Few characters of fiction have been created as great as her own. Thus on the screen she suffers by comparison with herself.

But I'm willing to put money on "Flower of Night" because it is about a wild lady of the Mexican silver mines who socks her man for a row of nuggets, because it was written by Joseph Hergesheimer who knows character values, and because the scenario was done by Willis Goldbeck who did "Scaramouche" and "Peter Pan" and who understands the barbaric spirit of Pola.

AN old-fashioned soul was seeing Hollywood with her spectacles well polished when Gloria Swanson and the Marquis appeared on a bridle path—Gloria in riding breeches with her boy hair trim.

"There goes Gloria and the Marquis!" some one exclaimed.

"Which?" asked the old lady tremulously. "which is the Marquis?"

MARION DAVIES is playing in "The Lights of Old Broadway" with Teddy Roosevelt as a boy and Weber and Fields as a couple of kids. In "Little Old New York," she appeared with Fulton and the first steamboat.

I found Marion pondering lugubriously on the set the other day. "What the public is going to ask pretty soon," she said, "is, how old is that Davies woman anyhow?"

WE receive more letters about you than about any other star," an editor told Ramon Novarro. "How do you account for such popularity? You've been off the screen for a year."

"That's the reason," returned Novarro promptly. "The less they see of me the better they like me."

THERE'S more wit than wisdom in Novarro's reply, but it may be that too many screen visits may wear the welcome out. Charlie Ray made eleven pictures in a year, and he has never recovered. Barbara La Marr was too generous with her beauty in too many pictures; and interest has waned. Chaplin stays off the screen two years and comes back to applause that literally shakes the earth.

IF I were a star nothing could prevail upon me to make personal appearances. Silent actors should remain silent. Even when they speak well they are bound to

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 127]

That Terrible Thorne Girl

Illustrated by
Ray Van Buren



The hand, holding the newspaper and its scandal, was extended

By Frederic Arnold
Kummer

Part V—Chapter XVII

THE week which followed Sylvia's visit at the home of Steve's family in Rosemont was the happiest week of her life. Even the gold and blue days she and Steve had spent together on their journey up from New Orleans did not compare with it.

Then, in spite of the love he showed for her, she had been tortured by thoughts of what might happen to that love when he learned the truth—or what was publicly passing for the truth.

Now, her fears on that score had disappeared. Steve knew what was being said and still loved her—still believed in her. It was enough to make any woman happy, particularly one who had been through such devastating experiences as had been Sylvia's portion during her stay in Millersburg.

She was happy in the work, simple though it was, that filled her days at the store—happy in the belief that Steve's mother liked her—superlatively happy in the perfect confidence she felt in Steve. Existence seemed a radiant dream, come true.

Mrs. Hollins she had not seen, since her week-end visit, and Julia had departed for Pittsburg. Any fear of immediate discovery, of exposure, seemed groundless. Not that Sylvia had any intention of permitting matters to remain as they were. Mrs. Hollins, Julia, must be given the facts, eventually, but there was just a chance, as she explained to Steve, that when her story was told, it might be accompanied by some sort of vindication.

Steve, at first, was all for going out to Hollywood and forcing the truth from Sydney Harmon by physical violence, if necessary, or, in plainer English, by "beating him up," but that sort of vindication, with its resultant notoriety

was not what Sylvia wanted. Sydney would in all probability refuse to admit anything at all and have Steve arrested for assault and battery. But she could never feel right with Mrs. Hollins, never meet her with a clear conscience, so long as this secret lay between them.

Steve, however, for the present at least,

urged her to remain silent—to "let sleeping dogs lie." No good could come, he argued,

That which has gone before

JUST as she is about to receive the leading rôle in the most important picture of the year, Sylvia Thorne finds her career wrecked by a scandal. Her room-mate, Jean Martin, has been carrying on an affair with a director—a married man. One night Harmon comes to their bungalow and is found there by his wife who confuses Sylvia with Jean. As Jean refuses to clear her friend, Sylvia is named in the divorce suit and banished from Hollywood. Heart-broken, she returns home using her real name, Mary McKenna, and on the trip meets Steve Hollins. They fall in love with each other and Sylvia, ashamed to admit the truth, doesn't tell him of her past life. He begs Sylvia to marry him and as Sylvia is considering her problem, she sees the whole story of her disgrace blazed in a sensational magazine. Realizing that it is only a question of time until Steve learns it, too, she leaves, without explanations to him, for her home in Pennsylvania. There she is welcomed by her kindly and intelligent father, but it doesn't take her long to discover that the whole town considers her a "fallen woman." The women snub her and the men make furtive advances to her. The worst blow falls when a former suitor, Howard Bennett, accepts the story that has been circulated about her. In desperation, Sylvia comes to New York and works in a bookshop. Meanwhile, Steve finds the magazine story and his instinct tells him it is false. He gets Sylvia's address, goes to her father and learns she is in New York. Hastening back to her, he tells her he is sure of her innocence and invites her to meet his mother and sister. His mother accepts Sylvia but his sister is suspicious. Unknown to any of them, she goes to the Pennsylvania town and quickly picks up all the gossip about Sylvia. Armed with this information, she starts back to confront Sylvia.

from explaining matters to his mother now. The picture world, it seemed, moving with its accustomed celerity, had forgotten Sylvia and her affairs completely and turned to newer stars, newer sensations. She read the screen magazines avidly, because they took her back to the fantastic existence of which she had once been a part; they told her that a new star, Christine Moore, was playing the part of Celeste in "The Miracle of Notre Dame," which she had herself been chosen to play, and that its celebrated author, Francois Vernay, had arrived in Hollywood from his home near Paris to assist in the making of the production. Reading these items of news during slack moments at her counter in the bookstore, or while lurching in a near-by tea-room, gave her at times a feeling of depression that even her love for Steve did not lighten. Her work was there, she felt, not behind the counter of a bookshop; of course, as Steve's wife, she would give up her position, but—would not the lure of the studios still remain, to baffle



her? In the excitement of her journey home, of her stay in Millersburg, Sylvia's mind had been occupied with other things—now she began to realize how greatly she had loved her work, how unhappy she might be, even as a wife, with no hope of a career ahead of her. Steve drew delightful pictures of their honeymoon in Egypt, their home, later on, in the old house at Rosemont, but Sylvia was conscious of something lacking and being honest with herself, recognized what it was.

There was news, too, of Paul Lamer, in the screen weeklies, of Mr. Solberg, of Marion Allison, and of her other friends and acquaintances in Hollywood. She wondered if she would ever go there again. Marion had written her one letter, forwarded by her father from Millersburg, but it had contained nothing of importance, so far as Sylvia's affairs were concerned. Sydney Harmon had disappeared; it was reported that he had gone to Honolulu—alone, so rumor went. Certainly he had not taken Jean Martin with him, for the girl was still in Hollywood, doing her usual hits with the International. As for Mrs. Harmon, she moved through life with a sphinxlike smile, saying nothing, taking no one into her confidence. If she meant to carry out her threat, to sue Sydney for divorce, naming Sylvia as co-respondent, the suit had not yet become a matter of record. The whole affair seemed to have settled down into a dull fog of nothingness, intangible, yet impenetrable. Sylvia read the letter with rather a bleak smile; she had hoped for action of some sort. But unless the two persons who knew the real truth would speak it—unless either Sydney or Jean would come forward to clear her, it appeared inevitable that her name would continue to rest under the present murky cloud. She showed the letter to Steve, but he made light of it.

"YOU know, and I know, what really happened, sweetheart," he said, "Why worry ourselves about other people? They can't live our lives for us. Anyway, you're through with all that bunch now. Forget it." Easy to say, Sylvia reflected, but far from easy to do. And was she "through with all that bunch now"? In her heart of hearts she hoped not—hoped that by some miracle the slate of the past might be wiped clean—that she might once more know the keen joy of success, of fame, in the work she had loved so much.

Steve met her daily, when the bookstore closed at six, and whirled her uptown to the apartment hotel at which she had taken a room. A very small room it was, but Sylvia's income from her new position was also small. Certainly it gave her a feeling of independence to live within it. Some of her savings from her picture work still remained, and her father sent her a weekly allowance, but Sylvia did not use it. It is true that her pay sufficed to do little more than cover her room rent, but with Steve determined to take her to dinner each evening, to say nothing of monopolizing her entire time on Sundays, she found herself unable to spend any money, except the small amount required for her breakfasts and lunches. As for clothes, she had laid in an unusually ample stock during the weeks prior to her departure from Hollywood, expecting to need them when she made her triumphal visit East as the International's newest star. No wonder Julia Hollins had been suspicious. A shopgirl dressed like a movie queen. Sylvia should have thought of that, but her desire to appear at her best before Steve and his family had dulled her caution.

Steve was living at his club, in New York, now, working hard, during the daytime, on his book, "Notes on the Maya Ruins of Yucatan." It might seem a dry subject, he laughingly told Sylvia, but he was trying to make it popular, to infuse it with human interest. From the chapters he occasionally read to her, Sylvia thought he was succeeding. He had his hobby, his life interest, it seemed, and did not think, apparently, that she might wish to have one of her own.

There had been much snow, during the week of Julia's absence, and Mrs. Hollins, who met Steve and herself on Friday afternoon for tea while on a shopping expedition in town, spoke of the beauty of the country.

"You really ought to come down tomorrow afternoon, my dears," she said, "and take a look about. The fields are so lovely in their carpet of snow. To me the country is always at its best in winter. And I'm all by myself, now, with Marcia and Julia away. Do come down tomorrow and cheer up a lonely old woman." She gave Sylvia a quizzical smile, patted her hand. Quite apart from the fact that Sylvia was to marry her son, Mrs. Hollins liked the girl—had in fact developed a



genuine fondness for her. Perhaps, like Steve, she realized intuitively that she was dealing with a woman who possessed a clean soul. "Persuade him, Mary," she continued. "He doesn't listen to me any more." Steve and Sylvia laughed.

"We'd love to come, mother," he said. "I'll get out that ancient cutter we have in the barn and take Mary for an old-fashioned sleigh ride. I'll bet she's never been on one."

"No," Sylvia shook her head. "At least not since I was a very little girl."

"You're not so terribly big now," Steve said, grinning. "In my young days," Mrs. Hollins remarked, regarding them with a reminiscent smile, "it was considered the height of elegance for a young man to take his sweetheart out for a ride behind his fast trotter. And I must say, what with the fresh open air, the splendid horses, the music of the sleighbells, it was a far more romantic experience than skidding about in a closed automobile. We did not get stalled, in those days, if we ran into a snowdrift. I may be old-fashioned, but I think you young people still have a great deal to learn about the art of living."

"That's the stuff, mother," Steve laughed. "Stand up for the early Victorians—they weren't half as bad as they're painted. We'll be down Saturday night for dinner. Earlier, maybe, if Mary can get away from the store. How about it, Adorable?"

"I'll try," Sylvia said. "I haven't asked for any favors, up to now. Maybe they'll let me have an afternoon off."

"Julia may be back," Mrs. Hollins said, as she left them, "although I haven't heard from her."

Sylvia found herself hoping that Julia would not be back and blaming herself inwardly for the uncharitable thought.

CHAPTER XVII

THE words spoken by the two young men in front of Mr. McKenna's bookshop were but so much idle gossip, forgotten a moment later, and yet they were destined to exert a profound influence on both Sylvia's life and that of Stephen Hollins.

"How dare you say that about the woman I love! These stories are lies—lies—"



Julia, overhearing them, immediately felt all her suspicions of the girl justified. If Sylvia's dyed hair, her expensive furs, had seemed mysteries, up to now, what Miss Hollins had just heard went far to explain them. "Mix-up in Hollywood," indicated to her but one thing—that Sylvia was a "movie" actress, and that she had apparently been involved in some scandal. Just what that scandal was Julia now made it her business to find out.

She had not expected to remain in Millersburg more than an hour or two and, in consequence, had left her baggage at the railroad station. Instead of returning there at once, as had been her intention on leaving Mr. McKenna, she walked to the corner and inquired of the policeman, she found there, the way to the town's best hotel.

It proved to be but a few blocks off, and, while covering the distance, Miss Hollins decided on a plan of action. The employees of hotels in small towns, such as Millersburg, were apt to know all the town gossip, she argued. Especially the women employees, such as telephone operators, or manicurists. There was a smart beauty parlor and hair-dressing establishment in the hotel, and thither Julia bent her steps, eager to learn the truth about Sylvia and her mystery. A few moments later she was seated before a pert, bobbed-haired young woman, having her nails manicured.

"Rather a nice little town you have here, miss," she began.

The girl chewed lazily on a bit of gum.

"A dump," she said acidly. "Wisht I lived in N'York."

"Not long ago," Julia went on, regarding the girl with calculating eyes, "I met a young woman from this place named McKenna. Mary McKenna. A very pretty girl, in a way. Red haired—"

"Whatta you mean—red-haired?" the manicurist said, glancing up quickly. "Mary McKenna's got brown hair."

"Really. Perhaps I was mistaken. Or she may have had it dyed. You know her, then?"

"Know her?" The girl gave an envious little snort. "Didn't I go to school with her for five years, before she got a job in

the movies? Oh, yes, I know her all right."

"Then she's an actress, is she?" Miss Hollins smiled her satisfaction over this bit of news. She had felt from the beginning that there was something queer about Sylvia.

"Sure—or was." The tone of the manicurist's voice implied that her customer must be singularly ignorant of affairs of the day not to know that. "Ain't you ever heard of Sylvia Thorne, usta play second parts with Aline Duvall? When they picked her for the lead in 'The Miracle of Notre Dame' I says to myself, some folks sure do have all the luck, but the way things turned out I guess she wasn't so lucky at that, getting mixed up with a married man and losing her job."

"You—you mean she was involved in some—scandal?" Julia whispered, her eyes like bright bits of jet.

"Say, miss, don't you ever read the newspapers? The whole affair was front-page stuff a coupla months ago. That dumb Dora mighta been drawing down five thousand a week right now if she hadn't been caught with the goods—and by her sweetie's wife at that. They ran her out of Hollywood on account of it, I hear. When she came home last month I guess she expected folks to overlook her little slip-up and be as nice to her as ever, but it wasn't so good. Not so—good. Why, her own sister wouldn't have anything to do with her. And the fella she was going to marry—Howard Bennett—a swell looker, and worth all kinds of money, too—gave her the air. Then, when the minister up at the First Church preached a sermon about her one Sunday, she walked out on him. I wasn't there, myself, but a boy friend of mine tells me she nearly broke up the services. Beat it out of town that night, without letting anybody know where she was going. I figured she'd head for the bright lights, myself. So you met her in New York, did you? All hennaed up and everything. Wouldn't that give you a sore foot?"

"Yes," Miss Hollins said. "I met her in New York." Her expression was that of a hawk, ready to pounce upon an unsuspecting sparrow. The enormity of Sylvia's offense overwhelmed her. A notorious picture actress, too notorious even for the "movies," a girl publicly disgraced, disowned by her own sister, run out of town, to have the effrontery to invade the sacred precincts of the Hollins' household—plan a marriage with her brother! The thing was almost unbelievable, yet here were the facts, beyond all dispute. She had always known that Steve was a fool, where women were concerned. Thank God there was still time to rescue him from this vampire's clutches.

"YOU say this story was in all the newspapers?" she asked slowly, trying to determine just what would be the best way to prove her statements, when she got back to Rosemont.

"Sure it was. With her picture and everything. The woman whose husband she was playing around with threatened to get a divorce, but I ain't never heard yet if she did or not. All you got to do, if you want to get the whole dope about it, is look up a back file of the New York papers. Just about two months ago, I'd say. You can't miss it."

Julia Hollins laid a dollar bill on the table, rose.

"You may keep the change, miss," she said grimly. "And I am very much obliged to you for telling me what you have. The name of the young man she was to marry, you say, is Bennett?"

"Yes, ma'am. Howard Bennett. His old man owns the street railroad, here, and the electric light plant, and a lot of other things. Got all kinds of money. I guess he didn't lose any sleep when the story broke. He never wanted Howard to marry an actress, anyway, although why he shouldn't if she was a decent girl is too much for me. I wouldn't mind going in the movies myself," she added, as though more completely to justify her statement.

Miss Hollins gave her a wintry smile and went into the hotel lobby. A moment's conversation with the head porter disclosed the fact that there was an excellent train for the east at



"Say, miss, don't you ever read the newspapers? The whole affair was front-page stuff a couple months ago!"

five o'clock, which would put her in New York soon after midnight. It would be too late, perhaps, to go to Rosemont, but Julia had no intention of going to Rosemont that night. Her plan, hastily conceived while talking to the manicure girl, was to spend the night in New York, arm herself with copies of the newspapers containing Sylvia's story the next morning, and then, fully prepared, to swoop down on Sylvia at the store and confront her with the evidence of her guilt. She would give the girl two alternatives—one, to disappear, utterly, at once, leaving a note for Steve breaking off their engagement—the other, to endure the humiliation of having Steve break it off, as soon as he learned the truth. It did not occur to Julia that he might know it already. No man, in his sober senses, she argued, would think of marrying an immoral woman.

In planning this easy method of getting rid of Sylvia, Miss Hollins was not considering the girl's feelings. She was thinking rather of her own. A little afraid of Steve, she thought it likely he might be angry with her, for thus ferreting out the truth about Sylvia and her affairs, even though her motives had been to save him from a disastrous marriage. The bringer of bad news is not usually welcomed with cheers. Julia argued that if Sylvia ran away, disappeared, after writing Steve a letter terminating their engagement, it might not be necessary to tell him the truth at all. Or if it were told him, later on, she, Julia, might pretend that she had run across the story in the newspapers quite by accident. This would keep her skirts clear of blame—would absolve her of any malicious desire to break up Steve's love affair by playing the part of amateur detective. Quite pleased with herself for the clever way in

which she was handling the matter, Miss Hollins ordered a taxicab and was driven to the station. As she passed the little bookshop her lip curled scornfully. This man McKenna no doubt thought he had deceived her completely. It was pleasant to know that she had outwitted him.

The next morning, which was Saturday, Miss Hollins betook herself to the public library, where she knew it would be a simple matter to examine the files of New York newspapers for the past two months. After that, having fixed the dates she desired, she would go to the newspaper offices and buy the papers themselves. She did not hurry, having decided to descend upon Sylvia just as the latter was leaving the store for lunch. Their conversation, she knew, would be of far too private a nature to be carried on over a store counter. Sylvia had mentioned, on the occasion of her visit at Rosemont, that she usually went out for her midday meal about half-past twelve.

The story of the girl's disgrace, when Julia finally came upon it, was even more damning than she had anticipated. Her eyes snapped with anger as she read the loathsome details. What a dangerous character Sylvia must be, to have the impudence to come into their home, pretend to be a decent woman, when at heart she was so evil! A woman who received her lovers in a nightgown, drank whiskey with them, was discovered in their very arms, to be clever enough to palm herself off on honest people as a sweet and innocent young girl, worthy of their companionship, their respect. The more Julia read the angrier she became; it was only by an effort that she restrained herself from rushing off to Steve at once with the whole wretched story, exposing Sylvia publicly. Such a course, however, might result in throwing discredit upon the Hollins name, and that was something Julia wished to avoid at all costs. It was bad enough for Steve to have been tricked by a scheming woman—it would be far worse to have their friends, the public, know about it.

She spent much more time over her reading than she had intended, and found that she must hurry if she were first to secure copies of the newspapers before going to see Sylvia. As it turned out, she reached the bookstore just a few moments before the half hour, and was desperately chagrined to find that Sylvia had left at twelve o'clock, and was not expected back until the following Monday morning.

She would be with Steve, of course, Julia reflected, and knew that it would be useless to call her brother up by telephone. No doubt he and Sylvia were luncheon together at some smart restaurant or café. While eating her own luncheon, Julia considered what course she had best take in order to see Sylvia apart from Steve. She did not know, yet, that the two young people were on their way to the house at Rosemont, but she discovered it a little later when she called up her mother. Steve and Mary had just arrived, Mrs. Hollins said, and were having luncheon. A little later they were going out for a sleighride. Julia could not trust herself to say anything about her discoveries over the telephone; she informed her mother that she would be home on the next train.

CHAPTER XIX

STEVE came along the path from the barn, carriage whip in hand, a fur robe over his arm.

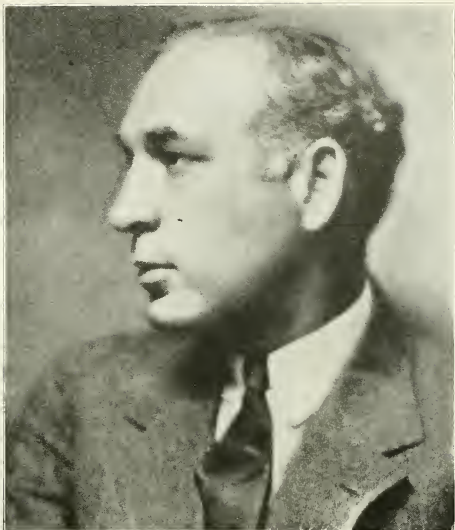
"All ready, Beautiful!" he called, waving to Sylvia who stood on the side porch. "Let's show them how granddad used to burn up the road, by heck!" He squeezed her arm when she joined him, smiling down at her happily. "I've had Briscoe polish up the old bus till you can see your face in it, and I've hired Sam Whodbee's fastest trotter. Some class to that, eh what?" He pointed to

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 138]

The Lad Who Ran Away

*And who got tired of
waiting for freights*

By Jim Tully



Edwin Carewe is part Chickasaw Indian. The story of his early romance and of his meeting with Jack London is more fascinating than any drama ever filmed

THESE were two young men at a water tank waiting for a Missouri Pacific freight. Both were of the same build, and both were young hoboos. One had run away from a California home, the other had left a town in Oklahoma near the Chickasaw Indian Reservation.

If either of these two young men could have read the words scrolled in far-off skies, perhaps they would not have been so downcast on this windy morning.

The hours dragged by—those eternities of waiting for freight trains, that seem to pass like uncalendared centuries. To while away the hours first one and then the other carved his name on the wooden posts that supported the tank—one of the names belonged to Edwin Carewe and the other to that prince of word-slingers, Jack London.

Both were fagged and weary of the road, and one said, "I think, Chula, I'll beat it back to Oakland and borrow coin from a saloon-keeper I know and try to get to college. I'm tired eating my heart out waiting on these damn freights that never come."

"That's the system, Jack," said the lad then known as "Chula



Carewe as an actor in a film of the vintage of 1908. Between scenes, with all the other actors, he assisted the carpenters and property boys

the Fox," because he was part Chickasaw Indian. "All a guy gets in this game is the bones when they're all sucked dry. The wind rattles through a guy's whiskers even after he's shaved in this game. I want to get off the road too, but what the hell I'll do I don't know."

And then from the other, "Where you from, Chula? You don't need to say if you don't want to."

"Over in Oklahoma—but that don't matter either."

An engine whistle shrieked, its echo rolling through the air like a wounded covote. Both young rovers looked up in animation. It was a freight bound in the wrong direction.

They settled back to the monotony of waiting again. To while away more of the crawling time, the California lad said, "Believe me, Oakland beats this all to hell—and I know a pretty little girl there that thinks—but it doesn't matter what she thinks—I'm just a bum with about as much future as the guy that got sentenced to life in Denver yesterday. I'm a dyed-in-the-wool bum just as sure's my name's Jack London."

"Well, you never can tell, Jack,"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 112]

Pick Your Own Style—the



The intellectual type — guaranteed to give satisfaction at Sunday afternoon teas, at receptions for English narehiats and at concerts. Not so good in the kitchen or at the country club. Posed by Myrna Loy

Natacha Rambava had a bright idea for her picture, "What Price Beauty?". She invented the newest thing in beauty shops. From a wide range of models, you may select your own style. You pays your money and you takes your choice



There's a big demand for the Nita Naldi model. She's the siren. Absolutely sure-fire at dinners and dances. Not at her best at family dinners or feminine parties. Terrible on the tennis court



Rosalyn Byrne as the Oriental girl. A knock-out in Bohemian circles, but not popular at parties that have a chaperon. Only to be adopted by the very young



Not so cold as she looks—the aristocratic girl—even if her name is Sally Winters. An admirable model for formal wear. But she is a total loss at washing dishes



In the Rambava Beauty Shop, you may be made to look like Helen of Troy, Du Barry or just Plain Jane. It's as easy as buying a new hat. All you have to do is to find out what type the Boy Friend likes, put the problem up to the shop and the prize is as good as yours



Beauty-Parlor Does Rest



"What Price Beauty?" is Hollywood's most interesting film. It was made at small cost by Mrs. Valentino who, before her marriage, was one of the highest-priced art directors. The story is a simple romance with touches of satire and a few erotic episodes



Just the thing for a college prom — Dala Peterson, as the Fluffy Girl. Greatly favored by great big tall men who like 'em helpless. And if you don't believe she's helpless, just ask her to darn a sock



She's most "impetuous," is La Supervia, the Latin Lady. An excellent companion for misunderstood men — for artists, poets and musicians. But please don't pin her down to the practical things of life

To the right, Natacha Rambova, the producer, who is really a composite of all the charming types. Below, Miss Rambova in consultation with William Cameron Menzies, her art director



Below: Nita Naldi in one of the settings of "What Price Beauty?" Does it look expensive? It wasn't. It only proves what a resourceful woman can do with some cloth, some paint and a few lights



Let the Screen Make Your



Early American period styles as they appear in "The Man Who Found Himself," a picture in which Thomas Meighan and Virginia Valli play the leading roles

Frances Gilbert shows how to Americanize your dwelling with

IF you are seeking to convert your dwelling into a true home, you can make no wiser choice in furniture than early American. There is a pleasing familiarity about it that is native to our soil. Of course, like nearly all other styles, its origins trace back to Europe. But, because of our early historical associations it is, to most of us, preeminently American. It fits into and typifies our national ideals.

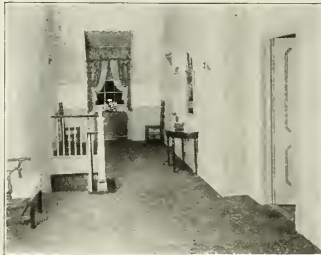
One entering a home properly furnished in this period gets the impression that here is the heart of the family life of the American people.

In such a setting as this, part of the action of the picture, "The Man Who Found Himself," takes place. Thomas Meighan heads the cast and Virginia Valli supports him. We do not want to give the impression, however, that this film is one of quiet, domestic life. In fact it is far from that, for it is a story of a man's efforts to clear himself of false accusation and of the sorrow and suffering he passes through before this purpose is accom-

plished. But there are certain settings, so delightfully in harmony with early American furnishings and all that they connote, that we have selected scenes from this picture as very fair examples of what anyone can really do to adapt the style to the needs of almost any kind of dwelling.

The settings here depicted on this and the opposite page are of upstairs rooms. The one at the head of this page shows what may be done with the more modest type of dwelling; and the illustration at the head of the other the effect that can be secured in rooms of a more formal type with loftier ceilings.

In the first illustration, the bedroom shown is roomy, yet so delightfully cozy and livable, that it would readily pass as a scene from an actual residence. One could readily believe that the lady in front of the fireplace (Virginia Valli, in conversation with Thomas Meighan) had just stepped from the chair before the dressing table. And other really home-like characteristics are



The little hallway at the head of the stairs may be made to reflect domestic comfort and quiet

Home a Better Place to Live In



An example of a rather formal style of architecture which is made to blend successfully with the simpler note of early American furnishings

these suggestions from "The Man Who Found Himself"

visible everywhere, both in the appearance of the furniture and its arrangements and the general architecture of the room with its wall trimmings and decorations.

The color scheme has been carefully chosen. The carpeting here is of a dark wine color and the wallpaper a soft blue on a cream white. The curtains and furniture coverings are of chintz with crimson and blue flowers on a cream white ground and the valances are soft blue taffeta trimmed with crimson taffeta ruffles. The hook rugs shown have all these colors in a cream yellow ground.

The furniture is somewhat modified from the early American period style, being reminiscent of the old Jacobean style in England.

Furniture similar in this style can be had at approximately these prices: Table, \$25; Windsor chairs, \$24 each; desk, \$95; stand by fireplace, \$44; chair by fireplace, \$36; arm chair, \$95; bed, \$60; hook rugs, \$37.50 each; desk lamp, \$10; reading lamp, \$20; candlesticks with globe, per pair, \$20; mirror, \$25; love seat, \$200; floor clock, \$350; dressing table, \$145.

The illustration that heads page 75 inducts us into a somewhat different type of bed chamber. The room, architecturally, does not quite run true to the early American, the lofty ceiling and the wall panels suggesting a different note. Yet there are many homes to which their owners may wish to adapt the early American. Here the span between the simplicity of the early American and the somewhat stiffer, more formal atmosphere of the room structure has been rather cleverly bridged.

In this room, carpeting of a soft blue, with tones of ivory for the walls, has been used. The chintz curtains are a combination of blue and yellow with touches of rose in the medallion in the panel to the left of the doorway. The entire effect has been obtained in this room at really low cost. The prices of the various articles here pictured run about as follows: Bed, \$60; stands, \$30; dressing table, \$90; dressing table chair, \$24; arm chair, \$50; pottery lamp on stand, \$15.

The appearance of the upper hall of a home is ever a matter of considerable importance. A

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 122]

Better Home Aids and Information

WHEN you see an effect of decoration or furnishings in pictures which interest you and about which you desire information, do not hesitate to write Photoplay and secure it. We are in direct touch with the experts who are designing and doing this work, and would be delighted to serve our readers in this manner. We will send you prices at which you can secure furniture in which you are interested or information regarding decorative effects which will enable you to duplicate it.

Address: Better Homes Editor, Photoplay Magazine,
750 North Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Ill.



In "My Old Dutch," Hersholt creates another striking portrait. He is one of the screen's greatest authorities on make-up

Give this Young Fellow a Hand!

*As Texas Guinan,
the reformed two-gun
woman of the screen
would say*



*Jean Hersholt as he really looks and as you never see him.
He hides his natural good looks in character roles*

TOO often does the picture public lose track of the sterling work of the character actor and actress, so dazzled are they by the charm and personality of the particular favorite the character player is supporting. And often the success or failure of a picture will hinge on the work of this same character man or woman whose efforts go unsung and unpraised.

For this reason we wish to call to your attention Jean Hersholt and, as Texas Guinan, the reformed two-gun woman of the screen, would say, "Let's give this young fellow a hand."

Few who saw Colleen Moore's triumph, "So Big," will forget Hersholt's work as the old multi-millionaire meat packer in this picturization of Edna Ferber's great novel.

In von Stroheim's "Greed," Hersholt's human characterization of Marcus stands out to us as one of the redeeming features.

And again as *Don Fabrique* in Douglas Fairbanks' production of "Don Q.," Hersholt's work is further proof of his great artistry.

Today Hersholt's services are in constant demand—he is considered a great artist—and he works in two or three productions at the same time.

He is now creating the character of an old silk-hat bum for Larry Trimble in "My Old Dutch," and at the same time has an important rôle with Henry King in "Stella Dallas."

As a make-up artist Hersholt ranks with the great of film-dom, and many among his admirers say that this young Danish actor, who is in his early thirties, has no peer, not even in Lon Chaney, "the man of a thousand faces."

Ten Good Rules to Remember

If you have Legs and
Arms you can Swim



Do's and Don'ts

By Duke Kahanamoku

IN the past five years I have heard at least one thousand persons say "I simply cannot learn to swim. It's sort of a mania with me. I'm afraid of the water."

It is my firm belief that there is no physically fit person in the United States who cannot learn to swim. To some it may come hard, yes. But by constant practice, no person with two sound arms and two legs is unable to navigate in the water.

To most of those who cannot swim the first thing to overcome is a fear of

DUKE KAHANAMOKU, international amateur swimming champion, has temporarily abandoned the water for the glare of the Kleigs. His most recent role was in Jack London's "Adventure," which Victor Fleming produced for Paramount. In the following article Kahanamoku offers a few friendly tips to those taking their swimming suit out of the moth balls in preparation for that summer vacation.

drop some small object to the bottom of the tank. Then try to retrieve the article. The result will surprise you. You will find that it requires considerable exertion to stoop down to recover it. And thus you have absolute proof that your body is lighter than water and that drowning, due to sinking under water, isn't nearly so simple as it at first appears.

When you have convinced yourself that there is no risk in learning to swim—when you have broken this initial fear—the next step is to learn the breast stroke which I have illustrated.



Breast stroke—Elbows are drawn close to sides with hands just under chest; thumbs touching and fingers closed. Then hands are pushed full forward, as in illustration, and body shot after them

Leg position—As arms are outstretched, legs are drawn up, heels touching, toes turned out. Then strike out, giving kick as legs are thrust back. Leg and arm strokes are made alternately

the water. And that isn't as difficult as it sounds, either.

First, become completely acquainted with the fact that your body is lighter than water and that if you don't thrash around wildly, you will really find it harder to sink than to keep afloat. Later I'll tell you how to prove this.

The second step in our lesson is to learn to hold your breath under water. This can be practiced if necessary in your wash-basin or tub in your own home where no matter how afraid you are of water, you certainly will not drown.

First fill the basin or tub with water and then plunge your head well in, holding your breath as long as you can possibly keep your face immersed. To begin with, you can probably hold your breath under water from half to three quarters of a minute without especial difficulty. Once your head is under water, open your eyes. The water may smart a little but it is actually good for them and the unpleasant sensation soon wears off.

As soon as you have accustomed yourself to this, go over to the natatorium, wade out three quarters of your height and

When full length of arms is reached, thumbs should be parted and arms swept around until elbows touch sides

Once the breast stroke is mastered, it is merely a matter of practice before one learns the fancier strokes, the Australian Crawl, the Trudgeon Crawl and fancy diving and plunging.

Women, as a rule, are equally as good swimmers as men—especially in fancy swimming. Most women do not possess a super-abundance of muscle. Their bones are much lighter than those of the male sex and they are generally endowed with a more liberal allowance of flesh than men. This, in fact, is an asset. It is because of these peculiarities that women possess much greater buoyancy than the average man and that they can usually remain in the water longer without chilling.

Of course, no one must disregard reasonable caution while in the water. And in connection with this I would like to advise that the best safeguard in any emergency is a cool head.

There are many fallacies in connection with drowning. Many persons believe that a gun fired in the vicinity of a



Ten Rules to Observe in Swimming

1. Don't dive into the water without first ascertaining the depth. It may be shallow and you may strike your head.
2. Don't take fright if seized with cramps. Try floating and gently rubbing the affected spot.
3. Don't become frightened if you fall into the water with your clothes on. Clothes assist one in floating as air pockets are formed by them.
4. Don't forget easy propulsion through the water distinguishes the swimmer from the amateur.
5. Don't over-exert yourself while swimming.
6. Don't go beyond the depth of your breast if you can't swim.
7. Don't attempt to get into a boat coming to your rescue. Grab hold of the stern and hang on until you are assisted in.
8. Don't bathe alone if subject to giddiness, faintness or heart-trouble.
9. Don't swim near waterfalls.
10. Don't forget that one lesson with an expert is worth a month of learning by yourself.

recently drowned person will bring the body to the surface. This is not true. A loud report or concussion will not do this with a recently drowned person. It is also generally supposed that a drowning person comes to the surface three times. This, too, is an absurd fallacy. A person may reappear above the surface if the lungs are not filled with water, but if all the air is expelled during the first stages of struggling, the person may not rise at all.

Strange as it may seem, my most dangerous experience in the water was during the making of a motion picture, "Adventure," recently. In the production, Pauline Starke and I swam four hundred yards out to a ship. The trip was made without trouble and after a moment's rest, I started back to land, leaving Miss Starke on the boat to complete a scene.

Half way back, however, I ran into a bed of kelp. Instead of going around it, I started to swim through. Before I realized it, I was completely caught and dozens of the long stems of the weed had become wound around my arms and body.

An amateur might have taken fright, struggled and perhaps drowned. By gently working myself up to a floating position, however, I loosened the weeds from my body, sculled out head first and slowly worked my way out of the bed. The slower one moves when in kelp, it seems, the less danger there is. The minute one speeds up his action, the weeds seem to become more active in resisting the motions of the swimmer.

There are probably no greater hazards in swimming than in any other sport or pastime which calls for vigorous physical activity, or a close co-ordination of brain and muscles. Certainly the statistics on fatalities in the water do not rise as high as those from automobiling and aeroplaning—considering, of course, the proportion of persons engaged in these various pursuits. As a matter of fact, the capable swimmer rarely meets with disaster. With rare exceptions, it is the amateur who gets in trouble and the amateur need take no risk, until he has demonstrated to his own satisfaction that he is really capable of taking care of himself in the water.

How to Be a Motion Picture Director

In which Marshall Neilan answers some pertinent questions. Study carefully, buy a megaphone and take the Golden State Limited

Q. What are the essential qualifications of a director?

A. The ability to convince producers that you are a better director than your pictures show you to be.

Q. How can this be done?

A. Easily. It is being done every day. Read a book on self-confidence and salesmanship.

Q. How should a director dress?

A. On his first picture, decently. His dowdiness should increase in direct proportion to his fame, until he makes one of the ten best pictures of the year, when he will return to the garb which he wore as a property man.

Q. How should a director act in public?

A. Like a nut or like an owl. Both methods have proved successful. By no means act normal. Producers are convinced that no normal being can be a director.

Q. How do you distinguish a director from mortals?

A. By the number of people to whom he does not speak. There was once a director who became so great that he forgot his wife's first name.

By Marshall Neilan

Q. When a producer asks you the name of your best picture, what do you tell him?

A. The next one I am to do for him.



The Producers call him Marshall but his actors call him "Mickey"

Q. What kind of a car should a director drive?

A. A car as radically different in design from a taxicab as possible.

Q. How many kinds of directors are there?

A. Two kinds—those who make artistic pictures and those whose pictures pay.

Q. What should a director read?

A. For useful information, the Police Gazette. For publicity purposes, the classics. For personal enjoyment, his own press notices.

Q. What should a director write?

A. Thoughtful articles on the art of directing.

Q. What should a director really know?

A. Enough to hire a good continuity writer, a good cameraman and a good assistant.

Q. How should a director direct?

A. That depends upon the importance of the visitors on the lot who happen to be watching him.

Q. Who is the greatest director of them all?

A. I am a modest man.

“The women of the younger set today simply must look fresh and lovely”

—GLORIA GOULD



GLORIA GOULD—now Mrs. Henry A. Bishop, Jr.—youngest daughter of the late George J. Gould, is a leader in the smart younger set of New York. She is distinguished by a dark gypsy-like beauty and a magnetic personality. Among the many obligations Mrs. Bishop acknowledges is the daily care of her lovely olive skin with Pond's Two Creams.



YOUTH! Lovely, laughing, light-hearted youth! Skins as fresh, smooth and clear as the petals of flowers, firm as full, round fruit! Wherever you see them, the women of the gay younger set of Society—lunching at Pierre's, dining at the Ritz, sitting on the sun-swept sands of Bailey's Beach or dancing under the summer moon anywhere—always you note the unwearied beauty of their skin!

These younger women must be themselves in keeping with the hour! They must look as gay, as light-hearted as they feel. And indeed it's amazing how completely they succeed in keeping their skin immaculately groomed, exquisite in texture and in tone! It's the method they've found! Two cool, delicious creams as light as froth, fragrant with a perfume rare and costly, one for cleansing and rejuvenating the skin, the other for giving it an even, velvety finish, to protect it and to serve as a base for powder. Together these Creams supply the two fundamental needs of every normal skin and this is how Gloria Gould and other lovely young women of Society use them:—

First, they cleanse their delicate skins with Pond's Cold Cream. This they do every day! At night before retiring, but also after a long motor drive, hours on the beach or the links, or a dusty shopping tour in the city, they cover their faces generously with the cream, and their throats, arms and the V of their necks if they have been exposed. They let it stay on a few moments. With a soft cloth or tissue they take it all off—and all the dirt too which has lodged in the depths of the pores and which this delicate cream simply floats to the surface of the skin. They repeat the process. And finish by closing the pores with a dash of cold water or a light massage with a piece of ice.

Now, over their newly cleansed skin before they powder, and always before

they venture out, they smooth a delicate film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Then they powder—and rouge—and are ready to go out. The delicate Vanishing Cream gives their skin a new evenness of finish, and holds their powder and rouge with miraculous smoothness. It prevents the pores from becoming clogged,



The Two Creams used by Society's younger women

protects the skin from the drying effects of exposure, prevents it from becoming lined and prematurely old, and keeps the hands beautifully white and soft.

If the skin is inclined to be dry, it needs a special nightly cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream and a little of the cream should be left on until morning. If the skin is prone to oiliness it likewise needs an extra deep cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. For this cream which adds needed oil to a dry skin also frees the pores of an oily skin from accumulations of excess oil.

And if the skin becomes burned or chapped the cooling touch of Pond's Cold Cream will quickly restore its velvet suppleness.

Pond's are the creams to which the lovely younger women of society have turned to perpetuate the beauty of their delicate skins.

And Gloria Gould is right when she says, "Fatigue and exposure can leave no trace on the skin that is cared for by Pond's Two Creams."

Aren't you just dying to try, for yourself, this delightful, effective method?

The Cold Cream comes in large jars and tubes and both creams in the smaller sizes of jars and tubes.

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

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. J-147
J-147 Hudson St., New York.

Please send me your free tubes, one each of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams.

Name.....

Street.....

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

The Photoplay Medal of Honor

For the best picture released in 1924

Winners of Photoplay Medal



- 1920
"HUMORESQUE"
- 1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
- 1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
- 1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"



What was the best motion picture of 1924?

THE ballot boxes of the fifth annual voting contest to decide which picture of 1924 is most worthy of the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Gold Medal are now open to the two million readers of PHOTOPLAY.

The decision of conferring this reward, which is looked upon as a supreme distinction in the motion picture world, rests entirely with the readers of PHOTOPLAY.

This is your opportunity to encourage better pictures by giving proper recognition to the producer who, by his vision and his faith in the public, has tried to give you the best in story, direction, acting, settings, continuity and photography. The vote that you cast in this contest is your way of expressing your appreciation and approval of the picture-makers who are constantly striving to bring the screen to a high and worthy artistic level.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE awarded the first Gold Medal of Honor in 1920. Each year the contest has assumed an increasing importance and the announcement of the result of your votes is an event of importance in the film world, as it most accurately reflects the best in public taste.

In its four past contests, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE had every reason to be proud of the decision of its readers.

For 1920, the Medal of Honor was awarded to William Randolph Hearst for his great story of mother love, "Humoresque," produced by Cosmopolitan. The Medal of Honor for 1921 went to Inspiration Pictures for "Tol'able David," a finely told story of American boyhood, starring Richard Barthelmess.

Douglas Fairbanks won the Medal of Honor in 1923 for his masterful and spectacular production of "Robin Hood." Last year the award went to Famous Players-Lasky for its great picture, "The Covered Wagon," which was directed by James Cruze.

What American picture presented during 1924 do you consider represents the most significant advance in picture-making? Register your vote by filling out the coupon on this page. Mail it to PHOTOPLAY's editorial offices, No. 221 West 57th Street, New York City, and see that your coupon reaches this office not later than October 1, 1925. PHOTOPLAY will also be glad to receive short letters explaining the reasons for your choice.

In order to give all the pictures an equal chance, the voting is delayed six months after the close of the year so that voters in all parts of the country will be able to see the films released late in the year. Remember, the ballot boxes close on October 1st, 1925, so be sure that your coupon is registered before that time. In case of a tie, equal rewards will be made to each one of the winners.

The PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor is solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights, and is two and one-half inches in diameter. It is being made, as were the other medals, by Tiffany & Company of New York.

Below, to refresh your memory, is published a list of fifty pictures released during 1924. Of course, your selection need not be limited to this group. Show your appreciation of good pictures by voting early.

Fifty Pictures Released in 1924

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
221 W. 57th Street, New York City

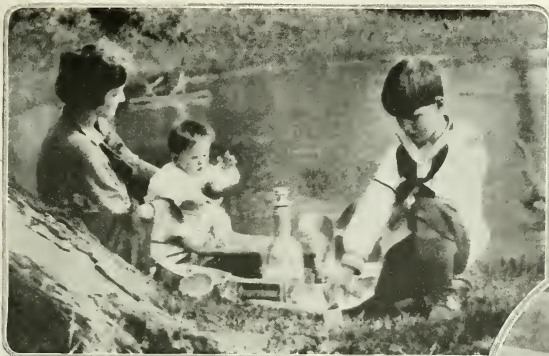
In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1924.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name _____

Address _____

- | | | |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| Abraham Lincoln | Girl Sky | Peter Pan |
| America | He Who Gets Slapped | The Red Lily |
| The Arab | Hot Water | The Sea Hawk |
| Babbitt | In Hollywood with Petash and Perlmutter | The Side Show of Life |
| Barbara Frietschie | The Iron Horse | The Signal Tower |
| Beau Brummel | Janice Meredith | The Snob |
| Black Oxen | The Lover of Camille | So Big |
| Broadway After Dark | Manhauled | Tarnish |
| Captain Blood | Manhattan | Tess of the D'Urbervilles |
| The Checkahocs | The Man Who Came Back | The Thief of Bagdad |
| Classmates | Dante's Inferno | Those Who Dance |
| Cythrea | Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall | Thy Name Is Woman |
| Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall | The Navigator | Three Women |
| The Enchanted Cottage | The Fighting Coward | Wanderer of the Waste-land |
| The Fighting Coward | Forbidden Paradise | West of the Water Tower |
| Forbidden Paradise | | Wild Oranges |
| | | Yolanda |



"As a YOUNG MOTHER, having given birth to eight children within nine years, complications setting in and my nerves badly shattered, I was fast losing my vitality. I tried eating Fleischmann's Yeast. I soon developed a fondness for it, and my health started to improve wonderfully. Within eight months I felt as if I could do the work of a longshoreman. It certainly did restore energy to my wasted body. For clearing the complexion there is nothing like it. And it has also proved a life-saver to my husband for boils."

MRS. FLORENCE MURRAY, New York

ONLY HALF-LIVING?

Thousands have found fresh energy, new vitality, health and success through one simple fresh food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes

them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast.

Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. 9, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

LEFT

"I HAD SUCH SEVERE INOIGESTION that I could eat almost nothing—often could not sleep at night at all. I had tried every sort of remedy without real relief. I decided to try Fleischmann's Yeast; I ate it for two months. Today my digestion is absolutely normal; my appetite has returned—in a word, my health is perfect again. I owe all this to Fleischmann's Yeast, and I cannot praise it enough."

MISS E. LAPOINTE, Montreal, Quebec, Canada

This famous food tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders. Start eating it today!



"A SEVERE AIRPLANE CRASH while serving as Flying Instructor during the war resulted in derangement of internal organs—and chronic constipation. My health failed rapidly for two years. Extreme gas pains, boils and other effects of aggravated auto-intoxication combined to make existence a thing of almost constant pain. Cathartics provided only partial and temporary relief.

"My wife started me on 2 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily. Within a week natural functions were normally resumed. Immediately I gained strength. Rest became possible and proper nourishment. Thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast, today I am in normal rugged health."

REX V. BIRBY, Culver City, Cal.



The Girl on the Cover

By Cal York



Ernst Lubitsch told Marie Prevost she was a dramatic actress. So she went ahead and proved it. Above: with Kenneth Harlan, her husband, in "Bobbed Hair"

JUST a poor little working girl who splashed joyously into pictures and whose troubles began with stardom. This is a business in which you have to earn your troubles and worries, says Marie Prevost, who has just started starring for Warner Brothers, the four little Davids who started out a few years ago, not to slay the Goliaths of the film industry, but to take what they considered their share of fortune away from them.

Everything was peaches and cream and one-piece bathing suits when she was a care-free Sennett beauty. Just make up the face, don the one-piece suit, splash through two or three hundred feet of film and call it a day. That was the life!

But now it's a safe bet that Marie Prevost has put in longer and harder working hours month in and month out for the past few years than do most tired business men. Hers has not been an almost overnight success. She learned to take the bumps and hard knocks along with the roses in Professor Mack Sennett's celebrated academy of comic art, where her beauty made the funny men easy to look at.

"I didn't have any early struggles," Marie says whimsically, "until now. They're just beginning."

Funny part of it is, Marie's right. Now that the Warner Brothers have separated her from her co-starring associations of the past two years and are planning to star her on her own, her work is just beginning. The demands of stardom are inexorable.

Lubitsch called her the champagne of his dramatic menu but she knows it will be

hard work to live up to his praise. Work has always agreed with her. Outside of three weeks' leave of absence, during which period she was married to Kenneth Harlan, and a few odd days here and there between pictures, Marie has worked indefatigably ever since she shed that bathing suit.

She passed through two transitions into the third successfully. From the bathing beauty comedienne, she entered the flapper period. She attracted considerable attention in such pictures as F. Scott Fitzgerald's "The Beautiful and Damned."

But, before she could be labeled "flapper," the level-headed Miss Prevost got down to the hard work of learning the art of dramatic screen acting. No role was too difficult for her to attempt.

When Ernst Lubitsch produced "The Marriage Circle," he wasn't as famous and successful in the United States as he has become since; yet when he offered Marie the opportunity to quit playing flappers to enact a Parisienne vamp, she jumped at the chance.

From that moment, she has tackled every variety of leading rôles. Her high lights recently have been, besides the two Lubitsch productions, "Tarnish," "Recompense," "The Lover of Camille," "Cornered," "Bobbed Hair," in which she plays opposite her husband, and "The Burglar Alarm."

How it must warm the cockles of Professor Sennett's heart to see another of his graduates arriving at the dramatic goal, acclaimed by one of the greatest of directors to be an actress and an artist.



Marie in those happy, carefree days on the Sennett lot

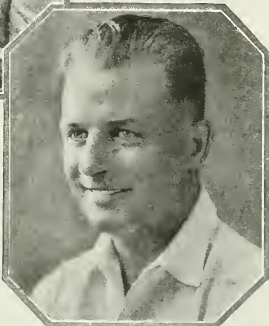


ANITA STEWART

Her teeth are like pearls on the screen, because they are glistening white, without film. "I find proper cleansing of teeth is most important," Miss Stewart says. "If one is to have an attractive smile. Since I first learned of Pepsodent I have never used anything else. I highly recommend it."

FREE—10-Day Tube Note Coupon

Maybe your teeth are gloriously clear, simply clouded with a film coat. Make this remarkable test and find out.



REGINALD DENNY

Reginald Denny says: "There is no excuse for cloudy, unattractive teeth. I pay as much attention to mine as I would to any other part of my make-up, and the results have been most gratifying." His dentist first told him of Pepsodent. "I tell everyone about it now," adds Mr. Denny.

Dazzling White Teeth

Here is the quick, *new* way dentists are widely urging

Make this unique test. Give your teeth high polish and fresh new color simply by removing the dingy film that coats them and invites decay and gum troubles.

THIS offers you a simple, scientific test—one judged the *most remarkable of all dental tests.*

It will bring out qualities in your teeth you do not realize they have. In a short time you can work a transformation in their color and their luster.

Modern science has evolved a new

and radically different method which successfully removes the dingy film that imperils healthy teeth and gums.

Simply send the coupon. Don't think your teeth are naturally "off color" or dull. This will prove *they are not.*

Film—the enemy of beautiful teeth and healthy gums

Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel a film . . . a viscous coat that covers them.

That film is an enemy to your teeth—and your gums. You must remove it.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs discolorations and gives your teeth that cloudy, "off color" look. Germs by the millions breed in it, and they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea.

Tooth troubles and gum troubles now are largely traced to that film. Old-time methods fail in successfully combating it. That's why, regardless of the care you take now, your teeth remain dull and unattractive.

New methods remove it. And Firm the Gums

Now, in a new-type dentifrice called Pepsodent, dental science has discovered effective combatants.

Their action is to curdle the film and remove it, then to firm the gums.

Now what you see when that film is removed—the whiteness of your teeth—will amaze you.

Ordinary methods fail in these results.

Harsh, gritty substances are judged dangerous to enamel.

Thus the world has turned, largely on dental advice, to this new method.

* * *

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt.

Mail the coupon. A 10-day tube will be sent you free. Why follow old methods when world authorities urge a better way?

Send the coupon—Make the test



CLAIRE WINDSOR

"If your teeth are not freed from film, if they are not gloriously clear and glistening in life, they will film dark and unattractively." Miss Windsor is another famous film star who uses Pepsodent, "on the lot" and in her own bathroom, several times each day.

FREE Mail this for 10-Day Tube

Pepsodent
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

THE PEPSODENT CO.
Dept. 892, 1164 S. Wabash Ave.
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities

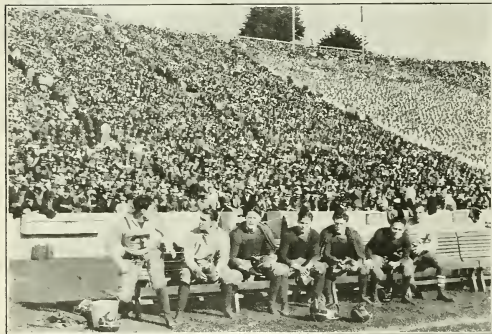
Send to:

Name.....

Address.....

Only one tube to a family. 1804

The Kick-off of the Season



The boy with the glasses, who is very much underfoot, is Harold Lloyd in his new football comedy. It's called "The Freshman" and it shows some of the things that constitute higher education

Lloyd on the players' bench at the Stanford-California game which the company attended to get some realistic scenes. Between periods they worked on the field and afforded added amusement to the 85,000 spectators



Just a slight misunderstanding about legs. The practice dummy is shy a leg while Harold finds himself with an extra one. Little things like this all go to make up the great college game

HERE'S one that Knut Rockne, famous coach of the Notre Dame football team told to Harold Lloyd during the making of "The Freshman."

"People in this country," said Rockne, "seem to have the idea that the Scandinavians are slow thinkers. That isn't so, and I can prove it. Back in Norway, an uncle of mine was running away from the sheriff. Nothing serious, you understand, just a slight misunderstanding. So he dashed into a little store and asked the proprietor to hide him. 'Just jump into this sack,' said the proprietor, 'and stay there until the sheriff leaves.'"

"My uncle hid himself in the sack and pretty soon the sheriff came in. He began hunting around and finally saw the sack.

"'What have you got in that sack?' he asked.

"'Sleigh-bells,' answered the proprietor.

"The sheriff gave the sack a vicious kick. But did my uncle holler? He did not. He was a quick thinker. He just said, 'Yangle, yangle, yangle!'

"And the sheriff was fooled and went away."



Dangerous Innocence
— a Universal Jewel


Starring Laura La Plante
and Eugene O'Brien

Whimsical Eugene

NEVER apparently conscious of the perfection of his clothes, Eugene O'Brien, like all well-dressed men, takes infinite pains over every detail—once—and then is free to forget everything

in the major business of acting. Characteristic of the sort of detail never neglected by the fastidious man are the flat *visible* eyelets which invariably finish his well-burnished Goodyear Welt oxfords.

Diamond Brand Visible Fast Color Eyelets preserve the smooth style lines of the upper and promote easy lacing. They retain their original finish indefinitely and actually outwear the shoe.

Look for the Diamond  Trade Mark

UNITED FAST COLOR EYELET COMPANY, BOSTON

Manufacturers of

DIAMOND BRAND *Visible* FAST COLOR EYELETS





The tiger seems calm—and so does Director Raoul Walsh. But you can see that the tiger is no tabby cat

The Lion Tamer

By
Ivan St. Johns

SINCE I was a kid in ragged knee breeches, animals of all kinds have held a fascination for me. Our place was the home for all the stray cats and dogs in the neighborhood—much to my poor mother's secret sorrow, I have since learned. She liked pets—in reason—a dog or two was all right, but she couldn't quite accustom herself ever to turning our back yard into a menagerie.

We lived in a small town encircled by hills, and most of my time, when not in school or down in the old swimming pool at the river, was spent roving the hills with whatever mongrel happened to be my reigning favorite at the time.

I'll never forget the day I caught two full-grown tarantulas in some old tomato cans which were handy and started home to add them to my menagerie.

The cans had no tops so I had to keep the giant spiders prisoner by clutching the open end of the cans against my chest.

It was a hot summer day and I wore no underclothes. Just a calico shirt open at the neck.

Father was home when I arrived, and his face blanched when I told him of my capture. Without a word he steered me to the horse trough, and my new pets were

drowned before I could offer one single word of protest.

It was then that I learned what a deadly spider was the tarantula—how he could jump fifteen or twenty feet with his long, hairy legs and that his poisonous bite always proved fatal; that he and the rattlesnake were the constant dread of the ranchers and sheep men who lived in Southern California at

the time.

In other words, I had my first lesson in fear.

Had I known all this before then, I feel sure that these tarantulas would have bitten me.

I was then about eleven years old, and soon after my father bought me my first rifle.

From then on I always tramped the hills with my gun and dog. Whenever I met a snake or a tarantula, I stopped and we had it out on the spot.

It was him or me, I thought.

I was still fascinated by animals, but most of them I loved while only a few I feared and hated.

Which brings me to the point of this story.

You all know Raoul Walsh, one of the greatest directors in the business. He was with Doug Fair- [CONTINUED ON PAGE 123]



R. A. Walsh — he likes 'em wild

To find things in the dark—use your flashlight!

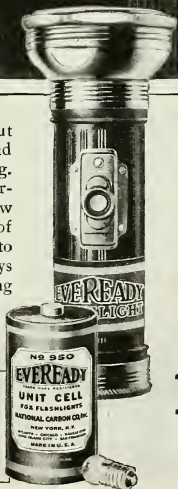


IRENE RICH
(featured in "The Lost Lady")
using an EVEREADY

CLIMB the garret stairs without stumbling. Use your flashlight! Find what you're after without fumbling. Use your flashlight! Use your Eveready's bright, white light to burrow into trunks or closets without fear of fire. Use it wherever you want to see in the dark. There are 365 days in a year—365 reasons for owning one or more Evereadys. Improved models meet every need for light—indoors and out. There's a type

for every purpose and purse, and an Eveready dealer nearby.

Manufactured and guaranteed by
NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Inc.
New York San Francisco
Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario



The type illustrated is No. 3610, the Eveready 3-cell Broad-beam Flashlight. Hand-came, ribbon black-metal case. Safety-lock switch, proof against accidental lighting. Octagonal, non-rolling lens-ring.

Eveready Unit Cells fit and improve all makes of flashlights. They insure brighter light and longer battery life. Keep an extra set on hand. Especially designed Eveready-Mazda bulbs, the bright eyes of the flashlights, likewise last longer.

EVEREADY HOUR EVERY TUESDAY at 8 P.M.
(Eastern Standard Time)
For real radio enjoyment, tune in the "Eveready Group," broadcast through stations—

WEAF New York	WGR Buffalo	WWJ Detroit
WJAR Providence	WCAE Pittsburgh	WCCO Minneapolis
WEEA Boston	WEAR Cleveland	WDC St. Paul
WFI Philadelphia	WSAI Cincinnati	WOC Davenport

EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHTS
& BATTERIES
—they last longer

JOHN BARRYMORE

*America's
greatest
Actor*

NOW A WARNER BROTHERS' STAR

The big Movie news of 1925—JOHN BARRYMORE will star in WARNER BROS. Classics of the Screen!

The fact that John Barrymore is now a Warner star again demonstrates the resources and leadership of Warner Bros. and their determination to bring to the screen absolutely the best entertainment the world can offer. You will see Barrymore exclusively in Warner productions—and Barrymore is but one of more than a score of notable actors and actresses who will entertain you through Warner Pictures. Ask your theatre when Warner Bros.' John Barrymore Picture, "The Sea Beast," will be shown.

"If it's a WARNER Picture, it's a Classic"

WARNER BROS.
Classics of the Screen

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 and articles elsewhere in this Magazine every month. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

MARION K., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Shock me? Never! Yours is not an indiscreet question. Colleen Moore did the dancing in "Sally." Miss Moore has taken dancing lessons for years, and she's really awfully clever at it. She didn't need a double to do her dancing for her.

SARLY, ROCK ISLAND, ILL.—Here's the quick rush to the rescue. John Gilbert is indeed an interesting and fascinating person. I'm jealous of him. However, I'll tell you all. Jack is five feet, eleven inches tall and weighs one hundred and sixty pounds. He was born on July 19, 1897. (You see, you don't get your wish; what made you think he was born in May?) He is not married at present—recently divorced from Leatrice Joy. I am glad to know that you are no longer a man-hater. Oh, yes, address him in care of the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif.

FANNY BO., AUBURN, CALIF.—I'll not boast of my easy job again. Marion Davies isn't married. Address both Miss Davies and Ramon Novarro at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif. Carmel Myers plays the role of Christ in "Ben Hur." The character of Christ will be represented by a shadow in "Ben Hur." Theda Bara may be reached at the F. B. O. Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Betty Bronson at the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

ESTELLE H., BOSTON, MASS.—My good manners are the admiration of all my friends. Address Irene Rich at the Warner Brothers Studio, Hollywood, Calif. Miss Rich is divorced. Address Alice Joyce at the United Studios, Hollywood, California. Miss Joyce is married and has two children.

L. C., ALEXANDRIA, MINN.—Come again and as often as you like. Ruth Roland's address is 3823 Wilshire, Los Angeles, Calif. Richard Barthelmess may be reached at Inspiration Pictures, 9 East 46th Street, New York, N. Y. Constance Talmadge at the United Studios, Hollywood, Calif., and Wallace Beery at the Lasky Studios, also at Hollywood, Calif.

CONSTANT READER, CHICAGO, ILL.—It's best to send a quarter when you write for a photograph of a star. You see, the pictures are expensive, and it costs something to mail them. Some of the stars donate the revenue to charity. Anyway, it's only courtesy to send the quarter as even that amount doesn't cover the expense. Now, as for a picture of me. I haven't had one taken since I graduated from high school in the spring of 1842. However, if I ever go into the movies, I'll have some handsome pictures of myself made and you'll be the first girl to get one.

ANON, PENSACOLA, FLA.—Alice Terry at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif. Conway Tearle at the United Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Don't forget to send a quarter for each picture.

HAZEL, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Some of the fan letters reach the stars. If you write an interesting and intelligent letter, the star is usually glad to read it. Just the formal requests for pictures are generally handled by the secretary of the star. Warner Baxter is married to Winifred Bryson. He was born March 29, 1891.

GLORIA SWANSON FAN, CINCINNATI, O.—"Quo Vadis" was made in Italy. You know that expert lion trainers are employed in the

animal scenes. It's tricky work, too. Sometimes the camera shoots through the wires of the cages. Now for your other questions. Ruth Mix is the daughter of Tom Mix. No, Victoria Ford Mix is not her mother. Corinne Griffith was born in 1901. She has no children. Ricardo Cortez will be seen in "Not So Long Ago." He was known as Jack Crane, a dancer, before he went into pictures.

ANSWER MAN FAN, WARREN, PA.—Welcome back! Where have you been all these years? Tell your room-mate that I am mad at her. You're a loyal fan and I'll see what I can tell you about your old favorites. Alice Brady is abroad at present. Julian Eltinge is now making a picture called "Madame Lucy." The Carter De Havens aren't making any more films that I know of. Lon Chaney pronounces his last name like this: "Chay-nee." There you are. Come again soon.

K. K. K., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I'd like to make a joke about your initials, but as Will Rogers once remarked when he was asked to jest about the Klan, "I'm nobody's fool." So Griffith is your favorite director and Carol Dempster is one of your idols? Good for you! H. B. Warner was Gloria's leading man in "Zaza." And so "The Enchanted Cottage" is one of your pet pictures? Richard Barthelmess was born in New York City on May 9, 1897. He was educated in Trinity College and played in stock companies before he went into pictures. He started on the screen in 1916. Married to Mary Hay, the musical comedy star, but now separated. Mary is in Europe. Richard lives at Great Neck, L. I., with his little daughter, born January 31, 1923. What makes you think my name is Alphonse? Because I'm so polite?

FANNY LEE OF WISCONSIN—What a bump of curiosity you must have! Irene Rich is about thirty-two years old. She has two children, Frances and Mary Jane. They are about nine and twelve years old respectively. Miss Rich is divorced. Norma Talmadge is Norma's real name. No, as to the hair.



Myrtle Stedman really looks like Lincoln Stedman's sister. But she is his mother—and his very proud mother—because Lincoln is rapidly becoming a clever film comedian.

BLUE EYES, LANCASTER, PA.—A man of my age can't be cute. Address Thomas Meighan at the Paramount Studios, Astoria, L. I.

EDDIE K., ST. LOUIS, MO.—Aileen Pringle is about twenty-eight. Norma Shearer is at Metro-Goldwyn. So is Miss Pringle. Norma was born on August 10, 1904. It wouldn't be fair to tell you my favorite star. The fight you mentioned will be stopped when the sands of the desert grow cold. Not before then.

B. M. C., NASHUA, N. H.—Lillian Rich was a dancer in London before she went into the movies. She is married. Born on January 1, 1902. I am keeping it up!

BERNIE D., FRESNO, CALIF.—Richard Dix was born on July 18, 1895. He is six feet tall and weighs 184 pounds. Not married—but yet. But remember he threatens to find himself a wife!

D. S., LEXINGTON, KY.—Write to the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif., for a picture of Aileen Pringle. She is married. No children.

HARD-HEARTED HANNA, NEW YORK CITY.—At last! The girl I've always wanted to meet. Are you really the meanest girl in town? Norma Shearer is her real name. She is five feet, three inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. Born August 10, 1904. Conrad Nagel is six feet tall and was born on March 16, 1897. Married to Ruth Helms.

V. L., NEW YORK CITY.—House Peters was born in Bristol, England, in 1888. He is married and has a son and daughter. His latest

picture is "The Titans." No, he has never directed a picture, that I know of. He was on the stage for a long time before he went on the screen.

EDNA S., HILLSIDE, N. J.—Ricardo Cortez works at the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif. He was born on September 19, 1890. Mary Pickford's real name is Gladys Smith.

G. P., SPOKANE, WASH.—Alberta Vaughn and George O'Brien aren't engaged. So you think Alberta should choose a fair-haired man? It's risky business—picking husbands for them. No visitors are not allowed during the filming of a picture. It's hard work and requires close concentration, so most of the studios are very strict.

E. M., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Write to PHOTOPLAY Publishing Company, 750 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., for back copies of the magazine. Send twenty-five cents; stamps will do. There were interviews with Ramon Novarro in the issues of May, 1924, and April, 1923. No, his brother isn't in pictures.

C. B. B., ALBANY, ORE.—So Hoot Gibson is the most "engaging, lovable and delightful person in pictures." That's a large compliment. He was born in 1892. He has light hair and blue eyes.

CONSTANCE, NEW YORK.—I know that Lloyd Hughes would be glad to get a note from you. Evidently you are a real admirer. So write to him at the United Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Don't apologize. I have plenty of time. Nothing else but.

G. W., NEW ZEALAND.—Corinne Griffith has light brown hair. She is twenty-four years old. Address her at the United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

H. C. W., MATTOON, ILL.—Johnny Walker was born in New York City in 1896. He is five feet, eleven inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. Black hair; brown eyes. Yes, he's married. He played in the old Biograph and Edison companies.

A. E. P., MONTGOMERY, ALA.—I'd do anything to please an Alabama girl with brown eyes. But I can't tell you my name. It's too hard to spell—or pronounce. Glad you don't like Sheiks. That cheers me up a lot. Spottiswood Aiken's latest picture is "The Handicap." Gloria Swanson has an adopted boy. His name is Joseph. No, she has never consented to have her daughter's photograph taken—not for publication, anyway.

A DOUG, JR., FAN.—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., may be reached at the Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Calif. His mother was Beth Sully. He was born on December 9, 1910. His next picture is "Wild Horse Mesa."

J. A. B., GREENFIELD, IND.—The actresses in "Lilies of the Field" with Corinne Griffith were Alma Bennett, Sylvia Bremer, Phyllis Haver. Claire Adams married Benjamin B. Hampton. Yes, to your other question, too.

EDNA, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Ramon Novarro has been back from Europe for quite some time. The release date of "Ben Hur" hasn't been announced. Not so old, Edna, not so old!
CONTINUED ON PAGE 93

Old Screen Names Wished on Stars



MURIEL FORTESCUE.



M. WALTER TERRY.



DAPHNE WAYNE.

When Mary Pickford, Mabel Normand, Blanche Sweet, Mack Sennett and many other of the great producers and actors and actresses of today were working for \$5.00 at the old Biograph Studios on Fourteenth Street in New York—when D. W. Griffith was making \$10.00 a day as a director—no names were given to the actors and actresses. That doesn't seem possible today when the names of stars and directors mean millions of dollars in the box office, palatial homes in Hollywood and New York, fat bank accounts and world fame. At that time, many people had trouble in distinguishing between Blanche Sweet and Mary Pickford. Mary became known first as the "Biograph Blonde." But the English exhibitors demanded names. And to please their whim, the English agent of the Biograph Company felt it necessary to give them identification. So he used his own judgment, and we are reproducing above three old photographs published in England with the names that the English agent gave them. They are in order—Mabel Normand, Mack Sennett and Blanche Sweet.

“Let’s go to California”

EVERY day some tired, prosperous or otherwise travel-inclined man says to his wife, “Let’s go to California!” And such is the power of advertising that, although neither of them may ever have been there before, they know just how to go, approximately what it will cost, and where they will want to stay.

The same with anything you may need or want. You already know all about it, by whom it is made, what it costs, and where it is for sale. Advertising is the modern intelligencer. It keeps you informed, advises you of new things, suggests new uses for articles you already own, and prepares you today for wise and useful purchases tomorrow.

It does all this for you, almost unconsciously, as you read. Little by little—the best and surest way to learn—advertising makes you informed of what is going on in the world that is useful to you.



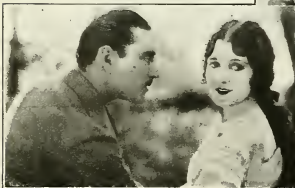
*Read the advertisements—get ready
for tomorrow*

What the
 Camera
 Sees
 and
 Disregards



To the left: Norma Shearer walks into the door of her home in "The Tower of Lies." From the expression in her eyes, would you think that what greeted her was the scene shown above? And yet this is a view of what actually went on beyond the camera lines during the making of the scene. Now you know why screen acting requires concentration

Below: An idyllic love scene between Antonio D'Algy and Gertrude Olmstead in "I'll Tell the World." To the right: The elaborate contrivances that create the romantic atmosphere. The camera has a discreet eye. It sees only what it wants to see. It ignores the vulgar mechanical details and preserves the illusion intact for you



Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90]

L. B., TORONTO.—Aileen Pringle may be reached at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif. She is twenty-eight and her birthday is July 23. Miss Pringle has black hair and green eyes and she is five feet, three inches tall. Weighs 119 pounds. Her present picture, "The White Desert." Married, yes. No children. Sometimes she visits New York but her home is California. There now!

VIOLET, TROY, N. Y.—Is it your real name? I hope so, it's so pretty. Anna Q. Nilsson is about twenty-eight. She is five feet, seven inches tall and weighs 135 pounds. What a passion for statistics. Anna was born at Yetad, Sweden. Can you pronounce it? I can't. Married to John Gunnerson. Write for her photograph to the United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

M. A., TULSA, OKLA.—Hurray, Hurray! Ramon Novarro isn't married. Your heart needn't break. The picture you are thinking of is "The Red Lily." Alice Terry is married to Rex Ingram, the director. Ramon was born in Durango, Mexico, on February 6, 1899. He started screen work in 1917. Height, five feet, ten inches. Weight, 160 pounds. Brown hair and brown eyes. Yes, yes, he's going to make more pictures. Monte Blue and Marie Prevost are an adorable couple. Gloria is making more modern pictures. Actors and actresses read PHOTOPLAY. I should say they do. Now you have everything in the world to make you happy.

L. G. M.—The little girl with the "wonderful face" who played "sad parts" in "The Painted Lady" and "Vanity's Price" was little Lucille Kicksen. Perhaps you sensed the impending tragedy of her life in her acting, for Lucille died recently in Hollywood. Potentially, Lucille was a great artist and her death was a real loss to the screen.

DANDY, BENNINGTON, VT.—Who says so? Ben Lyon is Ben Lyon's real name and he isn't married—as yet. You can get his picture by writing to First National Pictures, 383 Madison Avenue, New York City. What do you mean, does he like dandy lions? Run away with you! You're trying to kid this old man.

A. H. J., DUNELLEN, N. J.—Buster Collier, otherwise William Jr., is engaged to marry Constance Talmadge. And, unless Constance changes her mind, the wedding will take place soon. You can address him at the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Johnnie Walker is married to Renee Parker. At present, he is appearing in vaudeville.

E. G. L., CHESTER, PA.—You draw a nice distinction between admiration and worship. Admiration is really much better. John Gilbert may be reached at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. His recent picture is "The Merry Widow."

DORIS L., PASADENA, CALIF.—Dear me! What a large order! Well, here goes. Laura La Plante has blonde hair and gray eyes. Sounds pretty, doesn't it? She is five feet, two inches tall and she was born on November 1, 1901. Figure out her age. Address her at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif. Phyllis Haver may be reached at the United Studios, Hollywood, Calif. She has blonde hair and blue eyes and was born January 6, 1899. Oh yes, and she is five feet, six inches high. Last but not least, your favorite, Buck Jones. The estimable Buck was born in 1889. He is five feet, eleven and three quarters inches tall and thereby misses being a six footer by one quarter of an inch. Brown hair; grey eyes. Address him at the Fox Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 107]



Doris Kenyon, motion picture star, wearing her Orange Blossom rings

GENUINE ORANGE BLOSSOM wedding and engagement rings are not only supreme in style; they are so fashioned as to insure the maximum in satisfaction and service. Special gold, hard iridium-platinum and the finest diamonds are used. The Traub trade mark is your guarantee of these advantages.

Sold exclusively by reliable jewelers. All styles—\$12.00 and up. Write for the free style booklet giving the interesting history of wedding rings. Every bride should have one.

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T R A U B

GENUINE *Orange Blossom* RINGS

Bear
these
Marks Trade Mark





They are all doing it. Pretty soon there will be more titled folk in Hollywood than on all the Continent of Europe. Count Pierre de Ramey, formerly of Paris, has signed a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures



Her "Hour of Triumph"

JOHN ROBERTSON, the director, was recounting the players who started with the old Vitagraph Company. "Adolphe Menjou," he said, "was one of them. I remember it very well, because Menjou got his first job in pictures because he was lucky enough to own a dress suit."

SEVERAL years ago, a large motion picture company conducted a beauty contest in Chicago. The winner of the contest was a young girl who is now well-known as a leading woman. But another young girl who didn't win is counted among the best of the younger stars.

It seems that the president of the company wasn't entirely satisfied with the award of the judges. The less beautiful girl had caught his eye. So he took her photograph from the waste basket, where it had been tossed, and said, "Here, send this girl out to the Coast too."

The girl who was rescued from the scrap heap was Mary Philbin. The man who did the rescuing was Carl Laemmle.

BUT Mary's troubles weren't over. When she reached the Coast, the experts agreed in pronouncing her the thinnest girl ever seen out of a museum. There were no parts for her and the more Mary worried about her future, the thinner she grew. Meanwhile, the contest winner was sailing the easy road to success. She was plump, pretty, and all the directors wanted her for their pictures. The more successful she got, the plumper she grew. Fortunately, however, she had sense enough to reduce.

Little Mary was just ready to fade into nothing, when Eric Von Stroheim saw her. Her sensitive face and her shy manner charmed him and he gave her the leading role in "The Merry Go Round."

You know the rest.

Cecil B. De Mille is going to produce a picture called "The Volga Boatman." That's so the wise-crackers can say that it is funny without being Volga.

BUT joking aside—or was it really a joke?—Cecil B. is going to present just such a picture. The author of the story is Konrad

SHE was "sitting out" with the most popular man in town!

Her whole evening had been a success. Everyone had wanted to dance with her—and it was wonderful to hear so many flattering things.

It was amazing to find out how completely a girl could change her appearance by "knowing what to do."

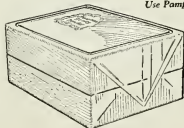
She had learned from Madame Jeannette how to select the proper shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder and to apply it correctly for youthful beauty.

Mme. Jeannette's Beauty Treatment

First, a bit of Pompeian Day Cream to make your powder cling and prevent "shine." Next, apply Pompeian Beauty Powder to all exposed portions of face, neck and shoulders. It will give your skin that lovely effect of rose-petal softness. Lastly, just a touch of Pompeian Bloom to bring the exquisite glow of youthful color.

Pompeian Beauty Powder

"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"



Shade Chart for selecting your correct tone of Pompeian Beauty Powder:

Medium Skin: The average American woman has this type of skin, and should use the *Naturelle* shade.

Olive Skin: This skin generally accompanies dark hair and eyes. It is rich in tone and should use the *Rachel* shade.

Pink Skin: This is the youthful, rose-tinted skin, and should use the *Flesh* shade. This type of skin is usually found with light hair, or red hair.

White Skin: If your skin is quite without color, use *White* powder. Only the very white skin should use it in the daytime.

At all toilet counters, 60c. (Slightly higher in Canada.) Purity and satisfaction guaranteed.

Mme. Jeannette
Specialists in Beauty

Get 1925 Panel and Four Samples

This new 1925 Pompeian Art Panel, "Beauty Gained is Love Retained," size 2 1/2 x 7 1/2. 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 only 10c. With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Use this coupon now.



TEAR OFF, SIGN AND SEND

Madame Jeannette, Pompeian Laboratories
2906 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Madame: I enclose 10c (dime preferred) for the new 1925 Pompeian Art Panel, "Beauty Gained is Love Retained," and the four samples.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Shade of powder wanted? _____



Actress Lucile La Sueur, posed in a
Glamour Silver Fox Fur and
Hose. Photo by Seth Lee, Los Angeles.

What the diamond
is among jewels ~
Silver Fox is among
furs ~ What Jaeger
means in diamonds
~ Pontiac Strain ~
stands for in
Silver Fox

DETROIT SILVER FOX FARMS

The Pontiac Strain Organization
Fifteen Ranches and Producing Units
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PONTIAC
Strain FURS



Let the Pontiac Strain label guide you in the selection of silver fox.
One beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Fox Is Uncomparable,"
will be mailed to you on request.

© 1924



As pert as a pup in a pocket. One might say that Lucile La Sueur is literally
putting on the dog. Anyway, she pocketed the pup as an ingenious method of
transportation to fool hotel clerks who won't allow dogs on the premises

Bercovici, who has gone to Roumania to write the story. Why Roumania, I can't say, except that Konrad is supposed to be a Roumanian gypsy.

OH yes, and to continue, Cecil De Mille has also signed Jean Acker on a long term contract. Jean was the first Mrs. Rudolph Valentino and the lady who afterwards went into vaudeville and used her famous husband's name.

SEEN at the Santa Monica Swimming Club on the first hot Sunday—

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice B. Flynn—the latest film bride and groom. But Leity and Viola—the bride, as you know, is Viola Dana—absolutely refused to be bridal. They dashed in and out of the ocean, played squash and medicine ball, ate hot dogs and drank pop as though they hadn't been married only the day before. But people would keep coming up to congratulate them so they couldn't altogether escape the consequences of their actions.

Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, very dashingly garbed, and we especially admired Lil's parasol—one of those exquisitely soft and lacy affairs; that are so becoming to blondes.

Dorothy Mackaill and Johnny Harro—we hear there is something in that, but doubt it. Dorothy will not take life seriously. We had always thought Dorothy's charm, aside from

her being a great actress, depended largely on her lovely hair. Now that we have seen her with that bobbed and soaked in salt water, we take it back. She's cute anyway.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mix and Thomasina—wearing the smallest and reddest bathing suit ever seen.

Eileen Percy, who looks like the girl who should have been chosen to swim the English channel. Eileen has eight bathing suits, because she likes to change into a dry one every time she comes out of the water.

MARION DAVIES celebrated the opening of the summer beach season by giving a gorgeous party down at the Santa Monica Swimming Club. She took a couple of suitcases of bath suits along, and her guests had a grand time picking out the latest styles in water wear which Marion had brought back from New York.

Marion herself wore a perfectly plain black diving suit, with a hat of Alice Blue and a cape to match and little rubber slippers of the same color. Mrs. Sam Goldwyn—who was Frances Howard—chose a bright red suit and cap, and Vilma Banky, the charming little Viennese actress who is playing the lead in Fitzmaurice's new picture, wore a one-piece suit of blue and a soft white cape. May Allison had on a silk suit in the new print style, roses on a baby blue background, and the cockiest little white

cap with a big blue rubber pompon. Louella Parsons wore a knitted silk suit in purple and gold.

Others in the party were John Barrymore, who insisted on swimming out to the raft in spite of the rough sea, Madame Elinor Glyn, Mae Murray, Mr. d'Arrast, and some titled young Englishmen.

BEING carried out to the open sea in a crippled motor boat was the terrifying experience of Blanche Sweet during the filming of scenes for a picture off Point Lobos near Monterey.

The action of the picture required Miss Sweet to drive a motor boat up to a light house on the rocks. There was a heavy sea running and the boat became unmanageable.

Boat and actress were swept upon the rocks and the rudder smashed. Then they were carried off the rocks and far out to sea. A life guard in another boat gave chase, finally effecting a rescue.

Aside from bruises and slight nervous shock, Miss Sweet was uninjured.

HOLLYWOOD is rejoicing over Mabel Normand's new contract with Al Woods. Though it takes Mabel away from Hollywood—she is to be starred in a new musical comedy in New York—and from the screen, it is a fine chance for her to stage a real comeback and prove that she is the greatest comedienne of this age.

Appropos of the new contract and the many expressions of delight that it brought forth on all sides, Elinor Glyn expressed to me an interesting theory the other day.

"Some day you will see that something beautiful and fine will come to that girl. She will rise above all the bad luck and all the misfortunes that have pursued her. She will even rise above her own inner enemies, those enemies of the spirit which we all have to destroy.

"I believe that when anyone always thinks kind and good thoughts towards others, always returns loving thoughts even toward those who do them injury, they are bound in the end to find happiness and success.

"I do not know Miss Normand at all. But everyone who speaks of her says the same thing—that she is kindness itself, always

Best time to feed scalp is when you CLEAN it

Double formula makes treatment easy and cheap

WILDROOT TAROLEUM HAIR-WASH

FOR years, crude-oil has been famous as a healthy food for the scalp. But so difficult! Women have anxiously waited for a simple crude-oil treatment.



And here it is! A double-benefit shampoo, called Taroleum, makes it easy to wash your hair, and feed it with crude-oil at the same time. Scalp experts pronounce it perfect.

and leave the hair free and clean.

*Cannot discolor—
not smelly*

Taroleum is splendid for the fairest hair—it absolutely cannot affect the beautiful, natural color of any hair. White-haired mothers, and golden-haired daughters are among the most enthusiastic users of Taroleum.

The fresh, delightful odor of cleanliness is all that Taroleum leaves. This freedom from "smelliness" has endeared Taroleum to people of discriminating taste.

*Quick Massage
sends life to hair-roots*

The secret of Taroleum lies in the method of application. Before using any water, Taroleum should be rubbed into every part of the scalp, with the finger tips. This gives Taroleum a chance to feed and stimulate the hair-roots. Only a short massage works the life-giving crude-oil into the hungry scalp.

Antiseptic—also

Taroleum's mild ingredients are a real protection to the scalp—because they have a desirable antiseptic action.

The healing pine-tar in Taroleum is one of Nature's best dandruff removers.



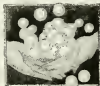
Clean scalp is healthy

After this quick massage—wet the hair with warm water, and in a second you have a luxurious lather.

Taroleum's snow-white suds quickly gather up the dust, and grime, and dandruff—all so dangerous to the scalp—

*Guaranteed to please—
or money back*

Here is the fairest sort of a test. Get a bottle of Taroleum at your druggist's store. If it isn't the best hair-wash you ever used—we'll return your money. Wildroot Company, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.



"Dolce far niente"—which means that it is sweet to do nothing. It's a favorite Italian saying, and Alice Terry believes in putting it into practice. This is a picture of Alice in Venice—in a gondola, of course—and with nothing to do till to-morrow

DIMPLES



It is amazing what a difference dimples make. Women appear ten years younger. Men acquire a distinctive charm. Men are fascinated by their mischievous beauty. Yet dimples may be yours now, for the DOLLY DIMPLER is a simple, harmless device that quickly produces dimples, favored by a woman. Patent applied for.

for—nothing else like it. Used by European specialists and great actresses. Easily used at home. Flexible posture. Complete outfit, including instructions for use, packed in metal blue wrapper, for only \$1.99 or sent C. O. D. for \$1.25.

DOLLY DIMPLER CO.,

253 McDaniel St., Dayton, Ohio

You, Too, Can Have A Beautiful Complexion with

MURILLO'S 2 Beauty Creams



Add wonderful charm to your complexion. Murillo softens and vitalizes your skin like magic, gives a most delightful sensation of freshness and coolness and brings into your complexion that exquisite glow of youthful color, beauty and purity which you are longing for. Murillo comes in 2 types:

COLD CREAM and VAN-ESPAGNOL. By mail prepaid \$1.00 a jar.

MURILLO BEAUTY CREAM CO.
Dept. 11 Milwaukee, Wis.



A new luxury.. a new refinement in the art of living *beautifully!*

By LETITIA HADLEY

THE assurance of daintiness—of immaculacy at all times—is a priceless treasure, is it not? I feel that every woman would be using a deodorant if she had found one which was delightful in itself—in every way delightful.

It was just such a quest which led the Mulford Laboratories to seek the confidence of a large number of representative women, to determine their needs, their preferences. Ten thousand were questioned. Their suggestions determined the form, the scent—all the essential characteristics of Deodo, the new, *different* deodorant in powder form.

Imagine how pleasant it is to apply a fine white powder—just to rub it under the arms and dust it over the body—and be assured of daintiness from that moment, throughout the whole day! No waiting, no repeated applications. This is due to Deodo's almost unbelievable capacity for absorbing and neutralizing body odors.

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Guess who? No, you're wrong. The man with the monocle is not Von Stroheim, but Larry Gray. And the child with the curls isn't Mary Pickford, but Gloria Swanson. This is a comedy moment from "The Coast of Folly"

speaking well of everyone and always thinking genteel and understanding thoughts of them in her heart. They say that she never tries to hurt another and is never envious of another's success.

"These things are the finest virtues and in the end will overcome all evils of this world and of the flesh. You will see that she will have a rich reward at some time."

We hope she's right.

THE art of letter writing has fallen into sad decay, and what our next generation of biographers is going to do it is hard to say. Once in a while, however, a letter turns up that revives hope, and in the interest of said art we offer a few excerpts from Betty Blythe's latest, written somewhere in Constantinople—

"Here I am as far away from Hollywood as I can get. Could anything be more incongruous than my Irish nose cast as a Ghetto girl in Palestine? Still, I suppose an actress should be easily able to overcome a small thing like that. We are making Pierre Benoit's "Jacob's Well," and I am the bucket. Some say I am the woman of Samaria who sat on the well one fine day, but I maintain I am the bucket. It is a French production and a company of twenty-three of us are travelling in state. Edward Jose is directing and Jack Bozuel is the American cameraman and we have the first plastographic camera with us that has yet been used in the movies. It is too wonderful. Wait and see.

"The wonder of wonders was Cairo and the pyramids. The sunrise and all the rest of it. My spasmodic soul soared into realms untouched before even by my imagination. We worked there and in Alexandria, Haifa, Jerusalem, Damascus, Nazareth, Galilee and Samaria. It is all so inspiring, to stand upon the actual spots, that I can hardly find time to work.

"They met me here at Constantinople with a good old gates ajar bouquet, and have interviewed me to death. All of this in French, you see, which requires more personality than in one's own language, because they don't know what I'm talking about—my French is so original. I am forced to try to look so intriguing and smile so softly that what I say won't matter. When I have exploded all my

phrases and my smile stiffens, I bow myself out and lo, in the morning are columns about me in the papers in *Turkish*. For all I know beneath my photograph may be printed a dirty story or a description of the Dardanelles, but my vanity will not permit such a thought, so I blush with modesty and go forth to conquer bigger and better Turks.

"Hoping to have some good laughs with you in September—"

RALPH INCE, brother of the late Thomas Stewart's sister, Lucille Lee Stewart, is going to get married again. His bride-to-be is Lucilla Mendez, a dancer in New York musical comedies. Lucilla is the daughter of General Cipriana Castro of Venezuela who is quite a lively figure in Caribbean politics.

Ince was recently divorced from Lucille Lee Stewart. By the way, he was responsible for Anita's start in pictures. He gave his beautiful sister-in-law her first chance in films with the old Vitaphone Company.

THIS is just one of those real life stories whose tragedy is almost too poignant to be borne. Nothing, it seems to me, hits quite so hard as the success that comes too late for happiness. I remember a famous author in New York, whose wife died during his struggling, garret days from malnutrition, which is only a polite word for starvation. The day after he had put his one poor little wreath on her new grave, his novel was accepted by a great weekly and money and fame have rolled in ever since.

Belle Bennett has been on the screen a good many years. She has had some success, but never the great chance, the great acting opportunity she longed for. She's had, too, some pretty tough times.

All of them were play because she was working for her boy—her only son. They went through the hard spots and the fairly easy ones together, and always he said, "Mother, don't worry. Some day everything will be all right."

Two years ago when that great book "Stella Dallas" was published, Belle Bennett read it and decided that if ever she was to have a big chance it would be in the title rôle. It was written, she thought, for the kind of acting she



Before her marriage to Owen Moore, Kathryn Perry was a "Follies" beauty. She has been away from stage and screen for several years, but now she will return to play in the "Helen and Warren" series for Fox

could do. And everyone in Hollywood believes it is the biggest acting part written in many years.

Miss Bennett started to prepare for it. She got clothes to suit it. She put on weight, to look it. She lived it, breathed it, dreamed of it. Her big chance. When Henry King started to cast it, he tried a great many of the screen's great actresses in the part. Everyone wanted to play it. Tests, hundreds of them, were made and it would surprise you at the names of the stars who longed for that rôle.

But Belle Bennett got it. And the day before they were to start shooting, her boy, then sixteen, died suddenly.

Belle Bennett is going to play the rôle of *Stella Dallas*, the greatest mother rôle ever written. He wanted her to play it, and she knows he still wants it. She ought to give a performance of real greatness, in those scenes where the mother gives up her child.

But—I'm afraid there isn't going to be much happiness now, in her big chance. Not just at first. But we do hope that in time work will bring its inevitable consolation, and that something higher and better will bring her some comfort in the days to come.

PICTURE stars have been known to have some strange pets, but it remained for Raymond Hatton to spring a new one on the film folk. Ray is heaping his affections on a seal he calls "Emma." Emma forced an introduction to Ray while the actor was building a summer shack at Mussel Rock Beach near Santa Barbara. She has become quite tame and calls in front of Ray's cottage every morning for what's left over from breakfast. Ray is meditating on putting his "trained seal" in pictures and retiring himself.

THERE seems to be no little controversy among the "powers that be" in the motion picture world as to the "spirituality" of the physiognomy of Kenneth Harlan. So hot has become the controversy that a Los Angeles judge has been called upon to decide whether there is any justification for the claim that Harlan's features are not "angelic or spiritual"



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Look for the
Red Stripes

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Look for the Red Stripes



Lord Claude Hamilton was a distinguished visitor on the Elinor Glyn set at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios last week; Jack Conway, who is directing the picture, "Four Flaming Days," was photographed with Elinor Glyn, Lord Hamilton and Conrad Nagel

enough for him to properly enact the rôle of a preacher.

E. Mason Hopper, director, says "NO."

Jack Warner and his brother, Sam, say "YES."

All this came out in a suit brought by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation against Warner Brothers.

It appears that Warner Brothers leased the services of Hopper from M-G-M to direct "The Little Church Around the Corner."

Kenneth Harlan had been cast for the lead, a preacher, while Claire Windsor was the feminine star. M-G-M contends Warner Brothers dismissed Hopper without cause and they ask what was due them under the lease contract. Warner Brothers contend that Hopper failed to live up to the contract and "did not feel his picture."

Harlan came to court in his make-up and told what he knew about the case.

"Hopper was sore," he said, "because I was cast for the lead. I heard him tell Jack Warner that my face was not spiritual enough nor angelic enough to play a preacher and that nobody with even a great imagination could picture me as a sky pilot."

THEN Jack Warner told of his troubles with Hopper and characterized him as too temperamental. "We kept trying to get this man to take an interest in the picture," testified Warner, "but he wouldn't do it. Sam and I went to see him one night at his house. We had a terrible time. I said, 'Mr. Hopper, what are you going to do about this picture?' And he said, 'Look, I can pull twenty-dollar gold pieces right out of the wall. And sure enough he reached up, right and left, and pulled twenty-dollar pieces out of the wall. It was a good trick, but I wanted to talk about the picture."

"I said again, 'Mr. Hopper, what about the picture?' And he handed me a lot of electric wires and batteries. He said they were an invention of his to write in the dark."

"But I wanted to talk about the picture. Already Sam and I had been there three hours so I said again, 'Mr. Hopper, how are you going to cast that picture?' He said, 'If you really want to know I'll show you.' So he got down a bowl of gold fish, dumped them out and filled the bowl with a lot of cards. He said, 'Look, I put a lot of cards in this bowl and they have a lot of names and words on them. I

muss them all up. Then I pull them out. I pull out John Jones and I lay him on the table. Then I pull out a card and it says "heavy." That makes John Jones the heavy."

"Now I ask you, Judge, is that any way to cast a picture? So Sam and I left him and the next day I called him up but he had gone to Huntington Lake. When he came back I sent my art director to him but he wouldn't talk about the picture. Mr. Hopper said to him: 'Picture? What's that? Why, I'm going to buy Tulare Lake and start a yacht club.' As we had to start 'shooting' next morning we got another man to do the directing."

Warner, to corroborate his story about the fish bowl and the writing machine, filed, as an exhibit in the case, Hopper's box of cards and his electric night writer.

But Metro-Goldwyn won the suit.

NEW YORK has had its dullest summer in the studios. With the first of the hot weather, the players all departed for Hollywood or Europe. The night clubs have been singularly barren of screen faces. The Algonquin has seen only a few of them. Constance Bennett has almost had the Ritz to herself—as far as competition from movie folks.

BUT Constance Bennett is quite a little whirlwind in herself. She has just signed a big contract with Associated Exhibitors and evidently her fortunes are on the crest of the wave. The Bennetts have no private life; they live on the front pages of the newspapers. Papa Bennett got into a row with the Theatre Guild; Barbara has been making things lively in Paris. As for Constance, she has adopted the movie world for her field of activity. She is the Queen Flapper of them all.

THE latest couple to get one of those awfully fashionable separations are Priscilla Dean and Wheeler Oakman. Priscilla and Wheeler haven't been any too happy together so they have decided to part—with the usual absence of hard feelings.

It may be all right to scrap with your husband—especially if you are happy with him. But it is extremely bad form to be on hard terms with your ex-husbands.

All of which leads me to wonder if there would be as many separations if the couples were as polite to each other during marriage as they are when the marriage is called off.



The Dragon Buckle is one of the novelties in foot-wear displayed in "The Trouble With Wives." It is made of chartreuse satin lined with jade satin and with a painted dragon of gold and silver scales and rhinestone eyes. The buckle is a Chinese gold dragon with jade green feathers

SELDOM is it given to man to win and lose in the same divorce suit, but that's what happened to Cullen Landis when he lost his divorce suit but won the congratulations of the judge who heard the case. In giving Mignon Le Brun Landis a divorce on the grounds of desertion, the court said:

"Though I am handing down a judgment against him, nevertheless I wish to congratulate Mr. Landis on having kept his name free from scandal. No charges of scandal have been proven against him."

Mrs. Landis brought suit for separate maintenance based on grounds of cruelty. She charged her actor husband got drunk on several occasions and made love to a picture star on location. Landis brought a cross-complaint asking for a divorce on the grounds of cruelty.

A financial settlement was made by which Mrs. Landis receives \$350 per month alimony, and real estate valued at \$20,000 is placed in trust for the two Landis children.

ALAN CROSLAND, film director, is recovering from injuries received when the automobile he was driving collided with another machine at a Hollywood street intersection. Crosland's car was entirely demolished and the director had a narrow escape from death.

TOM MIX is the idol of Avalon's Sea Scouts, through playing the rôle of "big brother" in their hour of greatest gloom.

Recently a big, gray whaling boat arrived on the Avalon dock as the gift of the Government to Avalon Ship 1 of Sea Scouts of America.

Eagerly the boys unpacked their boat, excitedly talking over the adventures at sea that awaited them now that they owned a boat. Then out popped a little gloom imp and spoiled all the fun.

It came in the form of a freight bill, which took all the wind out of the Sea Scouts' sails. It was for an amount there seemed little hope to raise, even with every seaman doing his bit.

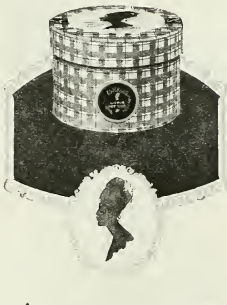
Then Tom Mix hove in sight around Sugar Loaf on board his cruiser Miss Mixit. Tom spied the group of sad-faced youths around the interesting looking boat.

"What's the trouble, boys?" he sang out. Mix's check quickly covered the freight bill, which but a short time before had taken all the joy out of life for the Avalon Sea Scouts.

"Wasn't I a Scout once? And how about that 'do good turn daily'?" Just because a fellow grows up doesn't let him out of the Scout motto," grinned Tom as the boys crowded around to thank him.

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YOU will understand when you put Armand Cold Cream Powder on your powder puff and rub it carefully into your skin, what a very noticeable difference this face powder, used as we direct, makes in your complexion. Make the most of the loveliness of your skin. Bring out the natural beauty and charm by using Armand Cold Cream Powder. . . . There is in it a magic touch of cold cream that keeps the powder on, till you wash it off. Armand Cold Cream Powder is a heavy powder, very dense and fine, fragrantly scented, always \$1.00 a box. Armand Bouquet Powder, medium dense, is 50c a box.



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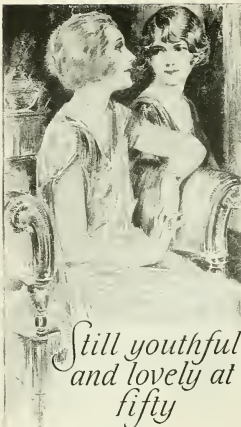
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It contains no harsh properties and is absolutely non-irritant to the tenderest skin.

It has no heavy perfume or strong odor—just the delightfully distinctive fragrance which comes from its Resinol properties—those properties which make its rich color and give protection to the skin. It rinses easily and leaves the skin so refreshed and invigorated that you know it has been cleansed to the depths of each tiny pore.

Resinol Ointment is a ready aid to Resinol Soap. In addition to being widely used for eczema, rashes, chafing, etc., thousands of women find it indispensable for clearing away blackheads, blotches and similar blemishes.

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The gentleman with the megaphone is D. W. Griffith, rehearsing a scene of "Sally of the Sawdust," with W. C. Fields and Carol Dempster. Fields has made such a hit that, they say, Ziegfeld is in danger of losing another Follies star to the movies

"BARK up, dog! Tell who owns you!" If His Honor could only give this order with any certainty of it being obeyed it might iron out a most difficult legal tangle.

In the Los Angeles courts is a problem which reminds us of the mighty wisdom of King Solomon when pressed to decide the ownership of a child—the one he threatened to chop in half and serve portions to each of the asserted mothers.

And Peter the Great, one of the highest paid dog stars, may have a chance to prove just how great his wisdom is.

Arlis Faust, who says he is the owner of the big German shepherd dog with a reported salary of \$1,500 weekly, has filed suit against his brother, Ed. Faust, who likewise claims the dog.

"Put Peter on the witness stand and ask him who his owner is," Arlie, the younger brother, urges. "And then just see which one of us he goes to."

The story of Peter the Great, as told by the younger Faust, reads like a scenario.

According to Arlis, Peter was born in East Prussia and given to Arlis Faust by his father, a breeder of shepherd dogs. In 1922, when Peter was about a year old, Arlis brought him to the United States. Ed Faust had preceded Arlis to this country by five or six months.

Eventually the brothers and the well-trained dog came to Hollywood, where Peter has since worked in several pictures. Now both brothers claim him.

JETTA GOUDAL lost her temper and job at the same time, according to an answer filed by the Famous Players-Lasky Company in the star's suit against them for \$23,250.

Miss Goudal claims in her suit that the picture company suddenly terminated her con-

tract, calling for a salary of \$750 per week and having eighteen months to run, without reason.

But the film company officials feel that they had plenty of reason, for they declare that Jetta was not only too temperamental but that she also had a superabundance of temper and that she lost control of her temper so often it really unsettled her for the part that she was to play.

They further assert that Miss Goudal suffered no financial loss by the termination of the contract, as she signed with C. B. De Mille immediately at a salary as large or larger.

MARY AKIN, film actress, and her mother, Mrs. Carrie J. Akin, have returned to Hollywood after having established a residence at Culiacan, Mexico, where Mary has filed suit for divorce against Thomas L. Armstrong of Chicago. Miss Akin is to wed Edwin Carewe, producer-director, when her divorce is granted. Mexico, owing to its peculiar divorce laws, is fast becoming a rival of Paris in the film colony for artists who want speedy liberation from matrimonial bonds.

ALTHOUGH she has had many big parts in her screen career, ZaSu Pitts is more thrilled with her role in "Thunder Mountain" with Victor Scherzinger than with anything that has ever happened to her. The reason: The company will go to Felton, California, for its location work. It is ZaSu's home town and she has never returned since coming to Hollywood in quest of a career. ZaSu is Felton's favorite star and she is counting on having a wonderful month there with the town's only paper welcoming her with the glaring headline, "HOME TOWN GIRL MAKES GOOD" or something that seems to be equally appropriate.

FLORENCE VIDOR has been granted a divorce from her artistic and temperamental husband, King Vidor, and both are to go their separate ways. Florence was given the custody of their child, six-year-old Suzanne.

She did not ask alimony or property settlement.

Miss Vidor sued on the grounds of desertion and, according to her testimony, King found the bonds of matrimony irksome and cramping to the best expression of his art and so left home more than two years ago.

In an interview Vidor recently gave it as his opinion that "genius should be free to walk its own way alone and unrestrained." King is now going to have a chance to be as "free and unrestrained" as he likes.

MAY ALLISON, Jaywalker De Luxe!

That's what May's friends are calling this little girl from the big town—this girl who can find her way around New York without getting arrested—but who tied up Los Angeles traffic on almost her first shopping trip after her return from the east.

And May Allison all but got arrested for her jay-walking too. Nothing but a most charming smile and some fast talking saved her.

She started blithely to cross the street at one of Los Angeles' busiest corners. A huge truck almost crushed the life out of her. And still she sauntered on in the center of the milling, dashing cars. A yellow demon bore down upon her and then, just in time, she felt a heavy hand upon her shoulder and she was yanked to safety by the traffic cop.

"Hey, miss! Who d'yu think yu' are. Don't cha know we jail folks for buttin' into traffic like this? Did'n' cha hear me whistlin' atcha?"

And then May did remember that she had wondered why the burly officer had kept blowing his whistle like a kiddie with a new Christmas toy.

"Come on back to the curb you started from, lady," ordered the policeman.

"But I'm almost across the street now," pleaded May, using her best smile.

"Makes no difference—back yu' go," says the cop. And back May went with all the eyes of the busiest corner in Los Angeles upon her.

Anyway, the smile saved her from arrest.

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Is your complexion parched, aged and dead appearing? Do you see signs of wrinkles and flabbiness slowly creeping into the smooth, firm skin you once knew?

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show you the way to a new beauty. A skin and complexion that will be soft, fresh and lovely twenty-four hours of the day. A radiant, fascinating appearance which seems imbued with the life and fire of eternal youth. Gouraud's Oriental Cream exerts an exceptional anti-epileptic action. Blemishes and complexion ills are effectively concealed while being relieved. Wrinkles and flabbiness generally yield to its astrigent properties. Made in White, Flesh and Rachel, also in compacts.

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The "new freedom" wedding ring, worn by Claire Windsor. No gold band or platinum circlet for Claire! When she married Bert Lytell, she chose this design. "It signifies," she says, "comradeship, love and the equality of man and woman."



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The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]



Her Honeymoon Letter Continues

".....and everywhere you go in Vienna—the tea dances, the opera, the fashionable Night Clubs, you see this gorgeous newrouge—so brilliant, so absolutely glowing with the joy of living! In Paris it is the same—everyone is wearing it. I tried to get some. But it wasn't the shade. Not until I got to London was I able to get the right shade. It is called PRINCESS PAT Rouge Vivid. Do try to get some. With your eyes it will be wonderful."

Affectionately,
Doris.

Princess Pat ROUGE VIVID, the fashionable new rouge. This marvelous shade introduces a new vogue in rouge, now reaching its height in the fashion centers of Europe, and just making its debut in New York, Buenos Aires and Hollywood, where it is swiftly becoming the rage. It is made by the makers of PRINCESS PAT English Tint, the original orange rouge. If your favorite shop is not yet stocked with PRINCESS PAT Rouge Vivid, we will be glad to send a generous sample, entirely free of charge.

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MARRY ME—Paramount

A NICE little small town romance beautifully acted by Florence Vidor and Edward Everett Horton. It's the story of a girl who writes a message on an egg and then sits around and waits for her suitor to arrive while the egg goes to cold storage for years. James Cruze has given it deft direction but the story is so slight that the picture drags a little—A. S.

THE PEAK OF FATE—Frank B. Rogers

IF you are averse to scenics in any way don't waste your time. However, if you enjoy this type of picture here is one of the finest. As usual the scenery and photography are most impressive with a sweet romance interwoven for those who like their love stories. All the scenes are taken in the Swiss Alps and you'll just thrill at the chances taken by the actors—but then, think of the cameraman, too. Be sure to see it—M. B.

MANHATTAN MADNESS—Associated Exhibitors

INTRODUCING the champion, Mr. Jack Dempsey and his wife, Estelle Taylor, in their first co-starring vehicle. The story doesn't start until the third reel and then of course we have plenty of action. Naturally the action calls for many fights and Mr. Dempsey shows us just why he is termed "the champion." If the stars don't appeal to you then nothing in the picture will. The boys will like it—M. B.

ONE YEAR TO LIVE—First National

IF any doctor ever tells you you have one year to live, just laugh it off and do as Aileen Fringle did. What did she do? She became the toast of the boulevards of Paris, supported her invalid sister and on the side won the affections of an American officer. Clever worker, eh?—M. B.

BEAUTY AND THE BAD MAN—Producers Dist. Corp.

AN improbable story but still affords fairly good entertainment. A young girl, with operatic ambitions, is befriended by a gambler of a small mining town. She becomes a great prima donna and with all her success she returns to the little old town and marries her benefactor. Oh yes, she was formerly married in name only to a shiftless affair, but he was quietly put out of the scene. Mabel Ballin is the most interesting person in the cast—M. B.

THE WOMAN HATER—Warner

A WOMAN hater, by his very prejudice, invites the interest of all women. Especially that of the one who made him take up hating. Helene Chadwick turns Clive Brook into a sadder and wiser man. Then she wins him back only to send him away because of a threatening pistol in the hands of John Harron, a victim of puppy love. And after all that the woman hater forgives her.—C. H.

HEADLINES—Associated Exhibitors

A FAIRLY interesting newspaper story made enjoyable by a good cast and interesting titles. Alice Joyce and Virginia Lee Corbin present contrasting types—the beautiful, dignified widow and her flapper daughter. As do Malcolm McGregor, a young man in love with the mother who is older than he, and Elliott Nugent, a staid city editor bowled over by seventeen-year-old modern ways.—C. H.

THE MAKING OF O'MALLEY—First National

EVERY conceivable person has been glorified now that Milton Sills glorified the policeman. We don't know how the force feels

about it but Mr. Sills is quite satisfied with his job. If our judgment is wanted—we've seen better pictures. It seems a shame that Dorothy Mackaill should be wasted in this after her fine work in "Chickie." Dorothy isn't given a chance to do a thing—all rights are reserved for Mr. Sills—but he didn't register with us.—M. B.

PRIVATE AFFAIRS—Producers Distributing Corp.

THIS picture presents a cross section of life in a small town that does not change in five years although its inhabitants have their problems to meet and solve. Limited by its subject matter, as a whole it is necessarily dull, although the types are well cast and ably acted. Included in the cast are Mildred Harris, Gladys Hulette, Robert Agnew and David Butler.—C. H.

THE MARRIAGE WHIRL—First National

CORINNE GRIFFITH, an old fashioned girl, marries Kenneth Harlan, whose one idea is a good time. Her life becomes a hectic round of dancing and drinking until her husband is mercifully killed, and she can marry safe and sane Harrison Ford. The whirl grew so maddening we wanted to scream and faint when Corinne did; which may or may not speak well for the direction and acting.—C. H.

PASSIONATE YOUTH—Truart

POSITION in life is everything—so when a mother becomes District Attorney that was the signal for daughter dear to step faster. Not until mother realized that said daughter was the best little flask-emptier did she become conscience stricken because of her negligence. Of course there's a murder, the reappearance of the divorced husband—and—the end—hurrah!—M. B.

THE MAD WHIRL—Universal

MAY McAVOY seems out of place in this tale of a jazz-mad family whose day begins with the cocktail hour. May is an ex-saloon keeper's daughter who reforms a gang of swell drinkers. What could be fairer? In spite of a lot of good old audies, the film is fiercely moral. Will the audience please rise and sing "The Brewer's Big Horses Can't Ride Over Me"?—A. S.

CAMILLE OF THE BARBARY COAST—Associated Exhibitors

THE old Camille theme has been revived so many times with variations that it ought to be allowed to rest. Considering this handicap, they have done as well as could be expected by putting Camille in a new setting—cheap dives. The picture moves slowly because there is little to it except the climax, which has a real thrill. Owen Moore and Mae Busch do good work.—C. H.

THE WHITE OUTLAW—Universal

BELIEVE it or not—we really enjoyed this Jack Hoxie picture. Of course as you might suspect, it really wasn't Jack Hoxie who pleased us but the horse and dog that he supports in this picture. The two animals give a very fine performance, but if you've seen "Black Cyclone" you can't help but compare the two. This will prove a winner with the boys.—M. B.

FAINT PERFUME—B. P. Schulberg

A GOOD strong dose of the famous smelling salts will be needed to revive you after this. Taken from the popular novel by Zona Gale this hasn't a thing to offer. Everything in the picture compares with the perfume. It's faint

entertainment. William Powell, who was so very grand in "Romola," is the only person in the cast worth mentioning, and even he—oh, well, what's the use.—M. B.

A MAN OF IRON—Chadwick

INTRODUCING Mr. Lionel Barrymore as a wealthy iron master but a weakling when it comes to women. He marries a young society deb whose family is suffering from financial embarrassment. As is expected there is a rival but our hero being a big brave man, kills him off in a duel. Not worth while.—M. B.

LIGHT OF THE WESTERN STARS—Paramount

IF you are in a carefree mood perhaps you can stand this Western, but if you feel anyway fussy don't be annoyed. All that needs be said is this—it's a Zane Grey story, plot 1865—and from your training in the I. C. S. of Westerns you'll know what it's all about. Whom do you think we liked the best in the cast?—the villain, Noah Beery. The remainder of the cast—ugh.—M. B.

HIS BUDDY'S WIFE—Associated Exhibitors

TWO bewildered, young things trying to solve a big problem after the war. Jimmy (Glenn Hunter) alone in the world, worships Mary (Edna Murphy), the wife of his buddy thought to be dead. She plans to marry him out of gratitude. The husband comes back and is about to do an *Enoch Arden* but he finds that Mary still loves him. So poor Jimmy loses.—C. H.

AFTER BUSINESS HOURS—Columbia

E LAINE HAMMERSTEIN and Lou Tellegen point this moral: a rich husband who gives his wife unlimited credit but no spending money is extremely unwise. So far, so good. But the results are exaggerated. No matter how young and inexperienced and nervous the wife, she would scarcely pawn everything and even steal instead of asking her husband please can she have a little more spare cash.—C. H.

STEELE OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED—Vitaphone

A RIDICULOUS trick is used as an excuse to make Bert Lytell turn his back on women and join the Royal Mounted Police. There is plenty of action as *Steele* upholds the unwritten law of a "mountie"—"to get his man." Of course the girl, who caused the trouble in the beginning, goes running out to Canada, is kidnapped, and rescued by none other than *Steele*.—C. H.

THE HUMAN TORNADO—F. B. O.

JUST another Western. We thought it had long since gone out of style for the pursuing sheriff's men to take off their hats and look pained when the wild-shooting desperado dies. But no. The custom is revived along with a plot equally old. A whirlwind cowboy, falsely accused of robbery and murder by a mean, old half-brother, has a flock of adventures before he proves his innocence.—C. H.

STOP FLIRTING—Producers Distributing Corp.

EVERY time the young husband goes out of the house—some strange and fair lady falls down and hurts herself just in time for him to help her up and brush her off. The jealous bride cannot believe that all this is accidental so she sets out to create a little trouble. The result is pure and simple slapstick that's funny here and there.—C. H.

AMERICAN PLUCK—Chadwick

IF you still believe in fairy tales perhaps you can down this—if not, you're out of luck. List to this—a princess meets a college boy



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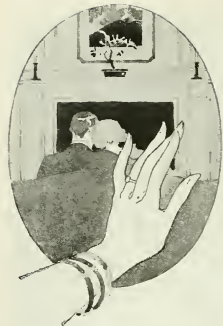
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posing as a prize fighter and falls in love with him. But what cares she for the silk and satin counts, dukes, etc., this is the twentieth century and she'll marry the man of her heart. And she does. Now we ask you—can you beat that?—C. H.

THE BLOODHOUND—F. B. O.

YOU know these Royal Mounted boys and their ways—you ought to, they are in nearly every Western picture. Well, this time Bob Custer tracks down a murderer and what do you s'pose? It turns out to be his brother. He has a mean half hour choosing between duty and "his own flesh and blood." But the brother didn't really do the murder, so it's all right. Otherwise, you'll find it awful—C. H.

THE SPORTING CHANCE—Tiffany Prod.

YOU can have your Westerns and crook stories any day in the week, but give us a good horse racing story like this for good entertainment. There's nothing like it if you want thrills and heart interest. Of course the family funds have diminished and the only saving grace is the race horse "Kentucky Boy" who saves the day for all. We admit the story isn't very new but who cares as long as one gets the necessary "kick" out of the picture?—M. B.

NEVER WEAKEN—Pathe

ONE of Harold Lloyd's funniest pictures revived and presented from a slightly different angle. Those who saw it several years ago will enjoy it all over again, and those who missed it are lucky to have another chance.—C. H.

FIFTY-FIFTY—Associated Exhibitors

AN American roue, Lionel Barrymore, marries Hope Hampton, a French dancer, and expects to lead his old, careless life regardless of her. She won't see things that way and shows him that he can go fifty-fifty. We didn't care for it.—C. H.

THE LITTLE GIANT—Universal

YOUNG couples "just starting out" will like this story of the struggles of the young Elmer Clintons. Elmer thinks he can sell anything. As a matter of fact he can, but he has a great deal to learn. The parts are well taken by Glenn Hunter and Edna Murphy. Jean

Jarvis does one of the best comedy maids we have ever seen.—C. H.

THE TEXAS TRAILER—Producers Dist.

HARRY CAREY—a Western—but a real entertaining one. The story is woven around a young Eastern girl who goes West expecting to find all cowboys the same as she had seen in the movies. Things are different, however, but after many thrilling experiences she picks out one who is her ideal. Harry Carey and Ethel Shannon both do good work in this picture. O. K. for the children.—M. B.

THE AWFUL TRUTH—Producers Dist.

IF you really must know the truth—this is awful. A flimsy plot that is draggy and uninteresting. Another domestic triangle of a jealous husband who loses faith in his wife. How husbands suffer nowadays! About the only realistic scenes that are worthwhile are the snow effects that are cooling these warm days.—M. B.

THAT MAN, JACK—F. B. O.

A GAIN Bob Custer rides and fights his way through the whole picture. It is a difficult proposition to love the other fellow's girl and still keep a sense of loyalty about one. But the other fellow dies before the last reel and thump-thump—the two hearts beat as one.—M. B.

KEEP SMILING—Associated Exhibitors

ONE can't help but smile at the supposed-to-be-funny situations. It is really a sad state of affairs when a comedian can't put over his gags. Everything Monty Banks does seems forced and lacks pep. We were all prepared for a good laugh but once more we were fooled. And we really wanted to laugh, too. But who knows, maybe you'll enjoy it.—M. B.

THE LIMITED MAIL—Warner

THERE is a definite technique in presenting thrills on the screen, which has not been taken into consideration here. So many astounding things happen in quick succession that you carry away a befuddled impression. The story deals with two railroad men, their friendship, their love for the same girl, and the part a fast mail-train plays in their lives. Monte Blue was elected to head the cast.—C. H.



Equine Pool has polo beaten a mile. At least, that's what Art Acord thinks. Maybe he is prejudiced because he invented the game. Here he is playing with Cliff Smith, his director. It's just a nice home sport

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93]

J. A. S. AVON, N. J.—Young lady, you can't fool an old man like me. Others have tried and failed. You say that you "wouldn't know me from a bunch of beet." I'd hate to send you out to buy beets. Richard Dix is not related to Clive Brook. Rod and Monte aren't related. That's my story and it's true. Mahlon Hamilton played in "Daddy Long Legs." He's still in pictures. Rod La Rocque is making a picture for Cecil B. De Mille. Tom Mix has two daughters. Ruth is about fifteen or sixteen years old and little Thomasina is only three.

MAY D., BOSTON, MASS.—Respectfully replying to your formal questionnaire, I beg to state as follows: Yakima was born on November 29, 1896. Not married. Billy Sullivan was born on the tenth of March, the same year. He is married to a non-professional. Eileen Sedgwick was also born in 1896. You like 'em all the same age. She is divorced. It's her real name. Joe Donomo was born on Christmas day, 1902. He isn't married.

BETTY K., LAFAYETTE, IND.—Address Vera Reynolds at the Cecil B. De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif.

M. B., COLUMBIA, MO. Marguerite Clark is married to Harry Williamson. Address her at Patterson, La.

ALMA S., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—No and again no, Richard Dix is not married—as yet. He was born July 18, 1895. He's six feet tall. His disposition is wonderful.

A. B., WILLARD, OHIO.—PHOTOPLAY published a picture of Betty Bronson on the cover of the January issue, 1925. Esther and Jobyna Ralston are not related to each other. For a picture of Betty Bronson, write to the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Did you have a nice visit?

CELIA D., AVON, N. Y.—Fred Thomson was born in Pasadena, Calif., on April 28, 1890. He is six feet, two inches tall and weighs 225 pounds. He has brown hair and blue eyes and is married to Frances Marion, the scenario writer. Address him at the F. B. O. Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

ANON, EUGENE, ORE.—Betty Bronson works at the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Corinne Griffith at the United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

NAN, GLOUCESTER, MASS.—It isn't so hard, is it? Will you come again? Myrtle Stedman may be addressed at the United Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Irene Rich at the Warner Brothers Studio, Hollywood, Calif. And Elaine Hammerstein at the Fox Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

HELEN M., NEWARK, N. J.—So Marion's your only crush. Have you seen her in "Zander the Great"? Miss Davies was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on January 1, 1900. She came in with the new century. She is five feet, five and one-half inches high and weighs 123 pounds. She has blonde hair and blue eyes. Not married. At present she is living in Beverly Hills, Calif., and working at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City.

ADELE, CHICAGO, ILL.—Bebe Daniels was born in Dallas, Texas, on January 14, 1901. Marion Davies may be reached at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif.

DELL C., DETROIT, MICH.—Leatrice Joy was born in New Orleans, La. She played in a stock company for a short time before she went into pictures. She has black hair and brown eyes.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 124]



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FRIENDLY ADVICE

From
Carolyn Van Wyck

MRS. G. H. M. of Akron, Ohio, writes and asks me to settle once and for all the question of whether or not make-up is harmful to the skin. And the answer is, most emphatically, that it is not. Actresses who constantly use a heavy make-up have far better skins than the average woman.

Of course, you must know how to apply your make-up properly. Most women not only abuse powder and rouge but they are most careless in applying cold cream. One cold cream cannot be used for all purposes. You really need a cleansing cream, a foundation cream and, if you want to be luxurious, a skin food and a pore cream.

Now for the proper way to apply make-up. In the first place, your face must be clean—thoroughly and scrupulously clean. First use a cleansing cream, then soap and hot water and then cold water—or better still, rub your face briskly with ice. But don't keep the ice on too long. And never, under any circumstances, put on powder and rouge directly after using hot water. Give your face a good cold rinse.

Always put on your rouge and powder by a natural light—unless you are going out in the evening. And, by the way, you can stand a heavier make-up at night. Don't rub the powder on your face; the rubbing is apt to enlarge the pores. Pat it on. And never rouge after your powder. The powder is to blend your make-up.

A good foundation cream will make your complexion "set." But be sure to apply it evenly, otherwise your face will look blotchy. Actresses often rub their faces with ice after putting on the grease paint foundation. It's an excellent idea.

And now for another important rule. Don't try to go through a whole day without removing the powder and rouge. You can't repair a make-up and have it look even. Wash off your make-up frequently. The mixture of powder and dust is harmful to the skin. Moreover the liberal use of cold water is refreshing and beautifying in itself.

Of course, you can't hope for a good skin if your diet is wrong. Most actresses, whether they are reducing or not, eat a light luncheon. Eat plenty of salads and fresh vegetables in the middle of the day. Abstain from meats, pastries and starchy foods. Your heavy meal—the meat and potatoes meal—should come at night. The old idea that it is unwise to have a heavy dinner is a throw-back to the days when people retired right after their supper.

Just one more bit of advice and I am through: Drink plenty of water—cold but not chilled. It's an easy habit to acquire and it is one of the most valuable aids to beauty.

MARCY, OTTUMWA, IOWA.

Your weight is about right. Eat no sweets, bread only once a day and no potatoes for a while. This will probably take off a few pounds which are all you need to lose. You are still young to go out a great deal. Be sweet and natural with everyone and interest yourself in what your friends like. This will make you forget to be self-conscious.

MARYLAND, BALTIMORE, MD.

It might be that you and the young man you are in love with could mutually benefit each other. He could teach you to love reading while you could make him get outdoors more. However, if you are not sure you love him enough to marry him, wait a year and see how you feel then. Take up physical education in which you are so interested, and, as time goes on, you may come to know your own mind better.

Laughing and smiling wrinkles are very attractive in a middle-aged face.

JANINA, DES MOINES, IOWA.

I think you are very lucky to have so many natural gifts; I am sure your friends find you an ever welcome companion. Wear simple clothes with long, straight lines. The perfumes advertised in PHOTOPLAY are very popular. Choose a light scent. Drink a glass of rich milk with each meal, eat cereals with plenty of heavy cream, and drink chocolate instead of coffee, and I think you will gain those few needed pounds. The powder you use is splendid. Any cold cream of standard make, carefully wiped off with a soft towel, is good for cleansing. Use any of the depilatories you find in these columns; they have been satisfactorily tested.

EVA, MIAMI, FLA.

I think the glands in your neck, if disproportionate, would be quickly noticed by members of your family. Since they laugh at your complaints of what you consider their too great size it is possible that you imagine they are too large. Or the size may be incidental only to your growth. If you suffer any pain or discomfort from them talk earnestly to your good father about them and I am sure he will find time to take or send you to 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

VIRGINIA, NEWTONVILLE, MASS.

No, it is not necessary to eat a great deal of rich food in order to gain weight. Sleep is essential. Try to get ten hours' sleep each night, with windows open wide. Eat cereals and cream for breakfast, with chocolate instead of coffee. Eggs and rich milk should be prepared in different ways so that you do not tire of them. Salads with oil or mayonnaise dressings, steak, chops, and all green vegetables may be eaten at discretion. Take plenty of exercise and drink all the water you can.

NAN, WATERFORD, CONN.

You say the boys like you but the girls don't. That you have tried to show your interest in the girls but they do not want to be friendly. Do you suppose that you have been overfriendly upon short acquaintance, little stranger in Yankee land? The height is not too great. You cannot arrest your upward growth. But you can lessen the appearance of it by wearing low-heeled shoes, hat and shoes of colors that contrast with those of your dress, and horizontal trimmings.

SUE, WASHINGTON, IND.

Bending exercises are the best for reduction. Stopping until the finger tips touch the floor. Swaying from right to left and left to right from the waist line hardens the muscles of the abdomen. Rubber bandages cause perspiration and much perspiring lessens flesh. Lashes can be encouraged to curl. You have seen advertisements that made that promise in this magazine. The advertisements are investigated and approved. None of the exercises you mention are injurious if they are moderately done. A girl so accomplished should be able to place herself in one of the arts you mention. Get the consent and help of your parents.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 121]

\$\$\$ Bathtubs \$\$\$

By PATTERSON GREENE

ATMOSPHERIC bathtubs are *Cecil De Mille's latest*. In "Hell's Highroad" they are used in turn to symbolize poverty and wealth. If cleanliness is next to godliness, "Hell's Highroad" must be a sort of parallel by-path of the steep and thorny way. In any event, expressionistic plumbing is a new thing in the movies.

If the wolf is at the door,
Show a tin tub on the floor,
With a garden sprinkler handy for a shower.
But when fickle fortune smiles,
Indicate the change by tiles,
And by porcelain equipment in the bower.

If the rent is overdue,
Pull the washtub into view,
With a cake of yellow soap to clinch the matter,
But in days of kinder fate
Lovely Lizzie bathes in state,
With a maid to serve the bath salts on a platter.

Ritz rigs may be forthcoming
From a home with humble plumbing—
They're no sign of luxury's reputed lap.
Any ingenue can bluff
When she struts her social stuff—
But does she start proceedings at the tap?

If she splashes in the sink
Or a tub that's made of zinc,
It's a certain sign she walks the narrow path.
If you want the proper steer
On the heroine's career,
Take a look at where she takes her morning bath.

—Los Angeles Examiner.

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POWDER PUFF

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About Gainsborough Puffs, there is such feminine charm—such pleasing softness and daintiness—that women no longer ask for powder puffs but for Gainsborough Puffs. A size for every need—for vanity, dressing table or bath. In soft, deep-dyed Australian lamb's wool or luxuriously soothing velour. Pink and white, in pleasing cartons; the new peach glow in cellophane envelope. The latest Parisian mode! Select your Gainsborough Puffs to harmonize with lingerie and other dainty accessories.

Prices, 10c to 75c—
At the better stores

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At Forty—Young and Charming!

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The wisest of today realizes that age is no barrier to her social or business success, if she is careful to ride her age. She must not have gray hair, for if there is any one thing that indicates the least of that precious thing called youth it is gray hair. The mission of Q-Hair Color Restorer is to darken hair that is already gray or starting to show signs of that tolltale of age, a few gray strands, and to darken it so gradually and with a general effect so natural that no one knows—no, not even your most intimate friends unless you choose to tell.

Q-Hair Color Restorer

Q-Hair Color Restorer, when applied to your hair according to directions and in the privacy of your home, causes a gradual darkening of the color of your hair, indeed so gradual that neither your friends, and neighbors nor do not notice the change. Q-Hair Color Restorer is sure—safe to use—safe to wear, safe to clean, double-protected against.

75 cents per bottle; sold by your druggist under positive guarantee

Owing to the fact that Q-Hair Color Restorer works so gradually, a sample bottle (one) is sufficient. Sometimes several bottles are required to obtain the desired results. Therefore we authorize all druggists to refund your money, if you are not entirely pleased—you to the sole druggist.

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to students. Your choice of real Motion Picture Camera taking standard professional film used by all theaters, or by View Camera, latest model, gaining unimagined loss.

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NOTE:
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Answers to Movie Intelligence Test

Did you try to solve the Movie Intelligence Test by E. Lyle McMullen, in the August issue of *PHOTOPLAY*? Here are the correct answers. Now get your August *PHOTOPLAY* and check up the answers that you have marked down.

Have you a pencil ready? If so, go ahead and mark your own examination paper. Remember the test is run on the honor system.

FIRST GROUP.—If you are 100 per cent perfect, you will have crossed out the numbers 2, 3, 5, 7, 8 and 9. Colleen Moore is a First National star. Samuel Goldwyn has his own producing company. Irene and Lillian Rich are not related. Jack Pickford made "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come." Bebe Daniels is a Paramount star. "The Enchanted Cottage" was a drama, not a comedy.

SECOND GROUP.—If you have checked this group correctly you will have the following results: Question 11—Circles around the numbers 2 and 4. Question 12—Circles around the numbers 2, 3 and 4. Question 13—Circles around the numbers 2, 4 and 5. Question 14—A circle around number 1. Question 15—A circle around number 2. Question 16—Circles around numbers 3 and 5.

THIRD GROUP.—The correct answers are: 17—"Isn't Life Wonderful?" was made in Germany. 18—The leading feminine role was played by Carol Dempster. 19—Ramon Novarro plays the title role in "Ben Hur." 20—Estelle Taylor was recently married to Jack Dempsey. 21—The first picture made by Rudolph Valentino after his return to the screen was "Monsieur Beaucaire." 22—A well-known producer who died recently was Thomas H. Ince. 23—Wallace Beery is said to have taken acting honors away from Douglas Fairbanks. 24—In "Robin Hood."

FOURTH GROUP.—In Question 25, you should have a circle around number 4. Question 26—A circle around number 3. Question 27—A circle around number 4. Question 28—A circle around number 1.

FIFTH GROUP.—The correct answers are: Question 29—Number 3; Question 30—Number 2; Question 31—Number 3; Question 32—Number 1; Question 33—Number 2; Question

34—Number 4; Question 35—Number 4; Question 36—Number 3; Question 37—Number 4.

SIXTH GROUP.—If you have passed your examination correctly in this group, you will have crossed out the numbers 38, 39, 40, 42, 45, 46 and 47. Cecil De Mille directed "The Ten Commandments." "Plastigrams" was the name of the three dimension novelty. Ethel Barrymore appeared in pictures with the old Metro Company. Ernest Torrence is a featured player. Vitaphone has been absorbed by the Warner Brothers and is no longer producing. Messrs. Zukor and Lasky are the heads of the Famous Players-Lasky. Marion Davies starred in "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

SEVENTH GROUP.—If you have marked this group correctly, you will have the following result: Question 48—Circle around the number 2. Question 49—Circle around number 1. Question 50—Circle around number 3. Question 51—Circle around number 2.

EIGHTH GROUP.—The correct answers are: 52—Rex Ingram's wife is Alice Terry. 53—D. W. Griffith is a director. 54—His first great masterpiece was "The Birth of a Nation." 55—The leading feminine role in "Way Down East" was played by Lillian Gish. 56—The leading male role in "The Sea Hawk" was played by Milton Sills. 57—"Hueresque" was directed by Frank Borzage. 58—The role of Abraham Lincoln in the picture of the same name was played by George Billings. 59—It was produced by Al and Ray Rockett.

NINTH GROUP.—The correct markings on this group are as follows: Question 60—Circle around number 3. Question 61—Circle around 1, 2, 3, 4. Question 62—Circles around numbers 4 and 5. Question 63—Circles around numbers 1, 2 and 5. Answer to Question 64—Hale Hamilton, Lloyd Hamilton, Mahlon Hamilton and Neil Hamilton. Question 65—Circles around numbers 1, 2, 4, 5 and 7.

TENTH GROUP.—You should have marked crosses before the following numbers: 66, 69 and 70. William Fox is a producer; he doesn't direct pictures. Rod La Rocque played an important role in "The Ten Commandments." John Gilbert is very much in pictures.

Languishing Romances

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

if you can figure it out. We couldn't. Then one bright day Agnes quietly stole away and married Senor Manuel Reachi, attaché to the Mexican government.

Lois Wilson, oft termed "the good girl of Hollywood," has not been slighted by the finger of Dame Rumor. During the filming of "The Covered Wagon," her name and that of Warren Kerrigan were often linked, but nothing developed. Following close upon that report came the rumor that she was to wed Richard Dix, which was soon supplanted by the news of her engagement to Barney Baruch—a shipboard romance. But Lois, the sly mink, returned heart-free from England and during all the sunbathing kept her own counsel. Wise Lois!

Little Patsy Ruth Miller is not to be kept out of the merry—or marry?—whirl. Five pictures in which she was the recipient of Matt Moore's screen love were enough to cause Pekoe Promenade to nod its head. But whether the rumors were the result of propinquity or cannot judge, for Patsy refuses to commit herself—and certainly Matt wouldn't. However, Pat's vivacious personality acts as a lodestone to mere man and she no sooner ex-

tricates herself from one reported betrothal than she finds herself in the center of another. Propinquity? Maybe. A mother? Yes. A father? You bet! Jealousy? Hardly. But Pat has a great parcel of downright commonsense. And she is young. That's a combination that is hard to beat, so maybe her romances are press agent fantasies.

Ben Lyon is a youth that set the film world a-talking. I think we can attribute his meteoric affairs to propinquity. First it was Barbara La Marr—he played with her in "The White Moth." Then it was Pola Negri—he was her leading man in "Lily of the Dust." Followed by Gloria Swanson—for he was the youthful soldier in her "Wages of Virtue." But we lose track of his reported betrothals. Ben is growing older—and more experienced!

Pola Negri is entitled to a page of her own. Tempestuous Pola assailed the picture citadel by storm, taking for her own coy Charles Chaplin, who had been reported engaged to Edna Purviance, Claire Windsor, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Estelle Taylor and May Collins—that is, as far as the papers were concerned. Nothing daunted, Pola flaunted Charlie until there came the great divorce. Pola was not long

without a champion, for up stepped Bill Tilden, tennis champ, to do the honors for Poland's fiery star. It might have been careers that hampered the Negri-Chaplin engagement. Who knows?

There have been numerous and persistent contenders for May McAvoy's small hand. Bobby Agnew seems to be Mother McAvoy's choice, but May, willful miss, can't seem to decide between Bobby, Glenn Hunter and Eddie Sutherland, the young director. It seems that Eddie Sutherland was one of the first knights in the lists for fair Lady May's hand, but along came Glenn Hunter, riding a milk-white steed. The new knight in the field intrigued Lady May, and before she knew it she was reported betrothed to him, while Sutherland galloped off on his black charger in a cloud of dust. Followed various "ons and offs" of the engagement. However, we must acknowledge that Bobby Agnew, mother's choice, spent Yuletide in Rome where May was appearing in "Ben Hur."

Constance Talmadge and William Collier, Jr., were perennial favorites in the "repeated engaged" field. Now, they have admitted it, but nothing definite in setting the date of the approaching nuptials has ever emanated directly from them. Spasmodically the public is forewarned of an "interesting matrimonial event about to occur to effervescent Connie and devoted 'Buster.'" But for years Connie evidently believed that variety was the spice of life and news and, after a gay sojourn in New York, usually returned scattering reports of an engagement to Irving Berlin, now definitely engaged to Ellin Mackay. Again, however, you saw Connie and "Buster" tripping the light fantastic at one of Hollywood's cafes of an evening.

Actors are not the only ones affected by this contagion. George Melford, the director, had home and future plans all laid involving pretty Jacqueline Logan. But a wintry breath must have withered the flower of this romance, and now Melford is reported engaged to Diana Miller, an actress, while "Jacky" has wed a Texan with the delightful name of Ralph James Gillespie. A discreet silence is maintained on the subject of the Logan-Melford rupture—so "conflicting careers" or some other supposition cannot be given for the benefit of onlookers.

Bebe Daniels, too, has had several engagements thrust upon her. Away back when she was playing in two-reelers with Harold Lloyd, their names were associated, and after she graduated into drama, Jack Dempsey's was linked with hers—to say nothing of Richard Dix at the time they were playing in "Sinners in Heaven." And how about Betty Compson and Walter Morosco, each of whom are now happily married—to other persons!

We could delve deeper into the archives of the film colony and discover many a romance that has languished and faded away. Perhaps the merciless spotlight of publicity that forever plays upon Hollywood is responsible for the warping of Romance—for not only is Hollywood "Sex under the spotlight" but Sex under the microscope of millions of the curious public.

That English Humor

TO Richard Dix goes credit for this one. So, if you don't like it, take it out on Dick, not us.

An American is visiting London.

He marvels that comedies are not shown in the cinema on Saturdays but are tremendously popular on other week days. So he asks an English friend why.

"You see, old chap, we can't run 'em Saturdays because the church objects. It would interfere with the services on Sunday."

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Absorbine, Jr. counteracts the tiny drop of poison and cleanses the wound. It soothes the irritation and promotes rapid healing.

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Please send my patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows

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Name

Street

City

Ricardo the First

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

nous eyes. I'll admit I was overcome. I walked back and forth watching her—trying not to be too apparent in my admiration. I thought she was wonderful then—I am convinced she is now!"

Then entered Johnny Walker, the actor. Through him Ricardo met E. H. Griffith at the Hotel Astor. Griffith was looking for a character to use in "Thimble-Thimble," an O. Henry story. Walker persuaded Griffith that Cortez was what he wanted. His powers of persuasion must have been potent, for Cortez got the part. A hundred a week this time and no cuts to mar the beauty of the performance on the way elbow jocks. Another promising young actor worked on the set next to Cortez. His name was Rod LaRocque.

Came one of those fearful "slumps." With the slump went Ricardo's newly born career. The stage remained, however, and Ricardo became a song-and-dance man in "Johnny Get Your Gun." That did not prove particularly enticing so, heeding father's sage advice, Ricardo became traffic manager of a shipping company. But chartering so many gross of steel-handled soup spoons to Peru did not have the zest of acting for the grinding camera, and the manager and Ricardo agreed to call it quits.

During this time the struck New York and carried away with it the lives of his father and a sister. There remained only his mother, and his aspirations for his career, and his sister Helene. They agreed that Hollywood was the logical place for pictures, and so Ricardo embarked for the movie mecca, arriving August 1st, 1922.

Unlike the usual Hollywood sob story, Ricardo's first opportunity at a good part came

shortly after his arrival. He played a heavy in a Universal picture. Next a friend paved the way by an introduction to Jesse Lasky, and after that the only thing Ricardo had to do was to prove that he could deliver the goods. *The only thing!* He proved it and, on January 1st, 1923, signed a contract to become a Paramount player.

His lot has been to enact everything from a French tutor to an ardent Spanish lover, and he is looking forward now to playing a hard-driving Western in "The Pony Express" which James Cruze, the impresario of home-spun drama, is to direct. This feature will give him an opportunity to demonstrate his excellent horsemanship, for he is a devout lover of horses and is often to be seen on the bridle path in Beverly Hills.

As previously implied, Ricardo has a devastating effect on feminine hearts. Small wonder, for those slumberous eyes were not created to gleam in vain. However, despite his Greek god qualifications, Ricardo has kept himself remarkably free from entanglements. There is the usual idle chatter surrounding an eligible male star, but that is part of the penalty of being the cynosure of public attention. It's like trying to keep house in a zoo with traveling throngs of open-mouthed tourists observing the most intimate details of life's routine.

Ricardo has remained blessedly single during his ascendancy and now, as he breathes the invigorating ozone of success, he feels justified in taking unto himself a wife. And she will be none other than the lady of St. Patrick's Cathedral—she of the "pale face and dark luminous eyes"—Alma Rubens.

The Lad Who Ran Away

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

once in a while a guy gets over after he's been on the road. I'm goin' to take a chance and heat it from the road, too. I know a little girl—but she don't know me no more."

The engine whistled faint and far away. Its echo floated back like a dying throney of lonesome music to the two young rovers under the water tank. Each remained quiet while the engine whistled again and again, as if for a crossing. "There's no finer music in the world than an engine whistling far away," said the lad known as Jack London, "but tell me about the girl you know, Chula."

"Nothing to tell," answered the other. "They all had it fixed for us to get married in the Chickasaw tribe. Her dad's the Chief, and she's been away to college and everything. Well, we quarreled, and I, like a boob, ran away from home. You know an Indian girl's prouder'n Lucifer. I didn't see her for three years. One time I was up in Canada and it was colder'n blazes. I got a job as a news hutch until spring. I was doing pretty well and saving a little money and I felt like I owned the whole Canadian Pacific. Everything went well till one day I was going through the train selling my stuff out of my basket when some people stopped me. I had my head down and when I looked up, I looked right in the eyes of Ronda, the little girl I was to have married. She blushed and didn't do nothing like they do in stories—and neither did I."

"Well, go on with the tale," said Jack. "What did you both do—get married and live happily ever after?"

"Not on your tynype," replied Chula. "The girl looked out of the window and I saw her lip tremble and the tears come to her eyes. That was enough for me—I beat it for the front car and put down my basket, took off my news hutch cap and sat looking out of the window till I reached my division. I wouldn't have gone through that train again for a

thousand dollars. I never saw the girl after that."

"What became of her, Chula?" asked the future famous writer.

"She went to Vassar or some other college and then married some guy worth a million. It didn't end like a regular story, eh, Jack?"

"Nope, they never do in real life," was Jack London's comment.

After more hours of waiting a freight finally came, its engine stopping at the tank for water. The two young rovers climbed aboard, and their decision made to quit the life of the hob, rode, unknowing, on to fame and fortune.

It is quite possible that this real tale of two hoboes meeting, and each becoming famous years later in his own right, has not been equalled in all the annals of life or fiction.

Jack London returned to Oakland and borrowed three hundred dollars from a friend. He remained one year at the University of California and quit because he was too poor to continue. In nine years he was world famous.

Edwin Carewe's road to fame was longer and, as a rule, a real deal harder.

Too proud to return to the land of his fathers, he took up with a wandering band of gypsy players and remained with them several months. One of this band Carewe still remembers, as, in his opinion, one of the greatest actors he has ever known. It was from this ancient Thespian that the future director was to learn many of the tricks of pantomime and gesture that later made of him a successful moving picture actor and director, capable of earning a quarter of a million dollars a year.

After some months with this band of roving players, Carewe journeyed to New York to try his luck. It was in that city he met another young man who had the same ambitions. The other's name was Tommy Inc. He was but a violin player then, this man who later signed

his name Thomas H. Ince and became prominent and important in a world as fleeting and transient as the shadows on the screen. This good-looking Irishman, Ince—the bad teacher of the violin and possibly worse player—became a very great producer of pictures and an unerring judge of what the mob Americana wanted by way of diversion.

It was Tom Ince some years later who suggested to Edwin Carewe that he "go in for pictures."

"It's a new country," said Ince, "and the early settlers always get the plums if they keep their heads."

Thomas H. Ince was right. He kept his head and not only got the plums but the watermelons too, and they were filled with gold beyond the dreams of an actor in a cutaway coat.

Ince and Carewe arrived in Hollywood years ago. The former's record is known. Carewe became first a player of "heavy roles" and later a director. He obtained his first job as a director at one hundred dollars a week. He remained with one firm for eight years, at the end of which time he was earning fifteen hundred dollars a week. He is now a director of many financial successes with an earning power of well over two hundred thousand dollars a year.

A long step forward, indeed, for a young hobo who worried about his future with another young hobo, by name Jack London, under a water tank in Missouri.

One of his best pictures was "The Bad Man," in which Holbrook Blinn was featured. Carewe's "Madonna of the Streets," in which Nazimova and Milton Sills played, was one of the most successful pictures released the past year.

Success and fame often dim one's outlook on life. But every time Carewe makes a trans-continental trip he stops for a few days and lingers with some Indian friends near a little Oklahoma town. And perhaps, who knows, he lives over again an hour of moonlit memory, with a proud little Indian girl, who later looked out of a window with tear-blurred eyes as he passed through a car peddling his wares as a news butcher on the train which was carrying her east to college.

Strange indeed are the fits in the clouds that make a life. London and Carewe as hoboes talking under a water tank—the proud Indian girl mortifying Carewe at his humble talk—the tears in the eyes of a girl urging him to real efforts—the meeting with Thomas H. Ince—all of these things went to make Edwin Carewe the director.

Each and all had their influence, but without Carewe's having played for three months with an unknown gypsy tragedian he might never have been the subject of this article.

From unknown sources our lives are made. Into unknown sources they fade at last—films without titles rolling through the ages of eternity.

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WHEN Jackie Cogan left Hollywood a few weeks ago he was a little boy in knickerbockers and when he returned from New York he was a big man in long pants and everything. It was quite a startling transformation.

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Imagine his surprise when Jackie, clad in long trousers and wheeling baby Robert in one of those little push carts used by the red caps, burst on his vision. They had arrived on the first section and Jackie was proving his right to his first long trousers by taking care of Mother and Robert.



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Casts of Current Photoplays

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"THE GOLD RUSH"—UNITED ARTISTS.—Story by Charles Chaplin. Directed by Charles Chaplin. Associate Director, Charles F. Reisner. Photography by Roland H. Tothero and Jack Wilson. The cast: *The Lone Prospector*, Charlie Chaplin; *Big Jim McKay*, Mack Swain; *Black Larson*, Tom Murray; *Jack Cameron*, Malcolm Waite; *The Girl*, Georgia, Georgia Hale; *Hank Curtis*, Henry Bergman.

"THE FRESHMAN"—PARTE.—Story by Sam Taylor, John Grey, Ted Wilde and Tim Whelan. Directed by Sam Taylor and Fred Newmeyer. Photography by Walter Lundin. The cast: *The Freshman*, Harold Lloyd; *Peggy*, Jobyna; *College Cad*, Brooks Benedict; *College Hero*, James Anderson; *College Belle*, Hazel Keener; *College Tailor*, Joseph Harrington; *Football Coach*, Pat Harmon.

"THE GOOSE WOMAN"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Rex Beach. Scenario by Melville Brown. Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: *Mary Holmes*, Louise Dresser; *Gerald Holmes*, Jack Pickford; *Hazel Woods*, Constance Bennett; *Jacob Riggs*, James O. Barrows; *Reporter*, George Cooper; *Mr. Vogel*, Gustave Von Seyffertitz; *Detective Lopez*, George Nichols; *Amos Ehridge*, Marc MacDermott.

"PATHS TO PARADISE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the stage play by Paul Armstrong. Scenario by Keene Thompson. Directed by Clarence Badger. The cast: *Molly*, Betty Compton; *Friend*, Raymond Griffith; *Callahan*, Tom Santschi; *Bride's Father*, Bert Woodruff; *Confederate*, Fred Kelsey.

"NIGHT LIFE IN NEW YORK"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Edgar Selwyn. Scenario by Paul Schofield. Directed by Allan Dwan. Photography by George Webber. The cast: *Ronald Bentley*, Rod La Rocque; *John Bentley*, Ernest Torrence; *Meg*, Dorothy Gish; *Carrie Reed*, Helen Lee Worthing; *Jimmy*, George Hackathorne; *Jerry*, Arthur Housman; *William Workman*, Riley Hatch.

"SHORE LEAVE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the stage play by Hubert Osborne. Scenario by Josephine Lovett. Directed by John S. Robertson. The cast: *"Bilge"* Smith, Richard Barthelmess; *Connie Martin*, Dorothy Mackall; *"Bet"* Smith, Ted McNamara; *Caplain* *Bimby* *Loring*, Nick Long; *Mrs. Schuyler-Payne*, Marie Shotwell; *Mr. Schuyler-Payne*, Arthur Metcalfe; *Admiral Smith*, Warren Cooke; *Chief Petty Officer*, Samuel Hines.

"PRETTY LADIES"—METRO-GOLDWYN.—From the story by Adela Rogers St. Johns. Adapted by Alice D. G. Miller. Directed by Monta Bell. The cast: *Maggie Keenan*, Zasu Pitts; *Al Cassidy*, Tom Moore; *Ann Pennington*, Ann Pennington; *Selma Larson*, Lilyan Tashman; *Aaron Savage*, Bernard Randall; *Adrienne*, Helena D'Algy; *Maggie's Dream Lover*, Conrad Nagel; *Frances White*, Norma Shearer; *Roger Van Horn*, George K. Arthur; *Bobby*, Lucile Lesueur; *Warren Hadley*, Paul Ellis; *Paul Thompson*, Roy D'Arcy; *Foy*, Gwendolyn Lee; *Diamond Tights Girl*, Dorothy Seastrom; *Will Rogers*, Lew Harvey; *Prisco*, Chad Huber; *Mr. Gallagher*, Walter Shumway; *Mr. Sheen*, Dan Crimmins; *Eddie Cantor*, Jimmie Quinn.

"THE WHITE DESERT"—METRO-GOLDWYN.—From the story by Courtney Ryley Cooper. Adapted by Monte M. Katterjohn. Directed by Reginald Barker. Photography by Percy Hilburn. The cast: *Robindie*, Claire

Windsor; *Barry*, Pat O'Malley; *Keith*, Robert Frazer; *Saul MacFarlane*, Frank Currier; *Foster*, William Eugene; *Engineer*, Roy Laidlaw; *Dark Wing*, David Dunbar; *Chinese Cook*, Sojin; *Mrs. Foster*, Priscilla Bonner; *Runt*, Smith Edwards; *Dr. Carter*, Milton Ross; *Camp Cook*, Sidney Bracey; *Mrs. Martin*, Tricie Friganza; *Podopholous*, Bert Sprotte; *Buck Carson*, Mathew Betz.

"KIVALINA OF THE ICELANDS"—PATHE.—Produced by Earl Rossman. The cast: *The heroine*, Kivalina; *The hero*, Agavalak; *The witch doctor*, Nasbulok; *Kivalina's brother*, Tookatoo; *The Master Hunter*, Nuwak.

"THE LUCKY DEVIL"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Byron Morgan. Scenario by Townsend Martin. Directed by Frank Tuttle. Photography by Alvin Wyckoff. The cast: *Randy Farman*, Richard Dix; *Doris McDee*, Esther Ralston; *Mrs. McDee*, Edna May Oliver; *Franklyne*, Sr., Tom Findley; *Rudolph Franklyne*, Anthony Jovitt; *The Professor*, Joe Burke; *Mrs. Hunt*, Mary Foy; *Sailor Sheldon*, "Gunboat" Smith; *Sheriff*, Charles Selton; *Tobias Sedgeway*, Charles Hammond; *Tom Barry*, Charles MacDonald; *"Frenchy" Rogel*, George Webb; *"Dutch" Oldham*, Eddie James.

"LOST A WIFE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the stage play by Alfred Savoir. Scenario by Clara Beranger. Directed by William de Mille. Photography by L. Guy Wilky. The cast: *Tony Hamilton*, Adolphe Menjou; *Charlotte Randolph*, Gretta Nissen; *Dick*, Robert Agnew; *Baron Deliquieux*, Edgar Norton; *George*, Mario Carillo; *Duke de Val*, Genaro Spagnoli; *Louis*, Eugenio di Liguoro; *Mrs. R. W. Randolph*, Henrietta Floyd; *Baroness*, Toby Claude; *Julie*, Marcelle Corday.

"CYRANO DE BERGERAC"—ATLAS.—From the drama by Edmond Rostand. Directed by Augusto Genina. The cast: *Cyrano*, Pierre Magnier; *Roxanne*, Linda Moglia; *Christian*, Angelo Ferrari; *De Guiche*, Umberto Casilini; *Rugeneaux*, Alex Bernard; *The Duenna*, Gemma De Sanctis.

"SMOOTH AS SATIN"—F. B. O.—Based on the play by Bayard Veiller. Adaptation and Continuity by Fred Kennedy Myton. Directed by Ralph Ince. Photography by Silvano Galbani. The cast: *Gertie Jones*, Evelyn Brent; *Jimmy Harrison*, Bruce Gordon; *Kersey*, Fred Kelsey; *Bill Manson*, Fred Emselton; *Mrs. Manson*, Mabel Van Buren; *Henderson*, John Gough.

"THE MANICURE GIRL"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Frederic and Fanny Hatton. Scenario by Townsend Martin. Directed by Frank Tuttle. Photography by J. Roy Hunt. The cast: *Maria Maretti*, Bebe Daniels; *Antonio Luca*, Edmund Burns; *Flora*, Dorothy Cumming; *James Morgan*, Hale Hamilton; *Mrs. Morgan*, Charlotte Walker; *Mother Luca*, Ann Brody; *Mrs. Watwright*, Marie Shotwell; *Mrs. Rod-Chiveley*, Mary Foy.

"GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the stage play by Ernest Vajda. Scenario by Violet Clark. Directed by Paul Bern. Photography by Bert Glennon. The cast: *Alice Sorbier*, Florence Vidor; *Maurice Sorbier*, Matt Moore; *Clarent Zapata*, Harry Myers; *Marianne*, Louise Fazenda; *Guido*, George Andre Berger; *Labell*, Gustave Von Seyffertitz; *Marie*, Edna Mae Cooper.

"THE HAPPY WARRIOR"—VITAGRAPH.—From the novel by A. S. M. Hutchinson. Scenario by Marion Constance. Directed by J. Stuart Blackton. The cast: *Ralph*, Mal-

colm McGregor; *Dora*, Alice Calhoun; *Aunt Maggie*, Mary Alden; *Stingo Hanofoord*, Anders Randolph; *Ima*, Olive Borden; *Kollo*, Gardner James; *Egbert*, Otto Mattiesen; *Mr. Latham*, Wilfrid North; *Mrs. Latham*, Eulalie Jensen; *Andrey*, Andree Tournier; *Foxy Finson*, Jack Herrick; *Ralph* (8 years old), Philippe de Lacy; *Kollo* (10 years old), Bobby Gordon.

"THE LADY WHO LIED"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by Robert Hichens. Scenario by Lois Zellner and Madge Tyrone. Directed by Edwin Carewe. The cast: *Horace Pierpont*, Lewis Stone; *Fay Kennion*, Virginia Valli; *Fifi*, Nita Naldi; *Dr. Allen Mortimer*, Edward Earle; *Morton*, Leo White; *Gen. Sir Henry Kennion*, Louis Payne; *Ahmed*, Purcell Pratt; *Saad Ben Youssef*, Sam Appel; *Zeta*, Zalla Zarana; *Mahmud*, George Lewis.

"UNDER THE ROUGE"—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS.—From the story by A. P. Younger. Scenario by A. P. Younger. Directed by Lewis H. Moomaw. The cast: *Kitty*, Eileen Percy; *Whitey*, Tom Moore; *Skedder*, Eddie Phillips. *Ma*, James Moran; *Daisy*, Claire De Lorez; *Martha Maynard*, Mary Alden; *Fred Morton*, Tom Gallery; *Jim Condon*, Stanley Blystone; *Evelyn Maynard*, Carmelita Geraghty.

"MARRY ME"—PARAMOUNT.—From the stage play by Anne Caldwell. Scenario by Walter Woods and Anthony Coldewey. Directed by James Cruze. Photography by Karl Brown. The cast: *Hetty Gard*, Florence Vidor; *John Smith, No. 2*, Edward Everett Horton; *John Smith, No. 1*, John Roche; *Sarah Hume*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Granny*, Fanny Midgley; *Norman Frisbie*, Ed. Brady; *Jenkins*, Z. Wall Covington; *Mrs. Hume*, Anne Schaefer; *Jackson*, Erwin Connelly.

"MANHATTAN MADNESS"—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS.—From the story by Charles T. and Frank Dazet. Directed by Charles T. McDermott. The cast: *Sue O'Dare*, Jack Dempsey; *Jack*, Estelle Taylor; *Doc Harlow*, George Siegmann; *The Butler*, Frank Campeau; *The Chauffeur*, Bull Montana; *The Maid*, Jane Starr; *Hank*, Bill Franey; *Zeke*, Nelson McDowell; *Count Von Eckmann*, Theodore Lorch.

"ONE YEAR TO LIVE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Story by John Hunter. Scenario by J. G. Hawks. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: *Elise Duchanier*, Aileen Pringle; *Martha*, Dorothy Mackaill; *Doctor Lucien La Pierre*, Sam De Grasse; *Lolotte*, Rosemary Theby; *The Stage Manager*, Leo White; *Maurice Brunel*, Joseph Kilgour; *Captain Tom Kendrick*, Antonio Moreno.

"BEAUTY AND THE BAD MAN"—PRODUCERS DIST. CORP.—From the story by Peter B. Kyne. Adapted by Frank E. Woods. Directed by William Worthington. The cast: *Cassie*, Mabel Ballin; *Mooc Bill*, Forrest Stanley; *Chuckawalla Bill*, Russell Simpson; *L. I. B. (Liberty) Hall*, Andre De Beranger; *Moyme*, Edna Mae Cooper; *Gold Hill Cassidy*, James Gordon.

"THE WOMAN HATER"—WARNER BROTHERS.—From the story by Dorothy Day. Scenario by Hope Loring and Louis Lighton. Directed by James Flood. The cast: *Marie Lamont*, Helene Chadwick; *Clive Brook*, Clive Brook; *Philip Tranter*, John Harron; *Mrs. Tranter*, Helen Dunbar; *Marie Lamont's secretary*, Dale Fuller.

"HEADLINES"—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS.—From the story by Olga Printzlau. Scenario by Peter Milne and Arthur Hoel. Directed by E. H. Griffith. The cast: *Alice Joyce*, Malcolm McGregor; *Virginia Lee Corbin*, Elliott Nugent; *Harry T. Morey*.

"THE MAKING OF O'MALLEY"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Gerald Beau-

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mont. Directed by Lambert Hillier. The cast: *O'Malley*, Milton Sills; *Lucille Thayer*, Dorothy Mackail; *Margie*, Helen Rowland; *Danny the Dude*, Warner Richmond; *Herbert Browne*, Thomas J. Carrigan; *Capt. Collins*, Claude King; *The Doctor*, Allen Brander; *Sgt. Paterson*, Charles Graham; *Clerk*, Jack De Lacey.

"PRIVATE AFFAIRS"—PRODUCERS DIST. CORP.—From the story by George Patullo; Adapted by Alfred A. Cohn. Directed by Renaud Hoffman. Photography by Jack MacKenzie. The cast: *Agnes Bonar*, Gladys Hulette; *Fred Henley*, Robert Agnew; *Amy Lukin*, Mildred Harris; *Lee Cross*, David Butler; *Alf Stacy*, Arthur Hoyt; *Irma Stacy*, Betty Francisco; *Howard Bonar*, Willis Marks; *Joe Hines*, Charles Sellon; *Andy Gillespie*, Hardee Kirkland; *John Maddox*, J. Frank Glendon; *Ben Morse*, Frank Coffey; *Sam Honks*, Charles W. Mack.

"THE MARRIAGE WHIRL"—FIRST NATIONAL—From the stage play by J. Hartley Manners. Adapted by June Mathis. Directed by Al Santell. The cast: *Marian Hale*, Corinne Griffith; *Arthur Carleton*, Kenneth Harlan; *Tom Carroll*, Harrison Ford; *John K. Carleton*, E. J. Ratcliff; *Keaton Hale*, Charles Lane; *Dick Mayne*, Edgar Norton; *Toinette* (French Dancer), Nita Naldi.

"PASSIONATE YOUTH"—TRUANT.—Adapted to the screen by J. Grubb Alexander. Directed by Dallas M. Fitzgerald. Photography by Milton Moore. The cast: *Mary Rand*, Beverly Bayne; *John Rand*, Frank Mayo; *Henrietta Rand*, Pauline Garon; *Bruce Corbin*, Bryant Washburn; *Peggy D'Arcy*, Carmelita Geraghty; *Matt Kutherford*, Ralph McCallough; *Fanny Wellington*, Ernest Wood; *Prosecuting Attorney*, Lawrence Underwood; *District Attorney*, Jack Fowler; *Harry Perrie*, Walter Deming; *Deacon Collins*, James McElbreen; *Judge Ford*, William McIlwain.

"THE MAD WHIRL"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Richard Washburn Child. Adapted by Frederic and Fanny Hutton. Scenario by Edward T. Lowe, Jr. Directed by William A. Seiter. Photography by Merritt Gersted. The cast: *Cathleen Gillis*, May McAvoy; *Jack Herrington*, Jack Mulhall; *Gladys Harrington*, Myrtle Steadman; *Margie Taylor*, Barbara Bedford; *John Herrington*, Hal B. Francis; *Benny Kingsley*, Ward Crane; *Martin Gillis*, George Fawcett; *Julia Corling*, Marie Astaire; *Spinus*, Joseph Singleton.

"THE WHITE OUTLAW"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Isadore Bernstein. Directed by Cliff Smith. The cast: *Jack Lupton*, Jack Hoxie; *Mary Gale*, Marceline Day; *Malcolm Hale*, William Welsh; *James Hill*, Duke Lee; *Negro Cook*, Floyd Shackelford; *Sheriff*, Charles Brinley.

"FAINT PERFUME"—B. P. SCHULBERG.—From the novel by Zona Gale. Screen play by John Goodrich. Directed by Louis Gasnier. The cast: *Richard Crumb*, Scena Owen; *Barnaby Powers*, William Powell; *Leda Perrin*, Alyce Mills; *M. Crumb*, Mary Alden; *Grandpa Crumb*, Russell Simpson; *Pearl Crumb*, Betty Francisco; *Richie's Lover*, Philo McCollough; *Tweet Crumb*, Jacqueline Saunders; *Orrin Crumb*, Ned Sparks; *Oliver Powers*, Dicky Brandon; *A Hotel Guest*, Barbara Tennant; *The Hired Girl*, Joan Standing.

"A MAN OF IRON"—CHADWICK.—Original Scenario by Lawrence Marston. Directed by Whitman Bennett. The cast: *Philip Durban*, Lionel Barrymore; *Claire Durban*, Mildred Harris; *Martha Durban*, Winifred Barry; *Mrs. Edith Bowdoin*, Dorothy Kingdon; *Hugh Bowdoin*, Alfred Mack; *Denis Callahan*, J. Moy Bennett; *Maybelle Callahan*, Isabel DeLeon; *Prince Novakian*, Jean Del Val.

"THE LIGHT OF THE WESTERN STARS"—PARA-MOUNT.—From the novel by

Zane Grey. Scenario by George C. Hill and Lucien Hubbard. Directed by William K. Howard. The cast: *Gene Stewart*, Jack Holt; *Madeline Hammond*, Billie Dove; *Brand Noab Beery*; *Bozita*, Alma Bennett; *Al Hammond*, William Scott; *Billy Sillwell*, George Nichols; *Monty Price*, Mark Hamilton; *Naise*, Robert Perry; *Stub*, Gene Pallette.

"AFTER BUSINESS HOURS"—C. B. C.—From the story by Ethel Watts Mumford. Adaptation by Douglas Doty. Directed by Mal St. Clair. Photography by Dewey Wrigley. The cast: *June King*, Elaine Hammerstein; *John King*, Lou Tellegen; *Sylvia Van*, Phyllis Haver; *Richard Dowling*, John Patrick; *Mrs. Wentworth*, Lillian Langdon; *James Henricks*, William Scott; *Jerry Stanton*, Lee Moran.

"STEELE OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED"—VITAGRAPH.—From the story by James Oliver Curwood. Adapted by Jay Pilcher. Directed by David Smith. The cast: *Phillip Steele*, Bert Lytell; *Bucky Note*, Stuart Holmes; *Isobel Becker*, Charlotte Merriam; *Mrs. Thorpe*, Mabel Julienne Scott; *Colonel Becker*, Sydney DeGrey; *Colonel McCregor*, John Tougey.

"THE HUMAN TORNADO"—F. B. O.—Story and scenario by Cliff Hill. Directed by Ben Wilson. The cast: *Jim Marlowe*, Yakima Canutt; *Chet Marlowe*, Bert Sprotter; *Marion Daley*, Nancy Leeds; *Peter Daley*, Lufe McKee; *Tom Crowley*, Joe Rickson; *Sheriff Cutter*, Slim Allen.

"STOP FLIRTING"—PRODUCERS DIST. CORP.—From the musical comedy by Fred Jackson. Directed by Scott Sidney. The cast: *Perry Reynolds*, John T. Murray; *Vivian Marsden*, Wanda Hawley; *Geoffrey Dangersfield*, Hallam Cooley; *Marjorie Leeds*, Ethel Shannon; *Suzanne*, Vera Steadman; *Count Spinaglio*, Jimmie Adams; *Butler*, Jack Duffy; *Teddy*, Jimmie Harrison; *Bobby Anderson*, David James.

"AMERICAN PLUCK"—CHADWICK.—From the novel by Eugene P. Lyle, Jr. Scenario by Ralph Spence. Directed by Richard Stanton. Photography by Lyman Broening. The cast: *Blaze Derringer*, George Walsh; *Princess Alicia*, Wanda Hawley; *Count Birkhoff*, Sidney De Grey; *Count Verensky*, Frank Leigh; *Jefferson Lee*, Tom Wilson; *Lord Raleigh*, Leo White; *American Consul*, Dan Mason.

"THE BLOODHOUND"—F. B. O.—From the story by H. H. Van Loan. Directed by William Craft. The cast: *Belleau*, Sgt. Bill McKenna; *Bob Custer*; *Rambo*, David Dunbar; *Constable Ray Fitzgerald*, Ralph McCullough; *Maria Rambo*, Mary Beth Milford; *Betty Belleau*, Emily Barry.

"THE SPORTING CHANCE"—TIFFANY PRODUCTION.—Story by Jack Boyle. Adapted by John P. Bernard. Directed by Oscar Apfel. The cast: *Durrell Thornton*, Lou Tellegen; *Patricia Winthrop*, Dorothy Phillips; *Caleb Winthrop*, George Fawcett; *Robert Selby*, Theodore Von Eltz; *The Jockey*, Andrew Clarke; *Kentucky Boy*, Kentucky Boy.

"FIFTY-FIFTY"—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS.—From the story by Alan Dwan. Directed by Henri Diamant Berger. The cast: *Ginette*, Hope Hampton; *Fredrick Harmon*, Lionel Barrymore; *Nina Olmstead*, Louise Gamm; *Charles O'Malley*, J. Moy Bennett; *Grand Duke Popovich*, Arthur Donaldson; *Jean*, Jean Del Val.

"THE LITTLE GIANT"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Hugh McNair Kahler. Scenario by Walter De Leon. Directed by Will Night. Photography by Sidney Hickox. The cast: *Elmer Clinton*, Glenn Hunter; *Myra Clinton*, Edna Murphy; *Uncle Clem*, David

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"THE TEXAS TRAIL"—PRODUCERS DIST. CORP.—From the novel by Guy Morton. Continuity by Harvey Gates and R. Richard Schayer. Directed by Scott R. Dunlap. The cast: *Pete Grainger, Harry Carey, Betty Foster, Ethel Shannon; King, Em Foster, Charles French; Dan Merrill, Claude Payton; Ike Cullander, Sidney Franklin.*

"THE AWFUL TRUTH"—PRODUCERS DIST. CORP.—Based on the stage play by Arthur Richman. Directed by Paul Powell. The cast: *Lucy Satterley, Agnes Ayres; Norman Satterley, Warner Baxter; Knipster, Phillips Smalley; Danny Leeson, Raymond Lowmy; Josephine, Winifred Bryson; Mrs. Leeson, Carrie Clarke Ward.*

"THAT MAN JACK"—F. B. O.—Story by George Paul Bauer. Continuity by Adele S. Buffington. Directed by William J. Craft. Photography by Art Reeves. The cast: *That Man Jack, Bob Custer; Anita Leland, Mary Beth Milford; Joe Leland, Monte Collins; Sammy Sills, Hayford Hobbs; Bill Stearns, Buck Moulton.*

"THE LIMITED MAIL"—WARNER BROS.—From the story by Elmer Vance. Scenario and Adaptation by Darryl Francis Zanuck. Directed by George Hill. Photography by Charles van Enger. The cast: *Bob Wilson, Monte Blue; Bob Snobson, Monte Blue; Caroline Dale, Vera Reynolds; Joe "Bub" Potts, Willard Louis; Jim Fowler, Tom Gallery; Bobby Fowler, Master Jack Huff; "Spike" Nelson, Edward Gribbon; Mr. Jeffrey, Otis Harlan; Mrs. O'Brien, Lydia Yeamans Tits.*

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"HIS BUDDY'S WIFE"—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS.—From the story by T. Howard Kelly. Directed by Tom Terris. The cast: *Jimmy McMorroe, Glenn Hunter; Mary Mulvaney, Edna Murphy; Dr. Summerfield, Gordon Begg; Mr. Jones, Harlan Knight; Mrs. Jones, Cora Williams; Miranda, Flora Finch; Mother Mulvaney, Blanche Davenport; Bill Mulvaney, Douglas Gillmore.*

"NEVER WEAKEN"—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS.—From the story by Hal Roach and Sam Taylor. Directed by Fred Newmeyer. The cast: *The Boy, Harold Lloyd; The Girl, Mildred Davis; The Other Man, Roy Brooks; The Acrobat, Mark Jones; Police Force, Charles Stevenson.*

"CAMILLE OF THE BARBARY COAST"—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS.—From the story by Forrest Halsey. Directed by Hugh Dierker. The cast: *Camille Balishaw, Mae Busch; Robert Morlon, Owen Moore; Maggie Smith, Fritzie Brunette; Henry Norton, Burr Mcintosh; Dan McCarthy, Harry Morey; Mary Binnie, Tammany Young; Dora Malcolm, Dorothy King; Chaucery Hilburn, Robert Daley; Sonia Inornaria, Dagmar Godowsky.*

"KEEP SMILING"—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS.—From the story by Monty Banks, Herman Renaker, and Clyde Brookman. Directed by Albert Austin and Gilbert W. Pratt. The cast: *The Boy, Monty Banks; Rose Ryan, Ann Cornwall; James P. Ryan, Robert Edeson; Gerald Dean, Stanhope Wheatcroft; Mother, Martha Franklin; Racing Driver, Glenn Cavender; Butler, Syd Crossby; Bordani, Donald Morelli.*

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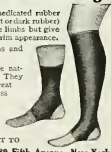
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morning, and developed immediately, were good. So good that Miles Hedrick—whispering to the camera man and the gruff woman who had helped Sally cover her face with the staining yellow of grease paint, was jubilant. So good that Sally—with her small savings invested in a new frock and a hat of bewildering chic, resigned her position at the office, the next morning, and—in the afternoon—signed a rather amazing contract. But when, two days later, she moved into a dainty apartment with a private bath, it was characteristic of her that she took along the two prints and the chintz that Miss Carey had brought to brighten her first home. And, as she smiled crookedly at herself in a mirror beautifully clear and untarnished, her grey eyes were soft with a mist of unshed tears.

IT was due to her publicity man that Sally O'Day became Sara Day. It was also due to the publicity man that Miles Hedrick's latest "find" became nationally famous before she had ever appeared upon the silver sheet. When the same picture was released—to the tune of the usual applause that greeted a Hedrick feature—her smile was known from coast to coast. And her quiet charm, her air of aloofness, were recognized as the proofs—not that she needed proofs, for the public is ready to believe in the children it loves!—that she was to the manner born. Her success was immediate and—in any other field than the motion pictures—would have been startling. But the world of pictures is used to sudden successes and, the pity of it, to as sudden failures!

Sara Day—in the years that followed—never quite knew whether her publicity man believed in her story of caste. After the first week or two she had her moments of wondering whether Miles Hedrick believed it, in his heart of hearts! But her statements were never challenged—and the magazines and newspapers hailed her as "different."

As she had kept aloof from her companions in the office of yesterday—so she kept herself from the people with whom she worked. She achieved the almost impossible by being a part of the studio—but not of it! Gracious, she was, always. And friendly and cheerful and willing to work. But the bars were never let down. Never! It was for a certain ingenué of slap stick fame to voice the opinion of the motion picture world.

"Sara Day never steps outer character!" said the ingenué, "she never steps outer character!"

Miles Hedrick was careful in his choice of the parts that Sara Day played. It was undoubtedly due to the wisdom of his choice that the girl was given her early stardom. Never a shadow lay across the cameo charm of her portrayals. Always she played the lady of quality—in hoop skirt or in riding habit, in powdered wig or in the smooth coiffure of the day.

Perhaps there were times when Sara—a star at nineteen—was lonely. Perhaps there were times when she might have wished that her gold frame were less rigid and binding. Perhaps she had not been invited—stirred a madness in her young blood. But the lonely times were not many. For Sara was busy, living up to her tradition—to the framed picture of The Girl in the permanent collection of the staid gallery. French lessons and riding lessons and fencing lessons. They all had their place. Swimming and a knowledge of literature. A flying trip to Europe—and another. And another.

And then—Jimmy Harper came. J. Hamilton Harper—if one looked in the social register. One of the Harpers. Came—as many a rich man's son has come—to the land of camera and Cooper Hewitt. To learn the business

In a Gold Frame

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

"from the bottom up." So the papers quoted him.

It was not as an extra that Jimmy Harper made his entree to the world of pictures—he had no illusions about his freckled, ugly face. He knew that he had no screen personality. It was because of his father's interest in the great company—an interest that would, one day, be turned over to him—that he came. To learn the mystery of the place. Myrtles of contract and salary—of publicity and promotion. Of many another angle that the picture fan never sees in the finished product.

And, because Jimmy Harper was one of the Harpers, he was invited to the homes of the powers—that-be—to their teas and their dances and their intimate little parties. Because he was one of the Harpers the baby stars hung upon his slightest bromide, and the fixed constellations wavered and a certain famous vampire almost succeeded in compromising him. And he allowed himself to be photographed for the society page—and he gave more than one interview to more than one of the trade magazines. And then—he met Sara Day.

He met her on the set. Not at a party. Sara did not go to parties. He was talking with Miles Hedrick when he first saw her and something in her bearing, in the proud lift of her chin, in the gesturing of her slim hands, made him pause, in the middle of a sentence, to ask a question.

"Who is she?" he asked.

Miles Hedrick shot a quizzical glance, from beneath grizzled brows, into the freckled, ugly face. And then he answered carefully—answered as he always answered when folk question him about Sara Day.

"She's the real thing," he said. "Sara Day. Nothing phony about her. Not much of a mixer—that's why you've never met—"

"But—'Jimmy Harper's voice was eager—'but it isn't too late, now—?"

It wasn't.

WHEN Jimmy Harper began taking Sara Day about, the gossips started to buzz. When he became recognized as her acknowledged escort the buzzing grew to a steady sound. It was not an ugly buzz—though, at times, one felt in it an undercurrent of jealousy. For what could be more fitting than a love affair between one of the Harpers and the first lady of the screen? And yet—Sara Day had always been such a little iceberg. The buzzing grew and, with it, grew a wonder.

And, to Sara Day, a wonder also grew. For out of her loneliness had blossomed something that she found hard to catalog, to recognize. Something that she was half afraid to name, even in her own heart.

Of course, other men had admired her. Other men had made advances, of a sort. There had been a director—not Miles Hedrick! There had been a certain novelist, toad-ugly but famous. There had been an oil magnate, an English peer. But the only one of them who had kissed her had merely brushed a crisp mustache across her white fingers. It sounds incredible, but it is true! It was Jimmy Harper had touched her hand and had murmured a conventional response to Miles Hedrick's conventional introduction. And meeting his eyes she had felt a flame that had scorched her—but not unpleasantly! And her youth had crept out to meet his youth. And she had smiled her curious, one-sided smile and had dropped her lids before the look of something that might have been surprise, upon his face.

"Really, Miss Day," Jimmy Harper had told her, "I feel as if I had known you—for ages—quite aside from watching you on the screen. You're face—I've seen it somewhere. Or else you've very like—"

It was Miles Hedrick who made the stereotyped explanation.

"It's her grandmother—" he said. And then, at Jimmy Harper's startled look—"Her grandmother's picture has been hanging for years in—" he named the staid gallery. "It's one of the most famous portraits in the country, almost. If you haven't seen it you've seen copies—in roto sections and magazines. Sara is very like her grandmother. The same features, eyes, hair. The same smile—"

Sara Day had heard the story many times before. But somehow it embarrassed her to be so exploited before Jimmy. Somehow it made her think of a day when Miss Carey had cried, before a crowded classroom, because one of her best loved pupils had been caught in a falsehood.

Somehow she did not want the flame, in Jimmy's eyes, to burn away her little barrier of sham, of pride—her little self-built house of cards.

And, as the days went on, as their companionship ripened and broadened, as they rode together, and read together, and talked together, the feeling grew. The feeling of sham. The feeling of make-believe. Sara Day had been glad to forget the rough haired, red petticoated Sally O'Day of the past. She had been anxious to forget! But this child of the past—so long ignored—had a way of intruding during the joyous times that she and Jimmy Harper spent together. Had a way of staring, wide-eyed and accusing, from the shadows.

When he dined, for the first time, in her correct little home—Sara Day's homes, despite her good fortune and early success, had never been so large or too opulent—Jimmy Harper had stood, for a long while, before the copy that Sara Day had caused to be made of the Girl's picture. It was a good copy—and its frame of gold was both chaste and handsome. But, as he glanced from the Girl in her gown of the fifties, to Sara in her straight chiffon dinner dress, the face of Jimmy Harper was almost abashed.

"Gad, you're alike, you two—" he said. "Hedrick was right. It's absolutely amazing—"

Sara Day was leading the way into her dining room. Perhaps she was the only star who never served cocktails before a meal. Her back was turned toward him, as she spoke.

"They say that likenesses often skip a generation—" she said. And was strangely silent, thereafter—although the meal was a perfect one perfectly served.

Jimmy Harper had known Sara Day just a month when he asked her to marry him. It was during one of those miraculous moments just after sunset—when the greys and lavenders of dusk are daring to creep toward the horizon line. They were driving, in Jimmy's narrow, smart roadster, along a hilltop. A hilltop so near to heaven, somehow, that words had come, suddenly, from the man's heart.

"Dearest," he had said, just a trifle huskily, "I love you!" And the car had stopped, suddenly, and the hilltop had become an Eden place.

Sara Day's life had been a full one. From the crowded days in the tentment to the even more crowded days of the studio. But, as she felt the lips of the man she cared for upon her lips, she realized—crowded though it might have been—her life had been an empty one.

"I love you, too!" he had murmured, simply. And her slim arms had crept up about Jimmy's neck. But her smile—even in that moment—for habit is an amazing thing!—had a quaint, amusing quirk at one corner of it.

IT might have been ten minutes later—it might have been an hour—that Jimmy Harper, raising his lips from the hand that he held in his own, spoke coherently.

"Sara," he said, "I love you so very much! Not because you're famous, or pretty, or charming—though," he was honest, was Jimmy, "those facts don't make you any the less attractive to me. I love you because you are—" he fumbled for words—"because you are what you are—"



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HARRIETTE, LA SALLE, N. Y.

My dear child, if you really love him why didn't you say frankly that you would be his wife? A young man can do a girl no higher honor than ask her to share his life, but you must both be very sure in your own minds and hearts that it is love and not just attraction which you feel for one another. You may be very sure that, if his love is deep and sincere, he will tell you so. Meanwhile there is no harm in having time to think of him in this new light and to decide if he is the man with whom you wish to spend your life. "Forever" is a long time and the step needs thinking over with all the wisdom you have.

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Eat less, exercise more, and refrain from sweets, Josie. This formula rigidly followed for months will reduce your weight. Perhaps the young man thinks, as I do, that you are too young for serious love-making, little friend. That is to his credit.

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The Lion Tamer

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]

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"For seconds nobody moved—everybody just stood there looking and hoping the other fellow would do the volunteering. The fellow next to me said, 'Why should I go in there? I didn't lose any whip.'"

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"Say," said Johnny, "when it comes to handling animals, Raoul eats 'em alive. Why, when he was directing 'The Thief of Bagdad,' he got right in the cage with a dozen man-eating tigers and drove them in front of the camera himself."

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[CONTINUED ON PAGE 132]

Let the Screen Improve Your Home Furnishings

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75]

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The day of experimenting is past. You are too sensible to listen to flowery promises and to buy mystic preparations by mail—and then regret. With ZIP you take no chances, for as the N. Y. World says, it has been "officially decided to be effective."

My sincerest advice is that it is better to let your superfluous hair grow than to use pumice stone, razors, or other mere surface hair removers. Any article which massages the skin tends to grow hair, just as massaging the scalp grows hair.

Quick as a wink you can free yourself of superfluous hair. And remember, you are not merely removing surface hair—you actually lift out the hairs from under the skin, gently, painlessly, and harmlessly, and in this way check the growth. Use ZIP once and you need never resort to depilatories.

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(Please print your name)
Address.....
City & State.....

CREATIONS JORDAN NEW YORK

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 107]

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Gentlemen Enclosed find ten cents (coin or stamps) for which please send me a trial tube of SUNEX "The Sunshade in a Tube."

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a Wonderful New Discovery Will SAFELY
—EASILY Take Off Several Pounds a Week!All you have to do is to "CHEW
SILPH AND BE SYLPH-LIKE"No longer need you
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period to produce a
wonderful result. If your druggist cannot get it for you,
send direct to the Silph Medicine Company, Dept. 13,
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mended for stomach troubles. BEWARE of the imitations
that are bound to appear. Beware of cheap imitations.
"CHEW SILPH IS TO BE SYLPH-LIKE." This
New York's latest slogan. Silph original and genuine
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BETTY M., YORK, PA.—Forgive me, forgive me and I'll never do it again. Your friend is a cat to slander my good name. I am not a young lady and I never was. It's all a lot of scandalous talk. I hope there was no big money involved in the wager. Yes, Ricardo is very Sheik. Write again.

DEIDRE L., WESTFIELD, N. J.—You take the prize for having the prettiest name of the year. It's real Irish, isn't it? You see I give compliment for compliment. May Collins has left pictures. Ivor Novello is a talented young man. He composed "Keep the Home Fires Burning" and a number of other popular songs. He was educated at Oxford and has appeared on the stage in some notable productions. He was born in Cardiff and is thirty years old. Send a self-addressed stamped envelope for the addresses. Thank you.

B. G., NEW YORK CITY.—It isn't always possible to answer your questions in the very next issue of PHOTOPLAY but I am doing the best I can. Adolphe Menjou is married but Huntley Gordon is not. You have very discriminating taste in actors.

SANDY, NORTH EAST, PA.—Tony is a product of Tom Mix's own training and Silver King was also trained by his master, Fred Thomson. I don't know which horse can perform the most tricks. I might start an awful storm if I took sides. You have picked out two ambitious careers for yourself. But good luck!

ELIZABETH, ATLANTA, GA.—Can it be that you're interested in Harrison Ford? He was born in Kansas City, Mo., in 1892. Married to Beatrice Prentice; now divorced; no children. Write to him at the Paramount Studios, Astoria, La. Little Jackie Huff played Zander. Cute, isn't he? Harry Watson was *Good News*. Sydney Chaplin was born in 1885.

ELLA, MONTREAL.—Cullen Landis is divorced. His wife was Mignon Le Brun. Born Nashville, Tenn.; now working at the Universal Studios. You get your wish, don't you?

MARIE, DETROIT, MICH.—The interview with Richard Dix to which you refer appeared in PHOTOPLAY, January issue, 1924.

ATHELLE, WALNUT SPRINGS, TEX.—Jack Hoxie is married. Mrs. Hoxie's maiden name was Marion Sais. Mr. Hoxie has dark hair. Baby Peggy was born Oct. 26, 1918. Jackie Coogan has brown eyes and hair to match.

ROBERT, MOUNT VERNON, N. Y.—Your little brother, Antonio, is a wild roofer for George O'Brien and George Walsh, you write me. He wants particulars about them, and their photographs. Tell Tony that George O'Brien was born in San Francisco in 1900. Even at twelve he can compute an age that starts with such an accommodating year. His height is five feet eleven inches. He weighs one hundred seventy-six pounds. He has brown hair and eyes to match. George Walsh was born in New York City, March 16, 1892. His height is five feet, eleven inches. His weight is one hundred eighty pounds. His eyes are brown, his hair black. Write the Fox Studio for George O'Brien's pictures and the Chadwick Studio for Mr. Walsh's. Tell Tony to save his nickels until he has two quarters to send for the photographs of his beloved heroes.

D. H. S., NASHVILLE, TENN.—Norma Tompkins was born at Niagara Falls, N. Y. I believe that makes her an American. You think I am witty but I am also wise. Be warned by a cynical old gentleman and don't believe everything you hear.

CISELY, ARDMORE, PA.—You ask for "salient facts about your adored Lois Wilson." Here they are, Cisely dear. Lois Wilson was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., June 28, 1896. She is not married. Her height is five feet, five and a half inches. Her weight is one hundred twenty pounds. Her eyes are hazel. Her hair is brown.

HAZEL, WESTBORO, MO.—The actresses who played the leading feminine rôles with Wallace Reid in the pictures you mention are Gloria Swanson in "The Affairs of Anatol," Ann Little in "Excuse My Dust," Lois Wilson in "What's Your Hurry," and Wanda Hawley in "Thirty Days."

Thomas Meighan is neither a widower nor divorced. He is much married to Frances King, a former player on the stage and member of one of the theater's old families.

RAY COLBERT, GARY, IND.—Will I settle an argument as to whether Charles Chapin was ever married to Mary Pickford? I will. He was not. Owen Moore was Miss Pickford's first husband. Douglas Fairbanks is her second.

M. P., BELMONT, CALIF.—You discuss the stars with your girl friends and now have gotten yourself into a "fix," started a squabble. The squabble started about whether Claire Windsor is married. The "fix" is that you don't know. Miss Windsor is married to Bert Lytell.

BERNARDOTTE, WORCESTER, MASS.—The young man whom you so much admired in Elaine Hammerstein's company in "The Midnight Express" is William Haines. Not at all, Bernardotte.

PATRICIA, FORT WORTH, TEX.—You "just must" know all about William Collier, Jr. Here goes: He was born February 15, 1902. Married. Don't know whether he is in love. I asked him and he told me that was his affair or affairs. I asked him, too, whether he prefers blondes. He answered that he likes them all. His eyes and hair are brown. His height is five feet, ten inches. He is the adopted son of the noted stage comedian and playwright, William Collier, whose name went to him with his adoption. His mother, once Paula Harr, now Mrs. William Collier, is a well known beauty of the stage.

ESTRELLA, BALTIMORE, MD.—You insist upon furnishing a description of me. Better to this department than to the police. Shoot. You say that I am a handsome blonde, a little too handsome for an answer man, about five feet, ten inches tall, well built, with baby blue eyes and curly hair. That when I am about strangers I am bashful and coquettish. It all depends upon the kind of people I am with. When in my own circle I am always pleasant and, like Richard Dix, have a sparkle of mischief in my eye. Thanks, Estrella. What a color sense you have! Did you get my curls and my coloring by radio from New York?

Don't I think Richard Dix's nose is beautiful? You think so because it is "so different from the rest." Don't know that I do. He had a cold the last time I saw him.

You think John Gilbert has the most graceful walk you ever saw. And you think he is about twenty-one years old. He was born July 10, 1897, Essie.

You wonder what kind of salve Lon Chaney used after doing the picture "He Who Gets Slapped." If you know a good one, write him. You think of Norma Shearer that every day in every way she is getting better and better and gaining more and more admirers. That will be pleasant reading for lovely Miss Shearer.

F. C. W., ELMIRA, N. Y.—Here are the pronunciations: Ricardo Cortez—exactly as the spellings with the accent on the second syllable of Ricardo and the “z” in Cortez sounded like an “s”. Rod LaRoque—the Rod as it is spelt; the LaRoque, like La Rock. In Kenney A (as in at) dor (as door) ee (as ay). Charles DeRoche—just as spelt.

M. L. H., NYACK, N. Y.—I suspect that you are a man. Listen to this letter: “Please tell me why the inquiring females rave over the handsome stuffed shirts—all eyes and no brains? It seems to me the really clever and human interpretations (the acting that is the result of head work) are being done by men who are not ‘pretty’. For instance, Ronald Colman, who acts with character and intelligence. In ‘A Thief in Paradise’ he gave a fine and moving performance. I think I may be wrong) that he is the coming man. The firm line of his jaw denotes (movie subtitle) that he will keep on until he reaches stardom.”

Well, M. L. H., that’s a nice, straightforward letter. Ronald Colman had plenty of stage experience in this country and in England before he came to the screen. That’s why he knows his business. He was born in Richmond, Surrey, England, on February 9, 1891. He made his screen debut in 1922.

I. T., LODI, CALIF.—I envy you your job. You seem to be a lucky girl. Or maybe you’re lucky because you are intelligent. That’s usually the way. Luck gets the credit for what is really his brain work. Yes, the man you saw “Seventeen” was Ben Lyon. He played it on the stage. He looked much then the way he looks now, although, of course, he was several years younger. And weren’t you lucky to meet the one and only Wallace Reid? He was always as gracious, witty and human as you found him. Mary Astor was born on May 6, 1906. She has dark brown eyes and auburn hair. No, she isn’t married. She is one of the youngest of our leading players, and a dear girl. Write me again. Your letter was fine. Will you accept my best wishes?

F. J. D., LONDON, ENGLAND.—I can give you the birthplaces of your favorites, but when you ask me for their “outstanding characteristics” you have me stumped. Colleen Moore was born in Port Huron, Mich. Just to guess at the chief trait in her character, I should say that Colleen is friendly, natural and witty. Huntley Gordon was born in Montreal, Canada. He is dignified and quiet. Rod LaRoque was born in Chicago, Ill. Rod is full of pep (I hope you know American slang) and easy to get along with.

D. B., RUSHVILLE, IND.—Horror and help! Listen to this. “Can it be possible that Rudolph Valentino has false teeth?” It can be possible but it isn’t so. Where did you hear that? Rudy lives in Hollywood. His wife is Winifred Hudnut. Lloyd Hughes is not a star; he’s a featured player. Married.

MARIE, CHICAGO, ILL.—Send a self-addressed stamped envelope for the addresses of the stars. The Studio Directory in PHOTOPLAY shows where they are working. Harrison Ford is divorced. His wife was a non-professional.

What Makes You Laugh?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

who in turn becomes an aviator, a prizefighter and a cow-puncher. This has been proved an infallible character for laughs by Chaplin in “The Pilgrim,” by Lloyd in several comedies, by Douglas MacLean, Mack Sennett and any number of diagnosticians of humor.

This also includes the element of fright, always a laugh promoter. Whether it be a blindfolded man about to fall off a twelvety-story building, a colored man being chased by

“BLUE-EYED VICTORIA,” WARREN, PA.—Don’t reproach me. It breaks my heart. I apologize. I like your frank letter. You’re not afraid of admitting that you’re a day dreamer. Most of us won’t confess. You have a long list of favorites. Evidently you like ‘em all. Richard Talmadge is twenty-eight and unmarried. He has brown hair and brown eyes.

GYPSY, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Pierre Gordon was born in Toledo, Ohio, on March 4, 1901. He was educated at the University of Chicago and started in pictures in 1922. George O’Brien isn’t married.

L. F. P. M., PADANG, DUTCH EAST INDIES.—Your letter has traveled far and so it deserves a speedy answer. Marion Davies, I am happy to say, isn’t dead. Such rumors frequently get out about the stars. No one knows how they start or why they are circulated. And, naturally, they are disconcerting to the persons involved. Miss Davies’ next picture is “Lights of old Broadway.” I know she will be delighted to learn that she has admirers in the far off East Indies.

VIOLET R., WEST TERRE HAUTE, IND.—A forgiving nature is a beautiful thing. Best wishes for your graduation. Here’s my present. Charles Mack was born in Scranton, Pa. He’s married. His latest picture is “The White Monks.”

COO-COO, HONOLULU, T. H.—Are you really? I don’t believe it. Forrest Stanley played opposite Marion Davies, in “When Knighthood Was in Flower,” with Manuel Granada was Ramon in “The Banditers.” He’s changed his name to Paul Ellis. It’s easier to remember. Renee Adoree has blue eyes.

BETTY, KOUTS, IND.—Welcome to our city. The dates of the reviews are as follows: “The Conquering Power,” September, 1921; “The Four Horsemen,” May, 1921; “The Young Rajah,” January, 1923; “The Shiek,” January, 1923; “Beyond the Rocks,” July, 1922; “Blood and Sand,” October, 1922. The casts of the pictures reviewed appear in each issue. This policy began with the June PHOTOPLAY, 1923.

FLAPPER, KANSAS CITY, MO.—I he great. Do you talk as well as you write? Raymond Griffith is five feet six inches tall; unmarried; Douglas MacLean is married to Faith Cole; no children. He is about twenty-eight years old and is five feet nine inches tall. Remember this, flapper, the supply of “real stars” is limited.

CHARLIE, NEW YORK CITY.—Lefty Flynn is thirty-two years old. Divorced. Write for his photograph to the F. B. O. Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

JANE, HAMILTON, ONT.—For a photograph of Richard Barthelmess, send to Inspiration Pictures, 505 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

S. W., OWENSBORO, KY.—Jack Holt was born in Winchester, Va. He’s married and has three lovely children.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 133]

WURLITZER

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Alice Higgie, a 13-year old Chicago girl, made \$75.00 a week in vaudeville last summer. Her musical act is constantly in demand for clubs, lodges, hotels, radio studios and private entertainments. For a 15 minute act she receives \$15.00—a dollar a minute! Read what she says:—“Playing a musical instrument is lots of fun. I wish everybody knew how easy it is and how quickly you can learn, especially with Wurlitzer instruments—they are so easy to play.”—Alice Higgie.

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What the Stars and Directors Are Doing NOW

WEST COAST

(Unless otherwise specified studios are at Hollywood)

BUSTER KEATON STUDIOS, 1025 Lillian Way.
Les Newl directing "Go West" with Buster Keaton and Kathleen Myers.

CALIFORNIA STUDIOS, 1438 Gower St.
J. P. McGowan directing "Wheels of Steel" with Helen Holmes and Bruce Gordon.
J. P. McCarty directing "Reality" with Dorothy Hope.
Del Henderson directing "The Lady Known as Lou" with Miss Dupont, Sheldon Lewis and Robert Ellis.

CECIL B. DE MILLE STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.
Alan Hale directing "The Wedding Song" with Lestrice Joy and Edmund Burns.
Paul Sluiter directing "The Price" with Rod La Rocque and Lillian Rich.
Rupert Julian directing "Three Faces East" with Robert Ames, Rockville Fellers and Noah Beery.

CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIO, 1420 La Brea.
Inactive.

CHRISTIE STUDIO, 6101 Sunset Blvd.
Scott Sidney directing "Madame Lucy" with Julian Ellinge and Helen Goo.
"Air Tight" with Bobby Vernon.
"Call a Cop" with Neal Burns.
"Sit Tight" with Junnie Adams.

EDUCATIONAL STUDIO, 7250 Santa Monica Blvd.
"Oh Bridget" with Clara Horton and Walter Hiers.

F. B. O. STUDIO, 780 Cowart St.
Dad Andrews directing "The Wild Bull's Lair" with Fred Thomson and Katherine Bennett.
Ralph Lee directing "Lady Robinson" with Evelyn Brent and Robert Allen.
"The Isle of Hope" with Dick Tallant.

Chadwick Prod., Fred Newmeyer directing "The Perfect Clown" with Larry Senou and Dorothy Dwan.
James Young directing "The Bell" with Lionel Barrymore.

B. P. Schulberg Prod., Louis Gasnier directing "Frisian Love" with Clara Bow and Donald Keith.
Fred C. Windermer directing "With This Ring" with Lilyan Fashman and L. Tellezen.
"The Girl Who Wouldn't Work" with Lionel Barrymore and Marguerite de La Motte.
Spitzer Jones Prod., "Het Loons" with Wallace MacDonald and Celine Evans.

FOX STUDIO, 1401 N. Western Ave.
John Ford directing "Three Bad Men" with George O'Brien and Madge Bellamy.
John Griffith Gray directing "The Winding Stair" with Alma Rubess and Edmund Lowe.
Frank Rowland directing "Lozbyones" with Buck Jones and Midge Bellamy.
Henry Otto directing "The Ancient Mariner" cast not named.
Reginald Barker directing "When the Door Opened" with Walter McGrall.
Rowland V. Lee directing "The Silver Treasure" with George O'Brien and Lou Tellegen.

HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd.
Metropolitan Prod., George Melford directing "Without Mercy" with Dorothy Phillips, Vern Reynolds and Robert Ames.
Hunt Stromberg Prod., "Fraldie Pirate" with Harry Carey.
"People vs. Nancy Presto" with Priscilla Dean.

LASKY STUDIO, 1520 Vine St.
Irvin Willat directing "The Ancient Highway" with Montagu Love.
Edward Sutherland directing "On Dress Parade" with Raymond Griffith and Mary Brian.
Sleyden Olcott directing "The Best People" with Esther Ralston, Warner Baxter and Kathlyn Williams.
James Cruze directing "The Pony Express" with Betty Compson and Ricardo Cortez.
Victor Fleming directing "Lord Jim" with Percy Marmont.
Mal St. Clair directing "Troubles with Wives" with Florence Vidor and Tom Moore.
William de Mille directing "New Brooms" with Bessie Love and Nell Hamilton.
George Sais directing "The Vanishing American" with Richard Dix and Lila Wilson.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.
Josef Von Sternberg directing "The Masked Bride" with Mae Murray.

William Wellman directing "I'll Tell the World" with George K. Arthur and Gertrude Olmstead.
Monna Bell directing "Lights of Old Broadway" with Marion Davies and Conrad Nagel.
Robert Z. Leonard directing "A Little Bit of Broadway" with Pauline Starke and Lew Cody.
Eliot Wither directing "La Boheme" with Lillian Gish and Jack Gilbert.
Irving Cummings directing "Dance Madness" with Allison Fritchley, Lew Cody and Bert Roach.
Hohart Henley directing "An Exchange of Wives" with Eleanor Boardman, Creighton Hale and Irene Adams.
Christy Cabanne directing "The Midshipman" with Ramon Novarro and Harriet Hammond.

MARSHALL NEILAN STUDIO, 1845 Glendale Blvd.
Marshall Neilan completing "The Skyrocket" with Peggy Joyce.

PICKFORD FAIRBANKS STUDIO, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd.
William Beaudine directing "Seraps" with Mary Pickford.
Douglas Fairbanks will soon start "The Black Pirate".

HAL ROACH STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.
Ray Carnert and George Jeske directing "Riders of the Kitchen Range" with Billie Elyse and Elna Green.
"What Price Glory" with Charlie Chase and Katherine Grant.
Bob McGowan directing "Bigger and Better Pictures" with Our Gang.

SENNETT STUDIO, 1712 Glendale Blvd.
Lloyd Bacon directing "A Ralmy Knight" with Eugenia Gilbert and Raymond McKee.
"The Tickle Herring" with Billy Bevan and Madeline Hurlock.

UNITED STUDIOS, Hollywood, Cal.
First National Productions:
J. Francis Dillon directing "We Moderns" with William Moore and Jack Mulhall.
Production will soon start on "Madenolste Modiste" with Dorothy Mackall.
Corinne Griffith is now working on "Forever After."
Sidney Franklin directing "East of the Setting Sun" with Constance Talmadge.
Fred Niblo directing "Sun of Montmartre" with Norma Talmadge.

United Artists Productions:
Rudolph Valentino is now working on "The Black Cat."
Henry King directing "Stella Dallas" with Belle Bennett, Ronald Colman, Alice Joyce Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Julia Moran.

UNIVERSAL STUDIO, Universal City, Cal.
Wm. A. Seiter directing "Where Was I?" with Reginald Denney and Marion Nixon.
Larry Trimble directing "My Old Dutch" with May McAvoy and Pat O'Malley.
"Out of the Flood" with Art Acord and Marceline Day.
William Crainick directing "A Two-Fisted Fighter" with Edmund Cobb and Peggy Montgomery.
Jack O'Brien directing "The Golden Flower" with Jose Bedevick and Edward Hearn.
"His People" with Joseph Schildkraut.
E. M. Asher directing "Two Blocks Away" with Vera Gordon, Charles Murray and George Sidney.

WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO, 5842 Sunset Blvd.
James Flood directing "Satan in Sables" with Louise Brooks, Pauline Glavin, June Marlowe and Johnny Harro.
Ernst Lubitsch will soon start production on "Lady Underneath" with Pauline Goddard.
Millard Webb directing "The Sea Bean" with John Barrymore and Priscilla Bonner.
W. Van Dyke directing "The Ranger of the Big Pines" with Kenneth Harlan and Helen Cosello.
James Flood directing "Hogans' Alley" with Eric Robson.
Roy Del Ruth directing "Fighting Luck" with Patsy Ruth Miller and Monte Blue.

EAST COAST

BIOGRAPH STUDIO, 807 East 175th St., New York City.
Lambert Hillyer directing "The Unguarded Hour" with Doris Keayon.
Robert Kane directing "The Invisible Woman" with Blanche Sweet and Ben J. Long.
Webster Campbell directing "The Scarlet Sinner" with Mary Astor and Robert Frazer.

COSMOPOLITAN STUDIO, 127th St. and Second Ave., New York City.

Alfred Green directing "Clothes Make the Pirate" with Leo Errol and Dorothy Gish.

FORT LEE STUDIO, Fort Lee, N. J.
Henri Bergere directing "The Dangerous Woman" with Hope Hampton, Nita Naldi and Holbrook Blinn.

JACKSON STUDIO, Jackson and Westchester Aves., New York City.

Charles Hines is completing "The Live Wire" with Johnny Hines and Mildred Ryan.

MAIDINA FILM CORP., New Bedford, Mass.
Joseph Levering directing "Asleep in the Deep" with George Hackathorne, Margaret Seddon and Walter Logg.

PARAMOUNT STUDIOS, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.

Victor Herman directing "The Shamrock" with Thomas Meighan.
Herbert Brenon directing "A Kiss for Cinderella" with Betty Bronson and Tom Moore.
D. W. Griffith directing "That Royle Girl" with Carol Dempster and James Kirkwood.

TEA-CAT STUDIO, 344 West 44th St., New York City.

Kenneth Webb directing "The Beautiful City" with Richard Barthelmess, Dorothy Gish and William Powell.

CHANGES IN TITLES

F. B. O.
"The Mysterious Stranger" will be released as "Twenty Year After."

PARAMOUNT PICTURES.
"Are You a Mason?" will be released as "On Dress Parade."
"Whispers" will be released as "The Man Who Found Himself."

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.
"The Only Thing" will be released as "Four Flaming Days."

UNIVERSAL.
"Daughter of the Dona" will be released as "A Hero on Horseback."

BUSINESS NEWS 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.

Fog Film Company, 10th Ave. & 55th St., New York City.

Metro-Goldwyn, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation, Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

Pathe Exchange, 35 West 43rd 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., 117 W. 45th St., New York City.

United Artists Corporation, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City. D. W. Griffith Prod., 1475 Broadway, New York City.

Universal Film Mfg. Company, Heckscher Building, 5th Ave. and 57th St., New York City.

Vitaphone Company of America, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

Warner Brothers, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

socks the socker over the head, you laugh because someone gets it in the neck unexpectedly.

How we love to see someone else get it in the neck!

Father tending the baby has always been good for a laugh and probably always will be, for, according to our sleuths, the fathers of the world are still walking the floors at night and stepping on tacks at four A. M. And folks with babies are still visiting crabbed old bachelors whose houses are filled with rare objets d'art for the baby to topple over occasionally.

Caught in the act is likewise good for a hearty stomach laugh, providing you're not the guy. One of the familiar contretemps is that of the impersonator losing his wig just as the cops make their entrance. This is inter-

related to the situation where a father kicks the unwelcome suitor out of the front door so that he falls on the Welcome mat. Again, the unlikable husband espied by his spouse as he is seated in a cabaret with a pretty siren or on a bench with a bathing girl. This goes back to the French farces of Moliere, and hence does not germinate with the Genus Americanus of Ribbicklus.

All of these situations lead naturally to a chase, which simply is a burlesque of the ride-to-the-rescue which D. W. Griffith has found effective in his thrilling dramas on several notable occasions.

And here, in a nutshell, is your secret of laugh-getting:

The exaggeration by burlesque of extremely serious situations in which you or yours have found yourselves from time to time.

Close-Ups and Long Shots

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66]

disappoint through being too tall or too short, too fat or too thin, or of a pigmentation different than imagined. The value of a screen star is in his appeal to the imagination. Without mystery, religion would die, and so will any other kind of worship.

DIRECTORS: Were I to enter pictures—and resistance becomes daily more difficult now that producers are clamoring for breeding and refinement—I would devote my time to trailing Rex Ingram, Ernst Lubitsch and King Vidor. Rex develops the individual as no other director can; Lubitsch polishes him off; and King Vidor provides him with good pictures.

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Present Position.....

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That Terrible Thorne Girl

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]



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the bright green cutter standing before the garage door. "Bells on the harness and everything. Step in and let me wrap you up in this rug. It's cold."

Sylvia, in sweater and furs, seemed warm enough; her cheeks flamed with color from the crisp air, her eyes were dancing. It was good—good—to be alive, to be sure, out in the sunshine with the man she loved. Hollywood, Sydney Harmon, Millersburg, all seemed very far off now. She snuggled into the fur robe at Steve's side, received his joyous kisses with one equally joyous. The jingling sleigh-bells were no merrier than her thoughts as they drove around the circle in front of the house and out upon the open road.

MANY times, during the dark hours which lay ahead of her, Sylvia thought of that. They had been late in starting, and already the winter sun was drooping toward the horizon, turning from gold to orange, from orange to red. Long purple shadows stalked across the immaculate fields, from rows of maples and oaks bordering the road. Steve had purposely chosen a little-traveled way, so as to avoid automobile traffic as much as possible; the few machines they met forced them into the drifts of course, but it made little difference to the light cutter.

"I'm beginning to think mother was right," Steve said, flicking their steed into a faster gait with his whip. "This sure does beat driving a machine, on a day like this. Giddap, Charlie!" They spun along, the bells tinkling merrily, the runners cutting through the icy crust of the road with a pleasant hum. "You'd think we were doing twenty miles an hour, against that wind, and I don't suppose we're hitting much over seven. Imagine trying that in a closed car. You'd be crawling—couldn't stand it. Happy?" He looked down at Sylvia with his whimsical smile.

"I couldn't be any more so, and live," she told him. "Do you know, Steve dear, when I'm as happy as this, I always catch myself wondering what misfortune is waiting for me just around the corner." There was a gleam of apprehension in her wide brown eyes; it had never been quite absent from them, since the night when Isobel Harmon walked into the little bungalow on Sunset Boulevard to find her in Sydney's arms.

"Nonsense!" Steve dropped his whip and gave her a quick hug. "Don't you know, sweetheart of mine, that misfortune can't harm people who really love?"

"I wish it were true. Steve, but it isn't. People who care for each other as we do are shining marks for old man Trouble. So many things can happen. For one, your mother may find out!"

"No more of that, dear." Steve stopped her words with a kiss. "If you really feel so strongly about it, we'll let her."

"Do you think she would—believe?"

"Of course she would. Mother is too level-headed a woman not to recognize a decent girl when she meets one. She'd know right off the bat that you never did anything you'd have to be ashamed of. The only reason I've advised against telling her now is, that I want us to be married, first. There's no knowing what you might do, with that pride of yours, if you thought someone doubted you. You run away from me once, remember. I'm not taking any chances of your doing it again. As soon as we are properly hitched, we'll go to the mater hand-in-hand, like the babes in the wood or something, and tell her the awful truth."

"But—that won't be until June. And between now and June?"

"I've been thinking about that," Steve said quickly. "and I don't see any sense in this June stuff. Not any a-t-all. I just told mother that, the other day, because she seemed to

think I was about to desert her or something. As far as I'm concerned, we can't get the marriage license any too quick. Why not hunt up a minister next Monday, when we go in to town, and tell him to do his worst?"

Well, why not? Sylvia thought, with a little shiver of joy. Once she and Steve were married, nobody could harm them, whatever they might say. She had hoped to have her name cleared, but in a way, her marriage to Steve would go far to clear it. That he believed her innocent, and proved it by making her his wife, would certainly be a most complete and significant answer to the stories which had been spread concerning her. And with Steve at her side, as his husband, she might go back to Hollywood and demand a rehearing. People would not be so ready to slander another man's wife. And Mrs. Harmon might hesitate to name her as co-respondent in a divorce suit, with Steve ready to fight her battles, help clear her name. They might even force the case to an issue, put the parties at interest on the stand and let them tell their stories. Sylvia was ready enough, now, to tell hers. The more she thought about it, the more angry she became, at the injustice which had been done her. She never had been beaten, for the moment, when she left Hollywood—beaten and discouraged—but she did not feel beaten now. Her love for Steve had changed all that. For his sake, for the sake of his people, she was eager to fight, to demand justice. As these thoughts whirled through her brain she felt Steve's arm about her. He had stopped the horse at the crest of a little hill, and a flood of crimson light from the setting sun swept over them.

"Dearest," he whispered, his voice low and very tender with emotion, "I don't want to wait. I love you too much. June is four months away. Say you'll marry me now." He swept Sylvia into his eager embrace and kissed her so passionately that she trembled. "Say you'll marry me Monday. I want you in my arms—for always."

SYLVIA could not speak. Her feelings choked her. But she could nod her head—and did. Steve gave a great shout.

"You—you mean it?" he cried, staring at her, unable to believe she was in earnest.

"Yes, Steve—I mean it. I'll marry you Monday. But on one condition."

"There, now," he groaned, with mock solemnity, "I just knew there was a catch in it somewhere."

"Not much of a catch, dear boy. Only this—we've got to tell your mother before we are married, not afterwards."

"And ask her—consent?"

"No. Not that. I'll marry you anyway, if you want me. But I'm not going to do it under false colors. She must know who I am—must hear my story. If she believes it, as you say she will, all well and good. If she doesn't believe it, we'll have to prove it to her, that's all. But I'm not going to deceive her any longer."

"Fair enough," Steve said, after a moment of thought. "And I don't mind saying I think you're right. We'll explain the whole thing to her tonight, and ask her blessing. And as soon as we're married, instead of going to Egypt, we'll go out to Hollywood and make those birds in the picture business give you justice or know the reason why."

"Yes, dear. That's just what I want. On your account and your mother's more than on my own. I never should have left Hollywood in the first place, I guess, but I'm glad I did, just the same. Otherwise I shouldn't have met you."

Steve drew her to him and their lips clung together for a long, happy moment. Then he picked up the reins and turned the cutter around.

"Time we were getting back," he said.

"You'll want to dress for dinner, of course. After dinner we'll tell her."

The sun had dropped behind a ledge of leaden clouds, and all the beauty of the day had gone with it. Steve whipped up his horse. "Cold, all right, isn't it?" he laughed.

It seemed to Sylvia, too, that a strange chill had crept into her heart. Perhaps she sensed in some telepathic way the horror which at that moment had crept into another heart, not many miles away from where they now were.

CHAPTER XX

ALL the way down to Rosemont Julia Hollins debated whether or not to tell her mother what she had found out in Millersburg. Her original plan, to see Sylvia alone, force her to break her engagement and disappear, had been upset by the girl's absence from the store. It was true that the interview could be postponed until Monday, but knowing what she now knew, and that if she told Sylvia she now felt, would make it next to impossible to be even polite to the girl, now that she had once again insinuated herself as a guest beneath the Hollins roof. It was entirely natural that Julia should feel this way; if Sylvia was the lewd and immoral woman the newspapers painted her, she certainly had no business in any decent home. Miss Hollins was a self-contained person, usually, but she felt her blood boil when she thought of her patrician mother sitting at the same board with a woman of the streets, a cheap adventuress, designedly entrapping her brother into a disgraceful marriage. It seemed to her that if she saw Sylvia seated at that board she would be tempted to attack her physically, to order her from the house. It was in this state of mind that she arrived at Rosemont.

She found her mother sewing placidly before an open fire in the library. What a charming picture she made—a lady of the old school, white-haired, slender, graceful in spite of her sixty years! Julia went up to her and gave her a tender kiss. She was very fond of her mother, and she knew that she was about to bring great distress upon her. Steve was her youngest, her baby, and Julia very well knew that while they might save him from this wretched marriage, they could not hope to save him from a broken heart.

"Mother," she said presently, in so sombre a voice that Mrs. Hollins glanced sharply up from her sewing. "I've got bad news for you."

"Really, Julia. I'm sorry to hear that." The old lady laid aside her work, removed her glasses. "About whom?"

"About this girl Steve is planning to marry. I know who she is!"

"Who she is? I don't understand you, Julia. Isn't her name McKenna?"

"Yes, and her father keeps a bookshop in Millersburg, Pennsylvania, just as she said I stopped there on my way home and saw him. But what she did not tell us—what her father did not tell me, is that she is a motion picture actress, and for the past two years has been living in Hollywood."

"Yes," Mrs. Hollins said, a trifle bewildered. "But after all, that isn't anything against her, is it? All sorts of women are going into the picture business nowadays—even the nobility. Only I think she should have told us." The old lady's voice held a note of disappointment.

"She didn't tell us, mother, because she didn't dare to. A short while ago—less than two months—she became involved in a disgraceful scandal in Hollywood, and her picture, together with a full account of the matter, was published in the newspapers. You remember I wondered, that first night, why her hair was dyed. Now I know. She was afraid she would be recognized. Of course we can't permit Steve to marry her."

"Are you sure about all this, Julia?" Mrs. Hollins quavered. "Steve loves her very deeply. It will break his heart! I must confess that she does not seem to me like a bad woman."

"She's clever, mother. Here's the story—

you can read it for yourself. But we must not tell Steve. He need not know anything about it until later. My plan is to get this girl alone, give her to understand that we know all about her, and force her to break off the engagement. She can do so by letter, without giving Steve any reasons, and then disappear. Of course, if she refuses, Steve will have to know. He is bound to be terribly hurt, of course. It appears that the creature was engaged to marry a rich young fellow in her home town, named Bennett, but that when the scandal about her became public he gave her up. Think of it—trying to inveigle one man into a marriage a month ago—pretending to be in love with another one now. The whole thing is nauseating. Here—read this." She thrust one of the newspapers she had brought with her into her mother's trembling hands. "When you've finished we'll decide what is best to be done."

For many dismal minutes Mrs. Hollins strained her eyes over the small print, with Julia a rigid figure in black, watching her grimly. When the old lady had finished she sank back in her chair with a plaintive sigh. "Poor Steve," she whispered. "My poor boy." There were sudden tears on her withered cheeks.

"Well," said Julia, taking the paper from her. "don't you think my plan the best?"

"I don't know. It all seems so impossible. Just when I had grown to like her so much. Julia—it simply can't be true."

"Don't be absurd, mother. Do you think any reputable newspaper would dare publish such a story if it weren't? They'd be sued for slander at once. This is no time for maxims and sentiment. We've got to save Steve from this woman's clutches and the sooner we get about it the better. What's that?" She rose quickly. "It sounds like sleigh-bells."

"It is sleigh-bells, Julia. They're back."

"Then I'll go up to my room at once. You've given this girl the one across the hall from me, I suppose?"

"Yes," Mrs. Hollins said faintly.

"Very well. As soon as she comes in I'll have a talk with her, tell her what she has got to do. Don't have dinner for an hour at least. I'll wait for her at the house where Steve is dressing—ship her off to New York."

Without waiting for a reply Miss Hollins hurried from the room. She had just reached the landing at the top of the stairs when Sylvia and Steve came in. They had driven the sleigh down to the barn.

"Hello, mother," the latter called from the hall. "Had a corking drive. When will dinner be ready? We're famished." He came to the door of the library, stood there looking in, with Sylvia, flushed as a young bride, beside him. In their new happiness they did not notice Mrs. Hollins' agitation.

"Julia," said Steve, the old lady whispered.

"That so?" Steve frowned ever so slightly, and pressed Sylvia's hand. His sister's presence, he knew, would make the confession before them far more difficult. "Hope she had a good time." He turned to the girl beside him, gave her a quick and reassuring kiss. "Run along up and change, dear," he whispered. "It takes you longer than it does me. I've got something that I want to say to mother."

CHAPTER XXI

JULIA HOLLINS was not a cruel woman, but she prided herself on being a just one. And justice, at times, may wear the garments of very great cruelty.

No mercy tempered her anger as she crossed the hall to Sylvia's door. She believed the girl had done an outrageous, a despicable thing—believed her to be wholly and ungenerately bad, and, so believing, should be punished accordingly. And it seemed to Julia that in giving her victim the opportunity to slip quietly away, unexposed, unpunished, she was accorded her far kinder treatment than she deserved. Had it not been for the scandal in which the Hollins name would in-



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Crack! His fist landed squarely behind the bully's ear and down he fell in a heap. Quick as a flash he turned to face the other hold-up man who, with fist closed, was right on top of him. Another thud and another limp form lay on the ground. Quivering with tense excitement, he stood over the two prostrate figures waiting for them to get up. But they did not move. Both were knocked out. Swiftly his sweatshirt came toward him and, patting him on the arm, she said in an proud of you, did I know you could do it." A small crowd gathered. Admiring and envious eyes watched the young man and his sweatshirt as they slowly moved away. Even the policeman who had arrived on the scene was loud in his praise.

How Did He Do It?

"I am thank Earle Liederman for that," was his first remark as they walked away. "Six months ago, I would never have dared to face one man, and certainly not two at the same time. That system of his sure did put me in fine physical shape. Now I am ready for anything and I never know what is to be afraid. The bigger they are the harder they fall."

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eventually have been involved, it would have suited Julia's ideas of justice far better to see Sylvia in the stocks, wearing publicly the scarlet letter of adultery which would have been her portion two centuries before.

In response to her vigorous knock, Sylvia opened the door, stood gazing at her in surprise. She had taken off her sweater but still wore the woollen sport suit she had chosen for their drive. It was both smart and expensive, and the sight of it served to put even a sharper edge on Julia's scorn. What right had this pretended shop-girl to be going about in such clothes? It was an insult to respectable people.

"How do you do," Sylvia said. "I—I hope you had a nice day?" She uttered the words mechanically; a glance at Julia's face told her plainly enough that something was wrong.

"Miss McKenna," the latter said, closing the door carefully behind her, "or Miss Thorne, if you prefer to be called that, I have come to tell you that I know all about you."

"Y—yes," Sylvia gasped, sagging toward a chair. The suddenness of the attack left her speechless; she clutched at the chair back for support. "You—you mean about that night in Hollywood?"

"Yes—that, and all the rest of it." Julia glanced swiftly, significantly at the newspaper in her hand. "I've read your disgusting story. And I think I need scarcely tell you that your marriage to my brother is out of the question."

"But," Sylvia whispered, her eyes growing darker and darker with excitement, "the story isn't true."

IN her anger Miss Hollins fairly snorted. "Don't try that. It wouldn't have been published if it weren't. And you wouldn't have been thrown out of your position in the picture business. And your sweetheart, Howard Bennett, the man to whom you were engaged, wouldn't have refused to marry you. Don't you think you've tried to pull the wool over our eyes long enough?"

"I haven't tried to do anything of the sort," Sylvia retorted, her own anger beginning to rise. "I always wanted to tell you. I was going to do so tonight."

"Really?" Julia sneered her disbelief. "Now that you've been caught, you try to pretend that you were all ready to confess. That's quite too thin. My brother may be a fool, but he'll never believe anything like that."

"You think not?" A new and very proud expression came into Sylvia's eyes. "Very well. Try him."

"No. I don't want to make Steve suffer any more than I have to. All I intend to do is prevent this disgraceful marriage."

"And how do you intend to do that?" asked Sylvia quietly.

"By forcing you to leave this house—now—at once. I want you to sit down at that desk"

—she pointed toward a writing table at the other side of the room—"and write my brother a letter, ending your engagement. Tell him you found you didn't love him. I don't suppose you will find it very difficult to do that, since less than two months ago you were engaged to marry another man. Tell him anything you please, but—break off the engagement. Then, having done that, you will take your suitcase, your luggage, and go down the back stairs with me to the garage. One of the servants will drive you to the station. There is a train"—Julia glanced swiftly at her watch—"in half an hour. That will give you ample time, if you hurry. And I may say," Miss Hollins went on, "that I think, in giving you this chance to leave quietly, we are treating you with far more consideration than you deserve."

Sylvia straightened her sagging body, threw back her shoulders with a quick shake of her hair.

"So do I," she smiled. "Which is why I decline to take advantage of it."

"You mean you—you refuse to go?"

"I do. Absolutely."

"You wretched girl," Julia cried angrily,

"do you want me to take this story to Steve?" She glanced at her newspaper. "Do you want him to suffer, too?"

For the first time Sylvia realized that Julia dismissed her brother to be in ignorance of what had happened. It rendered Miss Hollins' threat quite an empty one, but Sylvia did not tell her so. It would be foolish, she argued, to throw away her one advantage.

"I do not want Steve to suffer, either," she said. "I love him too much for that. Too much, Miss Hollins, to sneak off like a criminal, when my conscience is quite clear. If you want to tell him my story, go ahead. Then, if he wishes me to leave, I shall do so. But not until then. Not until he tells me so. Is that clear?"

For a moment Julia Hollins was at a loss for an answer. She had been so sure of her ground, so confident that at the first threat of exposure Sylvia would run like a hunted animal, that she felt uncertain how to proceed. She could explode her bomb before Steve, of course, expose this girl to him in all her wickedness, but was there something wrong in her calculations? Why did Sylvia so coolly defy her? The girl was not acting like a hunted criminal at all. On the contrary she was facing the attack with confidence, even with pride. For a moment Miss Hollins wondered if she and Steve could be married already, but she dismissed the thought as unlikely. Evidently Sylvia was counting on Steve's infatuation for her to cause him to believe anything she might say. Men had done such things. Julia well knew—had defied family, friends, the world, even the truth itself, under the influence of love.

"You had better do as I tell you," she said, eyeing Sylvia suspiciously. "Not only for your sake, but for my brother's. It will break his heart, to find out the sort of woman you are."

"You never can tell," Sylvia responded flippantly.

"And besides," Miss Hollins went on, less and less sure of herself, "I may as well tell you that my mother holds a life interest in all our property, and while she lives Steve cannot get a cent except what she allows him. If he marries you, she won't allow him anything at all."

"You'd better tell him that," Sylvia said. "It doesn't concern me. I'm not marrying Steve for his money."

"You're not marrying him at all if I can help it."

Sylvia glanced at her reflection in the mirror, then tossed some toilet articles into her handbag.

"I came up to dress for dinner," she said, "but I've decided not to." With a sudden, superb gesture she flung open the door. "Let's go down and see Steve now. I'm not willing to put the matter off any longer." Then, to prove that she was thoroughly in earnest she marched out of the room, past the astonished Julia, and so along the hall to the stairs. With set lips and rather pallid cheeks Julia Hollins followed her.

CHAPTER XXII

STEVE HOLLINS had remained in the library with his mother for a few moments, meaning to apprise her of the fact that Sylvia had something of importance to tell her, as soon as dinner was over. Now that Julia had appeared on the scene he was not so sure that Sylvia had better speak at all. Consequently he temporized, talking of this and that, of their ride in the cutter, of the beauty of the afternoon, of Sylvia's wonderful qualities as a prospective wife, quite unconscious all the while of his mother's acute suffering. She, poor woman, sat holding his hand, afraid to say anything at all. She pictured to herself the scene even then being enacted in the room overhead, imagined Sylvia, a pitiable, guilty figure, facing her stern accuser, packing her belongings, fleeing in the darkness out of Steve's life forever. Tense, silent, she listened for the sound of the automobile which would take the girl to the station. She could not admit that she

knew anything of what was going on; the reasons for Sylvia's sudden departure were for the present at least to remain a grim secret between Julia and herself. Her daughter would presently appear, dressed for dinner, and expressing polite wonder over the non-appearance of their guest. It was a subtle plan—no doubt the best possible plan. Mrs. Hollins reflected, and yet, she had no sympathy with it. Something told her that that what they were doing would bring bitter grief to Steve, to the boy she so dearly loved, and in spite of everything, she hesitated to do anything which would hurt him. It was a God's blessing, she reflected, that he kept on talking, too intent on singing Sylvia's praises to notice the gray silence in which his mother sat.

HE had just brought himself to the point of mentioning Sylvia's intended confession when they were both startled by the sudden and dramatic entrance of that young woman into the room, her tilted chin, her high color, her confident smile in striking contrast to the expression of embarrassment on the face of Julia, who followed her. Without the slightest attempt to soften the blow, she faced Steve, who had risen hastily and now stood, puzzled, beside his mother.

"Steve," she said, "Your sister has been investigating my past and has found out all about that affair in Hollywood, so it won't be necessary for me to speak about it myself. She thinks I ought to leave the house, and so do I. I couldn't possibly stay here, after the things she's said to me. So I'm going. I thought you ought to know."

As Steve Hollins listened to her words, his expression grew blacker and blacker and his body stiffened until he seemed inches taller. Julia, watching him, thought it strange that his blazing eyes were fixed, not on Sylvia, but on her. She stepped forward, holding out the newspaper.

"Here," she said, "Maybe you'd like to read this woman's story."

"Read her story!" Steve burst out. "What for? I don't have to read it. I know all about it already—all the dirty lies they've been saying about her. What do you mean by insulting the girl I'm going to marry, right here under our own roof? What do you mean by it?" For an instant he was beside himself with fury, and Julia quailed. Mrs. Hollins reached out and grasped one of her son's hands, doubled convulsively at his side.

"Steve!" she faltered warningly, "Julia only meant—"

"I meant to save you from marrying a notorious woman," Julia exclaimed, recovering her poise.

"How dare you say that about the woman I love? These stories are lies—lies—"

"Prove it," Julia retorted.

"Again Steve started to speak, but Sylvia, stepping quickly forward, stopped him.

"Wait, Steve," she said quietly. "Your sister is quite right. I never can marry you until I have proved myself innocent. It was absurd even to think of it."

"But—" Steve Hollins almost reeled under the force of this unexpected blow. He had thought Sylvia would continue her attitude of defiance, but the girl had caught sight of Mrs. Hollins' face, seen the suffering written so large upon it. "You promised to marry me on Monday."

"Yes, Steve—I did. But I've changed my mind. Not on Monday, or on any other day, until my name is cleared. I'm not even willing to be engaged to you." She drew the engagement ring Steve had given her from her slender finger and dropped it into his hand.

"Not because I don't love you, dear—I shall always do that, with every drop of blood in me—but because I'm too proud to ask favors of anybody—even of your mother and sister—too proud ever to come here again—ever to meet them, speak to them, until they are ready to welcome me with open arms. You believe my story. I know that—but they do not, and I have no right to ask them to believe it, until I can come with proofs. Until all the dreadful things the newspapers have said about me have been publicly contradicted. Until I can hold up my head. When that day comes, I will marry you, if you still want me, but not before. No, dear—I mean it." She stepped back out of reach of Steve's eagerly extended arms.

"Then," he gasped, his face very gray, his hands falling helplessly at his sides, "what are you going to do?"

"Now, do you mean?"

"Yes—now?"

"I'm going back to New York."

"No, Mary—I can't let you do that—I won't."

"You must, Steve. You can't help it. I know how your mother, your sister, must feel. They love you. They think you are making a dreadful mistake—"

"Then let them think it. Why not tell them how you were tricked, that night in Hollywood, how that man came to you, drunk, how you tried to get rid of him, how his wife—"

"It wouldn't do any good," Sylvia said wearily. "They wouldn't believe me. I've got to have proofs, I tell you."

Then Mrs. Hollins, who up to now had remained quiet in her chair, did an astonishing thing. Rising as quickly as old age and her rheumatism would permit, she went to Sylvia's side, put her arm about the girl's shoulders and kissed her.

"I believe you, my dear," she said. "I think you are a good woman. And I think, too, that you are right to demand that your name be cleared before you and my son are married. Not on his account, perhaps—not on mine—but because of the world at large. You won't be happy, ever, either of you, until that is done. I am an old woman, but I know life. And I know a woman's pride. Stick to your decision, my child. I admire you for it."

WHAT Julia's bitterness had not succeeded in doing, Mrs. Hollins' kindness accomplished. Sylvia, her pride dissolved in tears, laid her head against the older woman's shoulder and sobbed. But only for a moment. Then once more her lovely chin was lifted. Her eyes met Julia's, still dark with doubt.

"Now I must go," she said, turning swiftly toward the library door. In an instant Steve was at her side.

"I'll take you to New York, if you insist on leaving," he muttered, "but what do you mean to do when you get there?"

"Go back to Hollywood," Sylvia cried excitedly, "and fight!" For a moment she stood framed in the doorway, a very lovely and compelling figure, her head held high, then she was gone; they heard the swift patter of her feet as she ran up the stairs.

Steve looked gloomily from his sister to his mother, his forehead twisted in a black frown.

"Well," he said, "I hope you're satisfied."

"I am," Mrs. Hollins said quietly. "I like a woman with spirit. And if you take my advice, Steve, you'll go to Hollywood along with her, and help her make that fight."

"Hells Bells, mother!" Steve fairly shouted, "did you suppose I was going to do anything else?"

(End of Part V)

"Unhappy Marriages"

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Friendly Advice

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122]

MARGARET, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

You will find that one of the best exercises for reducing the legs and ankles is that of rising on the toes, keeping the legs straight. Do this morning and evening, repeating ten or fifteen times and increasing to twenty or more after a week or two. Another exercise which is especially helpful for reducing superfluous flesh from the ankles is done seated. Hold the leg steady and describe a circle with the foot. Repeat as many times as you can without tiring the muscles unduly. In buying hosiery select thin weaves, as they have a tendency to make the ankles appear smaller.

ANXIOUS DAUGHTER, MANSFIELD, OHIO.

Excessive perspiration of the scalp may often be cured by proper shampooing. Sometimes this condition indicates that the hair roots require nourishment. You did not say how often the hair is shampooed nor tell me if it is brushed regularly. You will find several tonics advertised in PHOTOPLAY which correct faulty conditions of the scalp and hair roots. It is most important to brush the hair thoroughly each night before retiring and to keep brushes washed and free of dust. Powder blue will not be a good choice for you, my dear, with your black eyes and brunette complexion. If you are tired of henna and gold why not try some of the lovely new orange or rose shades. Your type is most effective in brilliant colors although there are one or two tones of green which you could wear to advantage.

BUTTERFLY, KINCAID, SASKATCHEWAN, CAN.

Since you are tired of blue I recommend orchid or yellow. In your parent country mauve is a great favorite but it is little worn on this side of the Atlantic. Strange, since it is rich in intrinsic beauty. The Titian-haired type looks particularly well in it.

Don't trouble about thinness at your age. It is incidental to rapid growth. The roundness will come with years.

Drinking eight to ten glasses of water a day and eating few sweets will improve your complexion. Walk as much as you can find time to do.

ANNA, MERIDEN, CONN.

Don't tamper with your weight at your age. Time has its own way of pulling a plump girl out to a string bean length. It is one of life's little jests. But don't handicap nature by eating too many sweets. You would better wear straight line dresses and flat effects. You are justified in wearing moderately high heels.

G. D. C., PITTSBURGH, PA.

Yes, I advise the remedy you are considering. I need hardly tell a girl wise enough to ask advice that she must protect her eyes by closing them and preferably by placing a bandage over them during the process of removing the hairs that grow in a straight line between your eyebrows. Your sense of touch will aid you in making the application. Or you can have it made by a friend who possesses a steady hand.

GAY, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

Any of the popular shades of brown would harmonize with your coloring. But I advise relief in some warm tone, as dark brown with facings of orange or flame color. Avoid black. You should be attractive in white. There is no doubt that the longer the skirt the taller the wearer looks. Your age and weight, of which I am ignorant, must enter into the calculation as to your skirt length. The mode has been eleven to twelve inches from the ground. Those to whom that distance from the ground is unbecoming have exercised discretion in their gown lengths.

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 125]

MARIE W., EASTON, PA.—The autobiography of Pola Negri appeared in *Photoplay* from February to April (inclusive), 1924. Write to Photoplay Publishing Company, 750 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., for copies of it. Thanks for your good wishes.

M. B. S., BAILEY'S BAY, BERMUDA.—That's my favorite name—Mr. Know All. Billie Burke was born August 7, 1886. You can get a picture of Corinne Griffith by writing to First National Pictures, 383 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

PUZZLES, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Taking a long, deep breath, I shall now answer your questions: Alice Terry has auburn hair. Richard Dix was born on July 18, 1895. Pola Negri was born in 1897. Lionel Barrymore is married to Irene Fenwick. No, no, no, Rod La Roque does not wear bracelets. That's a wraith watch.

R. H. M., JOHNSON, WASH.—Viola Dana and Shirley Mason are sisters. Their last name is Flagrath. They have another sister, Edna Flagrath, who used to make pictures in England.

DOTIE MAY, RENO, NEV.—Billie Dove is married to Irvin Willat, the director. Florence Vidor is now divorcing King Vidor. Marion Davies isn't married. Colleen Moore is married to John McCormick.

MILREED K., CHICAGO, ILL.—Send a quarter to First National Pictures, 383 Madison Avenue, New York City, for a picture of Lloyd Hughes.

"MARYLAND" OF BALTIMORE.—It ought to be the other way around. I'll slip the editor your request for an interview with Alice Calhoun. Miss Calhoun ought to be proud to have such a loyal friend.

PEGGY, EPHRATA, PA.—Fred Thomson's latest picture is "The Bandit's Baby." Yes, Tom Mix has been married twice; his first wife was a non-professional. Richard Dix isn't married; he has been in pictures since 1921. And yes, yes, *Silver King* is Fred Thomson's horse.

LOLA, CHICAGO, ILL.—I, by this means, convey your message to Richard Talmadge. "Good luck, Dick" is unmistakably hearty. He is twenty-eight and unmarried. No relation to the Talmadge Sisters, Norma and Constance.

TOOTIE, MIAMI, FLA.—Why shouldn't a girl who plays in the movies have the right to be inquisitive? Alice Terry is now in France, working in "Mare Nostrum." It is directed by her husband, Rex Ingram. Yes, Alice has appeared in Paramount pictures, although her husband's contract is with Metro. But that doesn't mean that Alice can't work for any other company. Gloria Swanson has been married three times. I wish you lack with the cut puzzle pictures.

DREAM DADDY, DOLORES, COLO.—Do you mean me? After so much trouble, here's the answer to your question. Robert Frazer is married. John Bowers was born on Christmas Day, 1888.

A. M., TORONTO, CANADA.—The life story of Tom Mix was published in *Photoplay* in the February, March and April issues of this year.

RITA, GALETON, PA.—The role of *Bobby* in "Broken Laws" was played by Arthur Rankin. He was born on August 30, 1900. The role of *Patsy* was played by Virginia Lee Corbin. She was born on December 5, 1909.

E. D., MARICOPA, CALIF.—Ivan St. Johns is the husband of Adela Rogers St. Johns. Ben Lyon isn't married. He was born on February 6, 1901. Mary Phil'in was born on May 14, 1903. Yes, Colleen is married to John McCormick. So Douglas Fairbanks smiles all the time? No wonder, he is married to Mary Pickford. Can it be possible that you didn't really know?

ANN M., GLEN RIDGE, N. J.—Richard Barthelmess was born on May 9, 1897. His next picture is "Shore Leave." Betty Bronson was born in your State—Trenton, to be exact.

MARGARET N., PITTSBURGH, PA.—Katherine MacDonald has married and left the screen. She has a new baby son.



No, it isn't a crossword puzzle of words of one letter. It is Erle's office in *Culver City*. It may be symbolic designing that everything in the office is square

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You would find article after article pointing out the fact that with soft food and hasty, nervous eating, the gums are deprived of stimulation. And you would see that this soft diet of ours is blamed for the gum troubles so prevalent today.

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The findings of the investigators on both sides of the Atlantic are in agreement. Modern food is at the root of the trouble—the soft, cooked food, the creamy things that you and your family eat every day of your lives!

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The dentists are agreed that soft food is the cause, and proper stimulation the remedy, for troubles of the gums

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“Healthy gums can bear the same scrubbing as the flesh around the finger nails, and with the same benefit. In fact, the exposed surfaces of unhealthy, inflamed gums, when given vigorous scrubbing with a stiff brush twice a day, will become firm and healthy.”

FROM A PAPER PUBLISHED LAST DECEMBER:

“A diet demanding very little from our masticatory apparatus has a degenerating effect upon the teeth. Skulls of certain savage tribes have teeth which are devoid of cavities. Pyorrhea is a disease unknown among races subsisting on coarse foods.”

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Personalities of Paramount

RICARDO CORTEZ

The dark and dashing blade who can make love, war or laughter equally well is the role made to order for Ricardo Cortez. As a hot-blooded cavalier in Argentine Love he made a terrific hit, and his star shone equally brightly in Children of Jazz, Feet of Clay, The Next Corner, The Bedroom Window, The Swan, and The Spaniard. His newest Paramount Picture will be In The Name of Love.

ADOLPHE MENJOU

Here is the perfect boulevardier, cane, waxed mustache, ingratiating smile and all, in love with the world and social life, passing marriage as lightly as other people pass a cigarette, and dangerous to feminine hearts everywhere. Most people will remember Menjou in Spanish Dancer, Shadows of Paris, Open All Night, The Fast Set, Forbidden Paradise, The Swan, A Kiss in the Dark. His newest Paramount Picture will be The King on Main Street.

WALLACE BEERY

To play the part of a King of Spain requires a very exuberant personality, rich, tyrannical and decorative. Wallace Beery appeared as King Philip IV, in The Spanish Dancer, and it was visible in an instant that monarchs don't come any mightier. New season Paramount Pictures in which Wallace Beery's art may be enjoyed are The Night Club, In The Name of Love and The Vanishing American.



Wallace Beery



Paramount Pictures

Don't be too critical to enjoy life!

There is such a thing as being too wise to enjoy yourself, too solemn to know that tonight's the night and Paramount's the show.

There are at least ten thousand audiences every night thrilling to Paramount Pictures, but think of the old-fashioned millions who still don't know that Paramount of 1925 is different to the movies of years ago!

At least five million inhabitants of the United States would get the pleasantest

surprise of their lives if they saw a Paramount Picture tonight.

According to our records these five million have not seen a photoplay since before the war, and they still think the Custard Pie rules the roost.

Today the greatest names and fames in literature and drama are allied with Paramount to delight nations. Look at the programs!

See a Paramount Picture tonight and catch up with the dance of life!

"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. XXVIII

No. 5

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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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Addresses and working programs of the leading motion picture studios will be found on page 98

What is that Lure of Peggy Joyce

She is a "clinging vine," says one; she is an "enchantress," says another; she is "so feminine," says a third. All admit she has charm—even the women.

Ivan St. Johns reveals the secret of this charm in a striking article under the title above.



*Read what he
says in the*

November Issue of Photoplay



Out Oct. 15

New
FOX PICTURES

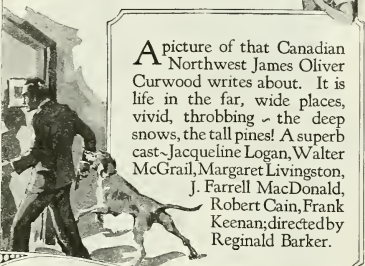
The
FIRST YEAR



PRODUCED by John Golden,
 for two solid years this play
 by Frank Craven occupied the
 stage of one theatre in New
 York. Frances Marion has
 adapted it for the screen ~
 perhaps the greatest comedy
 drama of young married life
 ever written! Frank Borzage
 directs the picture superbly.

JOHN GOLDEN
 UNIT

**WHEN *the* DOOR
 OPENED**



A picture of that Canadian
 Northwest James Oliver
 Curwood writes about. It is
 life in the far, wide places,
 vivid, throbbing ~ the deep
 snows, the tall pines! A superb
 cast ~ Jacqueline Logan, Walter
 McGrail, Margaret Livingston,
 J. Farrell MacDonald,
 Robert Cain, Frank
 Keenan; directed by
 Reginald Barker.

Hosts hail him with delight!
BUCK JONES
Ace of the great outdoors ~



HERE is the true type of hardy American
 manhood as seen in his many romantic
 pictures of adventures in the open country.
 From the pens of the best writers, these are
 unvaryingly clean, invigorating, wholesome
 entertainments ~ to be had in the best family
 theatres. He will next be seen in "The Timber
 Wolf," a story by Jackson Gregory,
 and "Durand of the Bad Lands" by
 Maibelle Heikes Justice



Fox Film Corporation.

Aces of Screen



Richard Barthelmess, star of "Shore Leave." Inset, the star and Dorothy Mackaill looking backward going forward.



Norma Talmadge as Princess Yetive. Inset also shows Eugene O'Brien in a scene from the modernized "Graustark."

Richard Barthelmess in "Shore Leave"

WHAT "Classmates" meant to the Army, "Shore Leave" means to the Navy. The swish of the sea, the roll of a gob's romance and the drama of drill are featured on ocean highways with Uncle Sam's sea dogs.

Richard Barthelmess as Bilge Smith, and Dorothy Mackaill as the little dressmaker who gives a party for all the Smiths in the Navy, provide the humorous charm of this adaptation from Hubert Osborne's stage play, originally produced by Belasco.

Presented by Inspiration Pictures as a John S. Robertson production.

Norma Talmadge in "Graustark"

ALL the romantic, soldier of fortune elements are in this modernized "Graustark."

Norma Talmadge, superb queen of the screen, plays the role of Princess Yetive. Eugene O'Brien enacts Grenfall Lorry, the daring American who follows the mysterious woman of his choice to her native land where she stands revealed as a princess.

George Barr McCutcheon's novel, with its gambling, win-all atmosphere, has been a nation-wide favorite for years. Under the tutelage of the gifted foreign director, Dimitri Buchowetzki, the photoplay will be as unforgettable as the book.

First National

Entertainment



Milton Sills, who plays Sandy Donlin, with an insert of the championship fight in "The Knockout."



Corinne Griffith above and with Jack Mulhall from "Classified" in the insert.

Milton Sills in "The Knockout"

"THE champion wins!" The cry, vibrating from ringside fans, finds its echo from movie audiences, for Sills has made another knockout picture.

From the unparalleled beauty of the Canadian lumber country to the glaring lights of a big city arena, the story sweeps in a series of climactic tussles. A conflict of brain against brawn. A champion's heroic comeback.

Lorna Duveen plays opposite Sills. The picture was directed by Lambert Hillyer under Earl Hudson's supervision from M. D. C. Crawford's book, "The Comeback."

Corinne Griffith in "Classified"

RAVISHING with the lure of gorgeous clothes, Corinne Griffith is more entertaining than ever in "Classified," from the novel by Edna Ferber.

It's a different kind of splendor from Miss Griffith's accustomed role. Here it's artifice—the sham of the girl who thinks silks and satins alone will defer the dreaded day of domestic drudgery and marriage. But when the moment of decision comes the girl who abhorred housework makes a surprising choice.

Jack Mulhall and Charles Murray are featured players in this picture, directed by Alfred Santell with June Mathis as editorial director.

Pictures





Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

ACROSS THE DEADLINE—Steiner.—Another feud story. It's mildly entertaining. (June.)

ADVENTURE—Paramount.—Fast action, good comedy and nothing serious to strain your brain. Pauline Starke and Wallace Beery are in it. (June.)

AFTER BUSINESS HOURS—Columbia.—Elaine Hammerstein and Lou Tellegen enact one of those far-fetched domestic dramas. (September.)

AIR MAIL, THE—Paramount.—A high-flying story of thrilling adventures in the government air service. (May.)

AMERICAN PLUCK—Chadwick.—She is a princess and he is only a poor American prize fighter. There is such a thing—but love finds the way! (Sept.)

ANY WOMAN—Paramount.—A trite story of the perils of a refined working girl. Alice Terry heads the cast. (August.)

ARE PARENTS PEOPLE?—Paramount.—Daughter reunites her quarreling parents. The daughter is Betty Bronson; the parents are Florence Vidler and Adolphe Menjou. A thoroughly charming comedy. (August.)

ARIZONA ROMEO, THE—Fox.—The story is weak and silly, but you'll enjoy it because of Buck Jones. (April.)

AS MAN DESIRES—First National.—A colorful and romantic melodrama of the South Sea Isles. (April.)

AWFUL TRUTH, THE—Producers Distributing.—It is awful, at that, and not what anyone would call first-rate amusement. (September.)

BAD COMPANY—First National.—Madge Kennedy and Conway Tearle should know better than this. (May.)

BALTO'S RACE TO NOME—Educational.—A splendid record of Gunnar Kesson's fight through the frozen north to bring the antioxin to Nome. (July.)

BANDIT'S BABY, THE—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson and Silver King make this more amusing than the average Western. (August.)

BARE, SON OF KAZAN—Vitagraph.—Just one of those dog stories of the frozen north. Rather mediocre entertainment. (August.)

BEAUTY AND THE BAD MAN—Producers Distributing.—A gambler in a mining town plays benefactor to a girl with operatic ambitions. The grateful prima donna marries him. Good, if you can believe it. (September.)

BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK—Paramount.—S satire and fantasy so well directed by James Cruze that it is one of the most entertaining pictures of the year. (July.)

BLACK CYCLONE—Pathe.—Rex, the King of Wild Horses, scores one of the hits of the year. The remarkable acting of the not-so-dumb animals makes this unusual amusement. (August.)

BLOODHOUND, THE—F. B. O.—What do you think the Royal Mounted boy does? He gets his man. The man is his brother. That's the plot. (Sept.)

BOOMERANG, THE—Schubert.—It might have been funnier than it is. Anita Stewart and Bert Lytell head the cast. (May.)

BREED OF THE BORDER—F. B. O.—Just one of those Westerns with Lefty Flynn as the quick-drawin', hard-ridin' hero. (May.)

BRIDGE OF SIGHS—Warner Brothers.—Lugubrious hokum with Dorothy Mackall again bidding for your sympathy. (June.)

BROKEN LAWS—F. B. O.—Mrs. Wallace Reid's new picture sounds a caution to indulgent mothers. For parents and children alike. (April.)

BURNING TRAIL, THE—Universal.—An eat-'em-up Western with William Desmond. (June.)

CAFE IN CAIRO, A—Producers Distributing.—Bang-up melodrama with Arabs and Priscilla Dean. (June.)

CAMEL OF THE BARBARY COAST—Associated Exhibitors.—Owen Moore and Mae Busch in a new version of the old theme. Not for the children. (September.)

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT—Preferred.—A propaganda picture against capital punishment with George Hackathorne excellent in the leading role. Depressing. (April.)

CHAMPION OF LOST CAUSES—Fox.—A story of a clever crook. But—sad entertainment. (April.)

CHARLEY'S AUNT—Producers Dist.—Don't miss this. Syd Chaplin becomes a perfect screen comedienne. (April.)

COMING THROUGH—Paramount.—A pleasing Tom Meighan vehicle. Cast good, action splendid. (April.)

CONTRABAND—Paramount.—Merry melodrama with bootleggers as the villains. Lois Wilson and Noah Beery are in it. (June.)

CONFESSIONS OF A QUEEN—Metro-Goldwyn.—Proving that kings and queens are only human, especially kings. Lewis Stone and Alice Terry enact scandal in a royal family. (June.)

CRACKERJACK, THE—C. C. Burr.—Johnny Hines at his liveliest. There's no sease to it but it is lots of fun. (July.)

CRIMSON RUNNER, THE—Producers Distributing.—Exciting times in Vienna with Priscilla Dean as a fascinating lady crook. (June.)

CROWDED HOUR, THE—Paramount.—A war story, humanly told, and well acted by Bebe Daniels. (July.)

CYRANO DE BERGERAC—Atlas.—A commendable film version of Rostand's great play, made by a French company, and excellently acted by Pierre Magnier. (September.)

DANGEROUS INNOCENCE—Universal.—Adapted from "Ann's an Idiot." Nice light romance with Laura La Plante. (May.)

DECLASSE—First National.—Carrine Griffith saves it from being rather tedious society drama. (June.)

DEADWOOD COACH, THE—Fox.—Tom Mix shoots, rides, climbs, leaps and loves his way through this rousing melodrama. You'll like it. (April.)

DENIAL, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—Claire Windsor doubling as mother and daughter in a heavy-handed story. But there's a good Spanish-American war sequence. (May.)

DESERT FLOWER, THE—First National.—Colleen Moore's unflinching vivacity saves it from being just another one of those Cinderella tales. (August.)

DICK TURPIN—Fox.—By far the best thing that Tom Mix ever did. (April.)

DON Q—United Artists.—Douglas Fairbanks stages another great show. It has beauty, adventure and thrills. It's one of the treats of the year. (August.)

DRESSMAKER FROM PARIS, THE—Paramount.—A fashion show with fourteen—count 'em—beautiful models. Leatrice Joy is featured. (May.)

DRUSILLA WITH A MILLION—F. B. O.—It's hokum but it's good hokum and splendidly acted by Mary Carr. Be sure to take a handkerchief with you. (August.)

DUPED—The title tells all. Crook stuff played by Helen Holmes and William Desmond. Not so good. (July.)

ENTICEMENT—First National.—Be sure to leave the children home. A story of a girl's trust in man. (April.)

EVERYMAN'S WIFE—Fox.—Marking the welcome return of Dorothy Foy. Otherwise, just a trite domestic drama. (August.)

EVE'S SECRET—Paramount.—Wherein the Duke educates a peasant girl and marries her. Another version of Pygmalion and Galatea played by Jack Holt and Betty Compton. (August.)

EVE'S LOVER—Warner Brothers.—The story of a modern American girl and her titled husband. Nothing extra, but Irene Rich, Bert Lytell, Clara Bow and Willard Louis are in the cast. (July.)

[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.

CHARMER, THE—Paramount.—Pola Negri triumphs over a bad story and worse comedy. (June.)

CHEAPER TO MARRY—Metro-Goldwyn.—A matrimonial drama along the gold-digger type. Amusing. (April.)

CHICKIE—First National.—Dorothy Mackall gives an appealing performance of a poor working girl. (June.)

CHU CHIN CHOW—Metro-Goldwyn.—Another spectacular production that doesn't amount to a row of pins. (April.)

CLOUD RIDER, THE—F. B. O.—Dandy rehearsal-to-goodness acroplane stunts in this picture. Entertaining. (April.)

CODE OF THE WEST—Paramount.—The city flapper and the noble Westerner are with us again. Attractively staged and well acted. (June.)



MAE MURRAY
plays the Widow



JOHN GILBERT
plays the Prince

ERICH VON STROHEIM'S *Production*

THE MERRY WIDOW

*Revealing the spice of Viennese life and love,
a subject at which he alone is master*

A SENSATIONAL production from the world-famous stage success. Ravishing Mae Murray and John Gilbert, the Screen's Great Lover, bring a new dash and magic to the gayety, the pathos, the tense, gripping drama of this superb masterpiece. And only a Von Stroheim could re-create, in so masterly a fashion, the swirl and glamor of Vienna's mad night life.

Von Stroheim and Benjamin Glazer made the adaptation and scenario from the famous dramatic operetta by Franz Lehar, Victor Leon and Leo Stein, as produced upon the stage by Henry W. Savage.

"The Merry Widow" is a

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Picture

*More
stars
than
there
are
in
Heaven*



He Wants to Meet Our Reviewer

Clifton, N. J.

I observe in the recent issues of PHOTOPLAY a welcome innovation in the "Shadow Stage" department. Your new policy of signed reviews has advanced the magazine one hundred per cent in my estimation.

May I suggest that you introduce these reviewers in next month's "Speaking of Pictures."

JOHN SPALMACIN.

Didn't Like Gloria's Director

Milwaukee, Wis.

Saw Gloria Swanson in "Sans Gene" and so did a dozen or more of my acquaintances. If Gloria Swanson had been directed differently and not remained a washerwoman throughout the whole picture we would all have come away with a sweet taste in our mouths.

CONSTANT READER.

Praise for "Classmates"

Dallas, Texas.

Each month I purchase PHOTOPLAY mainly to read your editorials.

I have just seen "Classmates" with Richard Barthelmess—he was superb in it, but why did they cast Madge Evans for the heroine? I am certainly anxious to see Mae Murray in "The Merry Widow."

MRS. MAYME RICHARDS.

For Dorothy and George

New York, N. Y.

Just a few words in praise of my favorite, George O'Brien. I think he is the finest type of man I have ever seen, both in screen or real life. His work in "The Man Who Came Back" was marvelous. I saw this picture more than once, and outside of "Orphans of the Storm" this was the finest I have ever seen. Before I close, let me say a word for Dorothy MacKail, who acted opposite Mr. O'Brien. She is one of the few who isn't afraid to spoil her fine beauty for realism.

SYDNEY G.

Children and "Broken Laws"

Great Falls, Mont.

It seemed that the aim of Mrs. Wallace Reid, when she made "Broken Laws," was to impress the mothers and fathers upon obedience in the home. In this community, of late, I have heard many children discussing it. If Mrs. Reid did not succeed in impressing the mothers and fathers I am sure the children understood and thanked her for it, for it is a picture that most of them will not sit for.

FLORENCE STAPP.

Knockouts

Sevickley, Pa.

I want to congratulate you on your wonderful magazine. I think it is one of the best on the market. Our family read it every month. There is one rush for it when it comes. Every number is very interesting, especially have we enjoyed the serial, "That Terrible Thorpe Girl." I want to thank you for the picture of Wally Reid in one of your issues; I have framed it to keep always. I hope our future actors will be as good as Wally.

I hope there will be more news of Norma Talmadge, May McAvoy, Mildred Harris and Robert Fraser. They are my favorites. I think that Robert Fraser is one of the best actors there has ever been on the screen.

ELSIE KEVONING

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.

Don't Be a Skeptic

Buffalo, New York.

One of your readers has questioned the worth of "Peter Pan" as a picture for intelligent, grown-up people. He calls it foolishness. Mr. Sceptic, did you ever see air? Of course not, but that's no proof that it's not here. It is only faith, love and romance that can tear aside the veil of an unseen world and see the beauty and glory beyond.

Supreme

Long Island City, N. Y.

There are our actors whom I consider supreme in the films, viz, John Barrymore, Charles Chaplin, Emil Jannings, and Adolphe Menjou. If I were asked for a fifth one, I would unhesitatingly be Raymond Griffith.

Of the directors there are also four that stand in a class by themselves. I allude to Paul Bern, Dimitri Buchowetzki, Ernst Lubitsch and Erich von Stroheim. If again I were asked for a fifth, I would say David W. Griffith.

And as for pictures—they are more difficult to single out. However, I think the best films in order of their superiority are "The Last Laugh," "The Kid," "The Marriage Circle," "Woman of Paris," "Open All Night," and "Greed."

HERMAN G. WEINBERG.

Room For Improvement

Shelton, Conn.

I certainly do like PHOTOPLAY, but why don't you have a picture of Ramon Novarro published in the magazine?

M. TREASOR.

Down With the Cave Man

Jenkintown, Pa.

I have just returned from New York and I must say I saw very few good movies. There are not enough mystery stories to please me. The hero nowadays is always a cave man. I would love to see the hero kiss his girl lightly and not hold it for five or six minutes.

HELEN E. MAGUIRE.

Give Us More Fairy Tales

St. Paul, Minn.

I wish to express my thanks to Betty Bronson and Douglas Fairbanks for the wonderful plays, "Peter Pan" and "The Thief of Bagdad." I hope they will act in some more fairy tale plays.

I also wish to thank Leatrice Joy for her good work in "The Dressmaker from Paris," which I enjoyed very much.

GERTRUDE H. HALL.

Let The Fans Be Of Material Assistance

Hayward, Cal.

Don't you think that we picture fans might be of material assistance to our film favorites in their search for good motion picture material? Surely all booklovers have come across a story that held their interest so that they couldn't lay aside the story until it was finished. When we find that kind of story would it not be a good idea to suggest it for a picture?

I'll start the ball rolling—I want to see Tommy Meighan in "The Dope Doctor." A fine story for a fine star.

MRS. THOMAS BROUGHAM.

If—

Lexington, Mo.

If Irene Rich would cease playing neglected wife roles—if producers would realize that in Mildred Harris they have a player of beauty and ability—if Mac Busch would play in more pictures—if someone would again give Dorothy Phillips a leading role—if Paramount would sign Theda Bara as a star—if D. W. Griffith would again direct Lillian Gish—there would be many fans made happy.

OWEN CONEY.

None Can Compare With The Old Favorites

Huntington, West Va.

Will you please accept my thanks for the nice large portrait of Theda Bara which appeared in the June issue? I appreciate every word of information I hear and can learn about her. And I can hardly believe my eyes when I see her; she is marvelous, I think.

How glorious the opportunity would be of seeing Gladys Brockwell and William Scott together once again. Directors, please consider some of our old favorites and do not cast them to play mother roles every time.

A. H. C.

From the Land of the Heather

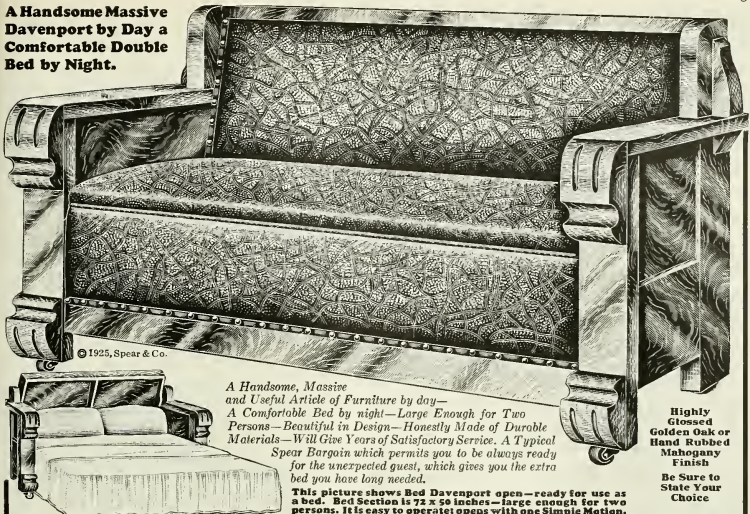
Wishaw, Lanarkshire, Scotland.

Just a letter from Scotland in praise of the only man I see on the screen worth writing about, namely, Rudolph Valentino. I don't believe there is a handsomer fellow alive. As for his acting, he is so natural and gets the right atmosphere. He recently won the popularity contest in Britain's Screen Magazine.

JEAN B. LINDSAY.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 115]

A Handsome Massive Davenport by Day a Comfortable Double Bed by Night.



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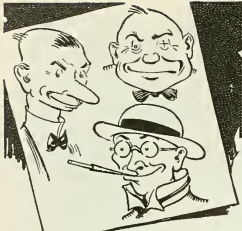
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

EXCUSE ME—Metro-Goldwyn.—A rollicking comedy filled with plenty of good laughs in a novel setting—a transcontinental railroad. (April.)

FAINT PERFUME—B. P. Schulberg.—Faint is right. A jumbled movie-ized version of Zona Gale's excellent novel. (September.)

FIFTH AVENUE MODELS—Universal.—An interesting picture with Mary Philbin splendid in the leading role. (April.)

FIFTY-FIFTY—Associated Exhibitors.—What happens when an American roger marries a French thief. Lionel Barrymore and Hope Hampton are in it. (September.)

FIGHTING DEMON, THE—F. B. O.—Only the very glibbly will like this one. Richard Talmadge dashing through impossible melodrama. (August.)

FOLLY OF VANITY—Fox.—A fantastic trip through Neptune's realm. Stupid. (April.)

FOOL, THE—Fox.—Melodrama with a moral. A dull but impressive version of a stage success with Edmund Lowe in the leading role. (June.)

FREE AND EQUAL—A. H. Woods.—Pulled out of its groove for no good reason. The film is ten years old and deals with racial problems. Not for anybody. (July.)

FRESHMAN, THE—Associated Exhibitor.—Harold Lloyd's comedy of college life is so funny that it defies description. It's the liveliest and most youthful comedy now on the screen. (September.)

FRIENDLY ENEMIES—Producers Distributing.—Weber and Fields doing their stuff in a ready-made plot. (July.)

GALLOPING VENGEANCE—F. B. O.—A Bob Coster Western. Not so good. (May.)

GOLD AND THE GIRL—Fox.—Buck Jones vanquishes a gang of swindlers who are robbing the gold mine. Leave it to Buck, every time. (May.)

GOLD HELMS—Fox.—A trite horse racing story. The racing stars are the only redeeming feature. (April.)

GOLD RUSH, THE—United Artists.—It marks the low-down picture of Charles Chaplin to the screen. A great—but not the greatest—comedy of a fine artist. (September.)

GOOSE HANGS HIGH, THE—Paramount.—A perfect screen comedy with a perfect cast. Bring the whole family. (April.)

GOOSE WOMAN, THE—Universal.—A fine psychological study of a striking but repellent character set in the atmosphere of a murder mystery. Superbly acted by Louise Dresser, Jack Pickford and Constance Bennett. (September.)

GO STRAIGHT—Schulberg.—A crook story dressed up with some off-screen views of the stars at work. Just fair. (July.)

GRASS—Paramount.—The story of the migration of the Lost Tribe of Persia, filmed in the Near East. One of the most impressive pictures ever made. (May.)

GREAT DIVIDE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A pleasing romance with a colorful background and splendid cast. (April.)

GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE—Paramount.—A French farce that just misses being delightfully frothy. Matt Moore and Florence Vidor are in it. (September.)

HAPPY WARRIOR, THE—Vitaphone.—The story is over sentimental, although it has its exciting moments. Malcolm MacGregor is his good. (September.)

HEADLINES—Associated Exhibitors.—A fairly interesting newspaper story with Alice Joyce, Virginia Lee Corbin, Elliott Nugent and Malcolm MacGregor. (September.)

HEADWINDS—Universal.—How to win a girl, says George Peters playing the coveman. Improbable plot but lots of action. (June.)

HEART OF A SIREN, THE—First National.—If you like Barbara La Marr, here's your candy. Clifton Webb contributes some clever comedy. (May.)

HEARTS AND SPURS—Fox.—Buck Jones in a riot of hand-riding. It has plenty of action, so why worry about the story? (August.)

HELEN'S BABIES—Principal.—A nice little entertainment for the children with Baby Peggy furnishing most of the fun. (July.)

HER HUSBAND'S SECRET—First National.—Beautifully photographed but drearily developed. (April.)

HIS BUDDY'S WIFE—Associated Exhibitors.—An exciting Arden story of the World War, capably acted by Edna Murphy and Glenn Hunter. (April.)

HIS SUPREME MOMENT—First National.—Some beautiful colored photography, plenty of bad story and Blanche Sweet and Ronald Colman. (June.)

HOW BAXTER BUTTED IN—Warner Brothers.—Matt Moore as a sappy clerk who would be a hero. He gets his wish. An amusing comedy melodrama. (August.)

HUMAN TORNADO, THE—F. B. O.—Wherein the "wild-ridin'" Westerner again establishes his innocence of a lot of assorted crimes. (September.)

HUNTED WOMAN, THE—Fox.—A lady in search of her husband. Romance complicated by crooks. Nothing extra. (April.)

IF I MARRY AGAIN—First National.—Doris Kenyon and Lloyd Hughes make this romantic hodgepodge worth seeing. (April.)

IF MARRIAGE FAILS?—F. B. O.—Another one of those lovey dramas. Clive Brook, as the rich man, falls in love with a fortune-teller, played by Jacqueline Logan. Not so good for the children. (August.)

ILL SHOW YOU THE TOWN—Universal.—Another hit for Reginald Denny. A genuinely amusing farce. (August.)

INTRODUCE ME—Associated Exhibitors.—Another good reason why Douglas MacLean is rapidly becoming one of our most popular comedians. Fine entertainment. (May.)

ISLE OF VANISHING MEN, THE—Adler.—Life among the cannibals, which is considerably more interesting than life in the average movie. (May.)

I WANT MY MAN—First National.—Murdered version of "The Interpreter's House." Heavy heroes by Milton Sills. (June.)

JIMMIE'S MILLIONS—F. B. O.—A tiresome picture. Richard Talmadge fights, runs and climbs buildings throughout. (April.)

JUST A WOMAN—First National.—Just a picture. Redeemed by some good acting by Claire Windsor, Frey Marsmont and Coway Tearle. (August.)

KEEP SMILING—Associated Exhibitors.—In which Monty Banks again tries to prove that he's a comedian. (September.)

KISS BARRIER, THE—Fox.—Chaire Adams and Edmund Lowe in a light romance. (July.)

KISS IN THE DARK, A—Paramount.—Sophisticated satire that sometimes misses fire. But that isn't the fault of Adolphe Menjou. (May.)

KISS ME AGAIN—Warner Brothers.—An ideal picture for adults. It's sophisticated, witty and shrewd. Ernst Lubitsch directed it and Marie Prevost, Monte Blue and Clara Bow are in the cast. (July.)

KIVALINA OF THE ICE LANDS—Earl Rossmat.—Like "Nanook of the North," another fine picture made within the Arctic Circle. (September.)

LADIES OF THE NIGHT—Metro-Goldwyn.—A well-told story of the two social worlds with some good comedy. Excellent acting by Norma Shearer, who plays a dual role. (July.)

LADY, THE—First National.—This mother-love story by Norma Talmadge is a great emotional acter. Be sure to see this! (April.)

LADY WHO LIED, THE—First National.—A colorful production with a rather weak plot, ably acted by Lewis Stone, Nita Naldi and Virginia Valli. Not for the children. (September.)

LAST LAUGH, THE—U. F. A.—One of the greatest character studies ever produced. (April.)

LEARNING TO LOVE—First National.—Constance Talmadge endeavors to show modern girls the various ways to capture a husband. Good comedy. (April.)

LIGHT OF THE WESTERN STARS—Paramount.—One of Zane Grey's standard Western stories with Noah Beery as a swell villain. (Sept.)

LILIES OF THE STREET—F. B. O.—Just white stuff which tries to be sensational—but doesn't succeed. (June.)

LITTLE FRENCH GIRL, THE—Paramount.—A study in French and English morals, not particularly suited to the screen. Alice Joyce and Mary Brian take the acting honors. (August.)

LITTLE GIANT, THE—Universal.—A nice little story of young married life with Glenn Hunter and Edna Murphy. (September.)

LIMITED MAIL, THE—Warner Brothers.—Monte Blue in a railroad melodrama that sometimes misses fire. (September.)

LOST—A WIFE—Paramount.—Adolphe Menjou and Greta Nissen in one of those devilish French farces. Fairly amusing. (September.)

LOST LADY, THE—Warner Bros.—A drab story. Irene Rich gives one of the finest performances of her career. (April.)

LOST WORLD, THE—First National.—A spectacular production introducing pre-historic animals. Cleverly done. (April.)

LOVE'S BARGAIN—F. B. O.—An interesting and convincing story of domestic life in the theater world. (May.)

LUCKY DEVIL, THE—Paramount.—Richard Dix dashes through an extremely dashing and entertaining automobile story. (September.)

LYING WIVES—Abramson.—Lots of intense domestic trouble enjoyed by a batch of characters who seem to be half-witted. (July.)

MADAME SANS GENE—Paramount.—Glória Swanson in her greatest role. The celebrated story was filmed in its authentic French background. Don't miss it. (June.)

MAD DANCER, THE—Jans.—A mean trick little title Ann Pennington who deserves something better. Not for the kids. (July.)

MAD WHIRL, THE—Universal.—You'll be surprised to see May McAvoy in this story of the evils of cocktail drinking. May leads the crusade against the vice. (September.)

MAKING OF O'MALLEY, THE—First National.—Milton Sills glorifies the New York cop. Dorothy MacCallie is first school teacher who marries him. (September.)

MAN AND MAID—Metro-Goldwyn.—One of Elinor Glyn's dime novels. Milder than usual. (June.)

MAN OF IRON, A—Chadwick.—Lionel Barrymore attempts to prove that a man may be great in business but a dud with women. He does. (Sept.)

MANHATTAN MADNESS—Associated Exhibitors.—Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor revive the old prize fights. Who is going to be silly enough to say anything against the heavyweight champion? (September.)

MANICURE GIRL, THE—Paramount.—She tries to be a gold-digger but true romance wins. Bebe Daniels in a pert comedy. (September.)

MANSON OF ACHING HEARTS, THE—Schuberg.—An unwary story that shouldn't have been filmed. (May.)

MARRIAGE IN TRANSIT—Fox.—Secret service plot No. 48. Routine entertainment. (June.)

MARRIAGE WHIRL, THE—First National.—Amusing and rather tedious exposé of the evils of society. Corinne Griffith is in it. (September.)

MARRY ME—Paramount.—James Cruze does his best with a slender story. Florence Vidor and Edward Everett Horton do good work. (September.)

MEDDLER, THE—Universal.—William Desmond as a rich Wall Street Man who hits the open spaces and hits them hard. (July.)

MEN AND WOMEN—Paramount.—Stilted and old-fashioned drama which even Richard Dix cannot make interesting. (June.)

MIDNIGHT GIRL, THE—Chadwick.—Proving that it is hard for good girls to get along. Respectably entertaining, but not for children. (May.)

MIDNIGHT MOLLY—F. B. O.—Evelyn Brent in a dual crook role proves to be rather interesting. (April.)

MIRACLE OF THE WOLVES—Special.—A gorgeous and impressive French production that accurately recreates the France of Louis XI. But it is badly cut and edited for American audiences. (May.)

MISS BLUEBEARD—Paramount.—Plenty of laughs can be obtained from the love affairs of a French actress. Bebe Daniels plays the leading role. (April.)

MONSTER, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A real thriller with lots of mystery. (April.)

MY SON—First National.—Some real acting by Nazimova and Jack Pickford. Outside of that, just a movie. (June.)

MY WIFE AND I—Warner Brothers.—Constance Bennett again as a home-wrecker, with Irene Rich as the wife. Another domestic drama. (June.)

NECESSARY EVIL, THE—First National.—Impudent and far-fetched with Viola Dana and Ben Lyon to save the day. (July.)

NEVER WEAKEN—Associated Exhibitors.—A welcome revival of a Harold Lloyd comedy. (Sept.)

NEW LIVES FOR OLD—Paramount.—Fine entertainment with a cast, well directed and fine photography. (April.)

NEW TOYS—First National.—A comedy of married life. Dick Barthelme and Mary Hay (Mrs. Barthelme) are the married couple. (April.)

NIGHT CLUB, THE—Paramount.—Which proves that Raymond Griffith is one of our foremost young comics. Great amusement. (July.)

NIGHT SHIP, THE—Dumas.—It isn't supposed to be funny, but it is. (June.)

NIGHT LIFE OF NEW YORK—Paramount.—A round of sight-seeing in New York's hotels and night clubs. You are accompanied by Rod La Rocque, Dorothy Gish and Ernest Torrence. It's lots of fun. (September.)

OLD HOME WEEK—Paramount.—A Grade A Thomas Meighan picture—his best in a long time. George Ade wrote the story and Lila Lee is in it. (August.)

ONE YEAR TO LIVE—First National.—Alleen Franz hears the sentence of the doctor and then cuts loose in Paris. It all turns out all right. (September.)

ONE WAY STREET—First National.—Just a dull picture. Not for the children and not for their fastidious elders. Anna O. Nilsson works hard, however. (June.)

ON PROBATION—Steiner.—The escapades of a rich flapper. It's fair enough if you are not tired of the escapades of the younger set. (August.)

ON THIN ICE—Warner Brothers.—Gangsters, bank robberies and policemen as good crook story well acted by Tom Moore, William Russell and Edith Roberts. (May.)

OPENS TRAIL, THE—Universal.—Jack Hoxie dresses up like an Indian and gives the young boys a good time. (July.)

PAMPERED YOUTH—Vitagraph.—A main street picture of a spoiled, selfish, high handed young man. Not so good. (April.)

PARASITE, THE—B. P. Schulberg.—A society drama of a divorced woman who tries to regain her husband's love. Not much. (April.)

PARISIAN NIGHTS—F. B. O.—Latin Quarter stuff in zat gat Parer with Apaches and such-like to keep things going. (May.)

PASSIONATE YOUTH—Truant.—Now, really, after all, what did you expect from the title? (Sept.)

PATHS TO PARADISE—Paramount.—Raymond Griffith again proves that he is a real star in this riotous crook comedy. (September.)

PEAK OF FATE, THE—Frank E. Rogers.—A fine scenic with an incidental love story—filmed in the Swiss Alps. (September.)

PERCY—Associated Exhibitors.—Charles Ray returns to the old comedies. A fine comedy performance by Charlie Murray. (June.)

PLAYING WITH SOULS—First National.—The story of a bad boy who tries to go to the bad. He doesn't, but the picture does. (May.)

PRETTY LADIES—Metro-Goldwyn.—A good human interest story plus the Ziegfeld Follies and an all-star cast. A treat for the eye and a fine show. (September.)

PRICE OF PLEASURE, THE—Universal.—In which Cinderella is high-bitted by the Prince's family. Some good comedy by Louise Fazenda and T. Roy Barnes. (August.)

PRIVATE AFFAIRS—Producers Distributing.—A charming story of small town life, accurately presented and well acted. (September.)

PROUD FLESH—Metro-Goldwyn.—Excellent satire, charmingly presented with three fine performances by Harrison Ford, Eleanor Boardman and Pat O'Malley. (June.)

QUO VADIS—First National.—Martyrdom of the Christians during the reign of Nero. (April.)

RAFFLES—Universal.—A good crook story marred by some slow direction. House Peters heads the cast. (July.)

RAG MAN, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—Jackie Coogan—grown slightly taller—in an appealing and amusing picture. (May.)

RAINBOW TRAIL, THE—Another Zane Grey story. Good for all boys. (June.)

RECOMPENSE—Warner Brothers.—Sex stuff with Monte Blue and Marie Prevost enjoying the agony. (June.)

REDEEMING SIN, THE—Vitagraph.—Nazimova romping through the role of an Apache can't be handed much. (April.)

RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE—Fox.—Considering the story, it's a disappointment. But good scenery, good photography—and Tom Mix. (May.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]

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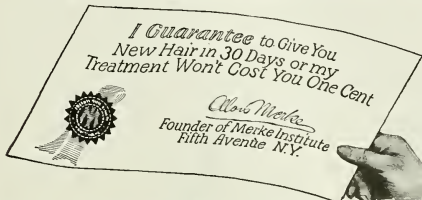
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Gene Koraman

New Pictures

THEY want to make a dramatic star of Jobyna Ralston but Jobyna prefers to remain as Harold Lloyd's leading woman — for the present, anyway. And Lloyd feels that her demure and ingenuous beauty is a big asset in his comedies.



Melbourne Spurr

A YOUNG woman with possibilities of real greatness—Norma Shearer. In spite of her phenomenal rise in popularity, Norma has kept her head and her performances are growing in sweep and vitality. You will see her next in "The Tower of Lies."



Melbourne Spurr

THE two Muses of the Talmadge family—Constance and Norma—the Gay and the Serious. Please notice Constance's new and fashionable wave-less. This camera study of the sister stars is one of the most attractive they ever have had taken.



Strauss-Peyton

WHEN Florenz Ziegfeld produces his own movies, Kathlyn Martin may be one of his gifts to the screen. Some of the brightest stars in the movies have been graduates of Mr. Ziegfeld's training school so Kathlyn has the advantage of some distinguished precedents.



Strauss-Peyton

IT WAS Florenz Ziegfeld who first recognized the beauty of Marion Davies and made her one of his featured dancers. Marion is now the most conspicuously successful of the Ziegfeld alumnae. Appropriately enough, her new picture is "Lights of Old Broadway."



Walter Frederick Seely

BEN LYON—one of the favorites of the younger set. He emerged from the ranks of the unknown to become one of our most popular leading men. Now he is to be the center of interest in a new light comedy called "The Pace That Thrills."



Melbourne Spurr

THE first formal portrait of Barbara Bedford and her young daughter. If Barbara is unwilling to appear very often on the screen, it's because she would rather stay home and play with the baby. In private life, Barbara is Mrs. Albert Roscoe.



The winsome guardian of your hair cries:
"Simple care is safest!"

MAYBE you don't believe in elves any more, but a lovely real one watches over your hair and she trembles with fear every time you say, "Well, what should I try next?"

"Don't experiment," she pleads. "Just get your hair clean and soft and beautiful, and that is so easy."

Elves don't ordinarily bother much with scientific matters, but they have been investigating the writings of scientific gentlemen who really know.

This is what they found:

"You can keep your hair beautiful and fluffy and glossy by cheerfully shampooing it two or three times a month with pure soap and soft water, and by gaily brushing it thoroughly every day with a clean brush to give it the glorious sheen that every woman wants."

When it comes to soap, the elves just naturally assume that you will use Ivory. They know



IVORY SOAP · 99% Pure · It Floats
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it is pure and mild and safe. When you massage your shapely head with that lovely rich Ivory lather and feel the tiny cleansing bubbles getting right down to the depths of your hair, you, too, will know how pure and mild and safe it is. And, oh, how fine your head will feel and how beautiful your hair will look—soft and fluffy and deliciously clean smelling.

You will use Ivory for your face and hands and bath too, of course, just as millions of other careful women do.

Procter & Gamble

PHOTOPLAY

October, 1925

Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

WITH the release of the "Merry Widow," John Gilbert may as well make up his mind not to fare forth into the public places without the aid of police protection.

Not since Rudolph Valentino flashed across the screen in "The Four Horsemen," has there been such a performance of a glowingly romantic role as Gilbert gives in "The Merry Widow."

Gilbert has been rapidly becoming an idol, now he will become an epidemic.

If there is such a thing as equalling the Valentino vogue, Gilbert is the man to do it.

It's all easy to explain, aside from any consideration of Gilbert's ability and magnetism.

He has had the chance of his life in a perfect romantic role set in a glitteringly brilliant background.

Gilbert's performance of *Prince Danilo* comes at the exact moment to give impetus to the vogue and to set the standard for the new type of idol.

After the picture was shown for the reviewers, one woman left the projection room saying sadly, "I'm going to take a boat for Europe and stay there until the Gilbert craze has subsided."

NO dinner party in the film world is complete unless it brings forth a new anecdote about Elinor Glyn.

A certain actress, then a newcomer to the screen, was personally selected by Madame Glyn for the leading role in one of her famous love epics.

Elinor was sure that Fate had designed the actress especially for the role, but when the picture was presented, some of the critics had their doubts, and, in their crude way, they pointed to a few deficiencies in her portrayal of the part.

The actress read the notices and tearfully telephoned Madame Glyn for comfort and reassurance.

Assurance is what Madame Glyn has plenty of.

"My child, I am disappointed in you," she said. "You have been reading the critics. It's the first time I ever have known you to do a common thing."

IT would seem that Mae Murray was having more than her share of tough breaks.

First they gave her Von Stroheim to direct "The Merry Widow," and on her next and last picture under her contract they handed her his compatriot, Josef Von Sternberg.

She battled herself sick to make "The Merry Widow."

Von Stroheim photographed it in extremely censorable form, which does not appear on the screen.

VON STERNBERG is the chap who made "The Salvation Hunters," as his first picture.

It was praised by Chaplin, who now says his recommendation was just a little joke, and the newcomer was given a job at Metro, where he made "The Exquisite Sinner," that has never appeared on the screen except at one preview in a small California theater.

I saw it there and in my humble judgment it was one of the dullest things ever made.

The only reason I can see for assigning him to Mae Murray is that the Metro-Goldwyn producing forces are taking a long chance on Von Sternberg's making a good one with the assistance of Miss Murray, thus justifying themselves in hiring him.

No wonder she is going to work in Europe.

IT is eminently fitting that the most extreme and untrue statement ever made about Hollywood in public print was uttered by Ben Hecht, the author of one of the most obscene books ever printed (privately, of course) in America.

He says, "It is not impossible, psychologically considered, that the day will come when the Hollywood director will not be able to go on with his work—when his entire cast for 'The Happy Samaritan' will be lying in the last stages of delirium tremens on the floor of a local seraglio."

Spoken like a pure-minded little Boy Scout.

NOW Joseph Schenk has signed Eric Von Stroheim to direct Constance Talmadge. Mr. Von Stroheim will write the story, direct it, and also act in it.

Von always prefers to act in them, because then if he's more than a couple of years on it, they can't fire him, because he's part of the picture.

No one has greater regard for Mr. Schenk than myself. I hope he can make Eric Von Stroheim a commercial possibility.

He can direct. He is a great actor. But to date he has not made that genius usable—he has wasted so much money and so much time that no one could afford his services.

It would be a great addition to the screen if Mr. Schenk's well-known diplomacy and foresight could actually get him into shape.

The Rival

Which is your ideal of the
new screen heroes?

Everybody is taking sides

By Dorothy Spensley



RONALD COLMAN

IT has caused more controversy than the first one-piece bathing suit.

More friendships have been split—more engagements severed—more homes broken than over the question of the right to bob.

The query pops up in the most unheard of places—at the most unheard of times. It makes its indignant appearance in fan magazine columns—gushingly it is wafted from girls' select schools—hesitantly it emanates from old ladies' homes. At church socials it makes its vital appearance—even happy homes are rocked by the argument—and, wonder upon wonders, Hollywood itself discusses the question.

The momentous query?—Who is the ideal screen lover . . . Ronald Colman or John Gilbert?

In the heyday of the Latin lover there was no need to propound this question. The flapper fans were all for one—and the flipper fans sat back with folded arms and sneered. The adored Adonis had the men in the audience completely out-classed. His love-making by comparison made theirs look like country yokels. Thus the men greeted the pro tem Lord of Love with ill-veiled sneers.

But Gilbert and Colman are different. The men in the audience feel the difference. There is a spirit of camaraderie

between the actor and them. The men feel that Gilbert and Colman have the intelligence and the weaknesses of ordinary mortals. They may excel in wooing, but despite that they are all-around fellows with all-around faults and failings. They are not demi-gods, and they don't pretend to be.

The tolerance of the male is good ballast for the adoration of the female. Whether Gilbert or Colman is the most popular rests entirely upon the individual.

"Some like 'em hot—some like 'em cold" we used to chant when we were youngsters—referring to bean porridge, of course. With all apologies to Mother Goose, or the eminent individual who first concocted the immortal verse, we repeat the phrase—not referring, however, to bean porridge!

That's where the difference in Gilbert and Colman lies.

Gilbert is the tempestuous lover—sweeping you away to uncharted lands with the ardor of his pursuit. Colman is the reserved lover—teasing you by his imperturbability—tormenting you by his apparent indifference—and finally unleashing a fervor of intensity. And Great Pete, how they love it!

And even sated and surfeited Hollywoodan is talking about them. An unusual occurrence for Hollywood to give more than a slight comment on the array of beauty and talent that passes unendingly before its eyes. Like the ceaseless line of ducks that waddle before your vision in the shooting galleries of Coney Island.

"A great fellow—Jack," says Mr. Hollywood.

"Jack is wonderful!" breathes Miss Hollywood with a sigh of reminiscence.

"Colman is mighty fine," vouchsafes Mr. Hollywood.

"Mr. Colman is wonderful—but such an enigma!" sighs Miss Hollywood in curiosity.

Jack, you see, is a Hollywood character. He has been a Hollywoodan for some years and is thoroughly acquainted with its caprices. Parties in the abstract—Hollywood's measure of meeting a man's worth—have long since lost their appeal to him. Ronald (so far no one has publicly dared to call him "Ronnie") is a comparative newcomer . . . and neither does he attend parties. It is not lack of invitation that excludes him—it is apparent lack of interest. Thus the little "enigma."

The Sphinx

He has the romance of mystery—the lure of the unknown. He can be both bashful and brutal, tender and crushing. And he is the great enigma of Hollywood.

Nordic Lovers

Read this analysis by a
new screen writer
and make up your mind

But before we go farther let us hear something of the lives of these two men who, as great screen lovers, are alike only that they have both appeared on the legitimate stage and that they have both had matrimonial difficulties—the latter being plentifully aired in court and the printed page.

Their births and rearing were entirely dissimilar. One was born in America—the other in Europe. Their lives parallel in that they have both appeared on the legitimate stage and that they have both had matrimonial difficulties—the latter being plentifully aired in court and the printed page.

Gilbert was practically born to the stage. His parents were theatrical people—a traveling troupe of performers—and he was delivered, as a matter of life's routine, in Logan, Utah. A precocious child, Jack soon discovered that tinsel trimmings have sham backs, and when other children were flying kites and playing ball Jack was solving problems of living that would puzzle an older person.

He grew into a handsome chap and probably acted as handsome does . . . a gay young blade . . . disillusioned before he was experienced. He fell in love and married. He fell out of love and divorced. He went in pictures. Acted a bit and then decided to write and direct. He did both with a certain degree of success and then fell in love again. Just like him. Tempestuous—knowing that wild infatuation would not endure—hoping against hope it would. A lucrative contract was offered tempting him to return to acting.

A steady salary and Leatrice Joy as his wife were too much to resist. Jack donned the greasepaint. Two artists with temperaments to match. A clash of the latter. Separation. Contriteness on Jack's part—forgiveness on Leatrice's.

Temporary peace. Another clash, followed by separation. More contriteness and more forgiveness. But the Snake had entered Eden. Something indefinable had fled at the coming of the Serpent. More separations with a grand finale in the form of a divorce.

Twice burned—thrice shy. Jack now looks at life minus the rosy goggles of love. Cool and calm, he recognizes the foibles of human nature, but instead of developing into a paragon upon a gilded pedestal—a recluse from a worldly life—Jack gazes with kindly tolerance upon the human race and admits that he is not entirely immune.

Colman, likable mystery that he is, was born in England, educated there and not until young manhood did he make his stage debut. That's all he will tell. Maybe he's right!



Vesuvius

He's the unexpected
and the temperamen-
tal—the man of storms
and calms. He has gay-
ety and daring. And
he is one of the few
free spirits of the
screen world.

JOHN GILBERT

Then came the Great Strife and, like a Berta Ruck hero, he donned the khaki and fought for his Britain. The war over, he changed his costume for mufti and returned to the stage.

But not for long. Henry King, then in Europe to film "The White Sister," wanted a personable youth for the hero. Colman was chosen. He followed this performance by "Romola" and then joined the King caravan permanently, returning to America with them. His phenomenal success is a matter of common property.

He, too, has had his marital troubles. Nicely ensconced as Hollywood's most eligible bachelor, he was blatantly reminded not so long ago that there was a wife in the offing. The news jarred, but did not break, Hollywood's sensibilities. Quick to forgive its whimsical children, Hollywood now regards Ronald as its most popular demi-bachelor.

"A Berta Ruck hero" we called Colman. Remember, in your school-girlish days, how you devoured her stories of the stalwart and grim young man—usually in service and an officer—more usually a flyer—and the piquant young English girl who loved him through misunderstanding after misunderstanding? He was brusque and a bit bashful in the first part of the book. Toward the middle of the volume, when difficulties came thick and fast, he was

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 110]

Why Many Movie

Can studio marriages withstand the calls of art and romance?

By Herbert Howe



SENECA said that women of rank counted their years by their husbands. Juvenal said that it was in that fashion they counted their days.

These references were not to the ladies of Hollywood but to those of Rome, which only goes to show how history repeats itself.

The happiest couple I have encountered in the picture business are a couple of ducks living on Dick Rowland's estate. They go South for the winter and return in the spring. It started out as a triangle affair, "the other man" living with them. But on the first trip South he ducked out, due mayhap to pressure from Will Hays.

Some claim that only the dumb enjoy happiness on this mundane sphere. Certainly there is nothing dumber than ducks. This couple in particular; all of the children born to them went out and got themselves drowned, which is about as dumb a thing as a duck can do.

If only the dumb were blessed with happy marriages, Hollywood might be the happiest place on earth; there are enough ducks here, the good Lord knows, but few of them are happily wedded.

What an actor demands is not a wife but an audience



Even one of the first screen romances has gone on the rocks. Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne went to live in Hollywood—and soon after they parted company

Art is selfish and marriage is self-Vidor worked together until they might mean the elimination of one

Marriages FAIL!

Hollywood, California

Can self-expression flourish
in the confines of matrimony?



And no human being enjoys
playing audience for long



Once Mae Murray played audience to Bob Leonard. Mae wanted applause, too. They're still friends but no longer married

A famous star recently confided a woeful tale to me:

"I know divorce is inevitable," she said, "and I'm sick about it. I love him and he loves me, but our marriage is doomed for the rocks."

Since they are notably devoted, I might have been moved to a polite surprise were such an emotion possible in Hollywood.

He is a director and she an actress; divorce is inevitable. Shortly after their marriage he came home and acted the story he was directing. It was a good story—at least she thought it was. And he acted it only as Salvini could—at least she thought he did. She cried and she laughed and she carried on perfectly, as only a bride could under the spell of a bridegroom.

Came other nights—as they do in the land of subtitles. His performances continued with the regularity of a stock company. They were as good as ever, but hers were not. As an audience she gradually failed to react, until, to [CONTINUED ON PAGE 96]



sacrificing. Florence and King found that further domesticity—or both—in the race for fame



It was a real romance—that of Leatrice Joy and John Gilbert. But in Hollywood, except in certain conspicuous instances, two stars seldom flourish under the same roof

Everybody's Doing It Now



You have never really danced until you have learned the fascinatin' rhythm of the Charleston. Here's a lesson by Hollywood's champion.

IT took place at a party given recently by Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Valentino—the great Charleston Contest of Hollywood. The two contestants were Ann Pennington and Bessie Love. Now Ann is the undisputed champion of the stage and her fame had spread before her to Hollywood. However, Hollywood backed its own Bessie Love and the movie colony votes that Bessie has a slight shade of advantage on Penny.

When PHOTOPLAY heard of the contest, it asked Bessie to give its readers a few lessons in the intricacies of the steps. Bessie consented to pose for pictures illustrating the most important steps. There are, of course, many variations but if you have mastered the principles of the dance, the rest will come easy.



STEPS Nos. 1, 2 and 3. No. 1. Place arms on hips, bend body forward and step forward with the knees stiff. Then give a double dip on each knee before taking the next step and then on to number two. No. 2. Swinging arms in opposite directions, body bent forward, point right foot forward. Then heel-toe to side and back. Next heel-toe to front, changing to left foot and repeat. No. 3. Bend body forward, knees slightly bent, and place hands on knees while moving knees inward and outward, alternate crossing arms with hands on knees in scissors fashion.

BESSIE LOVE Shows You How



STEPS Nos. 4, 5 and 6. With arms swung to opposite side, skip to right, pointing the toe. Swing body slightly back, raising the hands upward. Point right foot forward and point heel, bending the body far back with the hands extended, palms outward, above the head



STEP No. 7. Start by repeating Step No. 2 and duplicate, with the exception of kicking forward from the knee only, instead of pointing forward with the toe

STEPS Nos. 8 and 9. This is a twist from front to back by placing the right foot point forward over the left and swinging the body in complete half circle. Repeat with the left foot over the right and swing back to front in position again for finish of the Charleston. A good finish to the dance is to point the right foot forward, extending the right arm to the side and raising the left hand over the head with the palm outward

The Charleston is one of those things that, like a striking slang phrase, seems to come from nowhere, yet is instantly everywhere. It may be said, almost literally, to have broadcast itself. It just came naturally, like time or space, no beginning and, apparently, no end.

It's hard to remember where and when you heard jazz music the first time, isn't it? Well, the Charleston is just like that. So new and yet, oh, so universal!

Maybe you came upon it first in a cabaret, maybe you saw it at a theater, maybe you had got tired a bit of stepping the old steps, and then one of your friends dragged you out of your shell and over to a ballroom floor where the Charleston was giving everyone that peppy old dance thrill you used to enjoy with the old steps.

Well, anyway, who cares? Especially the dancers.

Everyone's doing it. Everyone's enjoying it.

And that's enough.

The Charleston is the one big hit, the grand national performance. More people know the steps now than ever could

sing the words to the "Star Spangled Banner." If you're one of those who've never danced before you've got a treat in store for you.

Don't try to do the dance fast at first. If you do, you'll get into difficulties. It is better, says Bessie, to go slow at first and be sure to get the steps accurately. While the steps themselves aren't extremely difficult, the Charleston requires a lithe and active body and it takes a little training. Incidentally, it is a good dance to learn if you want to reduce or to keep in trim.

The Charleston has given the studio orchestras something to do when they are not supplying music for the scenes. Above, on the opposite page, you see a picture of Anna Q. Nilsson and Shirley Mason "doing their stuff" between scenes. To their right is Ann Pennington, champion of the stage.

All Hollywood is now spending its spare time mastering such steps as "The Turkish," "Falling Down Stairs" and "Picking Cherries." And it is also predicting that some musical comedy producer will sign up Bessie Love to do her Charleston in a New York revue.

Those Were the Good



Ben Turpin and Marie Prevost were among the reckless merrymakers who lived for their Art and Payday

"I WAS," said Mr. Wallace MacDonald, "one of the original Keystone cops."

This statement, only casually thrown out, stopped all traffic in George's dining room at the Hotel Algonquin. Three soup spoons at adjoining tables were halted in mid-air. Several waiters stopped dead in their tracks. Two actors and an ingenue ceased talking for the first time in months. A novelist and a playwright, at adjoining tables, edged their chairs a little nearer. An impressionable young person rushed up to Mr. MacDonald for his autograph.

It's easy to get an audience in New York—or anywhere else—if you only have a good opening line.

"Yes, yes, go on!" shouted an admiring chorus.

"It's as I say," continued Mr. MacDonald, slightly abashed even though he has been leading man to every feminine star in the business, "I was once a Keystone cop."

"And did you really ride in the great skidding patrol wagon?" asked one of the foremost members of the Intelligentsia.

"Indeed I did," answered Mr. MacDonald, "I rode in the patrol wagon five days out of every week. On the sixth day—that was pay day, all of us cops fell in the lake. Every Saturday we had to go to the park and fall in the lake. Or, sometimes, just for a change, we fell into the ocean—just off the pier at Venice."

"It must have been great fun," murmured a polite person.

"Yes and no," answered Mr. MacDonald. "It was better to fall in than to be kicked in. Charlie Chaplin has kicked me into every lake in Los Angeles. Those were the good old days. No actor was too great to kick another actor, even an actor he hardly knew."

The novelist at the next table ordered another supply of popovers with extra butter and turned to MacDonald. "Tell me all," he begged, "begin at the beginning." Richard Barthelmess asked for more pie and then listened to MacDonald with all the eagerness of a kiddie tuning in on Uncle Squeech at the radio bed-time hour.

"Well," Mr. MacDonald went on, "as Schopenhauer so truly said, life is one grand wow. Not so many years ago, as time flies, I was the business manager of a traveling theatrical company. I acted, too, if one could call it that—although few did. However, that has nothing to do with the story.

"I was such a good business manager that the company soon stranded in El Paso, Texas. El Paso is a fine place to



Mack Sennett, Irish Czar of the Slapstick Empire

When the stars were cops and bathing girls and when big-hearted Mack Sennett be-

A Sentimental Interview By Agnes Smith

get stranded. It's so far from everywhere. Among those present in the company was Raymond Hatton. Raymond was the character man and he painted scenery when he wasn't acting. He was a better actor than a painter.

"But this isn't the story of Raymond Hatton. Anyway, by accident, I happened to have a little money left after the smash so I went to Los Angeles because I had heard tell of the movies.



When in doubt, Sennett tossed 'em in the water. Charlie Murray and Louise Fazenda as they were in the days when acting was no joke—except to the audience

Old Days! Is Zat So?

came a millionaire by paying them \$25 a week—laundry and pies thrown in

Taking my proverbial last nickle, which was no joke at the time, I rode out to what I thought was the Thomas H. Ince studio and asked for the man who employed actors.

"A solemn-looking Irishman met me. 'What do you want?' he asked. 'I want to be a dramatic actor,' I answered, for in those days I had no better sense.

"The Irishman looked a little mad—and well he might. 'What do you want to do that for?' he asked. Well, I couldn't think of any convenient answer—nothing that would make sense—so I just stood there. 'Come around in the morning,' he said, 'and you can work for me.'

"Need I tell you that the Irish hero was Mack Sennett? And need I tell you that I reported for work the next day, without asking again as to the nature of the work, the wages or the period of servitude? Remember, what I told you about the last nickle was strictly true.

"Well, as Baudelaire was fond of saying, life isn't all polo and golf and you are only young once. On my first day at the Key-



Wallace MacDonald when he was in the Keystone Age



Betty Compson was leading woman for Roscoe Arbuckle in Sennett's School for Ambitious Young Players

stone studio, I joined up with the force. I was given a handsome policeman's uniform to start me on my career. And let me say, here and now, all during my employment on the Keystone lot, I had the best uniform of any of the boys.

"I was very proud of that uniform. I kept the buttons nice and shining. I took good care of it. And I was rewarded, for I had only been playing cops for a few weeks, when I was given a chance to play a juvenile. But that didn't mean that I had graduated from playing cops. Sennett had a way of rotating his players. For several weeks you played cops and then you stepped out and acted one of the principal parts.

"All the actors were cops, except Chaplin and Roscoe Arbuckle. There was Ford Sterling, for instance. Sterling was the desk sergeant. He was the fellow who sat at the telephone and received the complaints. He was wonderful at registering horror. In fact, Sterling was the best police sergeant I ever have known—before or since—on or off the screen."

"If I may interrupt," put in a prominent theatrical producer, "who were the other members of the force?"

"A very pertinent question," answered Mr. MacDonald, "we had many unusual members. There was, for instance, Chester Conklin. Do you remember the good old *Walrus*? And there were Eddie Kline and Eddie Sutherland, now directors, gone to glory, as you might say. Mack Swain—he was *Ambrose*—was a mean, villainous cop. And there was Buster Keaton—"

"You don't say!" came the chorus.

"Yes, Buster worked in the Arbuckle comedies. What a pretty fall that young boy could take! And he can still take 'em. And there was Hank Mann, the boy with the Theda Bara eyes and the Elihu Root hair-cut. And there was Al St. John. Al worked with Arbuckle, too. He first became famous because he could eat beans with a knife. It wasn't anything Al learned; it was a natural gift with him.

"Al was the property boy when he wasn't a cop or working in an Arbuckle picture. And, of course, Mabel Normand was there—as great a worker and as great a comic as anyone would want. Minta Durfee—she was married to Arbuckle then—was Roscoe's leading woman. We didn't have any bathing girls. Sennett didn't use 'em in his earliest pictures."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 108]



The happy young woman who is keeping her bathing suit dry is Gloria Swanson. The girl friend is Phyllis Haver. They had no million dollar contracts to worry them

Gloria's New Picture



Gloria's most striking make-up. She plays the heroine's mother in a short episode



Here are some of the characters that attended the Movie Ball in Gloria Swanson's new success, "The Coast of Folly." Of course you recognize them. One of the most original scenes in the picture takes place in this episode. Gloria, herself, dressed as Pollyanna, sees a figure labeled "Clotheshorse." "Who is that?" she asks. "That is Gloria Swanson," it is explained. Whereupon Gloria obligingly fixes the make-up of the "Clotheshorse" to make the likeness more effective. It is the only time in the movies that a star has deliberately "kidded" herself. And it proves, if proof were necessary, that Gloria is a good sport



"Here," says Gloria to the "Clotheshorse," "you don't look like Miss Swanson. Allow me to fix your nose for you." A scene wherein the Marquise kids a former incarnation

Wanted—Ladies of Refinement

I SEE by your magazine that young ladies of refinement and breeding are wanted in pictures," writes a refined one. "This certainly is news to me. How in the world does a young lady of refinement and breeding come to go into pictures?"

In an effort toward making a conscientious reply I have held several conferences with Miss Nita Naldi. Nita earned considerable attention by going without stockings. But this in itself does not necessarily constitute an open sesame.

Offhand I would suggest that a girl start as a boot-legger in order to meet all the really big people in the industry.

Or she might disguise herself as a girl without refinement and breeding and dance around a cabaret until spotted by a director.

It is very difficult for a girl of refinement and breeding to be discovered, so-called, by a director because most directors are used to the rough and tumble ways of girls without b. and r., and so are naturally skittish about making discoveries lest they get their names in the papers or the courts or something. Publicity is publicity but breach of promise suits are rough on rats.

Above all, I would urge a girl to come to Hollywood with her mother. If she hasn't one she should get one—or possibly two. Girls with mamas never fail to make good in Hollywood. Mama does the talking and baby does the work.

If you have a daddy dispose of him as

By Herbert Howe

abruptly as possible. Start afresh. Daddies are a nuisance to a girl trying to make her way in pictures. I know one who always bellows over the phone when you call baby, wanting to know whether it is business or pleasure you have in mind. Not knowing which he approves you are at a loss to say. And, after all, it is usually a combination of business and pleasure, for is not work pleasant?

By all means get rid of papa. Even if you have to hire someone to do it; it will pay in the long run.

Uncles are pretty near as bad, too. They often show an affection that is embarrassing. But worst of all, perhaps, is a cousin—I mean a male cousin. Male cousins are so unconvincing. They don't react the way a near blood relative is supposed to.

The first question one producer may ask you is what do you know about sex. Then he will ask did you learn it from life or a book. Tell him from life, but you may quote from a book. If you haven't a book just quote some Cecil De Mille subtitles, even though it will seem like flattery.

If the producer asks you if you are particular what you do, say yes. Remember you are a young lady of refinement and breeding.

(For further details send a stamped addressed envelope.)



THIS GIRL DANCED AND MADE



Gilda Gray's home at Northport, L. I., is one of the finest examples of Colonial architecture in the East. It's a safe bet that the early settlers who built it never dreamed that it would be occupied by the queen of all Broadway's shimmy dancers—a Polish immigrant girl who eagerly seized the opportunity offered by "Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness"



Below: Gilda Gray in her bedroom. Gilda found that Colonial furnishings were too cold, so she adopted the modern Viennese. As Mrs. Gil Boag, she is a pattern of domesticity—a good cook and a capable housewife. Her home, her success and her new movie contract are visible marks of the force and determination of her unusual and fascinating character



THE PIPER PAY

*Gilda Gray has collected
an old debt from life*

By Agnes Smith

JUST a few months ago, a certain Mrs. Gaillard T. Boag applied to the courts of the state of Wisconsin for the custody of her son, a fourteen-year-old boy called Martin Gorecki. It seems that upon the divorce of Mrs. Boag from a Polish immigrant, John Gorecki, that Mrs. Mary Gorecki—which was then her legal name—had been awarded the decree but that the father had been allowed to keep the boy.

The divorce was granted some three years ago. In the meantime Mrs. Gorecki had married again and left John and the boy to their haphazard existence in a bowling alley in a small town in Wisconsin.

Women never forget; that's their big failing. Mrs. Gorecki accepted the court's decision with regard to her boy—but only for the time being. In three years, she returned and not only proved to the court her fitness as mother and guardian for the boy but paid one hundred thousand dollars to buy him back.

There, as movie directors say, is a story for you. It has everything—heart interest, mother love and the Cinderella theme and it also has sex appeal and a little Americanization thrown in on the side.

Now let's straighten out the cast of characters. Mrs. Gaillard T. Boag is Gilda Gray. And if you don't know who Gilda Gray is, that's your own punishment. John Gorecki is still John Gorecki, who pined the trade of bartending as long as the law allowed.

The hero of the story—even though he only appears in the background—is Gil Boag, usually described in the newspapers as a "wealthy cabaret owner." He's the boy who rescued Gilda from becoming "just another one of those shimmy dancers," which is, indeed, the "Fate that is worse than death," as the subtitles used to say.

AT present, Gilda is the newest star on the film horizon. For she has signed a contract with the Famous Players-Lasky that reads like a masterpiece of finance. By its terms, Gilda gets \$250,000 a picture and a share in the profits. If there is anything Gilda wants, she has only to ask for it.

Gilda is a unique and striking figure in the screen world. She is the only film star who wasn't dragged from a French convent or from the care of private tutors direct to the studio. She is the only star who can supply a life story more picturesque than any press agent could invent. No actress would care to risk the chance of enacting her story on the screen. The public doesn't like unadulterated tragedy; it flees from the sordid; it abhors the miserable.

Moreover, the climax of the story—Gilda's triumph on Broadway as the greatest of cabaret dancers—wouldn't be believed if you put it in the movies.

Instead of springing from the First Families of Virginia or from the Nobility of Nebraska, Gilda—then only Mary Michalski—landed on Ellis Island. The trip over in the steerage with her fellow immigrants from Poland probably was too crude for words. Anyway, when Gilda's pa and ma took her to Milwaukee, it must have looked like God's country.

For a few short years, Gilda went to school and learned nothing much but English. A little Polish girl isn't apt to get what it is all about at first. Time spent in school was time wasted so Gilda went to work and was only too glad when she attracted the attention of John Gorecki, the bartender.

John, who has now been eliminated from the script, served his Destiny in, knowingly or not, introducing Gilda to the



No one taught Gilda to dance. She picked it up

amusement world. After the fashion of more highbrow ladies, Gilda made her husband's business her own and went to work in the cafe as a dancer. On the side, she kept house and looked after her little boy. It must have been a hopeless and dispiriting business.

No one taught Gilda to dance. She just picked it up; or rather, it was born in her. The first years of her dancing life were lived beyond the pale even of cheap vaudeville or second-rate cabarets. As Mary Gorecki, she danced among her own people—the Polish immigrants.

New York first heard of her when she had risen to the distinction of being the chief attraction in a far from elegant Chicago cabaret. A New York musical comedy producer captured her, put her in a revue and Gilda danced her dance and sang her "blues." And from that night Gilda was the most talked of girl in New York. She was also the most perplexed and most miserable. She was still a Polish immigrant.

It was at this moment that Gil Boag stepped into the picture and saved Gilda from fading away as so many sudden successes have done. Mr. Boag is a man of education and taste and also of astute business ability. Not only did he educate Gilda in the ways of doing business with Broadway producers but he cultivated her latent, Slavic sense of the beautiful, the artistic.

Incidentally, Gilda had other talents besides dancing. The first tribute I ever heard paid to her character came from a dramatic critic who told me that she was the best cook and the most capable housekeeper in New [CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]

STUDIO NEWS & GOSSIP



George O'Brien has had it coming to him for a long time. He needs a really great story. So William Fox is going to let him play in Joseph Conrad's story, "Nostromo." The title has been changed to "The Scarlet Adventure," which isn't so bad as title changes go. This is George's first picture in his new role



The vanity radio set—you may take it anywhere with you. No bigger than a handbag, still it brings you your favorite bed-time story. Here is Kathleen Key at the beach getting all the baseball scores. Now will someone please invent a collapsible automobile and solve the parking problem for Sunday afternoon tourists?

THIS one is simply too delightful to keep. We don't vouch for its authenticity, but it is being generally accepted in Hollywood and we know that Pola, having the most gorgeous sense of humor, must appreciate it herself.

A handsome youth, son of a millionaire New York family, college graduate and all that sort of thing, came to Hollywood not long ago with the avowed intention of breaking into pictures. When he had been here but a few days, he saw Pola Negri. And he fell, as many men have done before him, head over heels in love with the great screen actress.

But the course of true love ran anything but smoothly. He couldn't seem to meet her, and when he finally did, she gave him a lovely but distant bow—and that was that.

But he was a young man of invention, and having heard that Pola went on occasion to a certain crystal gazer, he enlisted that romantic lady's kindly aid. He spent a lot of time and we know not what else upon said crystal gazer with the result that the next time Pola went crystal gazing, she was told, "You are going to meet a wonderful man. Watch for him. He will be the great love of your life." And the name and description of this handsome young hero followed.

The seed thus planted, he followed her to Coronado and was again introduced to her—this time with much better results. His name meant something and she seemed willing, as who wouldn't be, to find out whether the crystal-gazer was right.

But she wasn't, apparently, for after a brief courtship, the handsome young society favorite returned home much disappointed and is nurs-

ing his broken heart in the family mansion on the Hudson. Still, we must admit it was a bright idea.

HERE'S one that Richard Barthelmess tells. (Stop me if you've heard it before.) A member of the cloak-and-suit trade went to Atlantic City and sought a room at one of the big hotels.

"Have you a reservation?" asked the clerk.

"Say," answered the cloak-and-suit man, hotly, "what do you think I am, an Indian?"

MABEL NORMAND, after having given a very exciting farewell party at her new Beverly Hills Italian bungalow, has left for New York to begin rehearsals for the fall opening of her new stage comedy under the management of Al Woods. It's her great chance and Mabel knows it. She looked lovely at the charming party she gave to say good-bye to her friends and no one ever carried such loads of prayers and well-wishes from the film colony.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN couldn't come to New York for the opening of "The Gold Rush" without breaking into the front pages of the newspapers. For a mild, quiet fellow Charlie can stir up a lot of trouble. He got off the Golden State Limited in Chicago and stopped for a few hours on his way East—not long enough to stir up things. But in New York! Charlie had been there only a few days

when he had the misfortune to fall ill. Now Charlie in good health is not news, but Charlie in bad health is front page stuff. Moreover, the newspapers seemed to think there was something strange in his illness.

Charlie was supposed to have an infected lip. Perhaps it was a commonplace and trivial affair, but anyway the newspapers made it romantic. The story ran that Charlie hurt his lip in trying to dodge a kiss from one of the Follies girls. The lady was either too insistent or Charlie was too abrupt. Hence—the accident as the newspapers explained it.

So there you are. You can add it to the legends that have already gathered about the person of the mild-mannered comic.

IT'S all settled and Mildred Davis Lloyd is one of the happiest girls in the movies. She is going back into pictures and has signed a contract with Famous Players-Lasky to make one special production for that company. It will probably be "Alice in Wonderland," although the selection isn't final as yet.

Mildred reluctantly left the film world when she married Harold Lloyd. But she had responsibilities as a wife and then as a mother, and Harold felt that Mildred needed a rest and a change after her hard work as his leading woman. But Mildred, in spite of her blonde prettiness, has a mind of her own and her mind is definitely set on a career. Almost all of her intimate friends are stars and leading women and no woman can blame Mildred for wanting to mix in. Her daughter, little Gloria, is reaching the age when she won't need much of her mother's time, so Mildred feels that she can easily be spared from home.

EAST AND WEST

By Cal York



And still they come—the members of the second generation. These two pretty girls with Conrad Nagel are Virginia and Leonore Bushman—daughters of the famous Francis X. They made their screen debut in "Lights of Old Broadway." Now they are going to play in "The Masked Bride," with Mae Murray



Lost in the great open spaces and not a covered wagon in sight. Buster Keaton playing valet to a lone cow. But cheer up, Buster, a real estate boom will hit those open spaces at any moment. Anyhow, the cow looks cheerful. The scene is a terribly touching moment from "Go West"—with apologies to Greeley

BEBE DANIELS, paying one of her brief visits to Hollywood, gave a combined homecoming and house-warming party the other evening, and somebody someday may give a better party, but to date it stands unexcelled.

Funny thing, Bebe bought this gorgeous home in Hollywood foothills a couple of years ago and furnished it beautifully and this is the first time she has ever lived in it. They took her away to New York and every time she has come home before it's been for too short a time to open the house and Bebe has gone to stay at her grandmother's—grandma owning a stately Spanish home of early California vintage.

As to the party—it had all that warmth and conviviality that only Bebe knows how to manage. You were allowed to have a good time in your own way, and yet Bebe was always appearing miraculously at your elbow to be sure everything was as it should be.

MARION DAVIES was there, in a frock of real lace, and Florence Vidor, looking unusually lovely in black satin, with little glimpses of rose chiffon visible whenever she moved, and Lefty Flynn and his bride, Viola Dana, all in white satin as becomes a bride, and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd. Mid had on a thing of blackorgette over pink crepe de chine that made her look quite grown up. Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Valentino, Bessie Love, May McAvoy, suitored by Bobby Agnew, Paul Bern, Eddie Sutherland, Ruth Roland, Lowell Sherman, Pauline Garon, Victor Fleming, Kathleen Clifford, and—oh, just everybody.

Bebe expects to stay in California for two or three pictures and she has gone golf mad, so no one ever sees her except on the links.

IN the cut puzzle pictures in the September issue there were several sets of pictures in which the width of the faces did not match as evenly as in the previous issues. This was due to an error on the part of the engraver, but seems to have caused little if any difficulty to those who have already sent in their solutions. This statement is made to ease the minds of those who have already sent in solutions, and will be taken into consideration in the award of the judges.

WARREN KERRIGAN, for many years a leading matinee idol, came back with a great bang in "The Covered Wagon," made a couple of good pictures, and is now working in small stuff on small programs.

Francis X. Bushman, his rival, is playing the heavy rôle in "Ben Hur," after long absence. We will watch them all with interest as barometers of the change in public taste and sentiment.

DO you know that Eleanor Boardman was once the Eastman Kodak Girl? Before she went into the movies, Eleanor got some preliminary training by "picturing as she went."

WALLACE MACDONALD has been making a picture in the East and he was none too pleased to be separated from his wife, Doris May. You will remember Doris as the pretty girl who played opposite Douglas MacLean in his first successes. No more studio work for Doris, according to her husband.

"You can't have much home life with husband and wife working in separate pictures. I am not strong for this 'separate career' business myself. It just doesn't seem to work out." While he was in New York, MacDonalld went to see "What Price Glory?"

"I didn't dare go home without seeing it," he explained. "There are three assets that guarantee your social position on the Coast. You must live in Beverly Hills, you must own a police dog, and you must have seen 'What Price Glory?' I've got the house and I've got the dog and now I have seen 'What Price Glory?'"

WHEN Gloria Swanson returned to New York she gave a small tea. Gloria wore a white, pleated dress, tied at the waistline with a rope of red yarn and trimmed at the cuffs with red pompons of yarn. For those who look to Gloria for the newest style—and she is a good person to imitate—it may be well to say that the ultra-short skirt has evidently found no great favor with her.

At a luncheon a few days later, Gloria wore an apricot silk frock with a short cape of the same color. Her hat was a wide-brimmed, severely plain felt affair. Incidentally, Gloria seldom wears much jewelry during the day. In fact, her only ornament is usually her plain gold wedding ring.



How to keep a cool head in any emergency. Ruth Clifford invented the ice pack hat and here she is taking the consequences, whatever they may be. It's a turban with a rubber strip that circles the head and neck. If you want to fight the heat, fill the rubber strip with ice. It would be great for the Sahara Desert, if there was any ice there



All set to film the race. On the platform is Director George Wellman and his technical staff. They are waiting for George Arthur—he isn't in the picture—to come galloping under the platform. The cameras will catch the ride from above. There are three of them to get the scene from all angles. You'll see it in "I'll Tell the World"

AT her tea, when talking about pictures, Gloria expressed her unreserved admiration for the German film, "Passion." She said, among other things, that it contained some of the best acting she had ever seen. Now "Passion" was the picture that brought Pola Negri to fame and fortune in this country. Evidently Gloria's guests looked surprised, because she hastened to say, "You know, I haven't any grudge against Pola Negri. I don't know why the legend persists—perhaps because it makes interesting reading. But it really isn't true, although everyone seems to believe it."

WILLIAM POWELL—that villain with the wicked smile—takes full responsibility for this one. A man wrote a letter to an animal shop and asked if the proprietor could let him have thirty thousand roaches immediately. The proprietor, baffled by the strange request, called up his customer and asked why he wanted them.

"Well, you see," explained the voice at the other end of the wire, "there's a clause in my lease whereby I have promised to leave the apartment the way I found it."

BARBARA LA MARR is back in Hollywood after a long absence. And she came with no fanfare of trumpets and no bare of brass bands. As a matter of fact, she came on a stretcher and was taken straight to the Ambassador Hotel, where two nurses have been taking care of her through a bad case of bronchitis and a general nervous breakdown.

But it isn't only Bobby's health that

caused her to come so quietly. She knows, being an extremely intelligent woman, better than anyone can know, what her last two pictures have done to her. And she is very sad about it. She knows they are not good pictures and that she was not good in them.

"But I'm not going to stay ruined," she told me, in her husky voice, just able to speak above a whisper, "not much. I'm going to make a real picture this time. I've learned my lesson. And I'm going to work as I never worked before. And I'm down to weight, and I'm going to get the best director and the best story and the best cameraman available."

WE hope she will. Barbara La Marr is a beauty, she can act, and she has real artistic temperament, real feeling. We can't afford to lose that much real gold from the screen. But they have given her silly stories and made her mug and pose and do silly and ridiculous things, until in "Sandra" and "The Heart of a Siren" she was impossible. But being a very real person she's found that out and—watch for her new picture. I'd bet more than even money that it will be a knockout. In spite of her name, Bobby is part Irish and she's fighting mad.

THIS tale is being muchly told along the Boulevard and beyond—question, knowing Charlie Chaplin, it's possible.

They do say that Charlie Chaplin, having seen "The Salvation Hunters," an extremely odd and drab and unusual picture, to say the least, and one which I personally thought quite dreadful, declared that he could put the picture over by hailing it as a great artistic triumph.

We know at least that Charlie did put it over by acclaiming it, that he swept some of the critics and other stars into line by declaring it a great triumph. And it would be just like Charlie to have a great time doing it, knowing all the time that the picture was not a good picture, and then laugh up his sleeve over it all.

There was a young man who once wrote a blank verse drama for a prize competition of some high brow magazine and, when he got the prize, openly stated that his drama didn't make any sense and was never meant to. Maybe Charlie wanted to see how much power he had.

DOROTHY GISH and James Rennie are to appear in a picture together for the first time since their marriage. Heretofore, everything has worked against them and their careers have been kept widely apart. Now, however, they are both engaged to play with Leon Errol in his comedy, "Clothes Make the Pirate."

After finishing the production, Dorothy will go to England to star in an English production—a screen version of the life of Nell Gwynne, the Orange Girl. Mary Pickford played Sweet Nell years ago. It was, in fact, one of the earliest of the costume pictures.

MAE MURRAY is probably conceded to have one of the loveliest figures in pictures. And she certainly has the weight record. In the midst of all this reducing and dieting, this gaining and losing, these wild diets and strenuous methods, Miss Murray told me the other day her weight had not varied half a pound in three years. She's always a perfect sixteen.



That aggravatin' dance breaks up work at the Metro-Goldwyn studio. Frank Farnum, a Charleston expert, has a willing band of pupils. They are Rose Blossom, Fanchon, Monta Bell, King Vidor, Renee Adoree, Pauline Starke and Hobart Henley. The gloomy gentleman in the background who won't twist a wicked knee is Josef von Sternberg



Again Betty Bronson steps into the magic shoes of Maude Adams. Once more Barrie has chosen her for one of his plays, "A Kiss for Cinderella." This is how Cinderella looks before the fairy god-mother comes to her rescue. Under the direction of Herbert Brenon, this charming fantasy promises to be one of the big pictures of the season

She says two things are responsible—dancing and her milk diet. She dances continually to keep in practice for her pictures, and every so often she goes on a milk diet for a few days. And that's all there is to it. Sounds simple.

THE presentation of "Sally of the Sawdust" in New York consisted mainly of a series of demonstrations. Of course, the loudest demonstrations were for D. W. Griffith, but then there were several near-riots for W. C. Fields and Carol Dempster.

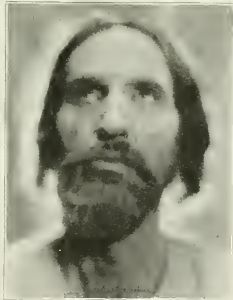
To Griffith belongs the credit of bringing the immensely popular Fields to the screen. And to Fields belongs much of the credit for shoving Griffith back to the limelight. Griffith is a solitary man but the genial Fields has broken down his reserve. Moreover, he seems to have persuaded Carol Dempster out of some of her shyness.

Anyway, Fields is in the cast of "That Royle Girl," the new Griffith picture. On the day he started work, the Griffith company had a small celebration. It was just like the old days, when the Griffith studio was the pleasantest spot in the film business. Griffith has emerged from his isolation and now all visitors are welcome on his set at the Famous Players-Lasky studio.

JAMES KIRKWOOD is also working in "That Royle Girl." Kirkwood and his wife, Lila Lee, have some ambitious plans for themselves. Lila is soon to leave the cast of "The Bride Retires" and co-star with her husband in a play based on the life of Edgar Allan Poe. Lila has surprised the world by branching out as a clever actress and an excellent business woman. Besides that, she is also an astute wife with a nice knack of forwarding her husband's professional interests. Anyway, the Kirkwoods are a couple worth watching.

AFTER "The Merry Widow" and the success of John Gilbert will come the deluge of Mid-European stories. In the office are Norma Talmadge in "Graustark," "The

Viennese Medley," Richard Barthelmess in "Just Suppose," another story of a romantic prince, and Ramon Novarro in "Old Heidelberg." Also Constance Talmadge's new film, "Her Sister from Paris," has a Vienna setting.



George Billings, the Man with the Cross, in "The Viennese Medley." After his success in "Abraham Lincoln," Billings was unable to get further employment in pictures. He was in a destitute condition when he was found hiding in Chicago and brought back to Hollywood to play this role

"WELL," exclaimed a woman after seeing John Gilbert in "The Merry Widow," "if I were Leatrice Joy I'd go out and shoot myself."

DOUG MACLEAN says that if Enid Bennett ever wants to stop acting she has a job waiting for her as his story picker. Doug claims Enid can't be beat in this direction.

You may remember that Doug played leads opposite Miss Bennett when she was starring for Ince a few years ago, and the families have been friends ever since. When Doug started to make pictures on his own and was looking for a story, Enid spoke up at a friendly dinner one evening and suggested the musical comedy "Going Up." Doug made it, with great success. Later, when he was stumped for a story, he met Enid on the Boulevard one day and in discussing his predicament, Enid asked him if he'd ever thought of Willie Collier's old success "Never Say Die." Doug hadn't, but he did, and it made him a lot of money. When he recently signed a starring contract with Paramount he spent a lot of time thinking about his first story, wanting it naturally to be his best, but he had made no decision when Enid, happening to drop in to see Mrs. MacLean, said she thought it would be great if he made George M. Cohan's greatest comedy, "Seven Keys to Baldpate." Doug thought so, too. And, Enid having picked two winners, he decided to ride this one and he is now making "Seven Keys to Baldpate."



Mae Marsh's little sister—Frances Marsh. And she doesn't want to be an actress. Frances is script clerk for Webster Campbell, the First National director. It is Frances' ambition to be a writer and she is taking the best possible way of learning the intricacies of scenario work

Many critics consider this the great American comedy. I do, myself, though not a critic. What it will be on the screen will be interesting to see.

AFTER teaching her young son "Dobe his full name of Harry Carey Jr., his address and telephone number, Mrs. Harry Carey said to him, "And now dear, what would you do if you got separated from mother, or lost in a crowd or something?"

Young Carey meditated deeply a moment and then said, "Whoop."

THE French public are a little upset at the American movie companies. And the Paris newspapers are voicing the complaints. It seems that every time a French woman is the heroine of an American film, she is shown as a woman of little virtue. Or, rather, like *Trilby*, she is presented as a woman with all the virtues but one. Now the French don't like it because they feel that the movies spread the idea that the standard of noble womanhood in France isn't all it should be.

AND, by the way, a French director tells me that when "A Woman of Paris" was shown in France, the locale of the story was changed from Paris to a large American city. This in spite of the fact that all the American critics who had never been to Paris were loud in their praise of the accuracy of Chaplin's French detail.

ALL the street signs in the picture were French but this didn't disturb Paris, nor, apparently, did the French signs seem incongruous in a supposedly American city. On the contrary, *Le Temps* extolled Chaplin for his thoughtfulness in inserting French signs to make it easier for the French public, instead of being blatantly and consistently American.



First let your eye wander to the bottom of the page. Study the feet and ankles pictured there. They might belong to the best Charleston dancer in the "Follies." Any director would be glad to use them to give just the right snappy touch to a scene. Now look above and see the owner of the feet and ankles. She is Gertrude Claire and she's all dressed up to play the flapper grandmother in "His Majesty Bunker Bean"



Dorothy Phillips owns what is supposed to be the oldest vanity case in existence. It's a silver ball used by a girl in the Island of Java three hundred years ago. The cases were originally used by men to hold a grass-like tobacco, but the girls appropriated 'em for powder—a nifty idea, don't you think?

FRED NIBLO was undoubtedly the most popular man in Hollywood at one time. I say was, advisedly. Since his wife's birthday party it is no longer possible to speak of him in those affectionate and laudatory tones which it was our previous custom to employ. Hollywood will forgive anything except cold-blooded brutality, and upon that occasion the courteous and charming Mr. Niblo was certainly brutal.

He gave a beautiful party for his beautiful wife, Enid Bennett, at the famous Stanley Anderson Rancho in Beverly Hills. The lobster supper was spread beneath the oak trees beside a running brook, with lights giving a perfect imitation of bright moonlight.

Everything was lovely until after dinner. Then Fred, rising to his feet with that well known grace and poise which have made him Hollywood's most famed after dinner speaker, perpetrated the great outrage. Having shown everybody what an after dinner speech should really be, he immediately called upon everyone present for an impromptu effort in that direction.

The consternation was extreme, but to Hollywood's everlasting glory he it said that the results were unique and unusual. Joe Schenck carried off the honors, showing a natural wit and a real gift of oratory. Florence Vidor managed a *bon mot* that Michael Arlen himself must have applauded. Douglas MacLean and Jack Gilbert, being actors, were naturally prepared for anything and proved beyond question that acting is great training for the emergencies. C. Gardner Sullivan, famous scenario writer, distinguished himself, and Ernst Lubitsch spoke English with his usual fluency.

THE most amazing phenomenon, however, to be revealed by this playful little pastime of Mr. Niblo's was the number of devoted and old-fashioned wives which Hollywood possesses. Probably no other community could boast so many.

Mrs. Niblo, when called upon, said, with her sweetest smile, that it wouldn't do to have two

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 82]

Mary Pickford Awards

*Twenty thousand admirers
wrote "America's sweetheart"
begging her to play child
roles only*

THE MARY PICKFORD contest is ended. Close to twenty thousand letters came from all corners of the globe in response to Miss Pickford's request through PHOTOPLAY for suggestions as to her future screen stories.

A large force of secretaries was kept busy for weeks opening, filing and arranging the letters for reading.

It was with the greatest difficulty that the committee of six judges chose the four prize winners from all the thousands of letters received. They were judged without knowing the writer or the writer's address and after the awards were made it was discovered that three of the four were residents of California!

Probably the nearness of the writers to the Capital of Movieland gave them added inspiration.

The letters, coming from many countries and written in many tongues, seemed to prove conclusively that Mary Pickford's language—the appeal of youth—is universally understood. It was for the youthful rôles they begged—English, French, Japanese—almost everybody was eager to see "The World's Sweetheart" again and again as the incarnation of youth. The majority was overwhelmingly in favor of rôles depicting childhood.

That many actresses can play older rôles well, seemed to be the consensus of opinion—but truly, they said, there is only one Mary Pickford.

Miss Pickford is still reading the letters in her spare time and getting much help and inspiration from them.

Her words of gratitude to her many friends who wrote are contained in her own statement herewith:

By Mary Pickford

FIRST of all, thanks to you, my friends, all over the world, who have responded so generously, so eagerly, to my appeal in PHOTOPLAY. You will never know what happiness your letters have given me, and what a source of inspiration they will be to me in the future.

The response has been so overwhelmingly in favor of child rôles, or rôles in which I grow to young girlhood, that there can be no question of what my friends want; and the fact that this verdict so exactly coincides with my own secret preferences is an added source of happiness. The little girl rôles have always been the dearest to me, and if I have been able to be convincing in them, I think it is because I have really loved them. In them I have enjoyed my lost childhood, the childhood that fate denied me. But I have had my compensation.

Another feature that has pleased me very much is the confirmation of the belief that the sweet, wholesome things in life are worth while.

I have chosen to do pictures of this kind because I have liked them best and have thought that others had the same opinion about this as I.

Now I am sure that this is the case.

You may, perhaps, be interested in knowing the stories that have been asked for most often.



Mary is still reading the thousands of letters she received. They are a source of inspiration and help to her

They are as follows, in the order of their popularity:

- 1—Cinderella.
- 2—Anne of Green Gables.
- 3—Alice in Wonderland.
- 4—Heidi.
- 5—The Little Colonel.
- 6—Sara Crewe.

There are many others, but I have taken only the first six. "Cinderella" I did years ago; it is possible I may do it again. "Anne of Green Gables" was done by Mary Miles Minter. "Sara Crewe" I did under the title of "The Little Princess."

The results of the contest astounded me. I knew PHOTOPLAY had a large circulation, but I was not prepared for the thousands of letters that poured in from almost every country on the globe. I am grateful to Mr. Quirk and PHOTOPLAY for this opportunity of reaching you.

In closing I want to tell you again how much your letters have meant to me. I wish there had been a prize for everyone. And I am glad that it was not left to me to decide the winners, for it would have been an impossible task. Each letter was dear to me and each one a help.

Your spirit has been a revelation. There were hundreds who wrote saying their sole desire was to help me—that they had no thought of the prizes offered.

Each one of you has had a part in the shaping of my future career, for I have taken this whole

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 100]

THE WINNERS

First Prize, \$50. . . .Miss Avis McMakin
Box 713, Tulare, Calif.

Second Prize, \$25. . . .Louise C. Francis
1045 Ocean Avenue, Ocean Park, Calif.

Third Prize, \$15. . . .C. C. "Bill" Henderson
Salt Lake County Jail, Salt Lake City, Utah

Fourth Prize, \$10. . . .Pauline Mitchell
1141 So. Gaffey St., San Pedro, Calif.

Ramon's

RAMON NOVARRO may proudly claim descent from the oldest American aristocracy, and he exercised the right not long ago when questioned by an interviewer.

"Your ancestors came over on the Mayflower I suppose," the interviewer assumed.

"No," said Novarro in a flash. "They were here to meet it."

The imperial blood of the Aztecs flows through the heart of Novarro, and he takes a pride, as the Empress Eugenie did, in a lineage pointing back four hundred years to the opulent court of Montezuma, where Cortez stood amazed by splendor, in a palace of three hundred rooms, the walls of alabaster hung in tapestries of feathers and the floors of rich mosaic, like carpets made of jewels.

The estates of the Gavilans, his mother's family, have passed down through fourteen generations from an Aztec noble whom the Spanish named Guerrero—cavalier of war—while on his father's side the records trace back to the conquistadores of Cortez.

These facts, unrevealed by Novarro, are from records in Mexico City where he attended Mascarones College. At this school of Jesuits, he took military training, studied music, French and English, and is remembered as an athlete, a track champion, particularly proficient in the Mexican game of *la bandera*.

He is also remembered as the boy with a voice so fine that his teachers predicted for him a brilliant operatic career.



Introducing Midshipman Ramon Novarro—All-American, whose ancestors sat in the court of Montezuma

Ancestors

The most American star on the screen essays his first American role after playing seven different nationalities

Against this romantic background of Aztec splendor, Novarro has suffered the appellation of "Latin" in silence. It was characteristic of the Aztecs to support any pain with stoicism. As the facts stand, he is more genuinely American than the descendants of those who suffered *mal de mer* on the Mayflower; their ancestors compared to his are *newcomers*.

Aloof, with hereditary reserve, Novarro only once entered protest; that was at the outset of his career when the publicity named him Spanish and he insisted upon the truth of his American birth. The descendants of the pilgrims who settled New Spain have surely as much right to their pride as those who founded New England! In fact, Ramon's ancestors were established so long before the pilgrims that they probably would have snubbed them as "newcomers."

In point of fact he is a cosmopolite. Probably no star has traveled the earth so extensively as Novarro, in his brief career, or played characters of so many nationalities. The Austrian *Rupert* of "The Prisoner of Zenda" marked his debut. Then followed that pagan Polynesian of the South Seas in "Where



Greeted the Mayflower

By Manuel Reyes

the Pavement Ends"; the French hero of "Scaramouche"; the Spaniard of "Thy Name is Woman"; the Arab Dragoman in "The Arab"; *Ben Hur*, prince of Jerusalem in the Lew Wallace classic; and now—at last—an American in "The Midshipman," produced at the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis with the sponsorship of the United States government.

These pictures have taken him across the American continent eight times, and to Cuba, France, Italy, Tunis and the heart of the Sahara. They have given him the background and manner of a cosmopolitan.

In Tunis he chose that fatalistic Arab motto as his device, "*Maktoob*—It is Willed," and his philosophy is rooted in that of the Toltec emperor, Nexahualcoyatl, whose utterances parallel the meditations of Marcus Aurelius: "The things of yesterday are no more today, and the things of today shall cease, perhaps on the morrow. The glories that have been have all passed away like the fearful smoke that issues from the throat of Popocatepetl."

With such a balancing philosophy, unearthed from one of



From "Ben Hur" to the American "Midshipman," Novarro leaps a chasm of 1900 years. May McAvoy as Esther

or a Randolph of Virginia. For Ramon, the tradition is so firmly established that he takes it for granted.

Although he was extremely young when he first rose to fame, Ramon had the wisdom of many generations back of him. There was nothing in the glory of being a picture star that was apt to dazzle him into blindness. His youth was tempered by a philosophy that had been passed on to him as his inheritance.

most brilliant civilizations that ever flowered the earth, even a picture star with popularity all over the world has the power to withstand the fame which so often has been the blight of genius.

For generations, Ramon's ancestors have been skilled in the art of living, handed down to them by a luxuriant and finished civilization, comparable to the remote and vanished civilization of the Mediterranean when that sea was literally the center of the world. Ramon was born to natural culture—it was not fed to him on a spoon.

Of this distinguished ancestry, Ramon, himself says very little. But visitors to Mexico find his family held in much the same sort of respect that surrounds a Cabot of Boston

The Working Staff of a Picture Unit in Action

THIS illustration gives you an idea of the number of people necessary to the actual making of a motion picture.

The set shown is one being used by George Fitzmaurice in his forthcoming screen version of "The Dark Angel."

The four figures on the left are electricians.

Leaning against the bank light is the chief electrician.

Seated on the stool in front of him, the script girl.

Showing some drawings to the director, George Fitzmaurice, is the art director.

Fitzmaurice is in black coat and light trousers.

The two men above Fitzmaurice's head, wearing white caps, are the painter and plasterer.

Intervening between them and Fitzmaurice are two stage hands.

The gentleman with the drawing also addressing Mr. Fitzmaurice is the construction expert.

The group of four about the camera are the cameraman, assistant cameraman, laboratory expert, and still photographer.

Above their heads may be seen Vilma Banky, seated. Behind her stands Wyndham Standing and Charles Lane, actors.

The three women to the right of Miss Banky are, in order, her maid, hairdresser, and the dressmaker.

Next in order in the back row is the film editor wearing a hat, two property men, two upholsterers, and a florist.

The trio in the center (right), reading left to right, are the second assistant director, Robert Schable, business manager, and Cullen "Hezi" Tate, assistant to Fitzmaurice. The trio in the lower right grouped about the portable organ is the orchestra.



Behind Dressing Room Doors

Negligees and things that cost only a trifle.



BE she motion picture actress, business woman, or stay-at-home girl, dainty "undies," of all feminine wearables, are first in the heart of every woman. And rightly so. No matter what her appearance may be in public, the truly fastidious and charming woman has for her intimate things the daintiest and loveliest that she can afford. Therefore we have tried to find this month such lingerie that would grace the boudoir of a motion picture star and yet from price remain within the reach of everyone.

It would be a wonderful thing to always feel as lovely as CONSTANCE BENNETT looks in this smartly cut but inexpensive negligee. Fortunately for some of us it is flattering to both the slender and mature figure. It is made of heavy crepe de chine trimmed only with a wide ruffle of self material, which simplifies the laundering problem. It comes in beautiful shades of flesh, coral, rose, orchid, Nile green, maize, turquoise, French blue, wistaria and black, in sizes from 34 to 44. \$9.95



Good looking and practical pajamas that are easily tubbed are made of fine quality white cotton crepe, striped with pink, blue or honeydew, and piped with binding to match the stripes, put on in the form of scallops. These come in sizes 34 to 40. \$2.95

This quilted coat is as necessary as it is goodlooking. Made of changeable satin or taffeta, wormly intertwined and lined, this boudoir wrap comes in blue, rose, orchid, peach and wistaria. Sizes 42 to 44 are \$10.95, smaller sizes \$9.95

A tailored chemise of heavy crepe de chine, trimmed with hemstitching and a picoté ruffle around the bottom. It comes in flesh, orchid, maize, peach, Nile green or white. Sizes 34 to 42. Price \$3.95



Dainty dance bloomers like these are just the thing to wear under the Peter Pan frock. They are made of crepe de chine with tiny ruffles of georgette and come in flesh, coral, orchid, maize, Nile green and white. Sizes are 5, 6 and 7. Price \$5.50



Has Betty Bronson Grown Up?

Not that one has to be so very grown up to have this lovely dance frock BETTY BRONSON is wearing! It combines the new and smart details with a delightful air of youthfulness and is a particularly happy choice for the girl who is going away to school or college. Yet there is plenty of sophistication in its very simplicity to appeal to older sister as well



A Peter Pan Party Frock

Of pale pink georgette with godets of a deeper tone of pink and circular skirt—a very good combination this year. Two sprays of silk roses with silver leaves trim the skirt. The frock comes in all the pastel shades—turquoise, orchid, Nile green, maize, etc., with godets in a deeper tone of the foundation color. Sizes are from 14 to 20 and the price \$29.50



The attractive frock CLAIRE WINDSOR is wearing is light-weight tweed, which fashions so many of the smart street frocks this season. This is another of the economical "semi-mades" which comes cut out, ready to be sewn together. Collar, cuffs and vestee are entirely completed, of crepe de chine. Black and white, gray and white, red and white, brown and tan. Comes in sizes 14 to 20 and 34 to 40. \$10.75

The bolero frock shown on BETTY COMPTON is popular this fall for street wear. Smart without a coat and equally good when worn under a top coat for the winter months. Of navy blue or cocoa twill with tan crepe de chine vest and collar. Tiny pleats at either side of the back give the new back fullness. Excellent material, fine workmanship and a very modest price—\$24.50. Sizes 14 to 20 and 34 to 40



Photoplay Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y., will purchase any of these smart costumes for you. Send certified check or money order—no stamps—together with size and color desired. No articles sent C. O. D. Returns permissible only if articles are sent direct to Photoplay Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, within three days after receipt.



THE WANDERER—Paramount

THE Famous Players-Lasky Company, the director, his entire cast and organization deserve unlimited praise for the marvelously beautiful and effective picturization of the ancient story of the prodigal son. Devoid of any of the usual obvious straining for thrills with an eye to the box office, Raoul Walsh's opus holds your attention by sheer pictorial beauty and symphonic quality of production.

William Collier Jr., is almost perfect as the erring *Jether*, and splendid performances are given by Kathlyn Williams, as his mother, Ernest Torrence, as the *Evil One*, Wallace Beery, as the rich and vulgar lover of *Tisha*, the High Priestess, and Holmes Herbert as *The Prophet*. Greta Nissen is ravishingly beautiful as the *Pagan Temptress*. The destruction of Babylon will give you your thrill for the evening, so that there is no excuse for not patronizing this worthy effort.—J. R. Q.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY—United Artists

SEVERAL months ago Mary Pickford asked the readers of PHOTOPLAY what sort of type they liked to see her play. And there came an immediate and overwhelming number of votes for Mary in kid parts. In a way, "Little Annie Rooney" is an answer to PHOTOPLAY's readers. And the only truthful thing we can say is that we like their judgment.

For this is the Mary Pickford who will always be loved and welcomed. This is Mary at her best and at her truest. She isn't playing a character from any special book; she isn't really acting a part. She is just the embodiment of anybody's little girl. The story is set in the slums of New York with Mary as the leader of a gang that looks like a junior League of Nations. *Annie Rooney* is Irish and the daughter of a cop. In spite of the nearness of the majesty of the law, she's a great little gangster until the tragedy of lawlessness finally hits home. And the scene in which *Annie* learns of the death of her father in a dance hall fight is one of the greatest she has ever done. Here is Mary playing with so much sincerity that she fairly wrings your heart.

Most of the picture, however, is just sheer joyousness. Mary seems honestly happy to get back to pinafores. During most of the scenes, she plays with children—the funniest bunch you ever saw. The opening scenes which show Mary in the center of a mean Irish fight are simply great. And the benefit show for *Garibaldi*, the *Wop's* horse, is another great episode. There is just enough hint of a love story to give it a nice little lift at the end. But you'll like *Annie* when she undergoes a blood transfusion to save a dying man, all the time believing the operation means death to her.

As for Mary's problem to find stories, she can make as many more like this one as she finds time to film.—A. S.



THE TROUBLE WITH WIVES—Paramount

MAL ST. CLAIR has lengthened his first name into the Original Malcolm. The erstwhile Sennett director is developing into one of our best little modernists. Here is a domestic tale of a Mr. and Mrs. who are prey to those suspicions that wreck the happiest of homes.

It's a slight tale but it is so shrewdly and cannily directed that you can't complain about the lack of bang-up excitement.

It has one of the funniest scenes now on exhibition; an episode in which Ford Sterling, as a gossiping friend, nearly starts a divorce. The picture is blessed by good acting, with Florence Vidor and Matt Moore sharing honors with the inimitable Mr. Sterling and Esther Ralston as an innocent blonde vamp—if there is such a thing.—A. S.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

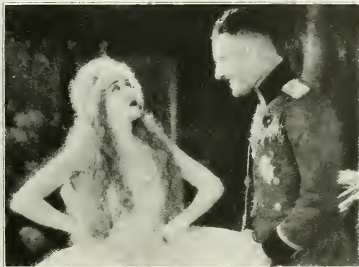
The Six Best Pictures of the Month

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY THE WANDERER
THE MERRY WIDOW WILD, WILD SUSAN
WINDS OF CHANCE
THE TROUBLE WITH WIVES

The Six Best Performances of the Month

JOHN GILBERT in "The Merry Widow"
MAE MURRAY in "The Merry Widow"
MARY PICKFORD in "Little Annie Rooney"
WILLIAM COLLIER, JR., in "The Wanderer"
FORD STERLING in "The Trouble With Wives"
LUCILLE LA VERNE in "Sun-Up"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 124



THE MERRY WIDOW—Metro-Goldwyn

UNLESS the spectacle of John Gilbert in twenty dashing uniforms has dazzled us into utter incompetency, this is one of those fatal pictures that is going to cause untold havoc. The adaptation of Franz Lehár's great light opera is successful beyond the most glowing hopes, and it has so much gay beauty, high romance and brilliant spectacle that you can scarcely believe it is the work of the same Eric von Stroheim who directed the sordid "Greed."

Certainly he seemed to be right at home when he set forth the most sophisticated love story ever presented on the screen. There are moments in the picture that are either going to kill or cure the censors. But most of them are redeemed by a fine strain of romance—the first time that Von Stroheim has ever caught this illusive quality.

But best of all there is John Gilbert in a role that ought to make him the greatest of them all. Gilbert is not only a Gift to the Girls but he has qualities that redeem him for the men. There is, for instance, the scene in which he crowns the weakling crown prince with a vase. And he knows how to act, too; his *Prince Danilo* is a human being. However, let's rush on and say some nice things about Mae Murray. Hers, too, is a fine performance; well shaded, deftly drawn and, above all, bewitching to the eye. As a matter of fact Miss Murray is largely responsible for the picture in its production and had to fight her director every inch of the way to its finish. Another magnificent performance is given by Roy D'Arcy. As for the waltz scene, it is one of those lyric moments you'll never forget.

However, just one more word. Tell the children if they go to "The Merry Widow," Santa Claus won't bring them anything for Christmas. But don't miss it yourself.—A. S.



WINDS OF CHANCE—First National

THE weight of too much plot nearly breaks this picture but, thanks to the forceful direction of Frank Lloyd, it manages to shake off the curse of an unwieldy story. Far be it from this reviewer to attempt to unravel the plot for you; it is enough to say that it is a story of Alaska in which Ben Lyon is accused of a crime he didn't commit and in which Anna Q. Nilsson is afflicted with a useless husband who comes into the picture just in time to get killed, and to clear the way for the happiness of others.

But the picture is heartily recommended to those who complain that the new-fangled movies haven't enough action. You'll get your money's worth in this one. Besides its thrills, it has nearly every actor and actress in Hollywood in the cast, among whom are Viola Dana, Dorothy Sebastian and Hobart Bosworth.—A. S.



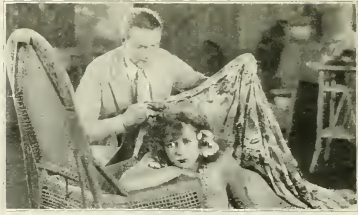
WILD, WILD SUSAN—Paramount

NOT an Annie Rooney, a Wanderer, or a Merry Widow. Because it hasn't such a foundation. But it is listed as one of the first six because it is a sprightly farce, made so through the vivacious personality of Bebe Daniels and the snappy direction of Eddie Sutherland. Bebe shows to great advantage in this sort of thing for she is a splendid comedienne. She plays a society gal who gets fed up with sappy suitors and goes in search of a career with a dash of excitement. She gets it a-plenty. She becomes a lady detective and gets mixed up with Rod La Rocque who is seeking material for his novel by driving a taxi. They are a great team. Let us put in a word for the titlies by that charming litterateur, "Bugs" Baer. They're the ginger in the cookie.—M. B.



WILD HORSE MESA—Paramount

THE descendants of the Covered Wagon folks continue their adventures in the West. This time they're bringing wild horses into the corral. In spite of its childish simplicity of story, it has a sweep and excitement that holds your interest. Beautiful scenery helps a lot. Jack Holt is a swell hero and Noah Beery is there with a mean leer. And Billie Dove is easy to look at. A good show.—A. S.



NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET—Metro-Goldwyn

YOU know the plot; probably you read Peter B. Kync's story. Well, the film is also a best seller. Anita Stewart is most attractive as the South Sea island queen who cannot learn the ways of civilization or who cannot teach her man (played by Bert Lytell) the art of enjoying life in the tropics. Some of the scenes in the South Seas have an exotic beauty, and the picture is consistently entertaining.—A. S.



THE STREET OF FORGOTTEN MEN—Paramount

THE Bowery in the days of long ago is faithfully transcribed to the screen in this story dealing with the lives of the professional beggars who prey on the easy-going public. Herbert Brenon, with the aid of a fine cast, headed by Percy Marmont, has made a gripping and entertaining picture. If you like these slumming trips to the Bowery, here's your sight-seeing wagon.—M. B.



FINE CLOTHES—First National

JOHAN M. STAHL has made a picture that has a subtle and captivating charm. And such a cast—Percy Marmont, Lewis Stone, Alma Rubens and Raymond Griffith! Peter Hungerford—a good-hearted, trusting keeper of a London shop—was betrayed by his wife, cheated by an employee and duped by his friend. But brightness came from an unexpected quarter. The children can't see this.—M. B.



THE HOME MAKER—Universal

A NAGGING wife may make a good business woman. A futile husband may turn into a fine house-wif. That's the moral of this picture. It's an intelligent and sternly realistic story of a middle-class home in which the economic status is reversed. There's brilliant head-work in the acting of Alice Joyce and Clive Brook. Billy Kent Schaefer is a real child "find".—A. S.



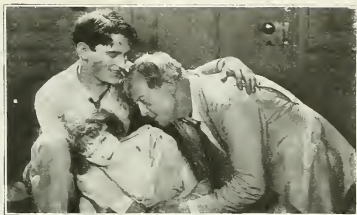
SUN-UP—Metro-Goldwyn

A COMMENDABLE effort by a new director, Edmund Goulding. It's a study of a Southern mountain woman who reluctantly sees her boy go to war when she feels there's fightin' enough at home. The boy returns with widened horizons—there's the drama. It's splendidly acted by Lucille La Verne, Conrad Nagel and Pauline Starke. The direction has feeling but it can gain in naturalness.—A. S.



NOT SO LONG AGO—Paramount

BETTY BRONSON and Ricardo Cortez contribute some moments of delicious comedy. The more you see of Betty, the better you like her. When they're off the screen, the picture is tedious. It's a tale of old New York when automobiles were admittedly dangerous. It traces the flivver joke to its origin. The film has a certain mild charm. Credit Jacqueline Gadsdon with a good performance.—A. S.



THE HALF-WAY GIRL—First National

EVIDENTLY someone knew this one wasn't so good, because just when it was about to die on its feet, the director, with rare presence of mind, blew up a ship and saved the day. The spectacular explosion is a treat to most of us who don't see many ships blasted to glory. The rest is an unwholesome tale of the adventures of a girl in the murky Orient.—A. S.



TRACKED IN THE SNOW COUNTRY—Warner Brothers

THIS is the first time we've see Rin-Tin-Tin and we are firmly convinced that he has it all over the other canines in the industry. He is the most pathetic and realistic creature that ever emoted on the screen. Of course the story runs along the same lines as most tales of the North but somehow it isn't tiresome. That just shows how clever the dog is. You'll agree.—M. B.



LIGHTNIN'—Fox

IT was a great play but it isn't so much of a picture. Perhaps the secret of its success died with Frank Bacon. Certainly Jay Hunt fails to make *Bill Jones* the ornery, but lovable, character he was on the stage. He's just a pesky old man. The director tried to transfer the action too literally to the screen. He missed much of the priceless spirit of the play.—A. S.



A SLAVE OF FASHION—Metro-Goldwyn

OF course little country girls who usurp the apartments of wealthy New York bachelors don't usually have such luck. Nevertheless, Norma Shearer makes you believe that even virtue may wear velvet and diamonds. The outlandish comedy is so gaily and adroitly played by Miss Shearer and Lew Cody that it becomes first-rate entertainment. Not much fun for the children.—A. S.



RUGGED WATERS—Paramount

OR, "The Lass That Loved a Life-Saver." How's that for good old-fashioned melodrammer? And that's what this is—a draggy affair except for a few storms and shipwrecks to show that our hero really can do his stuff. Lois Wilson and Warner Baxter head the cast. Wallace Beery has a mean part—a religious fanatic—that doesn't measure up to previous roles. Fair.—M. B. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]

The Big Parade

ONE of the most remarkable pictures to be released in the next few months is "The Big Parade," with John Gilbert, directed by King Vidor. Coming immediately after his great success in "The Merry Widow," it will establish John Gilbert as one of the greatest stars of the screen.

It's a story of an American doughboy and contains some of the most accurate and dramatic picturizations of the American army in the World War. One scene especially is one of the greatest scenes ever shown in a picture. It shows, with gruesome faithfulness, a regiment advancing on the German trenches. Below is a scene in the American trenches in which the doughboys are awaiting the onrushing Germans, and another of Jack Gilbert, who, pain crazed, is escaping the American hospital to join his sweetheart, only to find her home destroyed and *Melisande* (Renee Adoree) gone.



Owen, Tom, Matt & Joe

Mostly about Matt, the latest of John Moore's boys to become a screen star



By Jim Tully

The famous Irish smile of the Moores. It has brought 'em luck. And here's Matt, Tom and Owen—all feeling fine, thank you

THEY all admit that Joe is the youngest, but which is the oldest of the other three nary a one can say. Starting from a little Irish home on a side street in Toledo, Ohio, it must be admitted they have gone a far ways. Owen and Tom Moore long ago made names to conjure with in pictures, and Matt, traveling a longer and a lonelier road, has just signed a five year contract with Warner Brothers. And be it remembered . . . he did it on his own. The brothers all agreed in their early years that they could not act for one another. And so there has always been a good natured rivalry between them.

The Moore brothers were born at Fordstown Crossroads in Ireland. Their father, John Moore, owned a farm. The long drought came and forced him to mortgage. Now a mortgage in Ireland is a paper of ill omen. And indeed it was to the Moores. And sad to relate, the man who foreclosed the mortgage was Mrs. Moore's brother. It was one more leak in the roof of the world. But there were more smiles among the Moores.

John Moore held a sale. When it was all over—he had six hundred dollars and six children. John looked at the sorry brood who stood about their brave mother and said, "Well, good woman and childer . . . we go to America."

It was not easy, even in those days, to pay the way for eight to Ohio from Ireland, and to gather the threads of a tangled life and start all over again. But John Moore did it. And in doing so he never lost a whimsical sense of humor, which he handed on to the boys, and which they pass on in the

films. For years he was a manual laborer in Toledo. Totally unfitted for more remunerative work, he swung the pick and shovel until he ached from the swinging. There was a great fortune growing all around him—but the great-hearted swinger of the pick did not know it. For now I ask ye—how was John Moore to know that three of his sons were to earn more in a week than he could in ten years of labor?

The three Moore boys got something of an education by the grace of God. They didn't need much . . . they were smart and quick—and Irish. They all took different trails out of Toledo with carnivals and one night stands. It wasn't long until they were able to allow John to let his shovel get rusty while he took a trip to Ireland. They dressed him like a big Irish squire—than which there is no more important person in all the world and Ireland. They met him at the station when he returned—and they told him to keep a brave heart and let the shovel get rustier. Then the neighbors would come and at wakes and other pleasant social occasions, the Moore brothers would entertain their fellow countrymen, who settled in the same neighborhood like flies on paper.

And as the shovel became rusty—John Moore, with no more work to do, became lonely for the chatter of one more of the Moore boys. Joe was in school, so the three Moore boys held their first conference. Which of them would stay home with the father and mother? Innately fair with each other always, they drew straws. And Matt drew the shortest straw. He stayed home. Owen and Tom went out and [CONTINUED ON PAGE 100]



You know Matt by this time. He's been doing great work

"Show Me Your Furniture and

Personality of screen character gives key

ents to the screen character that inhabited the rooms. Show me your furniture and I'll tell you what you are."

No group understand this underlying psychology of background better than the movie decorators. For witness, observe the four rooms illustrating this article.

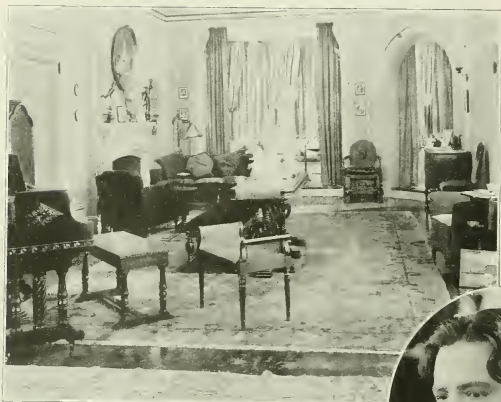
The first is the reflection of a cheap, flashy personality with too much easy money and no taste. It is the

apartment of the jazz musician in "The Royle Girl."

The second is the apartment of the Royle girl herself, shared with her shady parents, a floor above the jazz boy's and much further removed than that in the matter of taste.

The third is the setting for another girl—but what a contrast!

The Royle girl is



A great amount of money has been spent in these furnishings—and all of it wasted. This is not so much bad taste as ignorant taste. From "The Royle Girl," Harrison Ford, as a jazz composer, lives in the room we have selected as our horrible example



As the home of the girl as much above the jazz composer spiritually as she was close to him in actual upbringing, this room is a perfect character study. A developing and excellent taste is evident. Carol Dempster as the Royle girl

It is impossible not to express our real characters when furnishing our homes. Even if we leave the whole job to a trained decorator, character shows just the same. Damningly in such procedure, through its utter lack of being among the things present.

Money really has little to do with it. A hall bedroom can be the reflection of a first class mind; a millionaire's drawing room a cluttered junk heap.

The rooms in which we live, even transiently, become the mirror of our individuality. To the trained eye, furniture tells our whole story.

Of course, it's up to us what that story is.

One woman's bangings may be another's bedspread.

And when you see a room in a picture which is in splendid taste or one that violates all good taste, study the character that occupies it before you criticize the interior decorator who designed it for the picture.

Some of the finest interior decorators in the country are engaged in picture work today and as a rule you can trust them.

"I would not think of designing my sets until I have studied the characters I am supposed to house," says Chapman, in charge of all this work at the Paramount Eastern Studios. "I have received many letters criticizing sets, but I immediately referred my correspond-



I'll Tell You What You Are"

to taste in motion
picture sets

an ambitious Chicago stenographer, very earnestly searching for "better things." The second room is designed for a girl to whom the better things came through several generations before she was born.

The fourth room is art and sophistication, both at their best. It is also dominantly a masculine room.

Here is how the movie directors got them that way.

Consider, first, the rugs of the jazz musician. It is well to remember that floor coverings are the focal first point of all decorators. They key the tone of every room.

In this case, they are Chinese rugs, expensive and colorful. Also conventional, the natural purchase of a boy who desired to impress



Taste, simplicity, wealth, culture and repose are all here. This is a room of which any girl could be proud. In Tommy Meighan's next picture, "The Man Who Found Himself," dainty Virginia Valli has this background

himself and his friends with his sudden opulence. These rugs in themselves are beautiful. But in such a room they become awful.

The floors glisten, the walls glisten, the lights shine, the furniture is all new, Grand Rapids at its most jigsaw. There isn't a moment's repose in the room, though its obvious attempt is that there should be. The hangings are too numerous and too expensive. The walls are burdened with meaningless pictures, cheap prints of masterpieces, made hackneyed through too wide distribution.

There are too many cushions on the couch before the fireplace and in the further room, on the second couch that probably becomes a bed by night. The stand lamp behind the couch and the bronze nudes lighting the mantelpiece are terrible. No person stopping to think twice would ever purchase them.

The room of the girl who loves this musician is infinitely better. Here, too, everything is new, betraying the recent prosperity. Note, however, how the plain velvet rugs quiet the whole room. The lights are good even if no one could read by them. The few pictures are well chosen [CONTINUED ON PAGE 107]



A room as sophisticated as the glance of Adolphe Menjou's eyes. A perfect example of perfect taste. This room reflects the taste of a man of cultivation and refinement

CLOSE-UPS and

By Herbert Howe

Satire, Humor and
Some Sense

LONG-SHOTS

THERE has been a radical change in the style of stars. The democratic "put-her-there" he-boys are getting the gate along with the hot-dog gin-dipping mamas. Oddly, it is the flapper who is handing them their chapeaux. After shearing her hair and her skirts to the roots the flapper cocks an eye at the screen and lets out a whoop for ladies and gents of refinement and dignity. Ninety per cent of the perfumed *billetts* that I receive breathe ardent appreciation for Miss Corinne Griffith, Miss Norma Talmadge, and, more recently and emphatically, Miss Norma Shearer; while the gentlemen most highly approved are Mr. Ronald Colman, Mr. Ramon Novarro, Mr. Richard Barthelmess and Mr. John Gilbert.

It is not a morality matter. On the contrary, there appears to be no interest in their private affairs.

"**WHAT** we want are actors," writes one in a maddening scrawl of ink and perfume. "There have been too many all-round athletes, bare-back riders and mechanics trying to get by as actors because they can wield a horse and a monkey-wrench. The next time I see an actress featured with a gingham apron and a mixing bowl in her arms I'm going to list her as a cook and go to see somebody who claims to act."

I RECENTLY met a mesmerizing *fant* just back from an Episcopalian finishing school who said she didn't believe in God but that she did in Ramon Novarro. I offered to introduce her to the god of her faith but she scornfully rejected. "I like him as an actor but that doesn't imply any personal admiration. I like the sirloins the butcher sends but I don't care to meet him."

Plainly, what the patron wants is service, not sheiking; a player, not a playmate.

I FIND that most of my fan letters come from England. This is highly flattering. England is one place where good English is appreciated.

DOUG wants Mary to accompany him on a wild animal hunt in Africa next year. With this in view he is gently leading her up to a love for slaying by taking her fishing at Catalina. He feels that as soon as her brutal instincts have been aroused to the pitch where she will bait a hook it will be only a matter of months before she is slapping lions around the Sahara.

BLANCHE SWEET has had her face insured for \$150,000. Pretty cheap, Blanche—way under face value.



Now see what M. Erte suggests for a new style—a white stripe in your hair. The hair must be brushed straight back and the stripe may be either in the exact center or a trifle to the side. Kathleen Key is the brave girl who gives the style a try-out

THE cries of the mob against the monotony and insipidity of screen fiction are growing ominous in volume. I recently asked Charlie Chaplin what he regarded as the chief trouble with picture stories.

"The trouble?" he repeated. "—that a hundred per cent right thinking always wins the girl in the end.

"Formula is the trouble. There is no dearth of stories. Life continues to flow on with its stream of stories. Newspapers print thousands of stories every day. They are old stories but they have new angles.

"I have no formula. I just do things. Try to show life and its reactions on me honestly. The trouble with people making pictures is not too much egotism, but too little. They haven't enough confidence to give out what's in them. They try to give out what the other fellow does."

"**WHO** are the new screen personalities of interest?" I asked him.

"I don't see any," he replied. "It seems to me that everyone is imitating everyone else. In the first days of pictures we didn't take ourselves so seriously. No one tried to do things after a formula, he just did them. Now there is the attempt to dope out everything. But an artist is a gypsy. He is devil-may-care. That's why we love him."

JOHN BARRYMORE rejected Priscilla Bonner, who had been engaged as his leading woman, on the ground that she is too sweet. Now Priscilla is suing the company. Not so sweet—at least not so sweet that she doesn't feel the need of some heavy sugar.

HEADLINE: Comedian Kicked Wife Out of Bed. An old gag, but always good for a laugh.

AS I have previously noted, the thing that interests me least in the motion picture industry is the motion picture. The orgiastic spectacle of Hollywood itself is a fantasy of magic wonder more amazing than "Siegfried" or "The Thief of Bagdad." There are figures as strange as those who wore the imperial purple when Rome went mad. For Hollywood has its Heliogabalus—youth enthroned in gold and incense for no other reason than fleshly beauty.

Having watched this play from a gallery seat for the past eight years I am all but converted to Christianity. It appears to me a drama, staged by the apostles to prove that he who goes seeking after fame and earthly riches will suffer grievous tortures.

"You do not believe?" said the apostles. "Very well, we will create a place where man is lavished with all that the world desires—youth, beauty, adulation, riches. Behold, and see what happens."

Of the stars whom I have seen triumphantly ride to glory, an overwhelming number have been wrecked disastrously—domestically, financially, physically or spiritually. The sin was not theirs but that of the system, for many of them have been men of superior character. I need not list their names for their sorrows have been listed in divorce courts, in bankruptcy notices and in death.

Without exception I have found in Hollywood that the best of luck is the worst.

ELINOR GLYN would like to direct Lillian Gish. Doubtless in "Her Last Hour."

OUR Adela St. Johns recently attended a dinner party given by a Hollywood star. She arrived at eight and at nine-thirty was still un nourished. So flinging on her sables, she stamped off to a hotel in fervent quest of a T-bone rare. The next day she penned an apology to the hostess in her characteristic sweetness.

"My dear," she wrote, "I am so sorry I had to leave your lovely dinner party last evening, but I was hungry . . ."

The hostess was very thoughtful to get off so easily. For, as Mr. Ringling used to say, there's hell to pay when you don't feed a lion.

POACHERS on the preserves of fame: Richard Talmadge, Art Mix, Charles Aplin. [CONT'D ON PAGE 107]



Strauss-Peyton

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER has come to the rescue of Pola Negri and has written a story especially for her, called "Flower of the Night." Pola was, indeed, a lady in distress as ready-made stories threatened to ruin her distinctive and individual style.



Edwin Bower Hesser

PROVING that Professor Mack Sennett has a keen eye for feminine beauty—Thelma Parr. Miss Parr is one of the girls whose loveliness adds a piquant touch to the jazz comedies of the First Great Comedy Producer of the Movies.



Edwin Bower Hesser

LILLIAN KNIGHT, another Sennett girl, was selected as "Miss Los Angeles 1924." It was a high tribute in a Land of Beautiful Women. That shiny effect is obtained by a liberal use of oil. The Boy from Brooklyn has christened her, "the oily boid."

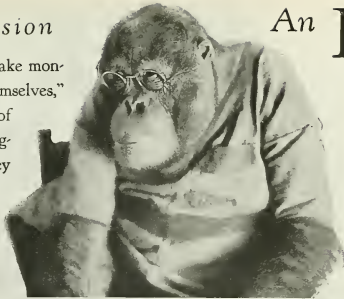


Stagg

THE balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet," enacted in their own garden by Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan. They have every reason to be happy that they're married, because this ambitious young couple has been unusually successful since they agreed to co-star in the domestic drama.

The Decision

"Men strive to make monkeys out of themselves," says Judge Jiggs of the superior orang-outang court. "They did not descend from monkeys but they may ascend to them."



Judge Jiggs of the Universal Zoo

An Evolution Trial in the ZOO

By Herbert Howe

THE celebrated Scopes trial had its echo recently in Hollywood when, upon the complaint of several distinguished monkeys, Judge Jiggs of the superior orang-outang court of Universal City heard the arguments of Ivan St. Johns, PHOTOPLAY representative, and Tom Reed, Universal press agent.

We must explain right here, in fairness to all parties concerned, that the respective eminent counsels showed no personal animus toward one another during or after the trial.

Mr. Reed contended that man was descended from two original monkeys named Adam and Eve, whereas Mr. St. Johns swore on the latest issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine that man was a mere animal created of mud which he was still throwing around Hollywood.

The courtroom was filled each day with both the monkeys and the men. The monkeys mostly preserved a dignified silence, but the animals burst out intermittently with wild jabbars and squeals.

The man element accused the monkeys of being willing to do anything for a sack of peanuts, and the monkeys retorted that men would do anything on a bottle of gin. (Both the peanut roasters and the bootleggers did a heavy business during court recesses.)

Mr. St. Johns argued that through long association with PHOTOPLAY he had found that men were capable of saying and doing things that no monkey would say or do, and read excerpts from several interviews as proofs. They sounded rather convincing but registered little effect upon anyone.

Mr. Reed, on the other hand, pointed out the similarity between the actions of Hollywood stars and orang-outangs, declaring that the Hollywood monkey-shines paralleled those of the jungle.

Upon hearing this statement several orthodox monkeys left the courtroom and three swooned dead away. (Truth is a strong drug—fit only for consumption by those who have been inoculated by it so long they no longer pay to it any attention.)

Mr. Reed further pointed to the similarity of monkeys performing in a cage and men in a studio, adding that monkeys

were enthralled by seeing themselves in mirrors just as men were by seeing themselves on the picture screen.

Here Judge Jiggs interposed sarcastically to remark that he had seen a picture in which a man named Bull Montana made up to look like a monkey, but he had yet to see the monkey who would make up to look like a man.

At this point a roar of applause from those who upheld the dignity of the simian race was sternly repressed by His Honor, whose fairness and impartiality throughout the trial indicated his eminent fitness for the exalted position he holds on the bench. Indeed, if I were on trial for some such capital charge as murder or bootlegging I am sure that I would want none other than Judge Jiggs to preside.

In rendering a decision Judge Jiggs made the following masterly review:

"Despite the efforts of men to appear as monkeys, an attempt particularly noticeable in Hollywood, the fact remains that men are but animals. Were they of divine descent, as they contend, they would be content to be men and not try to emulate the monkey. The fact that they employ press agents is proof that they are not satisfied with being mere men as they were created, but seek to be actors on a level with the monkey. The best of them almost achieve the effect by making their fellow animals laugh uproariously, for which they are handsomely paid. Yet, Joe Martin, the monkey historian, could do anything that a man actor could do and many things that a man could not do.

"As one of the men editorial writers has said, the monkey differs from the animal man by being kind. Monkeys delight in relieving one another of fleas, whereas men delight only in relieving one another of money. (Possibly His Honor was overlooking the urgent needs of Florida realtors—his only slip, if slip it can be called—during the entire proceedings.)

"My verdict then, after due thought and prayer, is: That man did not descend from the monkey, but that he may ascend to being one."

I cannot help but comment on the singular restraint of the monkeys at this verdict. They did not give three cheers.



A thrilling moment in Court when the Judge brought down the gavel on Tom Reed's head against the objections of Ivan St. Johns

Why Faces Go Wrong



The low brow and battling jaw might do for a prize-fighter, but Miss Nilsson decides that it is not quite the thing for a blonde siren



DOCTORS of facial surgery can turn old faces into new ones. The cameraman tried a few experiments of his own and revised the contours of Anna Q. Nilsson and Ben Lyon. After studying the results, Miss Nilsson and Mr. Lyon have decided to keep the original faces that made their fortunes.

Miss Nilsson has had her face lifted—and also the back of her head sliced off. But it isn't a fad that is likely to become popular this or any other year



That scrambled look somehow takes all the romance out of a love scene. Moreover, it is apt to give audiences a distorted view of the story

Ben Lyon pulls a long voice and the camera catches him as a most intellectual young man. After this, thank you, Ben will use his own chin



The Conclusion of

That Terrible Thorne Girl

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

Illustrated by Ray Van Buren

The final chapters of a gripping story. Read what has gone before on the next page, and see how fate and fight solved the life problem of one girl

the silver sheet and she knew how few of them had achieved real or lasting happiness from their work. Always the reaching out for new experiences, new sensations, the frantic effort to fill, with emotional thrills, the void left by the absence of those simple, homely things which occupied the lives of less temperamental women. If Sylvia could find happiness in love, in a home, in children, it was better so, even if she did have to sacrifice a career to obtain it.

"Who says I'll have to go on the witness stand in that divorce case? I ain't the correspondent!"

It was only when she came to the closing paragraphs of the letter that

Marion Allison's conscience began to prick her. In them Sylvia told of her dreadful fear of exposure, of her wish to tell Steve's mother and sister the truth about herself, her dread lest they refuse to believe her. Had Marion heard anything? Had she been able to do anything to remove the stain from Sylvia's record, establish her as a decent woman in the eyes of the world? Even though she might never go back to screen work, it was essential, Sylvia maintained, that she should bring to her husband-to-be—to her possible children—a fair name.

When Mrs. Allison read this she stared out at the sun-drenched garden before her and indulged in a few moments of self-reproach. She had been tremendously busy over a new scenario. Her husband had been ill. The time since Sylvia's dramatic downfall had flown so quickly. As a result, she had done nothing at all, so far as Sylvia's affairs were concerned, beyond making one or two ineffectual attempts to see Isobel Harmon, and finding out that Sydney had gone away. There had seemed very little she *could* do, and yet, reading between

Part VI—Chapter XXIII

MARION ALLISON was sitting in the sun-room of her charming home on Vine Street, reading a letter from Sylvia. It was the first letter she had received from the girl since her departure from Millersburg and because it had been written during the week of Sylvia's new-found happiness, it was a very joyous letter indeed. She had just become engaged to "the finest fellow in the world," Sylvia wrote, and told of her plans for their marriage, their honeymoon trip to Egypt. Remembering the bitterness of the letters she had received from Millersburg, Mrs. Allison smiled. So Sylvia had found her Prince Charming, was going to turn her back permanently on Hollywood and the hectic life of the screen? Well, perhaps it was better so. Marion Allison indulged in no illusions regarding the happiness to be secured through fame. Being a writer herself, and not a picture actress, she had been in a position to observe critically the careers of many butterflies of



the lines of Sylvia's letter how greatly the girl was depending on her. Marion Allison determined to make a final and vigorous effort on Sylvia's behalf at once. Giving some orders to her maid she went out to the garage and jumped into her car. She would force Mrs. Harmon to see her.

It was a matter of luck that Isobel Harmon herself opened the door for her. Had it been a maid, she would doubtless have received the usual message, that Mrs. Harmon declined to discuss her domestic affairs except through her lawyers. As it was, Marion stepped into the cool, wide hallway with so determined an expression on her homely but intelligent face that her hostess was for the moment taken aback, unable to do anything save forcibly eject her. And Isobel Harmon was above all things a lady.

"I hope," she said distantly, "that you have not come to discuss—"

Marion interrupted her with unpardonable rudeness, tempered, however, by the intense feeling with which she spoke.

"I must see you, Mrs. Harmon," she burst out. "I simply *must*. I'm not going to ask you any questions. I'm going to tell you something. Something you must know. Please ask me to sit down." Her large eyes, bright with emotion, held those of the woman before her for an instant; beneath the earnestness in them Mrs. Harmon wavered, gave way.

"I have only a few moments to spare," she said, glancing toward the doorway which led to the living room. "If you will step in here—"

ONCE seated, Mrs. Allison put her case into few words.

"I have just received a letter from Sylvia Thorne," she stated. "The girl is in New York and expects to be married. She cannot go to her husband under a cloud. Will you help me clear her?"

"Why should I?" Mrs. Harmon's manner was not encouraging; there was venom in her voice.

"Because you are a just woman, a fair woman, and this girl—"

"This girl lives with another like her, in a bungalow here in Hollywood. While I am away, in New York, she receives my husband there, goes about with him, is found by me in his arms, undressed, at one o'clock in the morning. Why should I do anything to help her? Why should I discuss the matter at all?"

"Because you should know the truth. Your husband went there to see Jean Martin, not Miss Thorne. She is entirely innocent—"

"Then let my husband say so. Let this Martin woman say so. One of these girls has been his mistress—which one makes very little difference to me. They are both tarred with the same stick. Let them go on the witness stand, when I bring my suit for divorce, and fight it out among themselves."

"Have you brought such a suit?" Marion asked quickly.

"I do not care to discuss the matter. It is my affair, and concerns me only. You said you would ask me no questions, and now—"

"You are right, Mrs. Harmon. I did say that. And I am wrong. If it is ever wrong to try to help one's friends. I see your position. I do not wonder that you are angry. But even anger cannot justify you in damaging the reputation of an innocent woman. If I go to your husband, induce him to make such a confession as you suggest, will you be satisfied?"



"Mon Dieu," the great French writer laughed.
no more of breaking your laws than

Read What Has Gone

CHOSEN for the leading role in an important picture, Sylvia Thorne finds her career wrecked by a scandal. Her room-mate, Jean Martin, has been carrying on an affair with a married man. One night Harmon comes to their bungalow and is found there by his wife who confuses Sylvia with Jean. As Jean refuses to clear her friend's name, Sylvia is involved in the scandal and banished from Hollywood. Heart-broken, she returns home, using her real name, Mary McKenna. On the trip she meets Steve Hollins and they fall in love. Sylvia doesn't tell him of her past life. Steve begs her to marry him and as Sylvia is struggling with the problem, she sees the whole story of her disgrace blazoned in a sensational magazine. Without explaining her position to Steve, she hurries to her home in Pennsylvania, determined to forget him. She is welcomed by her father, a kindly and intelligent man, but it isn't long before she learns that the whole town considers her a "fallen

"Certainly. But he will never do it, until he is forced to, on the witness stand. Possibly not even then. Sydney is a terrible liar. It may suit his purposes, and that of this woman he is infatuated with, to throw the blame on another."



"Such a funny people. You Americans, you think you do of breaking a woman's heart"

Before—Then Finish It

woman." Even her former suitor, Howard Bennett, deserts her in desperation. Sylvia returns to New York and obtains employment. Meanwhile, Steve finds the story, and his instinct tells him it is untrue. He learns from Sylvia's father where she is hiding and rushes to her to assure her that he knows she is innocent. He invites her to visit his mother and sister at their home on Long Island. His mother accepts Sylvia but his sister is suspicious. Unknown to any of them, she goes to Sylvia's home, quickly picks up all the gossip and armed with the information, goes back and virtually orders Sylvia to leave the house. But Sylvia's fighting spirit is aroused, and, with Steve, she goes to Mrs. Hollins and tells the whole story. The mother admires the girl's bravery and believes her story, but she warns her against marriage until she has gone to Hollywood and cleared her name, which, with Steve's help, she is determined to do.

"And would you be satisfied with that?" Marion asked quickly. "Would you be willing to free him, enable him to marry somebody else—some woman he probably doesn't care for in the least—just to be revenged? Don't you really care for

him yourself, Mrs. Harmon?" Marion reached out, took her companion's hand. "As one woman—one wife to another—don't you really want him back?"

"No!" Isobel Harmon exclaimed, snatching her hand away fiercely. But there were tears in her eyes and Marion saw them.

"Think," she went on, pressing her advantage, now that she had found the one weak spot in her companion's armor. "It can't be Sylvia Thorne he is interested in. He has never even seen her since that night. Don't you realize it must be this Martin girl? And now I am going to tell you what I came to tell you—the thing I said you ought to know. Jean Martin has a new lover. She has taken up with Max Hoffner, an assistant director with Rauff Brothers, the independent producers who have taken over the Blackstone lot. They're mad about each other. It isn't publicly known, of course.

THIS Martin girl is clever—or thinks she is. But my husband happens to be acquainted with the man who owns that bungalow where Miss Martin is living—knows who is paying her rent. If you will send for your husband, Mrs. Harmon—talk to him—I believe he will tell you the truth." Marion leaned forward in her chair, lips parted, her eyes searching the face of the woman before her. She had played her trump card, and waited, with breathless eagerness, for the result.

For a moment Mrs. Harmon sat rigid, silent. Then she began to speak,

very slowly, as though choosing her words with great care, yet in a voice trembling with emotion.

"Sydney has treated me shamefully," she said. "For years he has run after other women—younger women. I know in my heart that he has not cared for them, but—he has trampled on my pride. I have been hurt—cruelly, bitterly hurt—time after time, and each time I have taken him back, forgiven him. I swore this affair should be the last. But—I am a fool, I suppose, like all women who are in love—and—even after all he has done I still love Sydney. If he would come to me—if I could be made to feel that he was sincerely repentant—"

"Will you send for him?" Marion asked joyfully.

"I can't." Mrs. Harmon's moment of tenderness had passed; her face again took on the resentful look it had worn before.

"Why not?"

"Because I don't know where he is."

"You—don't know where he is?"

"No. He disappeared, weeks ago, right after that night. If I had known where to find him, I should have had him served with divorce papers long ago. My lawyers can't get any trace of him. He's vanished completely."

The look of satisfaction on Ma-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 78]

THE OLD ARMY GAME

W. C. Fields, the
overnight comedy sensation
of "Sally of the Sawdust"
knows his stuff

By Ruth Waterbury

I HAVE nothing new to bring to the screen. My ambition is to bring back the old—the old burlesque, eternal as laughter.

"I think the danger of the screen right now is that it will get too nice, too refined. Everyone in Hollywood is getting too ambitious. They have forgotten their simplicity.

"I want to restore the old hokum, the old army game. When a thing becomes too refined it loses its vitality and dies out. Highbrow too often is simply another way of spelling finis.

"Every calculated moment in any creative work is hokum until it is done perfectly. Then it is art.

"My ambition is to bring back slapstick two dollars up."

Mr. W. C. Fields speaking. Mr. Fields, the newest comedian of the silver screen, a gentleman long of the Follies and the overnight movie sensation in "Sally of the Sawdust," which Griffith made.

A unique character this, very simple, very direct, very charming. Most unexpected back stage at the Follies. Since "Sally of the Sawdust" was released the Eastern studios have been calling him the coming comedian of filmdom. He has been offered his own production unit with three major companies. On the speaking stage, two



managers are claiming contracts for his services and four others are trying to outbid one another for his signature.

All of which pleases Mr. Fields but causes him no need to change his habit.

It has taken him more than ten years to break into the movies. "That is because I am a pantomimist," he says with a smile.

"Movie directors, as a whole, think of comedy in terms of stage comedy with the words left out," he explains. "Griffith doesn't. Chaplin doesn't. I'm convinced the others do. They recognize comedy through their ears, not through their eyes.

"I've been here in the Follies since 1914 and constantly during that time I have been trying for a movie chance. I never got a look-in until 'Janice Meredith'. The bit I did in that was very small in the actual filming and much smaller in release. But it gave me my opportunity."

No heartbroken clown hiding his sorrow behind a mask of laughter. Not on your life. Fields would call that the old hoke, the old army game. He has spent so many years in the land of hokum he is not even to be kidded into taking himself with undue seriousness. He is very interested in his own career, but it is the same sort of balanced interest a bank president has in the bonding department.

"Sally of the Sawdust" is simply the screen version of "Poppy", the musical comedy I played last season," he says. "I've been praised for my movie work but the credit should go to Mr. Griffith. He made me what you saw today. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 101]



Above: Fields as the father of "The Royle Girl." Below: with Carol Dempster in "Sally of the Sawdust." The Follies girls beat him to the screen. Now he can afford to hire them to offset his lack of beauty



Why Mrs. William E. Borah believes in this care for her skin

The wife of the distinguished Senator from Idaho speaks from a unique experience

"THE Pond's method keeps the skin in the pink of condition, rejuvenating it from the strain of entertaining. Just as surely, too, do Pond's Two Creams protect the complexions of women who ride the sage-brush-covered prairies of our great West. These two excellent Creams, in which I firmly believe, are made to serve women of all pursuits, in all climates, everywhere."

Mary E. Borah

DAUGHTER of the late William J. McConnell, former Governor of Idaho, and wife of its present Senator to the United States Congress, Mary McConnell Borah was destined from the first for public life.

The young man who was her father's private secretary fell in love with this golden-haired slip of a girl who rode her own ponies over the sage-brush plains so fearlessly and well. After they were married the Senatorial toga fell upon this young man's shoulders.

And then came the test of formal officialdom at Washington! Mrs. Borah met it with complete success and has ever since responded to the countless official and social demands of Washington life.

NO woman is busier, yet Mrs. Borah finds time to work for sick Veterans of the World War cared for in three great Government hospitals in Washington, writing their letters home, taking them cigarettes and magazines.

Mrs. Borah believes in a rounded life, in a woman's looking after the details of her appearance. Not long ago I asked her what she considered the best way of caring for the skin. "A good cream," she answered, "for cleansing and keeping it firm and fine. And another for protecting it." Then she told me how the women who live on the great western plains of our country must protect their skin as they ride or drive over the prairies. "The alkaline dust of the desert ruins their complex-



MRS. WILLIAM E. BORAH

wife of the Senator from Idaho who is Chairman-elect of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee of the next Congress, is a prominent leader in Washington Society



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ions unless they guard them carefully. This is just where Pond's Creams are such a help. They keep the skin from becoming parched in this dry atmosphere."

WOMEN of prominence everywhere are depending upon Pond's Two delicate Creams which you should daily use as follows:

Every single day cleanse your skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Always at night, and on returning from an outing, pat it over your skin. Let it stay on long enough for its pure oils to seep down into the pores and bring to the surface the dust and dirt which clog them. Wipe off all the cream and dirt and repeat the process, finishing with a dash of cold water.

Over your newly cleansed skin, before you powder, smooth Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives your skin a positively damask smoothness and over it your powder goes on beautifully and stays smoothly and ever so long. Moreover, this thin veil of Vanishing Cream acts as a protection, guarding your skin against drying, chapping, and burning from sun, cold and wind. So always use Pond's Vanishing Cream before going out.

WHEN you buy Pond's Creams ask for the new generous jar of the Cold Cream. The Vanishing Cream, of which you use less, comes in smaller jars only.

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Hand in Glove with the Screen



One of Jobyna Ralston's chief assets is the daintiness of her appearance. Her clothes are always charming for their girlish simplicity. Notice Jobyna's gloves. They are sand colored to match her costume, with cut-out, open-work cuffs

YOU read that it costs hundreds of thousands of dollars to make each motion picture. And you don't believe it. You can see how costume pictures and great spectacles might be expensive but you don't see how they can waste so much money on an ordinary picture of usual people in normal homes.

You don't stop to think that each picture has an enormous corps of men and women working on it to make it perfect. Aside from the directors and photographers and continuity workers, there are scores of people who work out the details of sets and costumes.

The results of this work in the best pictures are normal looking scenes. A picture flashes on the screen for a second and the audience sees merely a pretty and well-dressed girl walking down the street. They take it for granted that she should look that way, not realizing that some one had to be responsible for that effect. Some one had to see that the girl wore the right kind of clothes to make a good appearance.

And it is the little things she wears that go to make up the whole effect. Take gloves. In that flash, or even in a close-up, the audience sees the finished effect. But if the star wore the wrong kind of gloves for her costume, or no gloves when she should have them, her general appearance would be bad.

If so much time has to be spent on such

If the average woman realized the importance of details—she wouldn't be an average woman

little things as this in a movie, how much more important it is for a woman in real life to think about her gloves. For hers is a constant close-up.

You are in a hurry to meet a friend for luncheon. Your gown and hat and shoes are correct but you struggle into a torn and dirty pair of gloves and dash off afraid of being late. And your whole day is spoiled. Aware of your unsightly gloves, you shamefacedly take them off and hide them under your napkin. The consciousness that your *vis-a-vis* has seen them annoys you, makes you ill at ease.

How much better to have your gloves in order. Then you know that from head to foot you are smartly dressed. That knowledge adds to your poise and you give your friends an impression of *savoir faire*.

The casual woman, who doesn't think about wearing appropriate gloves to complete her costume, goes to a tea wearing a light frock and carrying dark, short, street gloves. They are out of place and quite ruin her appearance, for she has no air about her. She looks hurriedly and badly put together.

Well-dressed women look so because they pay attention to the little touches. They are the envy of their friends because no flaw can be found in their appearance. And gloves play an enormous part in attaining the enviable reputation of being well dressed. So look to your gloves; choose attractive styles appropriate for all occasions if you

would look carefully and completely dressed like the stars whom you admire.

Jacqueline Logan is wearing gauntlet gloves, recently received from Paris. They are of white suede with cuffs of appliqued glazed kid, stitched in white and black. As you can see, the gauntlet glove has replaced the long glove even for after-noon attire





"ABOUT EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO I was a complete wreck: could not eat or sleep, was anemic and my color had faded to a sickly green. My friends began to exchange pitying glances, and one day, an old lady insisted on giving me her seat. That was the crowning humiliation.

"I decided to give yeast a trial. I started eating three cakes daily. In about six weeks found I could eat a real meal once more; in two months my natural color began to return. I kept on, and now, thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast, I am a well woman." Mrs. F. R. CONNER, Florence, Ky.

"I BEGAN TO EAT Fleischmann's Yeast to overcome constipation. I ate it with a dash of salt and a cracker—the flavor being not unlike that of fine cheese. My improvement was steady and permanent. To make a long story short, my nervous system is normal and in excellent condition. Overwork does not bother me; my endurance is there. I eat and sleep like a he-man. The remarkable improvement in my health is a matter of record based on a competent physician's examination. Constipation? Banished forever. Fresh air, exercise and a few cakes of yeast a day did it." WALT MARSH, Belleville, Ill.

A Story Told by Thousands

How they corrected their ills—regained the vitality of youth—through one simple food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry

place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. 10, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders. Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals.

You will find many delicious ways of eating Fleischmann's Yeast; spread on crackers, dissolved in fruit juices or milk, with a little salt or just plain.



"ON SEPTEMBER 12, 1924, I responded to the call of the War Department and found I was one of the many unfit, physically. At dinner I nibbled at my food, was nervous and irritated. When in other cities officiating at football games I was ashamed to take a shower in the same room with other officials because my back was broken out. My skin was scaly, I was not well; besides, I lacked optimism. Then I started using Fleischmann's Yeast. The results were remarkable. My appetite became normal, all traces of eruptions on my back disappeared, and I feel like a new man. It is a pleasure now to associate with other men in the locker room or club."

Coach WILLIAM B. MORGAN, Senior High School, Sauk Centre, Minn.



HERE a penniless vagabond becomes, almost overnight, the owner of a palace and

THREE HUNDRED and FIFTY-TWO tell why they are using this soap

THE name has a curious magic—HOLLYWOOD.

No other country—no other generation—has ever had a Hollywood. It is new in history—the nearest thing to a fairy-tale that the age of science has been able to invent.

Here some little working-girl suddenly finds herself a princess—wearing sables and diamonds—dining off gold plate.

Here a penniless vagabond becomes, almost overnight, the owner of a palace and a fortune.

Two passwords open all the doors at Hollywood—youth and beauty.

Nowhere else have youth and beauty ever been at such a premium. Nowhere else will one find, gathered together, so many young, lovely faces of women.



How to Correct an Oily Skin

First cleanse your skin by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and luke-warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now, work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, and then with cold. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

HOW do the stars at Hollywood take care of their skin? How do they keep it smooth, soft, exquisite, in spite of the constant use of make-up and the cruel exposure to high-power artificial light?

Woodbury's fourteen times as popular as any other soap

We interviewed over 480 Hollywood stars on the subject of what toilet soap they select for the care of their skin, and why they prefer it.

Three hundred and fifty-two, or nearly three-fourths of the entire number, said they were using Woodbury's Facial Soap. The largest number using any other one soap was 26.

More than two-thirds of the users of Woodbury's Facial Soap said they found it helpful in overcoming common skin defects and in keeping their complexion smooth and clear.

More than three-fourths spoke of the purity of Woodbury's or dwelt on its mild, non-irritating effect on their skin. Many commented particularly on the soothing effect of Woodbury's after using make-up.

Every Woodbury user recognizes something individual and unique in the feeling of Woodbury's on her skin: mild, soothing, and yet tonic and gently stimulating. The most tender skin is benefited by the daily use of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Why Woodbury's is unique in its effect on the skin

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for absolutely pure ingredients. It also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap. In merely handling a cake of Woodbury's one notices this extreme fineness.





a fortune. Two passwords open all the doors at Hollywood—youth and beauty.

STARS at HOLLYWOOD for their skin



Around the luxurious private swimming-pool much of the social life of Hollywood centers. Here the stars meet to discuss their work and talk over each other's productions.

What the Hollywood Stars say about Woodbury's

"Woodbury's lathers so easily and plentifully and makes the skin so soft and smooth! It agrees with my skin better than any other."

"No other soap is so mild and yet so beneficial to the skin."

"Dainty, cleansing, harmless—splendid after removing grease paint."

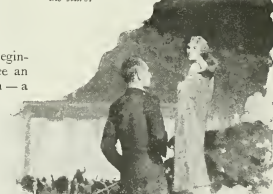
"My skin chapped easily—so I started using Woodbury's and have had no trouble since. It doesn't make my skin dry as other soaps do."

"Doesn't burn the skin like other soaps."

"My skin is extremely sensitive on account of using make-up continually. I find Woodbury's soap the least irritating of all."

"I find it best for my skin. It keeps the skin free from blackheads, enlarged pores, etc., and keeps it firm and smooth."

In the famous "Bowl" at Hollywood, a natural amphitheatre in the hills, thousands gather night after night to listen to "symphonies under the stars."



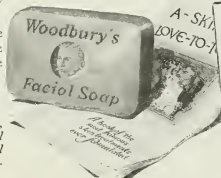
Special treatments for different types of skin

Around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is wrapped a booklet containing special cleansing treatments for overcoming common skin defects, such as blackheads, blemishes, sallowness, excessive oiliness, etc.

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

Thousands of women, by using these famous treatments, have overcome the faults in their complexion, and have gained a clear, smooth, beautiful skin.

Within a week or ten days after beginning to use Woodbury's you will see an improvement in your complexion—a promise of the lovely skin its regular use will help to give you. Get your Woodbury's today (for convenience get it in 3- or 12-cake boxes), and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!



THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.,
510 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Please send me FREE
The new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap,
the Facial Cream and Powder, and the treatment booklet.
If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co.,
Limited, 310 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont. English Agents
Quelch & Gables, Ltd., Blackfriars Road, London, S. E. 1.

Name

Street

City

State

FREE! A guest-size set, containing the new, large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Cut out the coupon and send for it today!

Eyebrows & Lips

To suit your peculiar style of beauty



For girls with large mouths who envy those rosebud lips



Dorothy Dwan's mouth, as it is rouged naturally to balance with the rest of her features



The lipstick should be used sparingly on too full lips

THE cosmetic age has brought on a snowstorm of rouge powder and paint that transforms most any woman into what she ain't. With a few short dabs of the lipstick, the flapper with the big mouth may shrink her lips to the size of a cherry, while the girl with the exceedingly small orifice may enlarge it to the size of a watermelon if she so desires. Dorothy Dwan shows the methods of mouth making in the above pictures.

If you want your mouth to look small, apply the rouge in the center of the lips and be sure to powder the corners carefully. If your lips are too full, don't rouge them to the edge and don't cultivate the brightly colored lipstick. Don't forget that the tiny mouth went out of style with the small waist. A large mouth—if it is not large enough to be out of balance with the rest of your face—is a sign of generosity and good humor.

The lift of an eyebrow has caused innumerable members of the stronger sex to catapult in the direction of the flapper who did the lifting. Dorothy Dwan maintains that girls should be

very careful regarding the contour of their brows. Some girls look great while others look hideous in the same style. Miss Dwan illustrates below her best looking set of eyebrows and those that do not fit her personality.

An arched brow will make you look ingenuous—which is all right if Nature has made the rest of your face ingenuous. Girls with large round eyes had better keep on arching their brows. The pointed eyebrow gives you a sympathetic look, but you ought to have small, sharply cut features to go with it.

If you think your eyes are set too close together, make up your eyebrows to give more space across the nose.

Rouge is another important factor. Girls with high cheek bones should not rouge their cheeks too high as it tends to accentuate bad features. With cheek bones low and jaw muscles large, rouge should be applied high on the cheeks.

These are some of the most important tricks of make-up, as set forth by Miss Dwan. The movie heroine "gets her man," if she keeps her powder dry and her lipstick sheathed.



The pointed eyebrow is best suited to an oval face



Miss Dwan looks best with the low, slightly arched brow that follows the natural line



The straight, severe eyebrow that is popular with flappers

If you want the Truth go to a Child

LATELY, Jepson had felt himself slipping as a salesman. He couldn't seem to land the big orders; and he was too proud to go after the little ones. He was discouraged and mystified.

Finally, one evening, he got the real truth from his little boy. You can always depend on a child to be outspoken on subjects that older people avoid.

* * *

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. It puts you on the safe and polite side.

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the original brown package only—*never in bulk*. There are four sizes: 14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1½ ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.

For
HALITOSIS



USE
LISTERINE

A CHALLENGE

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS



Esther Ralston, the beautiful, the blonde and the unbobbed
 Pontiac Strain Silver Fox
 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, U. S. A.

What the diamond
 is among jewels
 Silver Fox is among
 furs
 What Jaeger
 means in diamonds
 Pontiac Strain
 stands for in
 Silver Fox

DETROIT SILVER FOX FARMS

The Pontiac Strain Organization
 Fifteen Ranches and Producing Units
 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, U. S. A.

PONTIAC
 Strain FURS



Let the Pontiac Strain Seal guide you in the selection of silver fox
 the beautifully illustrated books. The Fox Seal, comparable
 will be mailed to you on request.



Esther Ralston, the beautiful, the blonde and the unbobbed

The Girl on the Cover

ESTHER RALSTON is one of the lucky trio of young actresses who jumped into prominence with the success of "Peter Pan." For "Peter Pan" was a fortunate production for Betty Bronson, Mary Brian and Miss Ralston, all of whom brought the spirit of youth, charm and freshness to the picture.

In spite of the fact that she looks as though she had just come from a smart boarding school, Miss Ralston has been on the stage all her life. She made her debut at the age of two and she has been an actress ever since she can remember. Her parents had a traveling stock company of their own and Esther learned the first essentials of her art before she went to kindergarten.

Her success in "Peter Pan" came after she had been in pictures almost five years. She started first as a child actress and gradually grew into leading rôles. She played in a number of small pictures until Herbert Brenon selected her as the ideal young woman to play the rôle of Mrs. Darling in the Barrie classic.

For a time, it looked as though Esther were permanently settled for life to play the rôles of "old-fashioned girls." Her blonde loveliness,

her unsophisticated charm and her long, gold and unbobbed hair placed her almost definitely as an ideal type for the girl who waits until the hero fights his fight and comes back to claim her. It was such a girl as this that Miss Ralston played in "Beggar on Horseback."

She was the only sane and unjazzed person in all of James Cruze's impressionistic fantasy. However, Miss Ralston has taken her destiny into her own hands. In her newest picture, "The Trouble With Wives," she is the unconscious home-wrecker—the very spirit of the indefinite blonde siren that is potential dynamite to any home. And Esther played it sweetly and innocently, but nevertheless she gave the rôle a certain touch of piquancy that leads you to suspect that some day Esther, too, may be numbered in the ranks of the sirens.

Of her career, she hopes that, unlike Peter Pan, she may grow up. She has definite ambitions that she may be something more in pictures than the lovely excuse for the necessary happy ending. Back of her sudden screen success, she has memories of long years of "trouping" and of lessons in acting that she feels will stand her in good stead when her big rôle comes along.



Could you have said it?

WHEN the twelve members of the bridge club were in your living-room eating salad and drinking chocolate . . . when, as will often happen, one of them dropped her salad fork to the floor . . . could you have said with gaze serene and confident, "Oh, Rose, please get Mrs. Watkins another fork"? Could you—knowing that you had silverware enough and to spare! Or would this situation have found you wanting? Every last piece of silverware in use on the three small tables!

DOES YOUR SILVERWARE HELP YOU TO ENTERTAIN?

Does its very sufficiency and correctness help you to give the luncheons and teas and dinners you take delight in? Or are you often inconvenienced by the fewness of your knives and forks and spoons?

You need not be, for it is an easy matter to make your silverware complete. A few judicious purchases of "1847 Rogers Bros."—salad forks at \$7.00 the half-dozen, or coffee spoons at \$3.60 the half-dozen—will turn your silverware from an annoyance to a delight. When the need arises, it will still be easy for you to add to your 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverware. Leading dealers carry it.

Send for booklet J-27, *Etiquette, Entertaining and Good Sense*. You will find it full of suggestions for successful entertaining. It's free. Write for your copy today. INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., Dept. E, Meriden, Connecticut.

1847 ROGERS BROS.

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



Ambassador Salad Fork
(Individual)



Ambassador
After-dinner
Coffee Set

A wide variety of practical and decorative pieces, such as these, matches the knives, forks and spoons of 1847 Rogers Bros. patterns.

tion Allison's face faded. This was indeed a dilemma. Without finding Sydney Harmon, she could not hope to do anything for Sylvia at all. Kissing, she put out her hand.

"You've been—fine, Mrs. Harmon," she said. "I knew you would be, if I could only see you. I've never considered myself much of a Sherlock Holmes, but if there is any way to locate your husband I'm going to find him. Thanks, with all my heart, for giving me this chance to do something for Sylvia Thorne. She's a fine girl, really, and I'm tremendously fond of her. Good-day." With her eyes shining, Marion Allison went back to her car.

All through the long and rather hot afternoon she sat in her garden thinking, her work neglected. There must be some way to find Sydney Harmon, if only she could hit upon it—reason out a possible plan. Not until evening did inspiration come to her, and with customary energy she decided to lose no time in acting upon it. Careless of an important dinner engagement, she once more got out her car and a few moments later was driving furiously in the direction of Sunset Boulevard.

CHAPTER XXIV

JEAN MARTIN, dressing after a tiresome day at the studio, had just slipped on her evening gown when the doorbell rang. For reasons not entirely connected with economy, Jean was not at present maintaining a maid, which made it necessary for her to answer the bell herself. It could not be Max, she concluded, glancing at the clock on her dressing table; he was not due until seven, at the earliest, and it was not but twenty minutes after six. Somewhat annoyed by being thus interrupted at her toilette, she went through the living room and opened the front door.

In the darkness she did not at first recognize Marion Allison; when she saw who her caller was, her full, rather insolent lips drew tight and her jade green eyes narrowed perceptibly. Marion Allison was Sylvia's friend, and as such could have but one purpose in coming here.

"What do you want?" Jean asked, holding the door open but barring the way. She hated Sylvia because she had injured her, a not unnatural feeling with women of her type. And hating Sylvia, she needs must hate her friends as well. Her tawny red hair, standing about her head in a great bobbed shock, caused her to resemble strikingly an angry and spiteful tiger cat.

"I want to see you, Miss Martin," Marion replied. "On a matter of the utmost importance."

"I haven't any time now. Sorry. Come around tomorrow." Jean would have closed the door, but for the fact that her caller had by now forced herself half way through the entrance.

"Tomorrow won't do," Marion said pleasantly. "I must talk to you now. If I don't, you are likely to find yourself in a great deal of trouble."

The threat, vague though it was, sufficed. Jean, having a troubled conscience, went through life in a state of constant fear.

"All right," she grumbled. "Come on in, if you want to. But make it snappy. I'm dressing."

"Yes," Marion agreed, advancing into the living room. "I see you are. Well, I won't keep you long. All I came for is to ask you where I can find Sydney Harmon."

Jean's yellow-green eyes became mere slits at this. Her head went back defensively.

"I like your nerve!" she exclaimed.

"How should I know where Syd Harmon is?"

"I thought he might have written you. Has he?"

"That's my business."

"It's mine too, in a way," Marion remarked. "And I'll tell you why. Now that Mrs. Harmon knows you're no longer interested in her husband—that you are, in fact, interested in someone else, she's thinking of taking him back."

There was a deal of meat in Mrs. Allison's words—rather tough meat—Jean apparently found it.

"Who said I ever was interested in Syd Harmon," she sputtered. "And why should Mrs. Harmon think I'm not any

"I'm sorry but we can't publish this. It isn't news"

"He's right, dear. Just saying things isn't what's needed now. I've got to do something."



more? And who else is she talking about? And what in hell do I care whether she takes him back or not?"

"I'll try to answer all your questions, in order. I say you were interested in Sydney Harmon—so much so that you tried at one time to get him to marry you; Mrs. Harmon thinks you're not interested in him any longer because you are allowing another man to pay the rent of this bungalow. The 'someone else' she is talking about works on the Renfif Brothers' lot. I can tell you his name if you wish it. As for why you should care whether Mrs. Harmon takes her husband back or not, that is extremely simple. Just at present she is planning to divorce him. If she does, you will be an important witness in the suit. As such a witness, you may be forced to tell a great many things which may not sound—well—pleasant, to the man on the Renfif lot. They might, in fact, make him extremely jealous. But if I can get hold of Sydney, get his wife to take him back, there won't be any divorce, and you won't have to go on the witness stand and tell any secrets. Or lie, which is sometimes difficult, when a clever lawyer takes you in hand. Either way, I think you would be far better off not to attempt it. Do I make myself quite clear?"

The flush of color which anger had brought to Jean Martin's cheeks slowly faded, leaving them drained of blood. Her eyes were no longer narrow, now, but wide and staring.

"Who says I'll have to go on the witness stand in that divorce case?" she whimpered. "I ain't the correspondent."

"I'm not so sure of that. Sylvia Thorne certainly wasn't. And when she goes on the stand she will say so. Just what Sydney will say I don't know. He may deny everything, just as you expect him to do. And then again he may not. He may not be in love with you now—if you can call what he felt for you love. And when he finds out—as I promise you he will—that you have taken up with another man, I frankly don't see any reason why he should try to protect you. It was one thing when he thought you cared for him, and quite another, now. But all that is beside the point. If Sydney is through with you, and ready to go home and behave himself, I think [CONTINUED ON PAGE 133]



From Her Very First Smile

Cherish that "Schoolgirl Complexion" in this gentle way,
which thousands of mothers follow

Which Soap for Baby?

That soap used to be "castile."
But today, it's Palmolive.

That's because so-called castile soap is made by so many makers, under so many different formulas, that not even an expert can tell simply by "looking" which "castile" is too harsh for baby, which "castile" is mild enough.

Thus Palmolive Soap, uniformly mild and gentle, became the leading baby soap . . . just as it's the leading toilet soap of the world.

CORRECT skin care starts in infancy. It is a duty that every mother owes her child. "Schoolgirl Complexions" come now as a natural result.

To assure your child's having one through the years, you must take proper steps now. That means gentle methods of cleansing. Methods that will protect, that will not endanger delicate skin tissue.

For that reason, the use of Palmolive Soap is today widely urged for infants. Its balmy lather, your doctor will tell you, is ideal for protection and for gentle cleansing.

The right bath—How to give it

A soft wash-cloth, a soft towel, baby's little tub filled with warm water. The sweet, soft Palmolive lather liberally applied. Then, thorough rinsing, thorough drying, talcum as usual.

The tender skin soothed and beautified—protected against any possible irritation and—that radiant

schoolgirl complexion when she grows up—will be the reward.

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.

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.

Soap from trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY. (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILL.

*Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands, until you break the wrapper—
—it is never sold unwrapped.*

PALMOLIVE



Your hair reveals

whether you have heeded
Nature's 3 warning signals

AT THE theatre, where all eyes are turned upon you—what a pity if your hair is not as lovely as your gown!

One is so often judged by straggly, lifeless hair. And just a few specks of disagreeable dandruff may mar an otherwise faultless beauty. You need not take this chance, if you heed these 3 warnings:

1. If your scalp is too oily—*beware!*
2. If your scalp is very dry—*beware!*
3. If you find dandruff—*beware!*

Follow the Wildroot treatments shown on this page. You can get Wildroot preparations at better drug and department stores, and barber shops.

WILDROOT COMPANY, INC., BUFFALO, N. Y.

WILDROOT

H A I R T O N I C

1 Is your scalp oily?

Shampoo the hair once each week, using the following treatment: Before you wet your hair rub *Wildroot Taroleum* into the scalp with your finger tips. Apply warm water, and let the snowy, antiseptic lather absorb the oily dirt. Rinse thoroughly. When dry, massage the scalp with *Wildroot Quinine Hair Dress*.



2 Is your scalp dry?

Once every other week, give yourself this treatment: Remove dandruff from scalp by applying *Wildroot Hair Tonic*. Then gently massage *Wildroot Taroleum* into the scalp, before you wet your hair. Cover your head with a hot towel for five minutes. With more *Taroleum* and warm water, shampoo the hair. Rinse well, and follow with cold water.



3 Have you found dandruff?

Two or three times a week (in severe cases, every day), apply *Wildroot Hair Tonic* to the scalp. This should be done in the most thorough manner, parting the hair so as to reach every spot on the scalp—and massaging gently with the fingers. Finish by dressing the hair with the tonic, one strand at a time.



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 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.

GEORGE O'BRIEN FAN, S. FAIRLEE, VT.—George O'Brien was born in 1900. No, he isn't married. Write to the Fox Studio, Hollywood, Calif., for his photograph. Be sure to enclose a quarter with your request.

R. M., WICHITA FALLS, TEX.—John Gilbert and Jack Gilbert are one and the same person. Does that end your worries?

VIOLET G., STEUBENVILLE, O.—The girl you are thinking of is Margaret Livingston. She has also appeared in "The Chorus Girl" and "Up the Ladder." Pola Negri was born in 1897; Constance Talmadge, in 1900; Buster Collier, in 1902; and Bessie Love, in 1898.

PEPPY, CHICAGO, ILL.—Claire Windsor is married to Bert Lytell. Mary Hay and Richard Barthelmess aren't divorced—just amicably separated. Allan Forrest is the husband of Lottie Pickford, Mary's sister.

JACK, BALDWIN, MICH.—Pretty soon you'll know more than I do—if such a thing is possible. Wallace Reid died on January 18, 1923. He was born on April 15, 1890. I can't take sides in the Valentino-Gilbert argument. I notice that you're afraid to make any comments yourself. Do you want me to start another war? Adolphe Menjou was born in 1891. Eleanor Boardman was born in 1898.

I. W. S., CHICAGO, ILL.—Yes, Laura LaPlante is her real name. Pretty, isn't it?

IRIS B. BAKERSFIELD, CALIF.—Ben Lyon isn't married. His next picture will be "The Face That Thrills." Mary Astor will play opposite him. Come again.

K. D., MARICOPA, CALIF.—I've never heard that Lon Chaney keeps his secrets of make-up to himself. Probably, however, there are a few little tricks of the art that he'd like to protect from imitators. Chaney was born in Colorado Springs, Colo., on April 1, 1883. But that doesn't make him an April Fool, by any means.

HAROLD O., VAN NUYS, CALIF.—I make

a low bow of thanks. For a photograph of Ruth Mix write in care of her father at the Fox Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Carol Dempster is, indeed, wonderful. Her next picture is "Sally of the Sawdust." Vera Reynolds was born on November 25, 1905. Mary Astor's next picture will be "The Face That Thrills." I have all the time in the world!

RUTH, SILVER LAKE, MINN.—Neil Hamilton was born in Lynn, Mass., on September 9, 1899. He is married. Also appeared in "America" and "Isn't Life Wonderful?"

G. R. H., SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Yes, Richard Talmadge has fully recovered from his accident and is making some more stunt pictures.

H. K., NATCHEZ, MISS.—So you don't want your name published because it will start a rivalry between the Conrad Nagel fans and the Richard Dix fans? I can tell by your letter that you would give the Dix fans a steep argument. Conrad was born in Keokuk, Iowa, on March 16, 1897. Address him at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif.

M. E., TOLEDO, OHIO.—Your writing is fine and so is your English. And your enthusiasm for Richard Dix is something wonderful. He doesn't live in Great Neck, N. Y. At present, he is working in Hollywood. He has one sister. His father is dead but his mother is living and—need I say?—extremely proud of him. Men seem to like him as well as women. And they like him off the screen, too, because he is a regular guy. As for his affairs of the heart—didn't you read the story about him in the August issue of **PHOTOPLAY**? He threatens to be married within a year. But he won't say whether he has found the right girl yet or not. So we'll have to wait and see.

L. M. G., JOHNSON CITY, TENN.—Do I mind? Certainly not. John Harron was born on March 31, 1901. He is six feet tall and works for Warner Brothers.

LILLIAN D., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Don't let your conscience trouble you. Conway Tearle was born in 1882.

MARY O., HARTVILLE, O.—Alice Terry's hair is auburn. She was born in Vincennes, Indiana, about 28 years ago. Her real name is Alice Taafe. She is married to Rex Ingram. Marion Davies wore a wig in "Volanda" and also in "Janice Meredith." Her first picture was "Cecilia of the Pink Roses." Remember it? Baby Peggy's name is Peggy Jean Montgomery. She was born on October 26, 1918. Jackie Coogan's next picture will be "Old Clothes." Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for the addresses you want.

L. L. C., SCARSDALE, N. Y.—Mary Brian was born in 1903. Write to her at the Lasky Studios, Astoria, L. I. Yes, send a quarter when writing for a photograph. That's the correct procedure in all such cases.

EVA, PASADENA, CALIF.—Ian Keith was born on February 27, 1899, in Boston, Mass. He was married to Blanche Yurka but they are separated now. Write to him at the United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 102]



Bert Roach has wished for years to have his picture in **Photoplay Magazine**. So he thought and thought and thought and finally decided that if a pose like this couldn't land him in the magazine, he'd have to give up. What's wrong with this picture? The correct answer is that Bert has left his cigar go out



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SMARTLY smooth—not a hair out of place . . . Unless you keep your hair always perfectly combed you cannot, today, look well-groomed.

But thousands of men and women have the kind of hair that refuses to lie naturally trim and smooth.

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Stacomb does more than marvelously improve the appearance of your hair. It actually helps prevent dandruff.

Buy Stacomb today at any drug or department store and use it for ten days. Notice the difference.

How velvety smooth your hair now feels. It has a softer, lovelier gleam, looks thicker and healthier than ever before.

Start using Stacomb tomorrow morning. It comes in jars and tubes or in the new liquid form.

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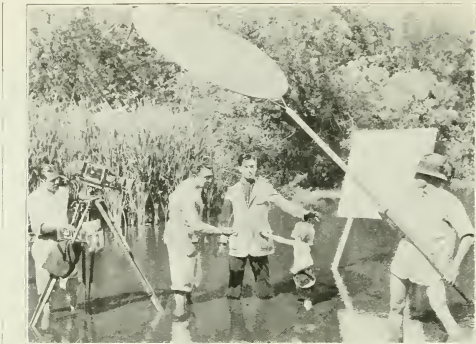


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Please send me, free of charge, a generous sample tube of Stacomb.

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Wading in the babbling brook—but not just for fun. George Fitzmaurice is directing Ronald Colman and little Billy Butts in a scene from "The Dark Angel." The cameraman was also forced to get his feet wet for this close-up. The easel carries a sun reflector while the man at the right is holding a gauze shield between the players and the bright sun.

Studio News and Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44]

speakers in the family, so she let Fred do the talking in public and she did it in private. Norma Talmadge said, in the merest whisper, that she had it in her contract that her husband, Joe Schenck, be allowed to speak for her on all occasions. Faith MacLean, wife of Douglas, and herself a musician of note and a one-time New York society belle, rose blushing and said an actor's wife should be seen and not heard, and from then on nothing was heard but the most docile and humble sentiments from all wives present.

Whereupon Jack Gilbert said in an aside to his partner, "It's too bad Leatrice divorced me before this dinner party, for she would certainly have had something more to say than that." It all sounded fascinating to any unsophisticated bachelors who had visions of a quiet, domestic hearth.

Among those present and surviving were Mr. and Mrs. Joe Schenck (Norma Talmadge), Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Mayer and their daughters, Mr. Irving Thalberg, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas MacLean, Mr. and Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch, George Fitzmaurice, Florence Vidor, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Franklin, Miss Catherine Bennett, John Considine, Hans Kraly, Mr. and Mrs. C. Gardner Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray, Enid's mother, Mrs. Bennett, who was, as usual, quite the life of the party, and Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Anderson.

THE new fashion of the month—Russian boots. They have hovered in the offing in the past, but now Pola Negri has actually made them popular. She herself always wears them around the house, with her stunning velvet and satin house robes and she also wears them on the street with tailored and sport outfits. They look very smart. And already they are beginning to appear on other dainty feet.

MR. AND MRS. JACK DEMPSEY (Estelle Taylor) have returned to Los Angeles after some months spent on the continent, and Mrs. Dempsey has settled down to "keep house" for her husband, but Jack hasn't been able to settle down as yet, what with boxing commissions and rows with his managers and all sorts of things.

The newspaper fraternity and the boxing fans are a bit inclined to blame Estelle for Dempsey's exceedingly changeable tactics in regard to his future fighting career. When the wedding took place, Estelle stated publicly that she hoped her husband would never fight again. And now with a battle with Harry Wills absolutely demanding to be fought, unless Jack wishes to retire and declare the championship open, a fight with Gene Tunney in the offing and one with Harry Greb being pushed here, they claim that Mrs. Dempsey's influence is counting heavily.

Personally, the film colony refuses to believe anything of the kind. Estelle is what is known as a "regular guy," and nobody who knows her will believe her a trouble-maker. She adores her husband, that is plain for everyone to see, and she will undoubtedly stand by him in whatever he decides is the right thing for his career. In spite of her vamp looks, Estelle is extremely domesticated and, looking the situation over, it's hard to figure that she wears the pants in the Dempsey family.

ERNST LUBITSCH is fond of the difficult, in pictures. He has set himself a great test this time. If he can make a picture of Oscar Wilde's "Lady Windemere's Fan," with Irene Rich as Mrs. Erylne, he will prove himself an even greater director than we thought him. Perhaps he can. He gave Florence Vidor her great chance to play comedy, when everyone thought he was crazy to do it.



Your hands can keep their good looks even though they work in the kitchen

SHE is a heroine who does all her own housework; but she seems a genius whose hands never show it.

The question women ask every day is, "Can I do dishes, wash clothes and clean house and still have hands that do not confess it?"

Millions of women answer "Yes." You can surprise them in the midst of any one of a dozen soap-and-water tasks and their hands seem by some miracle to have kept their fine, smooth whiteness through it all.

But it is not really a miracle—it is just Ivory Soap.

"There are many other soaps cheaper and very cleansing, but oh, so hard on the hands," writes Mrs. E. R. L. of California, "while a daily use of Ivory leaves the hands soft and white. This is of great importance to mothers with young babies, who find it necessary to do the daily washings and tend the baby too. Their hands must be soft to rub the tender skin."

You have probably used Ivory for toilet purposes, so you know it is pure and safe. You have used it for fine laundry and found that it harms nothing that can stand the touch of water. Now we suggest that you use it for clothes and general laundry and cleaning, because it cleanses thoroughly while it saves your hands.

Use Ivory for all your soap-and-water tasks—try it for your very next washing—see if your hands do not keep their beauty all through the week.

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 unrisin 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 sanitary 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. A brief soaking in warm Ivory suds before the final washing quickens the cleansing and purifying process.

Ivory Flakes—a sample—Free

Let us send you a sample of Ivory Flakes. With it will come also a beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," which is a veritable encyclopedia of laundering information. Address a postcard to Sec. 45-JF, Dept. of Home Economics, Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, O.

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A Pure Breath

is simply good manners

Millions have turned to this *NEW* way—scientific protection that you carry with you, always

THERE is no question any more about bad breath. Years ago, it may have been unavoidable. Today, it's judged unpardonable.

Now millions are avoiding this offense in an amazing simple, new way.

What it is

May-Breath is an antiseptic mouth wash in tablet form; dainty little tablets that you carry with you.

Dissolve one in your mouth, that is all. Instantly your breath is purified, given the freshness of Maytime.

Not a mere perfume; for that simply cries out your effort at concealment. Not a liquid purifier that can only be used at home. May-Breath supplies constant protection in the most convenient way.

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Bad breath comes from so many causes that scarcely one person in fifty escapes it at one time or another.

Stomach disorders may cause it, or food fermenting between the teeth. Certain foods and drinks are peculiarly apt to cause it. Smoking is a chief offender.

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Carry May-Breath with you. It's in flat metal boxes that fit into your purse, or a pocket.

Never risk close contact with others, never go to a dance or theatre without taking the precaution of a May-Breath tablet.

Send the coupon and we will gladly send you a box free. Then you will know the good it brings.

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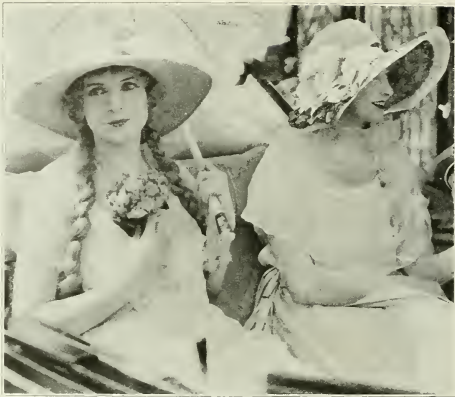
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Because they have the blonde loveliness of the Viennese women—famous all over Europe for their beauty—May Allison and Anna Q. Nilsson were chosen to play the two principal feminine roles in "The Viennese Medley," one of the spectacular productions that will be presented this winter. The unseen hand at the right is that of Conway Tearle. There wasn't room for him in two columns

But to select Irene Rich to play a wicked, dashing, worldly demi-mondaine, known all over the continent of Europe for her affairs and her intrigue, seems an even greater undertaking.

We don't say he can't. But if he does it will be a more laudable feat than making "Passion" with Pola Negri.

JOBYNA RALSTON, who has been Harold Lloyd's leading woman ever since Mildred Davis retired at the time of her marriage, is going to continue in that capacity for some time to come, anyway. They just signed a new contract which covers a number of Harold's forthcoming productions.

ANOTHER secret marriage has recently been revealed. Derelys Perdue, dancer and screen star, has been for some time past the bride of Louis Feldman, well-known Los Angeles business man. At one time, Miss Perdue was reported engaged to Gene Sarazen, golf champion, and Craig Biddle, millionaire society man from Philadelphia.

COLLEEN MOORE and her husband, John McCormick, have returned to Hollywood from their trip abroad, and Colleen, who went to get rested and fat, has actually put on ten pounds and looks wonderful.

I am not a sentimental person. I hate to wax poetic. But the return of Colleen, as sweet, as unspooled, as charmingly girlish and fine and real as ever, made things look a lot brighter to me. There is no one quite like Colleen. Year in and year out, for dependable friendship, for generous thoughtfulness, for thoroughly unspooled modesty and desire to learn about the fine things of life, she proves herself the only one of her kind.

She went to Ireland and she loved it and

they loved her, but tears spilled down her cheeks when she spoke of the poverty of Ireland, the hopelessness, the destitution. "It's awful," she said, "I couldn't enjoy myself, though they were so kind and lovely to me. All their young people have gone away, and the old folks are so poor and so hopeless."

She was glad to be back home, glad to be back at work. And we were darn glad to have her.

BILL REID is wearing his first long pants. It is surprising, and delightful, and yet a little sad, to think of Wally's son thus grown up.

Surprising, because Wally himself seemed so much the spirit of youth incarnate, and delightful because he looks more and more like his dad all the time, and a little sad because Wally isn't here to see him. It would have been fun for Wally and for his son, to be together when those first long pants were bought and donned.

But at that, Bill is only eight. Long pants, these flannel affairs with the wide belts, are becoming fashionable for such very young gentlemen.

LOIS WILSON is going to emerge from her motion picture years with a great background of travel if nothing else. Having toured all over the west making "The Covered Wagon," she was sent to New York for a picture, then to Alaska, then to England to represent Paramount at the Wembley Exhibition, and now she is going to Ireland to make a picture with Tommie Meighan.

And Lois is such a home-loving girl.

MARION DAVIES has taken a house at the beach for the summer, which must save her a lot of trouble, because she was always there anyway, and it saves the time motoring back and forth between her Beverly Hills estate and the Swimming Club. She has a charming place now and gives Sunday parties for her friends. Marion has been absolutely captivated by the ocean, it seems. She turns into a mermaid on



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How delightful to use
a delicate powder which
assures daintiness for the
whole day!

By *Letitia Hadley*

DEODO will lead many more women to the use of a deodorant, said a letter which came to me the other day. "I think it is exactly what women have been waiting for, for a long time."

I know it is! Ten thousand women were questioned as to their preferences before Deodo was perfected, and their wishes were fulfilled in the new product.

Deodo is a fine, white powder—faintly fragrant—with almost unbelievable capacity for absorbing and neutralizing body odors. It does this, mind you, without sealing the pores or interfering with their important functions. To rub it under the arms and dust it over the body only requires an instant. It is so delightful to use! It soothes—brings healing comfort if the skin is tender. And it doesn't stain or otherwise damage clothing.

Outside of Deodo's important daily uses, you will find invaluable its immediate and continued effectiveness on sanitary napkins. Surely it is a boon to know you are sweet and fresh, regardless of circumstances. Deodo is sold at most druggists' and toilet goods counters—or I will send you a miniature cointainer, holding a generous supply, free. Please mail the coupon today!



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A MULFORD PRODUCT
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When an Indian goes courting, he uses a drum to tell the lady of his beating heart. Richard Dix learned the trick in "The Vanishing American" and he is trying it out on Lois Wilson. But you can tell that Lois wishes that the serenader would take his drum and go home

the slightest provocation and nothing daunts her. She has learned to swim and she takes the most incredible chances, starting out for rafts that you can hardly see and diving enormous breakers that scare even the life guards.

AS a matter of fact, if they don't hurry up about it, Marion will probably be the first woman to swim the English Channel.

WANDA HAWLEY, one time star and featured player for Paramount and now a popular free lance leading woman, was married recently in Hollywood to Jay Stuart Wilkinson, better known as "Stew" Wilkinson, the race driver. Nobody was at all surprised for the romance is one of long standing. Miss Hawley was married once before and divorced about a year ago.

THIS is carrying realism a little too far.

June Mathis, who is supervising, and Curt Rehfeld, who is directing "The Viennese Medley," insist on having all the titles spoken in German. The picture, of course, is laid in post-war Austria.

Every night the cast is given a list of the titles in German, to be memorized for the next day's work.

The only difficulty is this—May Allison, playing a leading role, speaks only one foreign language, which is French. Anna Q. Nilsson was born in Sweden and so speaks Swedish. And Jean Hersholt, the character actor, is a Dane. The minute they get to speaking a foreign language, each is apt to burst into his or her own, and the sounds on the set are too awful to describe.

PAUL BERN and I, finding ourselves in a quiet corner at a party the other evening, were discussing this and that. Paul, besides being a noted director, a famous scenario

writer and a noted squire of dames, is a man of great observation and deep culture. I hate that word but there are times when nothing else will do.

He told me a little story about Lois Wilson, whom he thinks the finest woman he has ever met. "I noticed one unusual thing about her," he said. "After poor little Lucille Rickson passed away in her arms, Lois never said a thing. She arranged all the pathetic details, she did all the necessary telephoning, she attended to everything. She was quite calm. I drove her home, and when she got on her own front door step and everything was done, she collapsed and cried like a baby. But she waited until everything was done for everybody else."

THE Harry Careys burst forth on a recent week-end with a barbecue on their ranch and it was some barbecue. Steers were roasted whole in the pits, and there were all kinds of game cooked in big adobe ovens, and jars of Spanish beans and home-made tamales and enchiladas and all those things. A lot of the picture folk motored out—the ranch is only an hour's drive from Hollywood—and everyone had a marvelous day.

YACHTING seems to be arriving as a popular sport among the movie folk. Until recently only such producers as Cecil De Mille and the late Thomas H. Ince owned boats, but now a number of stars have bought them and are spending week-ends on the water.

Reggie Denny has an adorable new craft, which he calls the Barbarene—that being a combination of wife and daughter who are Barbara and Irene. Reg runs it himself and spends every spare moment on the water, living in his bathing suit and accompanied by Mrs. Denny and Little Barbara.

Paula Negri also has a very marvelous new boat and Jack Gilbert is buying an old coaster and having it rebuilt, so that he can make long and really exciting cruises on it.



ALBERTA VAUGHN
F. B. O. STAR IN "THE FACEMAKERS"

Saucy, roguish flapper of the screen

IDOL of the young sheiks in every movie audience, the little star of "The Go-Getters" takes advice from nobody. She wears what she likes. And maybe it's because she likes them best, that Dame Fashion decrees this fall for street and sports wear, Goodyear Welt shoes with *visible* eyelets.

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Her Broken Mirror

On her way to the party, she dropped her compact. The mirror broke. In spite of her better judgment, the old superstition of seven years bad luck haunted her. It threw a cloud over her usual gaiety and the party was a great disappointment all around.

Have you seen the new Mary Garden double compact with its *metal mirror—impossible to break?* The charm and the delicate odor of Mary Garden face powder and the ever popular Mary Garden rouge—so natural in color—are both contained in this most attractive thin compact, so easy to carry.

You can also procure the Mary Garden odor in lipstick, toilet water, talcum, bath powder and bath salts. Its delightful fragrance lingers entrancingly.

These are the prices

Face Powder in round box with puff	\$1.00
Rouge or Face Powder Compact in the new small metal case	.50
Lip stick, slide metal case	.25
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Toilet Water, 2 1/4 oz.	1.50
Bath Powder with large puff	1.50
Bath Salts, 13 oz.	1.00

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John Barrymore's first picture for Warner Brothers will be an adaptation of the popular classic, "Moby Dick." It has been renamed "The Sea Beast." The wistful heroine is Dolores Costello

THIS is the concluding installment in the story of Pola, the undeclared jewels and your Uncle Sam. All is square and jake between Uncle Sam and his adopted daughter from Poland. Pola paid Uncle the \$5,000 due the gov'ment and claimed the gems. What happened to the rare old liquor also confiscated when Pola came from Europe, I cannot say. But my sleuths are working day and night to find it.

SPEAKING of Pola, she has brought her smother to this country and Madame Chalopez is now living with her daughter in Hollywood, which, whatever you may say about it, must be a relief after turbulent Poland.

WE are extremely glad to report that Universal has come to an understanding with Reginald Denny, and that young star will go on making pictures for his thousands of fans. They are giving Reg a salary in proportion to what other men of his drawing power and popularity are receiving, which is as it should be.

Now if they will get him some good stories, all will be well.

BLANCHE SWEET is in New York to make her second starring picture for First National. I guess Blanche will be glad to have a nice, quiet, cosmopolitan drama to make, for during the "Sea-Woman," they ship-wrecked, auto-wrecked, and almost drowned her and she is quite ready for some rest and peace.

THE Antonio Morenos will return, when they do return, from Europe in their own yacht. While in France and Spain and along the Mediterranean making pictures with Rex Ingram, Mr. and Mrs. Moreno acquired a yacht on which to spend their leisure. And so they have written recently to friends that they expect to bring it with them when they come. Mrs. Moreno hopes to open her lovely home in the fall, so evidently they will cross some time this summer.

THE trial of the Mary Pickford kidnapers caused a great deal of excitement in Los Angeles, where it was tried in the county court

house. The appearance of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford as witnesses brought great crowds to fill the streets and corridors and to cheer the stars as they went in. Flappers mobbed the courtroom early in the morning and remained all day.

Court room attaches tell me that Miss Pickford made one of the finest witnesses ever seen in that part of the woods. She was definite, sincere and unassuming, and made a great impression.

The jury's verdict of guilty in the cases of two of the accused, with a sentence in San Quentin penitentiary of from ten years to life, brought with it a feeling of relief and security to the film colony. It will protect other stars in the future from such schemes.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS and Mary Pickford in the rôle of employers is one that the public doesn't often consider. But they do employ a lot of people, not only actors but all the vast staff of workmen that go to the making of a picture.

At the end of every picture, Doug and Mary give their entire staff two weeks' vacation on full pay. No wonder they are so popular with them. But that isn't the only reason. They are both hard workers themselves, know what they want and have a great sense of justice.

NOW that Gloria Swanson has returned to New York for another long stay and her triumphant visit to Hollywood is a thing of the past, one impression of the new queen of the movies stands out distinctly in the mind of almost everyone who saw her.

And that is of Gloria, the mother. Madame la Marquise, Gloria the great star, Gloria the hostess, all are glittering moments. But Gloria with her two children is the real person whom you want to remember.

Just why Gloria has chosen to keep this side of herself from her public, no one knows. It seems too bad. But perhaps she feels she and her children have a right to that privacy.

Little Gloria II is an adorable person, the exact image of her mother, and as sweet and well-mannered and unspooled a child as I have ever seen. The three-year-old son is chunky,



NEW!

Madrasette is a brand new Eaton paper that boasts an attractive striped madras finish and envelopes gayly lined. In white, of course, but also in lovely shades of gray, tan, and blue, with envelope linings in daring but pleasing contrast.

Also Eaton's Hand Made Style, with the modish, large single sheets, in hand woven effects, to be folded twice into smart oblong envelopes—a really delightful paper of rich quality and attractive writing surface. In white, cream, gray, and blue.

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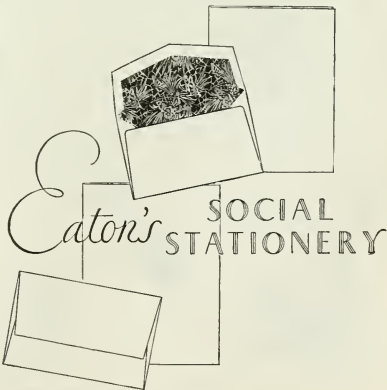
Where Stationery Styles Originate

Up in the Berkshire Hills there is an institution that has been producing correct social stationery for a quarter of a century. Here have originated the styles in writing paper that have been recognized everywhere as correct and adopted by women of discrimination.

Eaton's Highland Linen, perhaps the most popular writing paper ever produced, has won its way because of the character of the paper itself and of the way in which the fashion of the moment was expressed in its shapes and shades.

New fashions in writing paper put out under the Eaton name become at once the accepted correct style.

No woman need hesitate to buy a paper that beats the Eaton name, whether her taste is for the conservative, dignified, white sheet which is always correct, or whether she has a soul for color as expressed in beautiful shades or paper with borders, novelty linings, and other characteristics now so popular. There is a paper of excellent quality bearing the name Eaton to be had wherever good stationery is sold.





If your skin is robbed of its natural "Precious Moisture"—

Out in the sun and wind—encounters with dust—frequent washings and powderings all tend to steal the natural "Precious Moisture" from your skin, leaving your face harsh and perhaps scaly.

If you care about your complexion, don't let your skin lose its natural "Precious Moisture" without giving it in return an application of Frostilla Fragrant Lotion the preparation that supplies your skin with a "Precious Moisture" just like its own. It is quickly absorbed and keeps your skin smooth and soft.

Remember too, Frostilla Lotion is an excellent base for face powder.

Announcing a new economical dollar size bottle containing more than three times the 35c size. Frostilla Lotion now obtainable in two size bottles—35c and \$1.00. Sold everywhere.

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Each grain of powder is a tiny blotter absorbing the "Precious Moisture" from your skin.

and all boy, and upon them both Gloria bestows not only love but real thought and time and attention.

People who dined with the Marquis and the Marquise and were privileged to be led out on the sleeping porch for a peep at the two young Swansons asleep, or to run out in the daytime and watch Gloria romping with them on the lawn, got an understanding of Gloria that was very human and very sweet.

LOWELL SHERMAN, eminent stage actor and screen villain de luxe, has caused a lot of excitement in Hollywood with his monocle. Of course, Hollywood had seen monocles before, it had even seen them worn, but never seriously. Mr. Sherman wears his quite seriously, and at parties the guests walk around watching him to see just how it's done.

KATHERINE McDONALD is returning to the screen. Having married a wealthy business man, built a lovely home, had a baby, and established a position in society. "The American Beauty," as she was once called, has heard the lure of the silver-sheet and is to come back in a series of pictures for one of the small independent producers.

Time was when Katherine McDonald was rated as one of the great stars and as quite the most beautiful woman on the screen. Fashions in beauty have changed a lot since then, and the stars of today are rather different in many ways. It will be interesting to see what the always cold and stately Katherine will do—whether she can recapture her public and re-establish herself in her old position.

MICKEY NEILAN, who is a young Irishman rather apt to get what he goes after in this world, has established the most perfect suite studio in all Hollywood. After the noise and clatter, the dashing hither and yon, the people and the excitement, of the usual large motion picture studio, the Marshall Neilan lot is marvelous.

Mickey bought the old Garson studio and with a little paint and good taste and a few flowers, has transformed it into a haven of rest and quiet. He has a big swimming pool, which his employees use when they feel like it, and he has a charming dining room on an upper balcony, with an awning. All the offices are in excellent taste and the projection room is the most comfortable place I've ever been in, having real fresh air fans and those big comfortable chairs that you sink down into and never want to get out of.

If Mickey can't make good pictures in that lovely, artistic, quiet spot, he'll never make them anywhere.

YOU can't go anywhere these days without bumping into the radio.

The latest invasion is that of the motion picture lot, where it is proving of great value in saving both time and money. The broadcasting of certain messages has saved thousands of dollars and brought amazing results.

When Clarence Brown began to make "The Goose Woman," he needed several hundred white geese with which to stock the farm which

Louise Dresser maintained, in her rôle. These weren't any geese to be bought in such quantities in the markets, so Brown went out and broadcasted his needs.

Next morning, geese began to arrive at Universal City by squads. They came special delivery, parcel post, air mail, in person, by messenger, in trucks and on foot. The number of geese needed was found two hours after the studio opened in the morning, and this saved maybe several days of search by assistants while the gigantic overhead piled up.

A WEEK or so ago, Larry Trimble was planning to use more than a thousand extras in a big scene in "My Old Dutch." After they had been fitted out with costumes and told to report on the following day, a hitch came in the scenic department and it was found they'd have to be put off a day. It would take all day to telephone a thousand extras, so that night Mr. Trimble announced the delay over the radio. All but twelve of the extras got the message, either direct or through friends.

All the Universal companies that go to distant locations where no telephones are available now carry a portable broadcasting station as part of their standard equipment, so that they can always get in touch direct with the studio, and Charles Furthmann, manager of the studio, declares that many thousands of dollars in time and expense have been saved by this means of rapid communication.

LEATRICE JOY, who has had about everything a woman can have in this life, said an interesting thing to me the other evening. Having been married to a man whom most other women consider terribly attractive and all men like, having reached the great heights of screen fame and success, having gained the ability to earn sufficient money to buy everything she wants, she said, "There's only one thing in the world that means real happiness—that's children. I know that now. That's all the happiness you can count on, that of having a baby of your own to love."

TWO more of the defenders of long hair, and almost the last two at that, have fallen in the battle.

Priscilla Dean and Aileen Pringle, who have held out all this time, are now among the short-haired beauties. Priscilla's is cut in the latest rather wild fashion and makes her look more like the Priscilla of "The Wild Cat of Paris" than we have seen her in a long time. Aileen has hers done a la Alma Rubens, down over one eye, and it's rather nice, but we liked it better long.

THERE is music in the air at the Sennett studio these days for the first time since Mabel Normand left it. And it is on Harry Langdon's set.

Mabel always had music. She had to have music—sad music, gay music. But no one since has been considered of enough importance or enough temperament to be provided with it. The fact that they get it for quiet, gentle little Harry Langdon shows the regard in which he is held by Mack Sennett.

Will You Be One of the Lucky Ones?

The judges are hard at work going through the great stack of solutions received in PHOTOPLAY'S \$5,000 Cut Picture Puzzle Contest. In order to consider every solution fully and fairly, it will be some time before a decision can be reached.

Watch for the complete list of the Winners in January issue of PHOTOPLAY. Out about December 10th



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Look always for the Tre-Jur trademark—the American symbol of Feminine Charm and a frank guarantee of your money's most.

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HOW NATURAL that they should find the secret of the youthful figure in this famous community of beauty! And now that you may share it, why be burdened any longer with overweight and embarrassed with heavy ankles, thick hips, large busts and abdomen, or a double chin?

QUICK RESULTS

FORM-O-YOUTH, as this wonderful new reducing foam is known, achieves really phenomenal results. It speedily and effectively relieves overweight and enables those, who are approaching stoutness, to retain the attractive slenderness they prize so much. Reduces only where applied. *And no dieting is necessary.*

Absolutely harmless, FORM-O-YOUTH tones up your flesh and gives it the beautiful firmness of health. Simple and easy to apply—takes only a few minutes. Greaseless—will not soil your most delicate garment. Will not grow hair. Used by screen and stage actresses. Prescribed and recommended by Hollywood Physicians.

Write without delay to FORM-O-YOUTH LABORATORIES in Hollywood. FREE BOOKLET—"Open Door to Youth and Beauty," will be sent you. Send \$2.50 with the coupon below for generous 14-oz. jar. Be sure to specify if for blonde or brunette.

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Gentlemen: Please send me your FREE BOOKLET. I enclose \$2.50 for which kindly send me prepaid, full size 14-oz. jar of FORM-O-YOUTH. Mark cross, for BLONDE () BRUNETTE ()

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____



Made Where the Movies Are Made

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

KENTUCKY PRIDE—Fox

HERE is something different that will be welcomed by everybody—an autobiography of a race horse interwoven with a human story. And the horse tells it! Not only are there two thrilling horse races presented but five of America's most famous kings and queens of the turf are introduced: Man o' War, Fair Play, Negofol, The Finn and Morvich. Be sure to bring the children!—M. B.

MY LADY'S LIPS—B. P. Schulberg

AN interesting crook drama with plenty of suspense. The only fault we found with this: why inject such inconceivable ideas? There isn't a newspaper reporter living who would go through all the nonsense that is depicted in this film. But in order to make good movies we suppose they have to stretch the degrees of heroism. Aside from this, it's good entertainment for the older folks—that is if they like 'em crooked.—M. B.

THE LUCKY HORSESHOE—Fox

THIS is no different from the usual Tom Mix vehicles. Again Tom is the bashful lover but a daredevil when it comes to riding and shooting. He is knocked out by some villains and dreams of the days of the daring Don Juan. This inspires him to do likewise and that's how he wins the heroine. The Boys usually cheer for these.—M. B.

THE WILD BULL'S LAIR—F. B. O.

FRED THOMSON and Silver King again prove that their Westerns are always different. In fact, so different that they are always interesting and entertaining. This time they have another animal added to their collection—a bull. And this bull certainly does supply the thrills. O. K. for the children.—M. B.

A WOMAN'S FAITH—Universal

A WOMAN must have more than faith to bear with Percy Marmont's stubbornness through some six or seven reels. Having once

had his heart broken, he turns down the corners of his mouth and refuses to believe in anything or anybody lest he again be tricked. But Alma Rubens restores his faith in woman, and by prayer and a miracle he regains his eyesight. Much ado about very little, I'd say.—C. H.

THE GIRL WHO WOULDN'T WORK—B. P. Schulberg

IT wasn't that she was lazy but every time she left the counter the boss appeared on the scene. You know how those things happen. Then she lost her position and through her acquaintance with a wealthy bachelor she lost her home. After a big mix-up, all wrongs are righted and everybody's happy. Lionel Barrymore and Marguerite De La Motte do good work—in fact the best we've ever seen them do. But it's just a fair picture.—M. B.

THE RANGER OF THE BIG PINES—Vitagraph

STRIKE up the band! Here is a Western where the cattle and sheep herders are not fighting it out. Instead it's a lone cattle herder who refuses to pay the taxes for using the government grazing grounds. The Ranger interferes—the usual fight. The heroine does a Paul Revere and all are saved. Eulalie Jensen gives a fine characterization as *Lise Weatherford*. The others just about exist.—M. B.

LORRAINE OF THE LIONS—Universal

WHEN a ship goes down at sea and every one but a helpless little girl is drowned—you can imagine the rest. *Lorraine* (Patsy Ruth Miller), lives alone on an island for twelve years, the idol of the jungle beasts. (No, it's not evolution propaganda.) As if that weren't too much to believe, some occult power leads her rich grandfather to her, he in turn leading Norman Kerry to capture her heart. Talk about the long arm of coincidence making this kind of double play! Now I ask you.—C. H.



Wilma Banky, Rudolph Valentino's new leading woman, no speak English. Vilma's native language is Hungarian and she also knows German. Rudy speaks five languages—but German and Hungarian are not among them. So here they are carrying on a conversation with the help of two dictionaries. The set of "The Lone Eagle" sounds like a classroom of the Berlitz School



Miss Jobyna Ralston chooses mode cape gloves to wear with her natural Kasha ensemble costume. Photo by Gene Korrmann

Gloves Should Blend with the Costume

THE mode of today calls for gloves that blend with the costume in color, styling and leather. Miss Ralston expresses the correct note in wearing with her afternoon ensemble, light weight cape gloves with narrow cuffs, in a shade of mode to match her slippers.

For Autumn street wear, one usually selects Mocha slip-ons in gray to wear with grays and blues in the bright tones now in vogue, or in a shade of mode or

beige to wear with brown, wine or bois de rose. Cape gloves with reversible cuffs, are smart with the tailored suit; charmois and doeskin slip-ons are still much favored for town and country wear.

For sports—riding, driving, golf—Buckskin pull-ons, worn a size too large, are very smart and harmonize with tweeds, Kashas or jerseys.

Your favorite shop can show you correct styles of new Autumn gloves—in Cape, Mocha or Buckskin.

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Inecto Rapid Notox is a strictly scientific hair tint, the creation of one of the most highly qualified organic chemists in the country. It is designed for one purpose only: the coloring of the living and highly sensitive organism of human hair. Throughout its every process of manufacture it is made to conform to laboratory standards of the most exacting rigor.

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Inecto Rapid Notox tints hair in 15 minutes. This convenient rapidity of action has recommended Inecto Rapid Notox to hundreds of thousands of women, and the simplicity of its method of application has enabled them to apply it, with invariable success, in their homes.

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Please send me without cost an obligation free detail of INECTO RAPID NOTOX and the Beauty Analysis Chart Form A-24.

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THE CIRCUS CYCLONE—Universal

A DASH of Western atmosphere and a dash of circus stuff—just what should please the children. The hero protects the bare-back rider of a circus, who is insulted by the manager of the show. In revenge, the manager frames her father and again the hero does the rescuing act. Art Acord shows his ability in horse-manship. The boy is good.—M. B.

PARISIAN LOVE—B. P. Schulberg

ANOTHER one of those things that just happen. At the finish of the picture you'll wonder what it is all about and why it was ever produced. The story centers around an Apache girl, who marries a wealthy man out of revenge because he took her lover away. Of course a confession is made and the lovers reunited. Not for the family.—M. B.

This Girl Danced and Made the Piper Pay

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

York. That was when Gilda lived in a little apartment in the Fifties. Now she has a fine home at Northport, L. I. The house itself is a hundred and fifty years old and it is the pride of Gilda's life. She is, above all things, domestic.

In her years of success on Broadway, Gilda might have gone into the movies at any time—just as a novelty. She did, in fact, do her dance in one of Allan Dwan's productions—but she was a dancer and nothing else. Gilda made up her mind, then and there, that when she finally did go into pictures she would do the thing right or not at all.

How Gilda got her contract with Famous Players-Lasky is a story that might make other stars read and weep. It was virtually the result of a bet between Mr. Boag and the film magnates. The film magnates did not doubt Gilda Gray's popularity in New York. But they did wonder if Gilda were well known in the grassier sections of the country.

So Gilda and Gil Boag got up an act, packed their trunks and made a complete circle of the country just to prove to Mr. Zukor and Mr. Lasky that her fame was country-wide. The tour was taken on their own responsibility. Gilda and her show appeared in motion picture theaters in all the large cities and many of the smaller ones. The result was a series of panics at all the box-offices. In Los Angeles, she broke all records by bringing in over \$40,000 in a single week. Her tour was one of those phenomenal events in show circles.

That settled everything with Famous Players-Lasky. She got the job. She got everything she had asked for.

And now what will she do in the movies? As an actress, she is an uncertain quantity.

Her face, too, is quite unknown. After four years on Broadway, Gilda once said, nobody recognized her face. Will Rogers once remarked that he met Gilda on the street but he didn't know her with her clothes on. Gil Boag calls her "pretty face" because, he says, he is the only man who realizes that she has a pretty face.

Gilda is pretty, in a foreign, child-like way. Her hair is naturally blonde; all Poles are fair. Her eyes are blue, slanting and shy. Her features are small, sensitive and a little sad. When she talks of the new furnishings for her home or the paintings she is going to buy, she smiles and her eyes twinkle.

When Gilda danced in the movie colony, she was a small sensation. Some of the stars came to call on her back stage. But Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks invited her to luncheon and, I think, Gilda was impressed and a little touched. After all, things weren't always so easy for Mary and Gilda found her easy to talk to. She liked, too, the idea of being welcomed to the movie world.

Mr. Boag feels that Gilda's tour of the country has given her a new grasp of audiences. Cabarets are only a small, limited field. To go before huge audiences in big theaters was a new experience for Gilda. With her magnetism, she conquered.

It is that magnetism that Gilda is relying on to put her across in the movies. It has carried her far and it should carry her farther. It brought something new to Broadway; it should bring something new to the movies. Perhaps it is that good, old reliable quality called "sex appeal." But, I think, it is something else too. Something that can only vaguely be described as "the call of the wild."

That Lure of Peggy's

YES, Peggy Joyce most certainly has got it—and it's the kind of lure that puts every man on his best behavior, while he basks in a fascination that is not cast for his special benefit—or not even cast at all. At any rate the charm is there, resistless as a magnet. Ivan St. Johns has been investigating the reason for it and he thinks he has found it. Watch for his story, under the title,

“What Is That Lure of Peggy Joyce?”

It will appear in the November issue of PHOTOPLAY

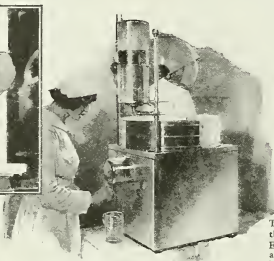
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Now—Ultra-Violet Rays in a youth-renewing beauty cream



Apply Goodall's *Actinized* Cream heavily before going to bed. Allow to remain on overnight. 30 days' results will amaze you. Excellent to use any time of day—leave on at least 3 minutes. Screw top on tight after using.



Usually relieves the severest case of sunburn in 12 hours, if applied at once.

The Actinic rays are shot through quartz lamps. Each globule of cream absorbs its share. That is why this remarkable Cream quickly renews the youth of your skin.

In 30 days your face is 10 years younger—
famous scientists endorse this new way

*A written guarantee to banish blackheads, pimples, to reduce enlarged pores—
to give your skin a softer, finer texture. In 30 days—or your money refunded*

YOUTH . . . beauty . . . your skin soft and pink as rose petals—that is what this discovery means to you.

The worst blemished skin is quickly transformed. Even good complexions are made dazzling.

It is a cold cream—*Actinized!* A cream infused with the miraculous *Ultra-violet (Actinic) rays of the sun—the most powerful healing agent known to modern science.* It acts on skin like magic. Because it lights up the skin internally.

Blackheads and pimples are banished. Enlarged pores are reduced.

We know this is hard to believe. Hence our guarantee. If 30 days' trial does not convince you—then we will refund your money.

Please see what 30 days will do. Use the coupon. Results will be a revelation.

Magic youth-renewing powers

Ultra-violet (or Actinic) rays are invisible rays from the sun. Scientists call them "the life fluid!" Because they renew the life of whatever they touch.

Ultra-violet rays are absolutely the only known skin food—the only food, in fact, the

skin will absorb. This is proven by the fact that doctors today everywhere are curing children of rickets by flooding their little bodies with the light of this Actinic ray.

For wherever this "life fluid" touches the skin—the skin absorbs it.

Adults too are being treated with marvelous results. Any doctor will tell you that the journals are full of articles about this marvelous discovery.

And now we offer you a beauty cream that feeds the same *Ultra-violet (Actinic) rays* direct to your skin! To stimulate circulation. To purify the blood. To destroy bacteria. To quickly restore the natural beauty and youth of your skin. The name is Goodall's *Ultra-Violet Cream—(Actinized).* A 30-day test will prove all we say.

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First—Goodall's *Actinized* Cream is combined from purest cold cream oils. Then it is *Actinized*—actually irradiated with the *Ultra-violet* rays! By the Goodall protected process. This is how.

Every drop of oil in this cream is first spread over a slowly revolving disc. Above,

a huge lamp with a quartz lens reproduces exactly the *Ultra-violet (Actinic) rays* of the sun! (The same lamp that is used in curing children of rickets.)

These youth-renewing rays plunge into the oil on the disc. Each single globule absorbs its share—in equal quantity and power. The result is an *Actinized* Cream that makes your skin ten years younger—in thirty days. Here indeed is the true fountain of youth!

Send coupon today

Goodall's *Actinized* Cream is new. But formula and method have been tested and approved by highest authorities. Its merit is established. You may accept it with full confidence.

This youth-renewing cream is not yet on public sale at toilet counters. It only comes direct to you from our own laboratories.

So send coupon (\$1.00 a jar). But do not enclose money with coupon. We will supply parcel post collect. Pay postman on delivery. Then make a 30-day test. If not completely satisfied, return your receipt within 30 days, and we will refund purchase price.

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Alice Higgle, a 13-year-old Chicago girl, makes \$75.00 a week in vaudeville. Her musical act is constantly in demand for clubs, lodges, hotels, radio studios and private entertainments. For a 15-minute act she receives \$15.00—a dollar a minute! Read what she says: "Playing a musical instrument is lots of fun. I wish everybody knew how easy it is and how quickly you can learn, especially with Wurlitzer instruments—they are so easy to play."—Alice Higgle.

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Why Many Movie Marriages Fail!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

save her home, she couldn't let loose a smile or a sigh even when occasion demanded.

He accused her bitterly of growing tired of him. She wasn't; she was only tired of playing audience. Her ego demanded its turn on the stage, but his monopolized it.

Divorce is inevitable, as her instinct tells her; for what an actor demands primarily is not a wife but an audience.

No human being enjoys playing audience for long unless he be so devoid of ego as to be a negative muggump, and in that case monotony takes away the thrill of thrilling him.

This is the sad moth-eaten story of many a Hollywood marriage.

Never in the history of the world has marriage been put to such a test. If Eden failed to withstand a single serpent, what can be expected of Hollywood which is infested with them?

Everything that makes for marital disruption is here:

be two and yet but one, to so melt and mingle that you no longer know are you or another, to constantly absorb and constantly radiate, to reduce earth, sea, and sky and all that in them is to a single being, to give yourself to that being so wholly that nothing whatever is withheld, to be prepared at any moment for any sacrifice, to double your personality in bestowing it—that is love.

So Gautier wrote in his usual beauty. But love is not synonymous with marriage. Indeed the good Queen Eleanor declared that a lady's husband, in becoming her husband, became *ipso facto*, by the very fact, amorally defunct.

And the Countess of Champagne rendered a historical decision: "By these presents we declare and affirm that love cannot exist between married people for the reason that lovers grant everything unconstrainedly, whereas married people are obliged to submit to one another. Wherefore shall this decision, reached

THEY used to say you could catch more flies with molasses than with vinegar. On the same principle, there are more ways of handicapping a rival than with a gun.

The chief players in this must be nameless, but it is nevertheless amusing. A famous director who has for some time been paying court to a beautiful star, found that upon a long location trip which he was forced to make, she had been besieged with attentions by a certain handsome and attractive young leading man. Being a diplomat as well as a director, he said nothing. But everyone was surprised when he hired him as his leading man in his next picture. Until someone said, "Ah-ha! If there are any location trips on this picture, they'll both go." And they did.

The ego is actively developed by motion picture work which by its very nature demands more self-concentration than any other business.

This is but one disintegrating element in the marriage melting pot.

Love, we know, is a flower of propinquity. And in Hollywood you have propinquity on the set as well as in the home. Beauty and charm gravitate here as quicksilver to the magnet; handsome men and lovely women forgether from all the world to work in love scenes. And in their effort to create illusion they often create reality.

HOLLYWOOD is not a strange excretion. It is a magnified segment of a world in which all is vanity.

Vanity here is magnified, and the story of Narcissus is symbolic of the man who every day sees himself in the mirror of the screen and hears the world applaud the image. The man who can gaze upon his worshipped likeness day after day without losing balance, who can sniff the incense and not grow dizzy or fall into the rapture of it, is a man more god than mortal. And there are gods, male and female, in Hollywood, though your cynicism may mark me a liar.

A noted director, recently divorced, declared that art and marriage were a mesalliance. Self-expression, taking the form of art, is naturally selfish. It does not yield easily to compromise, and this is a requirement of marriage.

"To renounce your individuality, to see with another's eyes, to hear with another's ears, to

prudently in conformity with the opinion of many other ladies, be to you all a constant and irrefragable truth. So adjudged in the year of grace 1174, the third day of the calends of May, seventh indiction."

The only man who is reconciled to marriage is the one who is no longer interested in women, or, more accurately, the one who is no longer beguiled by the witching illusion of romance. For romance is the pursuit, and it always ends on the verge of attainment. "Voulez-vous cesser d'aimer, possédez la chose aimée" was the saying of Keine Margot, wife of Henri IV.

You have noted that the Happy Ending of a picture always occurs just before the couple marry. The reason is that what happens afterward is too tragic to please most people—"For goodness knows there's enough tragedy in the world without going to see it on the screen."

Thus the screen serves as a savior of marriage by providing in harmless homeopathic doses the romance which the home does not.

As on the screen so in Hollywood, happiness usually ends where the minister begins, for picture people, being actors off screen as well as on, continue to pursue the chimera of romance, marrying and unmarried in order to have as many happy endings as possible.

Taking this viewpoint, it is clear that divorce is not a tragic ending but simply the beginning for a happy ending. To illustrate:

A handsome actor and a beautiful actress recently met in a studio and fell into conversation:

"You ought to make a good wife," he ventured gallantly. "Have you thought of getting married?" [CONTINUED ON PAGE 100]

*Foremost
Producing
Genius
of the
Screen*



Ernst Lubitsch *puts the Inspiration
of the Master into* **WARNER CLASSICS**

Great actors alone do not produce great pictures. There must be behind the scenes the master mind directing the whole and harmonizing the parts.

And this is why Warner Bros. have contracted with ERNST LUBITSCH—the man recognized in America and Europe as the foremost producing genius in the world today.

Lubitsch's grasp of human nature and life is unerring. His psychology is perfect. Whether directing a tremendous stage creation or a simple, heart-touching drama from everyday life, he develops with amazing finesse the utmost dramatic power in every situation.

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What the Stars and Directors Are Doing NOW

WEST COAST

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BERWILLA STUDIO, 5821 Santa Monica Blvd.
Paul Hurst directing "A Gold Hunter." Cast not named.

BUSTER KEATON STUDIO, 1025 Lillian Way.
Les Neal directing "Go West" with Buster Keaton and Kathleen Myers.

CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIO, Culver City, Cal. Inactive.

CHRISTIE STUDIOS, 6101 Sunset Blvd.
William Watson directing Bobby Vernon.
Harold Beaudine directing Jimmy Adams.
Arlene Mayo directing Walter Hiers.

Scott Sidney has completed "Madame Lucy" with Julian Edging and Ann Pennington.

CECIL B. DE MILLE STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.
Cecil B. De Mille directing "The Road to Yesterday" with Joseph Schildkrut, Jetta Goudal and Vera Reynolds.

Paul Sloan has completed "The Coming of Amos" with Roy La Roque.

Alan Hale directing "The Wedding Sock" with Leatrice Joy and Edmond Burns.

Paul Sloan directing "Red Dice" with Rod La Roque and Lillian Rich.

Rupert Julian directing "Three Faces East" with Robert Ames, Rockcliffe Fellows and Noah Berry.

FILM BOOKING OFFICES, 750 Gower St.
Jack Nelson directing "The Wall Street Whiz" with Richard Talmadge.

Emory Johnson directing "The Last Edition" with Frances Tugue and Ralph Lewis.

Sanford Prod. Wilfred Lucas directing "El Pasado" with Herbert Rawlinson, Gladys Swarthall and Bryant Washburn.

Associated Exhibitors Prod. Paul Powell directing "North Star," featuring Strongheart.

Larry Semon Prod. Production will soon start on "Stop, Look, Listen."

Douglas MacLean Prod. Fred Newmeyer directing Douglas MacLean and Edith Roberts in "Seven Keys to Baldpate."

Embassy Pictures. Harry Hoyt directing "The Damned Women" with Katherine MacDonald, Leah Baird and Herbert Rawlinson.

FOX STUDIOS, 1401 Western Ave.
Henry Otto directing "The Ancient Mariner" with Paul Panzer.

J. G. Plystone directing "The Lucky Horsehoe" with Tom Mix and Billie Dove.

Rowland V. Lee directing "The Silver Treasure" with George O'Brien and Lou Tellegen.

Victor Schatner directing "Thunder Mountain." Cast not named.

Daniel Keefe directing "Shoes" with George O'Brien and Madge Bellamy.

HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd.
Renald Hoffman Prod. Henry McCarty directing "The Part Time Wife" with Alice Calhoun, Robert Ellis and Arthur Hoyt.

Hunt Stromberg Prod. Edmund Mortimer directing "The Man From Red Gulch" with Harriet Hammond, Harry Carey and Frank Campeau.

Tom Foreman directing "The People vs. Nancy Preston" with Marguerite de la Motte and John Bowers.

Gosham Prod. Reeves Eason directing "The Shadow on the Wall." Cast not named.

Metropolitan Prod. George Melford directing "Shrim on the Jester" with Lillian Rich, Eugene O'Brien and Henry B. Walthall.

LASKY STUDIO, 1520 Vine St.
Raoul Walsh directing "The Lucky Lady" with Lionel Barrymore, Greta Nissen and Buster Collier, Jr.

Sidney Olcott directing "The Best People" with Esther Ralston, Warner Baxter and Kathlyn Williams.

William K. Howard directing "Mariouque" with Bebe Daniels.

Victor Fleming directing "Lord Jim" with Percy Marmont and Madeline Hurlock.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.
Irvin Willat directing "The Ancient Highway" with Jack Holt, Billie Dove and Moutague Love.

John M. Stahl directing "Memory Lane" with Eleanor Boardman and Conrad Nagel.

Al Rabock directing "The Auction Block" with Norma Shearer.

Robert Leonard directing "A Little Bit of Broadway" with Pauline Starke, Lew Cody and Charles Ray.

Christy Cabanne directing "Dance Madness" with Alice Fridge and Lew Cody.

Eddie Cline directing "Old Clothes" with Jackie Coogan.

Joseph Von Sternberg directing "The Masked Bride" with Mae Murray.

King Vidor directing "La Boheme" with Lillian Gish and Jack Gilbert.

Edmund Goulding directing "Sally, Irene and Mary." Cast not named.

PICKFORD-FAIRBANKS STUDIO, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd.
William Beaudine directing "Scraps" with Mary Pickford.

Douglas Fairbanks is now working on "The Black Pirate."

HAI ROACH STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.
Fred Jackman and Roy Clemens directing "The Devil Horse" with Rex and Gladys McCconnell.

UNITED STUDIOS, Hollywood, Cal.
First National Prod. J. Francis Dillon directing "We Moderns" with Colleen Moore and Jack Mulhall.

Erwin Cummings directing "Caesar's Wife" with Constance Griffith.

Edwin Carewe directing "Joanna" with Dorothy Mackall.

"Spanish Sunlight" with Barbara La Marr and Lewis Stone.

Fred Niblo directing "Sun of Montmartre" with Norma Talmadge and Ronald Colman.

Eric Von Stroheim directing "East of the Setting Sun" with Constance Talmadge and Eric Von Stroheim.

United Artists Prod. Clarence Brown directing "The Lane Eagle" with Rudolph Valentino and Vilma Banky.

George Fitzmaurice has completed "The Dark Angel" with Ronald Colman, Vilma Banky and Helen Jerome Eddy.

George Fitzmaurice directing "The Garden of Allah" with Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky.

UNIVERSAL STUDIO, Universal City, Cal.
Edward Laemmle directing "The Still Alarm" with Edna Marion.

Robert North Bradbury directing "The Slipper Togue" with Jack Hoot and Olive Hasbrouck.

Cliff Smith directing "Sky High Coral" with Art Acord and Marguerite Clayton.

Francis Ford directing "The Winking Fool" with William Desmond and Eileen Sedgwick.

Edward Stroman directing "His People" with Rudolph Schildkrut, Rosa Rosanova and Blanche McWhorter.

William A. Selter directing "What Happened to Jones" with Reginald Denney and Marjorie Nixon.

United Artist Prod. King Baggott directing "The Three Way Trail" with William S. Hart and Barbara Bedford.

A. J. Mayer Prod. Walter Irving directing "The Three Way Trail" with Cullen Landis and June Norton.

WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO, 5842 Sunset Blvd.
Noel Smith directing "The Clash of the Wolves" with Rin-Tin-Tio, Dolores Costello and Doug Alivado.

Alan Crosland directing "Compromise" with Irene Rich, Louise Fazenda and Clive Brook.

Earle Kenton directing "The White Chief" with Jack Binns.

Roy del Ruth directing "Hogan's Alley" with Kenneth Harlan and Patsy Ruth Miller.

Millard Webb directing "The Sea Beast" with John Barrymore and Helen Costello.

Ernst Lubitsch directing "Lady Windemere's Fan" with May McAvay and Irene Rich.

EAST COAST

BIOGRAPH STUDIO, 807 East 175th St., New York City.
George Archibald directing "The Scarlet Sinner" with Mary Astor and Robert Frazer.

Walter Campbell directing "The Pace That Thrills" with Ben Lyon and Mary Astor.

COSMOPOLITAN STUDIO, 127th St. and Second Ave., New York City.
Maurice Tourneur directing "Clothes Make the Pirate" with Leon Errol, Dorothy Gish and James Kenzie.

Howard Higgin directing "Invisible Wounds" with Blanche Sweet, Ben Lyon and Pedro de Cordoba.

JACKSON STUDIO, Jackson and Westchester Aves., Bronx, New York City.
Charles Hines directing "Rainbow Riley" with Johnny Hines.

PARAMOUNT STUDIO, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, New York.
Herbert Brenon directing "A Kiss for Cinderella" with Betty Bronson and Tom Moore.

Alma Duvall directing "Stage Struck" with Gloria Swanson and Lawrence Gray.
D. W. Griffith directing "The Sorrows of Satan" with Carol Dempster.

Monta Bell directing "The King on Main Street" with Adolphe Menjou.

TEC ART STUDIO, 344 West 44th St., New York City.
Kenneth Webb directing "Just Suppose" with Richard Barthelmess.

WHITMAN BENNETT STUDIO, Glendale, L. I.
Maurice Campbell directing "Wandering Fire" with George Hackathorn, Constance Bennett and Wallace MacDonald.

CHANGES IN TITLES

PARAMOUNT
"On Dress Parade" will be released as "Her's a Prince."

BUSINESS NEWS 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, 365 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Dignitine 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 Booklet Offices of Amer., Inc., 723 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Fox Film Company, 10th Ave. & 55th St., New York City.
Metro-Goldwyn, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation, Palmer Bldg., 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 Diversity Parkway, Chicago, Ill.
D. P. Schulzberg Corp., 117 W. 145th St., 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, Heckscher Building, 501 Ave. and 57th St., New York City.
Vitaphone Company of America, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

Warner Brothers, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

ROMANCE

YOU often hear people refer to the “dear old days of romance”—to the time when knight-errants roamed the earth to do honor to a lady’s blue eyes.

These folks say we are living in an age of realism!

An age of “realism” where the human voice is hurled across the world without wires; where the temperature of Mars is taken more than thirty millions of miles away; where tons of steel and people ride easily and safely through the air or under the sea!

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The advertising columns are full of romance—of the romance of men who have devoted their lives to bringing new comforts, conveniences and pleasures for mankind.

Advertisements tell these stories, not with the romantic exaggeration of a jongleur, but with the calm, simple words of sincerity. Here is a firm that spent millions to develop a product that makes your baby comfortable. Here is a company that has labored fifty years to cut a single hour of toil from your day’s work. Here is a man who has searched the Seven Seas to produce a new flavor for your dinner.

Romance—this age is full of it. Not just empty romance, but the true romance of achievement, of progress, of the betterment of mankind.



*Advertisements tell you
what the romance of business is doing for you.
Read them*

Luden's helps
Screen Stars
just as it
helps you



Constance Bennett and Huntley Gordon, appearing in "My Wife and I," a Warner Bros. classic.



STAR and audience are just the same when it comes to coughs, colds, throat tickle or irritation. They all want quick relief.

Constance Bennett—Huntley Gordon—know that Luden's Menthol Cough Drops give that quick relief—make breathing easier. Do you?

If you don't, five cents will introduce you to a package, and the cooling, soothing comfort you'll enjoy through every inch of your air passages, will explain why Luden's should always be handy. On sale everywhere.

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Reading, Pa.

LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS

makes breathing easier



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Youth-Ami Liquid Skin Peel

A Scientific Discovery, harmless and painlessly peels off the old skin and removes surface blemishes, sun, discoloration, sunburn, blackheads, whiteheads, large pores, pimples, freckles, etc. Not a clay or cream but a liquid free from acids and mercury. Booklet, "The Magic of a New Skin" sent free in plain sealed envelope.

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Dept. H-233, Rochester, N. Y.

Why Many Movie Marriages Fail!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96]

"No," she returned with a whimsical smile. "Not since I divorced you."

I interviewed Lillian Russell just after her fifth marriage.

"Marriage should be regarded like business," she said. "If at first you don't succeed, try again. I feel that I am at last a success." And as the wife of Alexander P. Moore, our ambassador to Spain, she was a triumphant success.

Marriage regarded as team work is sensible, providing the whispering siren of romance is ignored. Hollywood has an outstanding example of such a union in Mary and Doug. They planned their marriage as carefully as two people would plan a big enterprise. They studied the situation like mariners and learned the rocks to avoid. The principal one in their belief is separation. Their love is jealously guarded by propinquity. They work together and play together and permit not a day of separation. By keeping aloof in their home they avoid the treacherous social currents that have wrecked innumerable marriages. In the studio there is give and take, with interests mutual; on the threshold of Pickfair, movie business ends and the business of home life begins. Both have learned these lessons, through unsuccessful marriages, and attained to a judgment not given to extreme youth, which has no vision beyond the culmination of a romance. I encountered them recently setting forth on a camping expedition. Their only guests were two dogs and their only servants themselves. It looked like a romance to me.

Hollywood, held up to the world as the horrible example, thus emerges to challenge the "irrefragible truth" of the Countess Champagne and her ladies by proving that love can exist between married people even when beset by all the dragons of difficulty—providing, of course, you try hard enough.

But after all is said and done, Mr. Balzac has anticipated this article when he said: "When you begin to squeeze the marriage question, you squirt out nothing but fun for the bachelors and weariness for the married men."

Owen, Tom, Matt and Joe

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

made the folks perspire under tents and in hallways.

The wise old father saw that Matt was a bird in a cage. So he wrote to Tom and Owen that he'd be happier if one Moore boy was on the road a makin' the big name for himself. Now all the Moore boys were always eager to bring more happiness to John Moore.

One day Matt received a telegram from Tom which read: "Can you take my place with this company if I send transportation?" And Matt wired back—"I can take your place with that company if I have to walk." It was midsummer when Matt joined the Alvin Stock Company in a little Michigan town. He saw the show once, and Tom rehearsed him once. Once more Matt Moore was an actor. In the first and last act of the play he was the village postmaster who wanted to marry the heroine. In the second and third acts he was a Bowersky tough. The parts were longer than Rockefeller's income tax report, and Matt had to memorize them in a day. Matt should have been called W. W. Moore. He was always a willing worker. It wasn't long until he was property manager. About the time he was

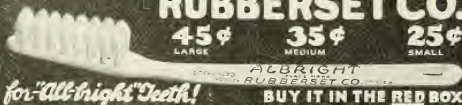
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through being postmaster, he would pack props for the next town. When they reached their destination the troupe would go to the hotel—that is—all but W. W. Moore. He would remain behind and unpack the props at the opera house.

For six years Matt Moore barnstormed. He watched two more brothers climb on to fame and fortune. He has a good memory, but he never remembers missing many a week's salary during that time.

He remembers going into a little picture theater in a Kansas town and seeing his famous brother Owen playing in a picture with Mary Pickford, whom he married. He began to save his money until he had enough to take him to New York.

He stopped off in Toledo to visit his parents. A short time after Matt's arrival in New York, his brother Tom made an enviable name in pictures. For a long time Matt remained in the background, not finding it easy to get out from under the shadow of his more famous brothers.

After a year and a half he succeeded in getting a part opposite Florence Lawrence, then Mary Pickford's rival. In another year he became her leading man and remained with her until he was given the leading part in "Traffic in Souls," one of the biggest feature pictures of the time and directed by George Loane Tucker, who later became famous through directing "The Miracle Man."

That was ten years ago. In that time Matt Moore has appeared with Artcraft, Universal, First National, Selznick, Reelart, Famous Players and Cosmopolitan. It is only in the past year that he has really come into his own.

His work in "A Lost Lady," "The Narrow Street" and "How Baxter Butted In" is considered by critics to be among the best of the current year. He is now playing the leading rôle in the Harry Leon Wilson story, "Bunker Bean." He has been starred in the last two pictures and has just signed a five year starring contract with the Warner Brothers. Joe Moore, the younger brother, has commenced to travel the road of the three more famous Moores. That he will make it there is no doubt. All three of the brothers admit he can act. And nary a Moore brother ever yessed a brother.

Each Moore's climb has been consistent. Indeed they have traveled a long road from the humble little home in Toledo . . . And they will travel a longer.

The Old Army Game

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68]

He is one of the greatest directors because he doesn't arbitrarily direct but lets the player feel his way through a scene. He sits by and watches and encourages. He has you do the scene over, two or three times to strengthen its weak points. The photographed one, too, is the one you instinctively worked out, polished off. "I'm doing another picture under Griffith, 'The Royle Girl.' I think it is invaluable to work under him."

This heart's desire of his has not arrived suddenly. He was born in Philadelphia, as he says, a long while ago. He started his conquest of New York at Koster and Beal's old music hall and trouped with circuses and carnivals and what not, doing "Razor Jim" and other masterpieces of a naive era.

Travel always having attracted, he went abroad. He went to Germany first and not knowing the language, worked in pantomime.

He had discovered the universal language. It let him earn his living through France, Italy, Spain, the whole world. He came back to Broadway and speech briefly to be with McIntyre and Heath in the famous old "Ham Tree."

"But when I was in America I always



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Maybe your teeth are gloriously clear, simply clouded with a film coat. Make this remarkable test and find out.

Mary Astor

Film fans are most critical of their heroines' smiles, hence unusual care is taken to make them bright and charming. "Like most stars," says piquant Mary Astor, "I use Pepsodent as a part of my makeup. Film shows on the screen as a dark shadow. You have to remove it frequently. And for this I find that Pepsodent is unequalled."

Now!—A new way to lighten cloudy teeth

—and without bleaching or harsh grit. The way foremost dentists now are urging for dazzling teeth and firm and healthy gums

DULL TEETH, "off-color" teeth; gums that are softening, lack firmness—modern science has made important, new discoveries in overcoming them.

Now, in as little as ten days, you can work a transformation in your mouth, can add immeasurably to your appearance and attractiveness.

This offers you a test without charge . . . the most remarkable, according to dental authorities, of all dental tests. In fairness to yourself, send the coupon.

FILM—your enemy. How it invites tooth and gum troubles

Dental science now traces scores of tooth and gum troubles, directly or indirectly, to a germ-laden film that forms on your teeth.

You can't see it with your eyes, but run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it . . . a slippery, viscous coating.

That film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And that is why your teeth look "off color" and dingy.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It lays your gums open to bacterial attack. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea.

You can't have pretty teeth unless you combat it. Highest authorities all tell you this.

Brushing won't end it

Ordinary dentifrices and cleansing won't fight film successfully. Feel for

it now with your tongue. Note how your present cleansing method is failing in its duty.

Now *new* methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent—different in formula, action and effect from any other known.

Largely on dental advice the world has turned to it. Tooth and gum troubles hence are on the decline.

It removes that film. And Firms the Gums

It accomplishes two important things at once: Removes that film, then firms the gums. No harsh grit, judged dangerous to enamel.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt. Why cling to old methods when world's authorities urge a better way?



Lloyd Hughes

You have noticed how dazzlingly clear and white are the smiles of your favorites on the screen. "I brush my teeth two or three times in a morning with Pepsodent," declares Lloyd Hughes. "On the screen one cannot afford to have dull, film-coated teeth!"

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Pepsodent with fluoride
The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities

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Name.....

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Only one tube to a family.

1885



Dad's rule is a good rule . . .

"You listen to Dad," he always says, "don't fool with unknowns. There's got to be a name on merchandise before I'll even look at it. And it must be a name that has a reputation."

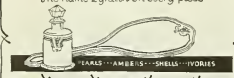
Dad's right—as usual. A name means everything. And that's true of toilet-ware. One look at that word, "Pyralin" is as assuring as the crisp crinkle of a government bond.

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Hides irregularities of foot form, affords instant relief for bunions and large joints. Can be worn in any style of shoe—outside or under stocking. No larger size shoe required. Sold by shoe dealers, druggists and department stores for over 12 years. Over one-half million in use. Write for free trial offer. No pay if no relief. State size of shoes and if for right or left.

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wanted to be abroad and when I was abroad I always wanted to be in America," he explains, "so I arranged my act so I could always be where I wanted to be next."

To that end he stuck to pantomime that the foreign agents couldn't argue he depended upon lines not easily translated. The American agents soon forgot he ever had possessed a voice. Thus he gratified his urge to go round and round the world. One year he'd start east and go west. The next year he'd start west and go east to pick up the day he had lost in transit the year before.

With the outbreak of the war he received a cable to return to New York for "Watch Your Step" starring the Castles, Vernon and Irene. Broadway again! That excited him. He rushed through thirty-nine days and nights to get to rehearsal. He lasted just one day.

That day was enough, though, for Gene Buck, Ziegfeld's scout and song writer, had seen him. He signed up for the Follies of 1914 and stayed through the edition of 1922. During all those years he never publicly made a sound.

Then he got offered the comedy lead in "Poppy" and the New York critics discovered with shouts of joy that he was just as screamingly funny in speech as he had been as the

dumb juggler of the greatest girl show.

"But I prefer pantomime," Fields insists. "It's the better medium, much funnier than speech can ever be. The laughs can come quicker. In spoken comedy, you must wait for the laugh. Follow one line too quickly with another and you kill both laughs, the one that should have come and the one you're working toward. In pantomime, the laughs can come as fast as an audience can shake them out of their throats."

"That's why I believe so firmly in the great future for the movies. There are no racial, language, time or distance barriers for them. That's why I'm so excited about having landed in them at last—that and the fact they'll let me travel again."

"The character I want to portray is the American husband, the boy of the newspaper cartoons. He's so comic he's pathetic and pathetic is the true base of all laughter."

"At least," Mr. Fields smiles again, "that's what I think. But take all this with sufficient salt. After all in this movie game I'm only a neophyte."

Imagine a man eleven years in the Follies and six months in the studios calling himself a name like that!

Real intelligence? Well, rather.

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81]

MABEL AND MARION, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Ramon Novarro's height is five feet, ten inches. Rudolph Valentino was born May 6, 1895. Lewis Stone was born Nov. 15, 1879. George Walsh's height is five feet, eleven inches. He was born March 16, 1892.

DOLLY, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—For Mary Pickford's photograph write the Pickford-Fairbanks Studio and for those of Theodore Von Eltz the Lasky Studios.

G. M. M., NEW YORK, N. Y.—There may be a slight resemblance to Miss Dalton in the attractive photograph you sent me. Perhaps more than slight. But I don't believe you could get past her butler into her house nor past her chauffeur into her car. You might see whether the stage doorkeeper would let you slip in while she is on the stage.

JANE, OSKALOOSA, MISS.—The man who is "positively your favorite actor," Richard Dix, was born July 18, 1895. He is not married. Richard Dix is his own name.

H. S. M., OF LOUISIANA.—Percy Marmont was born in London, England. He isn't married. I'll register your request with the editor.

G. W., SHARON, PA.—Write to Tom Mix at the Fox Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

P. G., OSSINING, N. Y.—I'll not tell that you think I am more fascinating than any of the stars. I promise not to let anyone know you said it. This answer is just for you and I hope no one else reads it. Herb Howe would write

an interview with me but he has a very jealous disposition and would hate to see my picture in the magazine. I am better looking than he is and you have no idea how it upsets him! Well, to change the subject, Jetta Goudal works at the De Mille Studios in Culver City, Calif. She has an exotic personality and it is hard to suit her type in stories. Alleen Pringle is beautiful; I agree with you. She was born in San Francisco, Calif.

BEBE AND BUNNY, PALO ALTO, CALIF.—This is the first time, in all the eighty years my life, that I have been called the "cat's pin feathers." Helen D'Algy was born on June 18, 1906. She is five feet, five inches tall. Not married. Attractive, isn't she? Ben Lyon is, indeed, a pleasant person.

ETHEL, DULUTH, MINN.—Of course I will tell you what I know about happiness; daughter of the north. It is a will of the wisp. A chimera in the dreaming brain of man. Oh, you were speaking of the picture. Pardon. Laurette Taylor appeared in a stage, and later in a screen, version of "Happiness."

ANOTHER MCKEE, DETROIT, MICH.—You, too, are a McKee. You are "just in love with Raymond McKee" and you want to know his "age and other qualifications." Raymond McKee was born in Keokuk, Iowa, December 7, 1892. His height is five feet, seven inches, his weight one hundred fifty pounds. He has grey eyes and brown hair. His photograph can be obtained through the Seamett Studios. star does not engage his leading women. They are usually wished on him.

IT was after a dinner party and the conversation had become serious. A discussion on platonic love was rapidly growing into a heated argument. Peter B. Kyne, who was of the guests, refused to be drawn into the fight until the host turned to him and asked, "Peter, have you ever known a case of platonic love?" "No," answered Kyne, "I cannot say that I have. In all the cases of platonic love that I have known, the woman has spoiled everything by wanting to get married."

RALPH M., LEWISTON, ME.—Walk right in! Eva Novak is married to William Reed. Yes, sir, it's her real name. She was born in St. Louis, Mo., on February 2, 1900. Shirley Mason's husband was Bernard Durning. He is dead.

M. V., CHICAGO, ILL.—“Please don't overwork.” Is that sarcasm? This isn't work; it's fun. Constance Talmadge is five feet, six inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. She has golden hair and brown eyes. As for the size of her foot, I am afraid I don't know. Ronald Colman was born on February 9th, 1899. He is married to Thelma Raye, an English actress. But they are separated now.

IMPIE, NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Gloria Swanson's real name is Gloria Swanson. Her married name is the Marquise de Falaise de la Courdray. Isn't that wonderful? Why should I get tired answering questions when nice girls, with pink letter paper, call me a darling? Matt Moore is thirty-five. Unmarried.

REP, ST. LOUIS, MO.—Adolphe's name is pronounced “Mon-jew.” Certainly, Gloria will go on making pictures, even if she is a marquise. You are that rare thing—an appreciative woman. But I can't step around; I promised my millionaire uncle that I wouldn't.

G. B. V., BOULDER, COLO.—Ethel Shannon was a neighbor of yours. She was born in Denver about twenty-six years ago. She is five feet, one inch tall—or short. Married, yes. Her recent pictures have been “Charley's Aunt,” “Stop Flirting” and “Speed Wild.”

ELAINE, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—No offense, of course. I'm not mad. Neither am I old—not very. Madeline Hurlock was born in Federalsburg, Md., on the seventeenth of December, 1902. No, no, Richard Dix is not married. When will you girls realize that? Miss DuPont recently appeared in a picture called “Raffles.”

ROSE-MARIE, PITTSBURGH, PA.—Jack Hovie is about thirty years old. He is six feet, two inches and weighs 193 pounds. He has black hair and blue eyes. Sorry I can't tell you anything about his horses and dogs.

HELEN, ST. LOUIS, MO.—Alice Calhoun has brown hair and brown eyes. She was born November 24, 1904. You're right. Both Jack Holt and Leatrice Joy are Southerners. Jack was born in Virginia and Leatrice in Louisiana. Harold Lloyd's eyes are brown, too. It seems to be your favorite color.

ELEANOR FROM UPPER MICHIGAN.—Your letter has been passed to Herbert Howe, who says thank you very much. He is glad that some one appreciates him. If you look, you'll see a picture of Ramon soon. Now for the questions. Buster Collier was born February 12, 1902. He is five feet, ten inches tall, and has black hair and brown eyes. Ramon Novarro was born on February 6, 1899. Brown hair and eyes. Richard Barthelmess. Born, May 9, 1897. Five feet, seven inches tall. Brown hair and eyes. Thanks again for all of us.

LAURA, NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—Laura La Plante was born in St. Louis, Mo., and educated in Los Angeles.

I. M., CHICAGO, ILL.—Marion Nixon was born October 20, 1904. She is an American.

DOT, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—I am too shy to have my picture taken. I would rather be “grand, gloomy and peculiar” as some one once said of Napoleon. Me and Napoleon—just alike in a lot of ways. Richard Dix and Lois Wilson are going to appear together again in “The Vanishing American.” Liked “Classmates,” too. Jack Holt has brown hair and eyes and was born in Winchester, Va.

BON TON *and* ROYAL WORCESTER Corsets and Brassiere Cor-Sets

This is Bon Ton 2354
Brassiere Cor-Set
Price, \$3.50

Other Bon Tons at \$3.50 to
\$8.50, and in Royal Worcester
at \$1.00 to \$2.50



This is Bon Ton 915
Round-U. Price, \$5.00

Other Bon Tons at \$3.50 to \$15.00, and
in Royal Worcester at \$1.00 to \$3.50



AILEEN PRINGLE
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player

“Figures never lie! They reveal or conceal according to the corset or lack of one,” so says Aileen Pringle

AND every woman is more or less in the public eye, even the eye of the casual beholder and critic—

Nature designed the form beautiful in unbroken, lithesome lines. The Bon Ton Brassiere Cor-Set and Round-U have followed Nature with beautiful moulding garments that combine corset control with supple freedom. There are Bon Ton and Royal Worcester models for every form and figure, and they cannot be duplicated in style, fit, and price.

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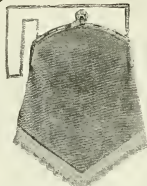
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As Sheer As Gossamer

Gossamer mesh—the finest mesh ever made—so minute in the manufacture it would seem to have been fashioned by fairy fingers. The thread of the mesh is so fine it compresses easily into the small space of the palm—yet the bag itself is strong and roomy with beautiful initial cloisonné frame. This silky web of mesh is an answer to those who want something a bit better than the best.

Supplied in silver finish, 18 karat green gold finish and 24 karat gold finish.

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LOEBER'S OIL

will enhance and preserve the exquisite beauty of that coveted permanent wave. Each strand made glossy, soft and silky. Loeber's Oil nourishes the scalp, promotes healthy growth and delays gryness.

\$1.00
Postage Prepaid
Use this efficient preparation in your home. Attach one dollar to the coupon below and receive a bottle of Loeber's Oil, postage prepaid.

The Loeber Hair Goods Co.
239 The Arcade, Cleveland, O.
World's largest retailers of hair goods.

The Loeber Hair Goods Co.

239 The Arcade, Cleveland, O.

Herewith is one dollar for which you will please mail me, postage prepaid, one bottle of Loeber's Oil.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Announcement of Cut Picture Puzzle Contest Awards

FROM our previous experience we know that thousands of contestants will file their solutions of the Cut Picture Puzzle Contest before the closing date of September 20th, and we are already making arrangements to handle them with all the speed possible with a contest in which consideration must be paid to every single solution filed. Allowing time to do this work very thoroughly and fairly, it will take a few months before the awards can be announced. A complete list will be given in the

JANUARY ISSUE

on the newsstands about December 10th

Be sure and ask your newsdealer to save a copy for you if you have participated in this contest.

Your name may be among the lucky ones sharing the *Five Thousand Dollars in Cash Prizes.*

M. D., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Louise Glaum has made two pictures lately. They are "Children of the Whirlwind" and "Fifty-Fifty." She is about thirty and lives somewhere in the vicinity of your home town.

M. S., WISCONSIN.—Address Tom Mix, care of Fox Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

MRS. M. H. B., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Rex is indeed a real horse. I don't know how the rumor started that he is a German toy and worked by machinery. So in answer to yours and other inquiries, I'll state emphatically that Rex is a real live animal.

RUTH, QUAKERTOWN, PA.—Praise from Quakertown is praise indeed! Warner Baxter was born March 20, 1891. He is married. He has dark brown hair and dark eyes. Bessie Love was born on September 10, 1898. She isn't married.

MILDRED, SPRINGVILLE, ARIZ.—Write Richard Dix at the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Rudolph at the United Studios, also Hollywood, Calif.

ETHELYN OF GRANDVIEW.—Forrest Stanley in "The Pride of Palomar." Viola Dana was recently married to "Lefty" Flynn. Shirley Mason is a widow.

PEGGY'S MOTHER, BALTIMORE, MD.—The nearest studio is in New York. That is to say, you would be obliged to go either to New York or to Hollywood to find employment for your daughter. Your little girl is young and you ought to be very sure of her ability before embarking on an undertaking that might be extremely precarious for a long time. But I send you my best luck.

DOROTHY, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I can't tell you where you can get a picture of Pearl White. Miss White is in France and she isn't associated with any American company at present.

AGNES, WOODBRIDGE, N. J.—Lloyd Hughes may be reached at First National Pictures, 383 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Mary Pickford's address is the Pickford-Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood, Calif. Just write a simple request for a picture and enclose a quarter to cover the cost of mailing. Come again.

V. A. V., BALDWIN, KAN.—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., appears in "Wild Horse Mesa;" also to appear in "Stella Dallas."

H. B., SHERIDAN, IND.—Monte Blue is married to Tove Jansen. No children. Write to Warner Brothers Studio, Hollywood, Calif. He was born on January 11, 1890, and is six feet, three inches tall. He weighs 195 pounds. Maybe Eleanor of Chicago will send you her address. Where are you, Eleanor?

D. H., LAUREL, MISS.—The picture you are thinking of is "Code of the West." Owen Moore was the leading man.

E. M. W., PORTLAND, ORE.—Your cousin is fatally wrong; she's wrong by nine inches. Rudolph Valentino is five feet, eleven inches tall. Natacha Rambova is five feet, five and one-half inches tall.

R. M. A., CHICAGO, ILL.—Such simple requests! Frances Howard is married to Samuel Goldwyn. Noah Beery has one son. Betty Compton once played the violin in vaudeville. Very, very easy, my dear!

PEGGY, BERKELEY, CALIF.—I have forwarded your letter to Elinor Glyn. It made me awfully curious, really. Mary Pickford was born on April 8, 1893. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was born on December 6, 1910. He's now playing in "Stella Dallas." DOUG, Sr., in "The Black Pirate." Before he went into the movies, DOUG, Jr. went to school, as all good boys should do.

THE BLUE-EYED NIGHTINGALE, SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Is there such an animal—pardon me—I mean bird? Still I've heard wonderful tales of California. Blanche Sweet was born on June 18, 1896. She's married to Marshall Neilan. Address her at the United Studios, Hollywood, Calif. I imagine she is too busy to receive many callers. Alleen Tringle is about twenty-eight years old. She's married, too. Address her at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Hollywood, Calif. The stars receive a great many letters so if you want to be sure of having your reads, be sure to make it particularly interesting and intelligent.

ELSIE F. OSWEGO, ORE.—Leatrice Joy has been married once and only once—to John Gilbert. Eugene and George aren't related. O'Brien isn't an unusual name. Myrtle Stedman is married. You're right; she once played in a stock company. Whether you believe it or not, Elsie Colleen Moore has one brown and one green eye.

GINGER, HARRISBURG, PA.—Welcome to the family! Rod's last name is pronounced "La Rock." Alan Forrest is Mary Pickford's brother-in-law. That is to say, he is married to Lottie Pickford.

M. Y., ROCK ISLAND, ILL.—Peggy Jean Montgomery was born in San Diego, Calif., on October 26, 1918. So you see, she is still really "Baby Peggy." See above for the pronunciation of Rod La Rocque's name.

M. M. C., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Virginia Lee Corbin weighs ninety-five pounds. She is five feet tall and was born on December 5, 1909. She entered pictures in 1912.

EUNICE, PORTLAND, ORE.—How are the prunes this season, anyway? You forgot to tell me when you were writing about the crops. Eleanor Boardman isn't married. So Ramon Navarro and George O'Brien are your favorites. Also David Butler and John Bowers. You've got a wide range in tastes.

B. H. MADISON, CONN.—Ramon Navarro's name is pronounced exactly as it is spelled. The "a" in his first name is long as in "bay". He was born in Durango, Mexico, on February 6, 1890. Mary Astor was born on May 3, 1906, in Quincy, Ill. She is five feet, five inches tall and has auburn hair and dark brown eyes.

DICK.—So a little smile from Norma Shearer would be a gift from Heaven. As yet, no gentleman has been lucky enough to capture Norma's heart. She is heart-whole and fancy free and I haven't heard that she intends to get married. Address her at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

BLUE EYES, NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Eleanor Boardman was born in Philadelphia on August 19, 1898. She was on the stage before she entered the movies. Not married. Her height is five feet, six inches and she weighs 125 pounds. She has light brown hair and grey eyes. Eleanor made her first picture in 1922. Too bad you are worried about the native of Du Chien.

J. McC., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Betty Blythe was born in Los Angeles, Calif., on the first of September, 1897. She was on the stage before she went into the movies in 1910. She is a brunette with dark brown hair and blue eyes. Yes, she's married. I don't know whether or not she ever lived in Bridgeport or Minnesota.

This Point is the new Oblique
For pronounced Personality and Character
in your handwriting, try this new

Parker Duofold Oblique

Guaranteed, like the five other Duofold Points, for 25 Years
Each way you hold it gives a Separate Effect
And each Effect a Hand that Fascinates

PARKER now introduces in the handsome Duofold Pen a point that produces a style in handwriting full of new interest and charm.

Held one way, this point makes slender down-strokes, accented by wide, shaded curves at top and bottom. Held another, it writes with the opposite effect—letters thin-curved, with wide, shaded sides.

We call this point the Duofold Oblique. And a freer, smoother, softer-writing point has never been created.

This point makes the Sixth you can get in Parker Pens, and every one guaranteed, if not misused, for 25 years.

And the kind of writing you do and how you hold your pen make a big difference in the kind of point that your hand will respond to and delight in. Whichever it is, you can get it in any Parker Duofold at \$5 or \$7, depending on the size.

And each point is set in a shapely, balanced barrel that gives you hand free swing. A barrel of conventional black, or of black-tipped, lacquer-red—the color that's handsome to own and hard to mislay.

In a test not long ago, 8 people out of 10 picked this Parker blindfolded, from 11 new pens of various makes. Try it yourself, with your eyes shut, at any nearby pen counter.

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With The 25 Year Point **\$5**

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Writes the Beauty of the Script
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BATHASWEET

To keep you lovely all day long

The girl who prides herself on her attractiveness calls Bathasweet her favorite luxury, not only because it transports her senses, but because it adds so graciously to her loveliness throughout the day.

Just a sprinkling of it in her tub, and she bathes in water as fragrant as a flower garden, and so soft it cleanses the pores as no ordinary water can, leaving her skin delicately comfortable, radiantly healthy and smooth as velvet to the touch.

For the rest of the day an almost scentless perfume clings about her, keeping her always alert, gay, fresh and lovable. Yet Bathasweet is inexpensive, 25¢, 50¢, \$1.00. Beautiful gift packages, \$1.50. At drug and department stores.

FREE—A 20¢ can sent if you write us.

Dept. PK. NEW YORK CITY

THE C. S. WELCH CO.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

A TRIO.—Do you sing together? Yes, Charles and Sydney Chaplin are their real names. Syd was born on March 17, 1885. That's no sign he is Irish. You can reach him at the Warner Brothers Studio, Hollywood, Calif. Lita Grey is Charlie's wife.

BOBBIE B., SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Patience ceases to be a virtue; it becomes a habit, if you know what I mean. Virginia Lee Corbin was born on December 5, 1900. She weighs ninety-five pounds and is five feet tall. Bessie Love is five feet, two inches tall and weighs an even hundred pounds. Born on September 10, 1868. Betty Bronson was born on November 17, 1906. She is five feet three inches tall and weighs, like Bessie, just one hundred pounds. Lloyd Hughes was born on October 21, 1897. He weighs six feet and is one hundred and fifty pounds tall—no, I mean just the other way around. His latest picture is "The Halfway Girl."

RONALD, QUEBEC, CAN.—Ronald Colman was born Feb. 9, 1891. His height is five feet, eleven inches. Recent pictures in which he appeared were "Romola," "Her Night of Romance," "A Thief in Paradise" and "The Sporting Venus."

MARGIE.—Marion Davies was born in Brooklyn on the first of January, 1906. A real New Century Girl. She was in the "Follies" and other musical comedies before she entered pictures in 1910. Not married. She is five feet, five and one half inches high and weighs 123 pounds. Blonde hair and blue eyes. Berty Lytell and Claire Windsor—your ideal couple—were married on May 14 of this year. Address letters to Brickbats and Bouquets, care of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

BEE B., INDEPENDENCE, KAN.—I like the name of your town. Alberta Vaughan was born in Ashland, Ky., in 1906. She is five feet, two inches tall and weighs 106 pounds. Not married. Write to the F. B. O. Studios, Hollywood, Calif., for her photograph.

T. J., BURLEY, IDAHO.—Fred Thomson is his real name. He is a fine athlete and has held world's championships in many events. He is married to Frances Marion. Let's see what else I know about him. Born on April 28, 1890. He has brown hair and blue eyes. Oh yes, six feet, two inches tall and weighs 225 pounds.

VIRGINIA R., PALO ALTO, CALIF.—Ronald Colman played opposite Lillian Gish in "The White Sister."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 111]

I'm Good

I want to ride a bucking bronc
In a western rodeo,
I want to drink and smoke and cuss,
And shoot the whole blamed show.
I want to rob a railway train,
And kill the bank cashier;
I want to pinch the sheriff's gun—
I've no such thing as fear.
But none of these I'll ever do,
Although I know I could;
I only draw the girlish pants
For I am so—darned—good.

MARGARET BOYLES

FIRST CHORUS GIRL: He's a serious-minded kid. Always tells me I ought to be putting something away for a rainy day.

SECOND CHORUS GIRL: Well, aren't you saving his letters?—*Bulletin (Sydney).*

“Show Me Your Furniture—”

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

for the space in which they hang. The chairs combine comfort and charm, an ideal.

The other bedroom fairly sings youth and girlishness. The carpet is garlanded with rosebuds; the small rugs are brightly colored; the curtains, bedspread and slip covers are decked with flowers. Each piece of furniture is right for every other piece, the whole room being a charming example of early American decorating.

This, then, is a room any girl would be wise to copy. The furnishings here are genuine antiques, from the lovely early American lamps on the mantelpiece to the delicate glass used for the dressing room fixtures. But it could be reproduced by the careful shopper quite inexpensively. There are perfect copies of these fine pieces handled by all dealers, that preserve the charm of the originals at a quarter the cost.

Another thing to be observed here is that, the room being a sleeping room, the bed is placed in the central position. Everything tends toward quiet, the outer room being kept in the same mood and not being a bad attempt at appearing a library or drawing room or anything that would destroy its essential purpose.

And finally the setting for Mr. Menjou. Like his acting, it is practically perfect. It is a rich, wise, sophisticated room. No use to hope it can be copied for a song! It can't be. But the lessons it illustrates are worth much.

The plain, plaster walls almost devoid of pictures; the elimination of every unnecessary thing mark carefully cultivated taste and the final step toward that now held to be the most valuable asset any home can have—simplicity.

Close-Ups and Long Shots

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

A SCREEN celebrity was arrested recently on the charge of driving while intoxicated. He was most indignant, and declared he would bring suit against the city as soon as he sobered up. Thash-a-boy, somebody's got to put a stop to *lese majeste*.

BARRYMORE is doing “The Sea Beast,” adapted from “Moby Dick,” the story of a white whale. Or, as John phrases it, “the story of a big fish—an ideal vehicle for Barrymore.”

PEGGY HOPKINS JOYCE says that Ben Turpin is the only man she has met in Hollywood, and she only met him because he came to inquire about renting a house.

An Urgent Order

The following is an exact copy of a letter received from a little town in Illinois by a musical instrument house:

Dear sir:
Please send me by male a g string for my piano.

P.S. please have the G Tuned before you send it, so my husband can put it in, as he don't now how to tune them.

P.S.S. it's the G on the rite side of the piano.

Mrs.

—BOOKAN WRAP.

Prevent this

Too tired to dance



Bad Teeth May Take
The Joy Out of Life
Poisons of Tooth Decay Sap
Bodily Strength and Destroy
Good Looks

It really doesn't seem possible, does it, that happiness can depend on the teeth? But ask your dentist or your physician. You will learn that not only happiness but often health and good looks are lost when teeth start to decay.

Colgate's removes causes of tooth decay

NOT only are good teeth important to beauty; they are essential to health, to happiness, and sometimes even to life itself.

Modern dentists are urging preventive dentistry. Its aim is to combat disease by preventing tooth troubles—to fight tooth decay before it starts.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream always has been in the forefront of this scientific move for better teeth and health.

Colgate's is the modern dentifrice—widely recommended by modern dentists. It “washes” your teeth thoroughly clean—does not scratch or scour them. Causes of tooth decay thus are safely and effectively removed by Colgate's. It is safe to use for a lifetime.

Brush your teeth after each meal. The taste of Colgate's is pleasant. Consult your dentist twice a year. It pays.



Good Teeth—
Good Health—
Good Times

Large Tube
25c



Free—
Generous trial tube

Colgate & Co., Dept. 575
581 Fifth Ave., New York City

Please send me, free, a trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

In Canada, 72 St. Ambrose St., Montreal





Sure Way to Get Rid of Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just 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.

You Can't Comb Out Dandruff



LIQUID ARVON



Something NEW for BOBBED HAIR

There is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well— which kind is yours?

Wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest autumn, yet which are really no more actual color than sunlight is. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the autumn suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25¢ direct to J.W. Koss Co., 616 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wa.

Golden Glint SHAMPOO

Those Were the Good Old Days

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

"Who wrote the stories?" asked the novelist. "Don't be silly," laughed Mr. MacDonald, "we only used one story—the plot of the girl, the man and the Menace. The cops came in at the grand finale, the big chase. Hampton Del Ruth strung the different versions of this story together and worked out the incidents. In those days, any director who used a script was considered effeminate. And the same goes for taking stills. We didn't have time to pose for the still camera.

"Charlie Chaplin was the rich man of the company. He got \$135 a week. The rest of us got from twenty-five dollars up. And when I say 'up,' I mean up to thirty. I never got thirty dollars a week from Sennett, but I've known of fellows who did.

"Sennett wasn't easy to work for, even his best friend couldn't say that about him. But I'll tell you something better about him when I come to the moral of my story.

"But first let us go back to the serious business of being kicked into the lake. It was the most important part of our art. I won Sennett's good graces by not complaining. When I was pushed under for the first time, I didn't come up sputtering and kicking. No, I stayed down and made pretty bubbles. It was a good effect and much admired at the time.

"Then, you see, the lake solved the laundry problem. When we went to work on Saturday, we wore both the shirts, all the handkerchiefs and anything else we wanted laundered, to speak delicately. At the end of the day, after the fall in the lake, we would turn in the drenched clothes to Al St. John and he would send 'em to the laundry. On the next Saturday we'd call for 'em and everything would be nice and clean—and paid for by the studio. We claimed that we ruined the clothes in the interests of art.

"How wonderful!" exclaimed an actor enviously.

"Wonderful was right," mused Mr. MacDonald.

"What's the moral of the story?" asked the novelist.

"In a sketchy way," answered Mr. MacDonald, "this is the moral. It seems to me that a lot is being done these days for the newcomers on the screen. They are cutivated in schools and they are given every training on the studio floors. The studios spend a lot of time and money encouraging, discovering and I might say, pampering a lot of young players who may or may not have talent.

"Now I still insist that Mack Sennett's way was the best. Look at the Gloria Swansons, the Marie Prevosts, the Mabel Normands and all the other girls who started in doing the hardest kind of extra work! And look at the comedians Sennett developed!

"I THINK that the Keystone cops ought to be revived—for educational purposes. After all, you weren't a cop all the time. You had a chance to play almost any sort of part that came along. It was hard exercise but it was fine training."

"Why did you leave Sennett?" asked the ingenue.

"I knew somebody would think of that," said Mr. MacDonald reproachfully. "If you insist on knowing, I was fired. Sennett had a rule that everyone must be out of the studio cafeteria at nine in the morning—ready to go on the set. One day, feeling at ease with the world, I loitered over my breakfast until half past nine. Then and there was I fired."

To the group in the dining room it was a little sad. True, Mr. MacDonald couldn't have gone on playing cops all his life. True, too, that he has been a leading man and doing nicely, thank you, since the day that Sennett canned him. Nevertheless, to be abruptly kicked out of the revered ranks of the Keystone cops—

The admiring group vanished from the dining room into the careless life of Broadway, leaving Mr. MacDonald to his memories. And also leaving him to pay his own check. But he might have felt cheered up, as the distinction of being a Keystone cop had practically made him in a social way.



One of the awe-inspiring moments from "Ben Hur"—the Star of Bethlehem appears over Judea. Nearly all the episodes of this great religious spectacle have been completed and plans are already being made for its presentation in New York during the coming winter

Mary Pickford Awards

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

contest very seriously and have pledged myself to follow your wishes as closely as possible.

And all that I have of joy, of spontaneity, of sincerity, will go into the making of my pictures in the future, so that to the best of my ability, I will try to show you my gratitude.

The Winning Letter

June 1, 1925.

My Dear Little Mary:

Please, I suppose I'm being very improper in thus addressing a famous personage, but, truly, Mary Pickford, one just cannot help it. The idea that you are "just a little girl!" is so firmly established in my mind that any attempt to discard it is resented. Would you like to know what our (by "our" I mean all of those hundreds of partly grown up little girls and perhaps even adults) reactions are to the name "Mary Pickford"? These are the four pictures that always, yes always, come before me at the mention of that well known name. First, a picture of *Rebecca's* arrival at her aunt's house and her parasol episode. Second, in "Daddy Long Legs," the little orphan girls' skip dance and song. Third, the whipping of the *Poor Little Rich Girl* because she cannot dance correctly. And fourth, *Pollyanna's* departure from home. Pretending that this is a laboratory experiment we might, as a purely theoretical conclusion, say that this particular public likes you best as a little girl who is both humorous and pathetic, preferring that the predominate element be humor with pathos skillfully woven in.

If, as you say, you desire to give a message of hope and to picture the life of the AVERAGE American girl, do not make the play too sad and pathetic, because, many trials as we girls have, the happiness in our lives almost always overbalances the sorrow. Then, too, we greatly prefer entertainment to instruction and, whereas one is often uplifted or even at times inspired by pathos, he is not entertained in the strictest sense of the word. To come to the point, I think that the public likes you best of all in the not-too-sad, orphan type of story. One which shows that kindness is a trait worth cultivating and that love is the greatest thing in the world.

We are so glad that you are going to continue to present the sweet, wholesome type of girlhood, and, that you will continue to give us a pattern which we can follow. We will be even more thankful if you will preserve the illusion of youth and still be human by that very humor we all love. Speaking of illusions, we wish to make a last plea for your child rôles (those between ten and fourteen years of age). These particular rôles are your greatest opportunities for showing us what a wonderful actress you really are by your ability to create and preserve an almost perfect illusion. An illusion that there are such little girls and that we have one before us; an illusion that you are a real little girl in spite of the fact that we know you are a grown up woman. Only a great actress or one who is really a child at heart, could make those little characters so natural that they become our friends, and we refuse to give them up when another "Mary Pickford" appears in the rôle of an older girl. We love *Dorothy Vernon*, too, but we never, never associate her with our own little *Mary, Rebecca* and *Pollyanna*.

Very sincerely yours,

AVIS McMAKIN.

A Hopeless Case

First Goller: "I'm afraid you'll have to give it up, o'd chap, and call it a lost ball."

Second Goller: "Ball? I've given up looking for the ball long ago. I'm looking for my bag."

Get every tooth clean with a brush that reaches every tooth

Is your brush hitting on all 32?

A GOOD brush cleans your teeth thoroughly. It reaches all your teeth. It sweeps off the film of germs and mucin from every tooth. It leaves no tooth endangered by the acids of decay.

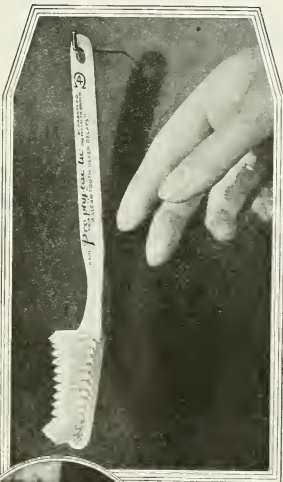
Skilled men studied the contour of the jaw. They made a brush to fit. The bristles of this brush curve; the picture shows you how. Every tooth along the length of the brush is reached and cleaned.

They put a cone-shaped tuft on the end of the brush. This helps you reach your back teeth. They curve the handle. That alone makes it easier for millions of tooth brush users to reach and clean every tooth in their mouths.

Think of what help these features of the Pro-phy-lactic could be to you. No more trouble trying to make a flat brush clean a curved surface. No more awkward stretching of your mouth by brushes with the wrong shape of handle. No more fear that ALL your teeth may not be thoroughly clean.

Consider this tooth brush of yours. Is its bristle-surface concave? Does it fit the shape of your jaw? Does its handle curve outward? Is it easy to reach your back molars with it? The Pro-phy-lactic gets in between teeth. The saw-tooth bristles pry into every crevice, break up and sweep away the mucin, and dislodge food particles which otherwise might hide away and cause trouble.

SOLD by all dealers in the United States, Canada and all over the world in three sizes. Prices in the United States and Canada are: Pro-phy-lactic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lactic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lactic Baby, 25c. Also made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium, and soft. Always sold in the yellow box that protects from dust and handling.



The index finger in the picture at the left shows you how your jaw is curved. Note how the Pro-phy-lactic, in the curve of the bristles and in the curve of the handle, conforms to this formation.



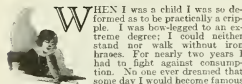
free Tooth brushes for life to the reader who helps us with a new headline for our advertisements. The headline of this advertisement is "Get every tooth cleaned with a brush that reaches every tooth." After reading the text can you supply a new headline? We offer to the writer of the best one submitted each month four free Pro-phy-lactics every year for life. In case of a tie, the same prize will be given to each. Your chance is as good as anyone's. Mail the coupon or write a letter. The winning headline will be selected by the George Batten Company, Inc., Advertising Agents. This offer expires April 30, 1926.

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PRO-PHY-LACTIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass., 10-CC4
Gentlemen: I suggest the following as a new headline for the advertisement from which this coupon was clipped:.....
.....
.....
Name.....
First name in full.....
Address.....

"Shame on women who are always weak and ailing"

—Annette Kellermann



WHEN I was a child I was so deformed as to be practically a cripple. I was bow-legged to an extreme degree; I could neither stand nor walk without iron braces. For nearly two years I had to fight against consumption. No one ever dreamed that some day I would become famous for the perfect proportions of my figure, the champion woman swimmer of the world, starred in great feature films. Yet that is exactly what has happened. My experience certainly shows that no woman need be discouraged with her figure, her health, or her complexion. The truth is, tens of thousands of tired, sickly, overweight, or underweight women have already proved that a perfect figure and radiant health can be acquired in only 15 minutes a day, through the same methods as I myself used. These startling, yet simple methods can now be used in your own home. Is it any wonder that I say "shame on women who are always weak and ailing"?

I invite any woman who is interested to write to me. I will gladly prove to you—and by only a ten-day trial—that you can learn to acquire the body beautiful; how to make your complexion rosy from the inside instead of from the outside; how to freshen and brighten and clarify a muddy, sallow face; how to stand and walk gracefully; how to add or remove weight at any part of the body: hips, bust, neck, arms, shoulders, chin, limbs, waist, abdomen; how to be full of health, strength and energy so that you can enjoy life to the utmost; how to be free from the many ailments due to physical inefficiency; in short, how to acquire perfect womanhood.

Just mail the coupon below or write a letter and I will send you at once and without charge my interesting, illustrated "The Body Beautiful." I will also explain about my special Demonstration Offer. Just test out the coupon now, and mail it, before my present supply of free books is exhausted. Address: Annette Kellermann, Inc., Suite 4010, 225 West 96th Street, New York City.

Annette Kellermann, Inc., Suite 4010,

225 West 96th Street, New York City

Dear Miss Kellermann: Please send me, entirely free of cost, your new book, "The Body Beautiful." I am particularly interested in—

Reducing Weight Body Building

Name..... (Kindly print name and address)

Address.....

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

If outside U. S., send 10c to help pay postage.

Adjust every size for all types of feet. Free Demonstration if desired.

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The GENUINE Unadvised Shapes while you sleep. Rapid, painless and safe. The ANITA is a Gentle and most Comfortable Nose Separator. Absolutely GUARANTEED. Highly recommended by Physicians.

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40% to 160% Profit

SELL TO STORES CANDY, GUM AND MINTS.

I will put you in business as my DIRECT FACTORY AGENT AND JOBBER. We take orders for my full line of candies, chocolate bars, mints and chewing gum. Unlimited opportunities for business. No experience needed. I furnish everything. Every store and everybody buys. Work spare time or fulltime. Write today for catalog, selling plan and FREE SAMPLES. Exclusive territory. ACT QUICK.

MILTON GORON, 534 Jackson St., Cincinnati, O.

"The Famous Two Hundred"

HOW many of the people of the motion picture are famous? Instantly a medley of names springs to mind. Certainly no other art or industry is so rich in personalities so widely known. The motion picture is an institution unlike any other in its complete dependence on personalities and their fame. Probably no other industry has so great a content of fame. The motor car industry has made just one man importantly famous. Oil and rails and steel, among our vastest industries, can count hardly more than a half dozen each of personalities really famous in comparison with the wide fame of scores and maybe hundreds in the motion picture field. The record is astounding.

The motion picture is peculiarly the vehicle of fame, and its influence does not pertain alone to those who play upon the screen. Something of a measure of the famous personalities of the motion picture is being taken in the compilation of a volume now in progress under the title of "The Famous Two Hundred of the Motion Picture." There is a certain tribute to the screen world in the fact that there

can be such an impressive roster as the list of those who are held eligible to its pages.

This job is unique in its impressive job of bookmaking, itself suggestive of the lavish atmosphere of costly motion picture production, and unique in its editorial treatment of picture personalities. There is none of the manner of the typical biographical blurb, while the text endeavors to evaluate the central idea and essential contribution of each career to the total of motion picture progress. The focal fact, the one outstanding element of each of the famous is set forth in a manner aimed to give the reader a new understanding of the makers of pictures and their attainments. The effect of this volume especially in its announced field of service for editorial reference should be to contribute to the dignity and status of the motion picture. It is a project conceived by Clyde E. Elliott, known to the motion picture as the maker of the Post scenic pictures. His editorial assistance is Terry Ramsaye, author of "The Romantic History of the Motion Picture," which ran its three-year serial length in PHOTOPLAY.

The Miss Nordic Lovers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

almost brutal. And not until the very last page did he reveal himself in his true tenderness. In modern literature Colman might be that. But hark back to Scott and you might have a typical "Master of Ravenswood"—with all the delicate shadings of that colorful and moody character.

To try and pin Gilbert down to a modern fiction character is like attempting to fold chiffon in an eighty-mile gale. It can't be done. His personality can't be likened to any character imprisoned in the pages of a book. One minute he might be a Floyd Dell character—the next a creature from the leaves of Booth Tarkington. But never a Babbitt. Not Jack!

Hollywood, playing at being "deep" and more than considerably "highbrow," delights in comparing Colman and Gilbert, as much as does any other section of the country. But the most interesting comment came the other day from the lips of a fair film lady, better left unnamed, who made no pretense at being either "high" or "low" browed in her frank character imprisoned in the pages of a book. She knows Jack, but not Ronald—and we were discussing who could be most cruel. Shades of women's confidences! For that reason she placed herself in the position of a disinterested observer.

"Jack would flare up like a skyrocket. Sparks would fly," said the lady, "but in a minute it would be over and all would be serene. Ronald Colman . . . he would be crushingly cruel. I think. He wouldn't curse or swear or throw furniture. He would be calm—oh calm!—and spirit-crushing!"

And I shouldn't wonder but what she is right.

Crushing—if he wanted to be . . . tender, too—if he wanted to be. Intriguing personality!

But the unknown is always intriguing. Obvious things attract no curious throng. Perhaps Colman is aware of this axiom. The mantle of inscrutability that he wears may be but the pose of a clever actor. Or he may be petticoat-shy. That very reticence is his greatest asset.

In being unattainable, he has become mysterious. And what woman doesn't love mystery! Men don't mind mystery—in a man.

They give it a reasonable surmise. But give a woman a man she cannot fathom and watch her try to!

From girlhood to old age a woman is constantly stimulating the mental picture of her ideal man. He changes—is added to and subtracted from. But he remains enshrined in her mind as the type of man with whom she would like to wander over Life's hills and dales. Usually she marries his antithesis—but the mental mate remains with her.

And this is where Colman scores his innings . . . quite unintentionally, we believe, but nevertheless effective. Women have a vast curiosity to discover whether this man of repressed emotion has any of the elements of their ideal. Foiled at the offset by his taciturnity they wonder about him. What lies behind those smouldering eyes? The wisdom of the ages? A subconscious philosophy? A past? Or a great sorrow? The latter preferably—because that is so delightfully melancholy and can be so deftly assuaged.

AND then again he may be a good actor—an excellent shadow mummer—conscious of his limitations.

Jack is the temperamental genius. Life with him would be like living on the brink of Vesuvius. You would spend your time wondering when the next eruption would take place—preparing to hide from the sparks. But the lulls between the storms would be worth the worry. Life with Jack would never be dull. No day would ever have its duplicate.

He hopes he will never marry again. Not for his sake—but for the woman. Life has played a prank on Jack that makes him as changeable as the elements. Not as fickle, mind you, for Jack is a consistent cuss—but as changeable as sunshine and showers, storms and calms.

Life would be equally as interesting with Colman . . . that is, if you liked solitary splendor and the thrill of your own fireplace. Colman avows his ambition is to retire like a country gentleman to an estate in the California hills. But we outguess him there. A California sunset will never find him basking in its glory when he doffs the grease-paint permanently. The same sun will probably find him on the other side of the hemisphere rambling.

in the brierwood accompanied by . . . a favorite brindle bull! A Shropshire gentleman.

If life with Gilbert is likened to the Vesuvius—with Colman would be like habitating with the Sphinx.

Choose between them? It's a matter to be settled by the individual. Loretta may like them gay and daring—while Estelle likes them quiet and smouldering.

Vesuvius and the Sphinx—that's what they are. And, too, each one possesses to a remarkable degree that potent thing that Madame Glyn describes as *It*.

Choose between them?

Impossible!

I'd want them both—for a while. . . .

And Mr. Hays making that impossible—I'll gladly compromise on Richard Dix!

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106]

MARJORIE E., OSKALOOSA, IOWA—So you are divided in your—ahem—affections between John Gilbert and Ronald Colman. Well, your state of mind is not unusual. You want to know which is the more popular? Dear me, ask me something easy. I'd flip a coin if I were you.

MARGIE, KANSAS CITY, MO.—No trouble at all. Bebe Daniels was born on January 14, 1901. Greta Nissen's name is pronounced almost as it is spelled. The first syllable in the last name is pronounced like "nee."

JENK, RICHMOND, VA.—Yes, Natacha Rambova is Winifred Hadnut. But you mustn't let Herb Howe kid you.

ANXIOUS ANNE.—Just for calling me Santa Claus, I ought to wait until Christmas to answer your letter. George Hackathorne is five feet, seven inches high. He has no brothers and he isn't married.

MERRILL H., OAK PARK, ILL.—Betty Bronson was born on November 17, 1906. I guess that makes the other wrong, doesn't it?

A COPPERHEAD FROM ILLINOIS.—Courtesy? That's my middle name. Address Mary Pickford at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Betty Bronson may be reached at the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif. She was born in Trenton, N. J., on November 17, 1906. Entered pictures in 1922. Regards to the boy friend.

K. G., JERSEY CITY, N. J.—Gloria's daughter is four years old. She has an adopted son, called Joseph. No brothers or sisters.

ADELAIDE, ALTOONA, GA.—Your letter makes me blush. You say you have never written me before and yet you begin with "Hello, Sweetheart!" And then you make me mad by saying that you don't like me as well as Richard Barthelme or Ramon Novarro because you don't know what I look like. Ah, my dear, but I have a heart of gold. And I wish you knew of all the opportunities I had to star in the movies! They're after me every year. To end the battles between you and your sister, Richard was born in New York City and Ramon is still with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Now find something else to fight about.

ELIZABETH M., HERMOSA BEACH, CALIF.—Address Marion Nixon at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif. For a photograph of Reginald Denny, write the same company. Conrad Nagel may be reached at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. Send a stamped self-addressed envelope for a cast of the picture you mention. Call again.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 127]

\$1,000 for titles



Famous for its Correct Shades

Madame Jeannette, one of the world's leading cosmeticians, makes it her business to see that the four shades of Pompeian Beauty Powder are correct.

Pompeian Beauty Powder is used the world over by women who find that it meets every requirement of beauty, protection, and purity.

It has an exceptionally adhesive quality, which makes the powder stay on an unusually long time. Comes in fine scientifically blended shades to match skin tones of typical American beauty types.

**Pompeian
Beauty
Powder**
Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian

PLEASE help us get a title for this beautiful picture—the 1926 Pompeian Beauty Panel. A few moments' thought may bring you cash for your cleverness.

Who will win this prize?

YOU—if you are the one who can best imagine yourself in this enchanting scene—a flower-scented night with a full moon splashing its silver through the palm trees and over the little dancing waves at Palm Beach, Miami—or is it California?

Shut your eyes and think how wonderful it would be—you and the dearest one-in-the-world. That odor of flowers—are they orange blossoms? And is this fancy dress ball just planned for two hearts to find each other?

How would you describe this scene in a few words? Write down the titles that come to you; then send in the best one.

CASH PRIZES. 1st, \$500; 2nd, \$250; 3rd, \$150; and 2 prizes of \$50 each.

SUGGESTIONS. These titles may set your mind working: Beauty's Reward; Love's Hour; One or None? "I Love You, Dearest"; Beneath the Palms; Beauty Wins.

RULES

1. Only one title from one person.
2. Ten words or less for the title.
3. Write title on one sheet of paper. Below title write only your name and full address plainly.
4. Coupon and coin for panel can be sent along with your title.
5. Contest closes Nov. 30, 1925, but get your title in early.
6. In the event of a tie for any prize offered, a prize identical with that tied for will be awarded to each tying contestant.
7. Prizes paid Dec. 15, 1925. Winners announced Jan. 9, 1926, in Saturday Evening Post.

Note. If you plan to get panel anyhow, you can send for it first and study it on full size and colors. Then send in your titles. However, no one is required to get a panel to enter contest.

GET 1926 PANEL and Samples

THIS is the most beautiful and expensive panel we have ever offered. Executed by the famous colorist, Gene Plessler. Size 2 7/8 inches. Art store value 75c to \$1. Sent for two dimes along with valuable samples of Pompeian Bloom (for youthful color); Pompeian Beauty Powder; Pompeian Day Cream (powder base); and Pompeian Night Cream (skin nourishing). Clip the coupon now, enclose 2 dimes and send today.

The Pompeian Laboratories 2907 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio	
I enclose 2 dimes (20c) for 1926 Pompeian Beauty Panel and valuable samples.	
Name	_____
Street	_____
Address	_____
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State	_____
Shade of powder wanted? _____	



Free from odor all day long

—with this cream deodorant

Of course, every woman means to be immaculately dainty but soap and water alone cannot protect you from ever present underarm odor.

The underarms *must* have special care—which you can give now so easily and quickly. Creme Odorono scientifically corrects perspiration odor without checking moisture. A morning application keeps you fresh and clean all day.

Creme Odorono is so soft, smooth, fragrant; vanishes instantly and has no grease or color to stain clothing. It is such a joy for quick use and traveling. At all toilet counters, 25c large tube.

Send for generous trial tube

RUTH MILLER
The Odorono Company
50 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Please send me sample tube of Creme
Odorono, for which I enclose 5c.

Name _____

Address _____



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Outer and Inner Clothing and
Shoes for All the Family—Dry
Goods—Rugs—Jewelry—Furniture

Auto Supplies—Sporting Goods and
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FRIENDLY ADVICE

From
Carolyn Van Wyck

ARE there any hard and fast rules on the correct way to wear jewelry? Is it good taste to wear imitation jewelry? These are some of the questions that Miss Helen H. of Denver wants me to answer this month. And she particularly wants to know if it is good form to wear a wrist watch—a jeweled one—with an evening dress.

To begin with the question of the wrist watch. It is not strictly good form to wear a wrist watch with very formal evening dress. In fact, it is supposed to be downright bad taste. Nevertheless, a great many smartly dressed women do it, particularly when the watch is a dainty, diamond affair. However, the wrist watch is a strictly utilitarian thing of apparel and even though many of the watches are extremely ornamental and many of them do not even pretend to keep time, the watch is still classed among the useful articles of our apparel. Moreover, when we go out in the evening, we are usually accompanied by male escorts and therefore not dependent on our watches.

As for the other rules for wearing jewelry. It is not correct to wear expensive jewels during the day time—diamonds, pearls and other precious stones are really intended for formal wear. An engagement ring is, of course, always correct, but even in the smartest restaurants in New York you seldom see a great display of jewels in the day time, except perhaps on the older women.

Imitation jewelry used to be taboo. But now since so many exquisite and artistic designs are used in the mounting of the imitation jewelry, the inexpensive ornaments are both popular and fashionable. Of course, you must wear these ornaments in moderation; too many bangles and dangles will ruin the appearance of any costume. School girls and business women should be particularly careful of loading themselves down with jewelry of any kind. In many of the best schools, any sort of jewelry is banned.

The vogue of the imitation jewel had a curious origin. Women owning priceless collections of jewels were often afraid to remove them from the safety deposit vaults. For years, it has been the custom of these women to duplicate their real jewels in almost perfect imitations. The so-called novelty jewelry became fashionable among women who were afraid of losing their fine gems and so adopted cheaper ornaments which might be discarded

when they went out-of-style or changed frequently to match their costumes.

A decade ago women wore many more ornaments than they do today. Simplicity in dress has brought in a corresponding simplicity in jewels. The importance of jewelry today is not in its quantity or its expensiveness but in its beauty of design and in its appropriateness to your type and your costume.

TOMMY LOU, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Yes, I have noticed that the Middle West is less kind to women's hair and complexion than are the two sea-board. Therefore, they should give them greater care. Much moisture is necessary to the best health of both. Fresh fruit and green vegetables are the best foods for the complexion. They clarify it. Colored vegetables as carrots, beets and string beans and spinach, furnish red corpuscles for the blood. You may weigh one hundred twenty pounds, even one hundred twenty-five, without being fat. In the absence of knowledge about your complexion I must hark back to the proverb which originated with the French, "Dress up to your eyes or your hair." The cleansing and vanishing creams and the powders advertised in this magazine are excellent

M. E. A. M., HATTESBURG, MISS.

I think the two experiences with blood poisoning in your childhood account for the abnormal condition of your skin. The doctor, no doubt, can do all he promises for cleaning it. Help him by following closely his advice. He will probably tell you to eat simple, nourishing foods and drink a great deal of water. That way lies clear complexions. PHOTOPLAY has published advertisements of excellent preservatives of clear, fine skin. Rubber bandages will reduce ankles that are too large.

ANOTHER BLONDE, EL DORADO, ARK.

You fortunate girl! With your distinctive combination of coloring you can wear any shade well. So wear what you yourself prefer. You should look lovely in black or white, or in blue and white, beside all the rest. All the preparations you ask about are good and effective. Let time and a pure oil or skin food remedy the other defect. Be satisfied with your present weight. In fact I think you are a very well endowed young person. I hope that you are also accomplished or are seeking to become so. Beauties are prone to depend wholly upon their beauty, while plainer girls try to cultivate the enormous asset of charm.

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

CAROLYN VAN WYCK is a society matron, well known in New York's smartest and most exclusive 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 flatters, 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

CID, HUMACAO, P. R.

Women do not like men who are small mentally, if that is the meaning of your question. I do not think that smallness of physical stature enters into the question especially. Women vary in taste just as much as men do, *Cid*, which is a good thing, isn't it? But we all admire courage, loyalty and honesty. When a man has these traits he will not lack for friends among the women and girls of his acquaintance no matter what his stature may happen to be.

SARA, BALTIMORE, Md.

Unless you are an expert organizer and can manage servants I should not advise you to try for a position as housekeeper. This work calls for training and executive ability of a high order. You might find work as companion to an elderly lady or invalid or make your experience as a physician's daughter valuable by taking a position in a doctor's office. Study your own abilities, preferences and character before entering the business world, find out what you can do best and do not be discouraged if you must begin on the lowest steps of the ladder. It's a long climb but interesting.

MARGARET, MONTREAL, CAN.

Your extreme pallor and the dark lines under your eyes indicate an anaemic condition. Your circulation is deficient. You need plenty of fresh air, more sleep, and more attention to nourishing food. Eat colored vegetables as spinach, beets and carrots. They are rich in iron. They will put needed red corpuscles into your blood stream. Drink fruit juices. PHOTOPLAY contains advertisements for the cure of acne, or blackheads.

R. W., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

You can wear nearly all colors. Dress to your eyes in the daytime with greens and blues and to your hair at night with more brilliant shades, such as deep coral and flame. Wear high heels and brush your hair up so that it does not lie flat on your head; this will give you a taller appearance. Use white or flesh powder, light rouge and lipstick.

K. M. AND L. M., NASHVILLE, TENN.

Barrie once defined charm as "the thing which if a person has one doesn't need anything else—not even good looks." I wonder if you have thought about cultivating charm? It's an elusive thing to define but most charming people have certain characteristics, among them are ready sympathy, the ability to be interested in others and tact in discovering the likes and dislikes of those with whom we come in contact. Once you develop these attributes you will not again complain of lack of popularity.

LUCILLE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The shop windows beckon to you, Miss Lucille. You can wear any of the colors they display save black and those that demand a fair complexion from their wearer, such as bright pinks and brilliant blues.

BABE, DETROIT, MICH.

Chocolate bars, of the purest grade, pastries and puddings, are pumping foods. You may be over active. Is it possible for you to take a nap every afternoon? If not, can you extend the period of your sleep by an hour or two? I advise one of your coloring to wear a great deal of green. Green is a color of an infinite variety of shades. I heard Dr. Cassairato, who was Sarah Bernhardt's beauty doctor and traveled with her on her long American tours to try to prevent the ravages of hard work and travel upon her appearance, say that a woman who is pale should emphasize her pallor by wearing black. He saw beauty in an ivory-toned skin with a black background. That is a theory you might adopt though I certainly should not allow the lips to share the pallor. You should look very well in white and in creamy stuffs in the evening. Perhaps with a bit of color as touches of orange or of brilliant red.



Building for America's growth

The early builders of America made their houses of rough hewn logs or of stone or adobe lifted from the earth. Settlements grew to towns, towns to cities. Small stores and shops were built, and these in turn were torn down to make room for bigger ones. Roads, bridges and railways were constructed. Factories and skyscrapers were erected. And so, swiftly, the America of today appeared, still growing.

In the midst of the development came the telephone. No one can tell how much of the marvelous later growth is due to it—how much it has helped the cities, farms and industries to build. We do know that the telephone became a part of the whole of American life and that it not only grew with the country, but contributed to the country's growth.

Communication by telephone has now become so important that every American activity not only places dependence upon the telephone service of today, but demands even greater service for the growth of tomorrow.



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Sani-Flush removes all marks, stains and incrustations. It leaves the bowl spotlessly white and clean. It destroys all foul odors.

Simply sprinkle a little Sani-Flush into the toilet bowl—follow directions on the can—and flush. It will not harm plumbing connections.

Always keep a can of Sani-Flush handy in the bathroom.

Buy Sani-Flush at your grocery, drug or hardware store, or send 25c for a full-size can.

Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio

MARTHA, SANFORD, FLA.

I think you are over-sensitive about your profile. We cannot change the shapes of our faces, you know. The thing to do is to make the best of it. You are very fortunate in having other good features. Your friends probably like your pretty, blue eyes so much they never think about your profile.

ROSA, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Consistent exercise, especially swimming, will be the best way for you to reduce. This will at the same time make your flesh firm and healthy. Do not lose too much, for you are about right in weight.

SHIRLEY, VANCOUVER, B. C.

Nothing is so becoming to the short girl whose figure inclines to plumpness as the straight line frocks now in vogue. Do not wear anything that has a "cut off" line at the hips, but select frocks that have the long upper bodice. The flared skirts and coats now popular will suit you perfectly. In colors, select henna, dark blue or olive green and for party frocks some of the lovely new tones of flame, peach or orange. I think a side parting of the hair would suit you better than the center part, which is, as a rule, more suited to an oval face. Sometimes a delightful effect is gained by brushing the hair straight back and having it curl softly on either side of the face. Try both these and see what your mirror says. Use a deep flesh powder and a lipstick of dark rose. You may use with safety any of the depilatories advertised in PHOTOPLAY.

LENA, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

You are tired of the advertising business and are considering investing your savings in a tea room, a lingerie shop or a dramatic course, and ask my advice on a choice.

First, I would give the advertising work a little longer trial to convince yourself whether it is merely the occasional weariness of routine

that visits all of us, rather than distaste for the business itself which prompts your present dislike for your work. The business is one that offers a brilliant future for those who are adapted to it. Writers have discovered that it is one of the most profitable branches of their profession. I would advise you to give it another year, seeking meanwhile to be transferred to some other branch of your offices.

You tell me that in the short while that you were with a traveling theatrical company you were "neither a success nor a failure." If so, I do not think you are too old to make a re-beginning in stage work. One of the leading comedienne of the American stage did not adopt that profession until she was thirty-two. She had natural gifts which soon expressed themselves behind the footlights. The stage will be easier for you than if you had not had that earlier experience. I fancy that you would prefer managing a tea room to keeping a lingerie shop.

There is a new and large opportunity in that field for one who has a knowledge of food values. Intelligent, well informed persons no longer eat what they like but what they know to be good building materials for the body. If you open a tea room, employ a dietitian or take a course in dietetics.

Decide which occupation you wish to follow, then give all your interest and energy to it. As a rule we do best what we best like to do.

S. L. M., CANTON, PA.

I like your dictum about dress. Hold to it. The best dressed woman wears what is most becoming to her, not to her neighbor. Your double chin, I fear, means overindulgence in food. A too large quantity of all kinds of food or too much of the fat-making kinds, as sweets, pastry, potatoes, soups and butter. Leave all these out of your daily dietary. Eat less of all the other things that come to the table. Eat freely only of green vegetables, green salads, ripe, raw or stewed fruits. [CONT'D PAGE 129]

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Subscribe for PHOTOPLAY

Subscription rates on page 5, below table of contents.



Another pair of movie sisters. The pretty girl at the left is Katherine Bennett, sister of the well-known Enid, who is going into the movies, too. And Enid is probably giving her a few friendly words of advice

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

She Likes Them Spanish

Kansas City, Mo.
I sincerely hope we may see another picture with Ricardo Cortez and Bebe Daniels. In "Argentine Love" they were superb. And let me offer a little praise for Ricardo in "The Spaniard." I saw it once and if I ever have the chance I shall see it again.

MARGARET FLANAGAN.

Praise

Florida, N. Y.
I really never appreciated PHOTOPLAY enough until I bought a copy of _____, _____ and _____. It only takes me about one day to go through all of those magazines, and I read PHOTOPLAY from cover to cover, cut out the reviews and put the magazine away for future reference.

JEANNETTE PARMENTER.

The Wishes of a Constant Reader

Jefferson City, Mo.
Have been a very constant reader of your excellent magazine for quite a few years. As I am a great admirer of Miss Eleanor Boardman, would greatly appreciate an article about her.

MRS. C. WOLLMAN.

Give Him More Time Than He Has Had

Boston, Mass.
For a long while I have been favorably impressed by the excellent character work of a certain screen artist who never seems to find a place in PHOTOPLAY. I refer to Fred Kohler who enacted the rôle of *Dreux* in "The Iron Horse." It seems to me Mr. Kohler has merited more attention than he has received, so I am writing to ask if you could not find space in your splendid magazine for an interview with or a picture of Mr. Kohler.

ROSE COONEY.

The Twenty Best

Long Beach, Calif.
I am sending in a true fan's list of the twenty best actresses. I should like to receive comments from other people as to how my list compares with theirs.

1. Norma Shearer—refined, beautiful and a good actress.
2. Betty Bronson—should be Mary Pickford's successor.
3. Eleanor Boardman—has beauty and brains and uses both.
4. Colleen Moore—a rare sense of humor and real ability.
5. Bebe Daniels—she will rival Pola before long.
6. Lillian Gish—the most marvelous actress on the screen.
7. Pola Negri—a born genius; needs better pictures.
8. Mae Murray—she can dance her way into your heart.
9. Gloria Swanson—a tragedienne and comedienne; queen of the movies.
10. Norma Talmadge—give us more of the "Lady"
11. Mary Philbin—another born genius; needs to go to another company.
12. Betty Compson—should have more good pictures like "New Lives for Old."
13. Mae Busch—has the punch as vamp or heroine.
14. Pauline Frederick—still taking laurels after years of work.
15. Dorothy Mackaill—no stopping her, for she is determined to succeed.



Prevent tooth decay below the gum-line

As the soil nourishes the tree roots, the gums nourish the teeth. And as the tree decays if you bare the roots, so do the teeth decay when gum shrinkage starts in.

This condition—one of the first stages of Pyorrhea—is very common and something that ordinary tooth pastes are powerless to prevent. If not checked promptly, it will lead to loss of teeth and serious organic diseases.

If used in time and used consistently twice daily, Forhan's will prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress. It will preserve the gums in their pink, normal, healthy condition, safeguard your health and keep your mouth clean, fresh and wholesome.

Forhan's is more than a tooth paste; it checks Pyorrhea. Thousands have found it beneficial for years. For your own sake ask for Forhan's For The Gums. All druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—
it checks Pyorrhea

4 out of 5 are marked

There's no way to get around it. Dental statistics show that four out of every five over 40—and thousands younger, too—are victims of Pyorrhea. Do you want to avoid this dread disease?

Just as the stability of a lighthouse depends upon a firm foundation, so are healthy teeth dependent upon healthy gums





From a
**Fifth Avenue
Boudoir**

From a note written by a
New York Society Leader

"My hair is always lustrous because
I keep it so with a touch of henna
in the shampoo.

"It is a pity every young woman
does not know what a touch of henna
in the shampoo can do to beautify
her hair. It is as important, really, as
anything we women do to make men
like us. And it does make one's hair
simply dazzling."

HENNAFOAM SHAMPOO contains a
touch of henna properly prepared
to bring out all the beauty in every
woman's hair—whether it be blonde,
brown or brunette.

**Hennafoam
SHAMPOO**

If you cannot get Hennafoam Shampoo from
your dealer send 50c to
Hennafoam Corp., 511 West 42nd St., N. Y.

16. Leatrice Joy—a great mother who will
become greater with DeMille.

17. Anna Q. Nilsson—she may take any
part and not be a failure.

18. Alleen Pringle—a treat for sore eyes;
sophistication galore.

19. Louise Fazenda—a rare comedienne who
will always be needed.

20. Zasu Pitts—always steals the scenes
away from them.

MARION JANE MICKEL.

Wonderful

Miami, Florida.

I have just come from seeing Alice Joyce
and Percy Marmont in "Daddy's Gone A-
Hunting." I want to say that I thought Miss
Joyce was wonderful and I hope she makes
many more pictures like this.

MILDRED COLSON.

A Swashbuckling Brave

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

I, an interested reader of PHOTOPLAY, the
king of magazines, wish to give Ramon
Novarro, king of actors, a dozen bouquets.
Of all the swashbuckling braves Senor Ramon
takes the cake. Having seen him in all his
pictures, I can say wholeheartedly that Ramon
gives me a greater thrill than any actor I've
ever seen.

Also a brickbat, if I may be so unkind, for
the "artist" who so severely criticized Ramon
for playing "Ben Hur." I read "Ben Hur"
through and through and am convinced that
Ramon portrays "Ben Hur" more nearly than
any other actor.

ALICE DEVINE.

See Page 55, R. H. L.

For years PHOTOPLAY has been more than
fair in dividing its space among the people of
movieland. But you seem to have completely

neglected one of the most human and most
masculine appearing film heroes, he whom we
regard as the idol of the Irish—Tom Moore.
To my mind Tom gave one of the most realistic
screen performances ever seen in "Big Brother,"
and his acting in "On Thin Ice" was not
exactly amateurish either.

Also how about the other talented Moore
brothers? Owen can always be depended upon
to give a good performance, while Matt's work
in "The Narrow Street" speaks for itself.

R. H. LUTHIN.

My First and Only

Chevy Chase, Md.

My first and only bouquet is for Rudolph
Valentino, the brightest star on the silver
screen firmament. As any genius, he will never
leave people indifferent—but to those who are
able to understand and appreciate him, there
can be no substitute.

ANN MISHOWT.

**She Can Do More Than Wear
Clothes Gracefully**

Folcroft, Pa.

"Madame Sans Gene," I am forced to wonder
what has influenced Gloria Swanson to abandon
the so-called society drama. Gloria can
wear clothes as very few women are able. She
creates atmosphere in the most modest frock,
but it is quite distressing to see her cavorting
around as a little, foreign madcap. Distressing
to me because I entertain a lingering vision of
a regal Gloria, the epitome of smartness.

It is not my intention to criticize the picture.
I considered that a masterpiece of historical
accuracy with superb interpretation of *Napoleon*.
I do think, however, that Gloria was
wasted on it. Possibly she wants the universe
to know that she can do things other than wear
clothes gracefully.

RUTH WALLGREN.

**Whiten Your Skin—
Almost Over Night**



No more blackheads,
pimples, freckles or
muddiness! Now you
can clear your skin of
redness, sallowness,
liver spots, moth
patches or any blemish.

Make This 3 Minute Test

Three minutes before bedtime smooth some of
this cool, fragrant cream upon your skin. The next
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skin has begun to clear. Send for a jar of Golden
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including Ear Training. 150 pages of 10-1/2 x 7-1/2, 25,000
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Waterman Piano School, 1834 W. Adams St., Los Angeles, Calif.



Louise Fazenda enjoys the great Los Angeles sport of building
houses. At present, all she has is some lumber, a set of plans and a
lot of high ambitions. The gentleman with her is telling her how
much extra it will cost to have another linen closet in the hall

Menace

Detroit, Mich.

I have been reading some articles dealing with the "menace" of Jackie Coogan. And I must speak my mind. It is a lamentable fact that whenever any such chatter gets started, it has its full quota of glibbie souls who believe it to be true. Demoralizes our children, does he? They try to act like him, do they? Yes, they do, and it's a shame they can't have him to see always. They might pick up some of his qualities.

A FAN.

Fame and Fortune

Paola, Kansas.

Just a few lines for that oncoming star—Dorothy Seastrom. I think she is beautiful, far more beautiful than Pola or Norma or Gloria or Marion. And how she can act! I wish Miss Seastrom all the fame and fortune which she deserves.

BARBARA CLAYTON.

Producers—Read This

Kansas City, Mo.

As nine-tenths of moving picture audiences are made up of the working class, and medium wealthy class, it seems to me that some pictures are too far above the people. I know of one girl here who saw Gloria Swanson in some swell clothes and became discontent with her own—and one article she had charged was a \$700 coat! Why not show pictures that fit the real home life more? Any of the pictures Mary Pickford, Charlie Kay, Richard Barthelmess, and Will Rogers are in are pictures that fit life best! Expensive pictures like "When Knighthood Was in Flower" cost so much to produce that admission must be raised.

I never see a picture costing over 30 cents admission, as I cannot afford it. Most of the picture victims, as well as myself, can't afford it.

After "The Old Nest" and "Over the Hill" were shown here, many mothers noticed a decided change in their children, and four that I know of received flowers on Mother's Day, who never had before.

A KANSAS MISSOURIAN

Success to All the Players

Royal Oak, Mich.

Thank you for the happiness you have brought into my home. I am not sorry I have taken your magazine. You and Ford Sterling in "The Woman on the Jury," "The Plunderer" and "Six Days" have made my blues disappear. Success to all the players.

MARY L.

Stung

Garfield, Utah.

I very seldom find it necessary to register any complaints. If I see a picture I do not like, I just say, "stung," and let it go at that. But I must express my opinion of "The Thief of Bagdad," which I saw some time ago. Why in the name of good reason we should be charged an extra price to see such a picture as this is beyond me. Doug Fairbanks is a very fine actor, and I've seen him in plays where he was adorable.

I certainly agree with PHOTOPLAY'S Brief Review on "The Deadwood Coach." Maybe I liked that picture because it was made in my state, but you'll all have to admit the scenery was wonderful.

DEWEY S. MOSS.

The Mad Prince Himself

New York City.

If John Gilbert may some near day shadow the screen as *Prince Hamlet*, my cry of exultation shall rise to Heaven. I shall bring down

There is no substitute in woman's beauty for a flawless skin



*"And on the liquid mirror glow'd
The clear perfection of her face."
—Tennyson.*

THOUGH poets and authors in their praise of woman's beauty describe her luxuriant hair, soulful eyes, classic features or perfect mouth, all these lose their loveliness if her complexion is dull or lifeless.

A clear, satin-like skin creates a daintiness of appearance which heightens beauty of feature and is in itself woman's chief charm. Many women fail to possess this charm because they do not know how to care for the skin.

For proper cleansing, soap should be used once a day—but it must be the right kind. RESINOL SOAP is ideal for every skin and will stand any test of purity. Its particular fragrance as well as its rich color is your guarantee for the healthful Resinol properties it contains.

No heavy perfume is required to conceal inferior quality. Buy a cake from your druggist or toilet goods dealer, and bathe your face with it tonight. Note how readily it lathers, how gently but thoroughly it cleanses the pores, how easily it rinses, how soft, velvety and refreshed it leaves your skin.

But don't let your treatment be too harsh! Many a woman ruins her beauty at the start by scrubbing her face with a rough cloth and hot water, when she should use lukewarm water and a soft cloth—or better still—her finger tips. The rinsing should be thorough, and the skin dried carefully by patting lightly with a soft towel.

Where blemishes are already present, apply a little Resinol Ointment and see how quickly it clears them away. This soothing, healing ointment is also unexcelled for the relief of itching, burning skin troubles, boils, chafings, scratches, etc. Your druggist sells the Resinol products. No home should be without them.

Resinol Soap



Dept. P, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

I have never used Resinol Soap or Ointment, so please send me a free sample of each.

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Street.....
City..... State.....



Mental strain calls for steady nerves—you'll find the use of Beeman's

"a sensible habit"



BEEMAN'S
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WRINKLES

crow's feet, frown lines gone. Get back your youthful firmness. Simple, easy and harmless. Thousands who have had results amazing with

PARISIAN FLESH FOOD
Makes skin soft and smooth; strengthens underlying tissues—develops bust. Write for Free Sample and Beauty Secret. Send life to cover mailing. Agents Wanted. **MME. FOULARE**, 350 Parisian Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio

Trial Bottle Free
Don't Worry About

Gray Hair



Learn how to stop it—

It's easy—just mail coupon for free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. Make test on single lock. Watch the gray go.

Applied with a comb, easily—quickly. No help required. With restored color perfectly even and natural. Never any streaking, discoloration, artificial "dye" look.

This wonder worker is a colorless liquid, clear, dairy. No interference with shampooing, nothing to wash or rub off. Just soft, fluffy, beautiful hair, always the becoming color of youth!

Mail Coupon Today

Fill out carefully, telling color of hair. If possible enclose lock in your letter. By return mail you get Special Patented Free Trial Outfit, with full instructions.

When the single lock test has convinced you that you needn't ever have gray hair, get full sized bottle. From your druggist, or order direct from me.

Please print your name and address—
FREE TRIAL COUPON
MARY T. GOLDMAN,
470M Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit—medium brown, ash-blond (dark red), light brown, light ash-blond (light red), blonde.
Name.....
Street.....City.....

Shakespeare to witness that none other than the "mad" Prince himself walks before his eyes. When I beheld John Gilbert as *Hamlet*, "the tie that binds me to mortality" shall break with ecstasy; 'twould be worth dying for; the wine of life could fill the cup no higher.
HELEN D. KEYNOLDS.

From the Fjords

Kristiania, Norge.
Sometime ago you had a letter from Sweden, so I thought you would perhaps like to have one from Norway, too I do not think I need give any account of my country, as the Swedish lady did; Norway is too well known in America and you dear Americans are too well educated.

Here in Kristiania, and all Norway, we do admire Rudolph Valentino very much, and I can assure you his admirers here are not only those between ten and sixteen.

The youngest of the public admire Charley Chaplin most, of course, and his little "kid"—Jackie Coogan.

Of the women, Norma Talmadge is the one who has taken the greatest part of our hearts, and no wonder.

BERGZOT LUNDI

New Zealand Likes American Stars

Auckland, New Zealand.

Gloria Swanson is a great favorite in Maoriland; she never fails to entertain. I have seen her pictures since the Mack Sennett days and I wish her luck in the future. Bebe Daniels is my next favorite to Gloria and she is exceedingly popular with all I know.

I am patiently awaiting one of my old favorite's return to the screen, Lila Lee. "The Cruise of the Make Belief" was a lovely picture. Please, Paramount, give us more of Lila.

Stars that we all like in New Zealand are: Thomas Meighan, Richard Dix, Pola Negri and Norma Talmadge. Please bring Ethel Clayton back again, and last, but not least, Elsie Ferguson.

BOB BINNIE.

Theda Is This Fan's Ideal

Philadelphia, Pa.

Will you please give a little space on your page for this little tribute to Theda Bara, who is my ideal of all that is beautiful.

EDWARD E. JENKINS.

An Enthusiastic Fan From Wisconsin

Racine, Wis.

I am a PHOTOPLAY fan and enjoy reading your magazine very much. I would like to tell you how much I enjoyed "Peter Pan." I thought Betty Bronson was perfectly adorable and the photography excellent.

Glen Hunter is my favorite actor; in my opinion his work in "Merton of the Movies" was more than remarkable. I enjoyed "Merton" more than any picture I have seen in the past several months.

Blanche Sweet has been my favorite actress for years and years.

MARY ANN.

Give the Lesser Lights a Chance

Baltimore, Md.

While I have no film favorites, I like the work of Thomas Meighan, Richard Dix and Johnny Hines. I enjoyed the following pictures: "Charley's Aunt," "Captain Blood," "The Sea Hawk" and "The Dixie Handicap."

Why don't they give some promising young newcomers better chances? For instance, Arthur Rankin, Mary Akin, Olive Hasbrouck and Jane Winton.

R. P. CAMPBELL.

Names List of Favorite Stars

Hope, Ark.

The June PHOTOPLAY is a dandy; more success to you. Your opinion of Richard Dix is being fulfilled; he's a winner. Reginald Denny is another of whom I am expecting much.

Always glad to find news of Jack Holt. I first saw him in "The Little American" and haven't missed an opportunity to see him since.

I saw Ethel Clayton in vaudeville in San Francisco. I've never forgotten her splendid work with Jack Holt in "Crooked Streets." Wish they might co-star again.

Percy Marmont, Conrad Nagel and Milton Sills complete my list of favorites.

M. E. T.

Canadian Cheers Tom Mix

Roxbury, Mass.

A word to Tom Mix. Not only men and boys enjoy his pictures. He is my favorite star. I wanted very much to see him while he was in Boston but did not. However, I was a very interested listener to his "radio talk." I drop all other engagements to see his pictures.

A CANADIAN LASSIE.

Wants to See Cesare Borgia

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Recently there have been several impersonations of historically familiar characters on the screen. And among these really wonderful impersonations of famous people why have we forgotten one whose story would give unlimited opportunity to the actor—Cesare Borgia.

Fifteenth century Italy has never been done on the screen and there are the costumes and settings for a beautiful picture. Can one not see Valentino, or probably Ricardo Cortez in this role?

MARY LEPPER.

This Is for You, Ian Keith

Washington, D. C.

I think that Ian Keith's portrayal of Richard Valryan in "Enticement" is, without question, one of the greatest pieces of acting I have ever seen. I am wishing the best of good luck for PHOTOPLAY and Ian Keith.

V. E.

ONE of the best of the current plays in New York is "Is Zat So?"

It is all written in the dialect of the prize ring and the East Side—that mysterious tongue that is a separate and complete branch of the English language.

When Bessie Love was in New York she went to see the play and its phrases captivated her. Between the acts, she turned to a native born musical comedy star and repeated one of her pet lines, "Isn't that a funny one? 'Usen't he to live in Brooklyn?" laughed Bessie.

"Usen't' who to live in Brooklyn?" politely asked the native beauty.

Kerrigan Fans, Read This!

Detroit, Mich.
I'll try to be brief and ask some of J. Warren Kerrigan's friends why we don't hear more from them. No one has ever been more popular than he has. And only a few years ago we called him "Jack of Hearts." He gave us *Sansou* when he was only a boy. A few years later, "The Covered Wagon" and "Captain Blood." Best of luck to Kerrigan!
B. B. KRAMER.

Appeal for Florence Lawrence

San Francisco, Cal.
Here is a brickbat for the producers and players who refuse to help Florence Lawrence. She is a true artist. Did she not do much for the industry in its infancy? Didn't she put up with its crude beginning? Then she was injured while working for the pictures, and when she tried to "come back" found the studio doors closed to her. Is this loyalty or fratricide?

They boast of the fraternity that exists between members of the profession. Many cases like this and many fans will lose interest.

EDITH RUSSELL CARLTON.

A More Leisurely and Explanatory Scroll

Atlantic City, N. J.

We have noticed that in nearly all the recent pictures the cast was given in a neat and pretty scroll at the beginning of the story. The cast was flashed on the screen and remained there for all of one second and a half. Which was hard on anyone, even a person who reads as rapidly as I do. There are times when such casts cause any dumbell, especially myself, to be uncertain as to who is playing that character. We would much prefer this sort of thing:

"Dogberry Dingle loved his wife though she thought filet mignon was a fish."

Dogberry Dingle Gordon G. Gaffle

We admit again that the scroll is awfully pretty, but insist that the other way of introducing characters is much clearer and easier to remember. At least we are sure who is in the picture.

ANN AMBERSON.

Memory Links Them

Delta, Col.

Mary Pickford reminds me of "An Old Sweetheart of Mine." Lois Wilson is like "An Old-fashioned Garden." Ramon Novarro reminds me of "La Paloma." Ricardo Cortez of "Somebody Stole My Pal." Bebe Daniels of "Marcheta." Thomas Meighan of "Call Me Back, Pal o' Mine." Alice Terry of "Roses of Picardy." Nita Naldi of "Vampanella." Ben Lyon of "A New Kind of Man." Buck Jones of "Out Where the West Begins." Aileen Whirgle of "Cielito Lindo." Vera Reynolds of "Sweet Little You." Helena D'Algy of "Until Tomorrow." Ernest Torrence of "A Covered Wagon." Rudolph Valentino of "Venetian Love Song." Farina of "Little Black Buddie."

VERA GARDNER.

Wants the Star Sheen for John Bowers

San Francisco, Cal.

I heartily endorse a letter from Carolyn Ashe of South Bend, printed in this department. I have always liked John Bowers and everybody I know likes him. And yet how seldom one hears of him.

Another player who deserves more credit than he receives is young John Harron, who stepped bravely into the breach left open by his brother, Bobby. He resembles Bobby in an almost uncanny degree, and handles the rôles that have been given him intelligently and earnestly.

Another word, before closing. When are

The Passing of Woman's Oldest Hygienic Problem

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they (the powers that be, whoever they are) going to give Percy Marmont a chance to be happy? The nearest he came to being joyful or funny was in "The Enemy Sex." In that he revealed enough of possibilities for humor to justify lighter and more whimsical roles than any yet assigned him.

RUTH NEWCOMBE

More Laurels for You, Colleen

Kansas City, Mo.

Yours is a fine magazine and I always enjoy "Brickbats and Bouquets." I am a fan, so, of course, have my favorites: Betty Compton, Viola Dana, May McAvoy, Lois Wilson and Colleen Moore. Colleen would certainly have missed her calling if she had not been in the films. So here's to Colleen Moore, PHOTOPLAY, and my favorites.

MARY MARTHA EDWARDS.

An Ardent Voice Lifted for Pola Negri

Perth Amboy, N. J.

I enjoyed the group of stars' pictures that you recently published. Everyone was lovely. But Pola Negri was the most beautiful of all. Such glorious eyes. That profile! Of course Gloria Swanson is beautiful too, but my Pola beats them all.

R. M. G.

Thanks, Old Man

Wellington, N. Z.

I think Willard Louis and Ethel Wales are splendid. But that Ernest Torrence is the greatest actor on the screen.

PHOTOPLAY is the best magazine of the screen.

F. R. F.

A "Kiver to Kiver" Reader

Chicago, Ill.

I have just finished a "kiver to kiver" reading of the last PHOTOPLAY. Yes, I read everything except the continued story; not because it may not be good but because I am averse to continued stories. I consider Herbert Howe the best ever. I do not always agree with Mrs. St. Johns, though I never pass up an interview she writes.

I thank you for the good magazine you and your writers have given us movie fans. Brilliant success to it always.

MARY STEWART.

That Fatal Superiority

Trenton, N. J.

I can't be for the life of me see what anyone can see in Rudolph Valentino. I do not think he is a good actor. He seems to be posing all the time. I could name a half-dozen better, cleverer, more pleasing and more wholesome types.

MARINNE RICHARDS

Thanks, Mrs. White

Fort Sam Houston, Tex.

I am the wife of an army officer and much interested in motion pictures. I think PHOTOPLAY is the cleanest, most constructive, fairest-minded motion picture magazine on the market.

MRS. TRALIA A. WHITE.

Fiji Boy Rampant

Sydney, Australia.

I went to the Globe Theater last night to see that picture "South of Suva," and was very disappointed and surprised to think that it was given that name, as I am sure many of the scenes were not shot there, because I have lived in the Fiji Islands practically all my young life. I am only eighteen now, but I could tell.

To begin with, three-funneled liners don't call there, and Suva has one of the most beauti-

ful harbors in the Pacific, also a long wharf, so that steamers do not have to lie in the stream as the one in the picture did.

Suva is a much different place to your make-believe one, for it has a wide parade running along the shore, and has none of those Mexican-looking houses in the background, like those you had in the picture.

Your natives were not like the Fijians, who are a much better type than they.

The police consist mostly of natives, but in a much different dress to yours, and there are no plantation islands so near to Suva that you can reach them in a few minutes by launch.

Realism is a most important thing in the motion picture industry, and when all of this make-believe stuff is cut out the public will not be afraid to believe what they see in pictures.

Fiji Boy.

Present Faces All Right

We are not asking for new faces. The faces we have today on the screen are just the ones we want. But we are asking for new brains among the writers and directors and in the cutting room.

KATHERINE WHEELER.

So Kind of You, Soph

Fernwood, Pa.

It is high time I should write to tell you that I consider yours the most sensibly written and made-up magazine of its kind ever published. I have tried all the others, but have come back to PHOTOPLAY as the only one worth the time of reading, and I have been a steady reader of it for some years now. You have three distinctly original and excellent departments in which I always read first, in the following order: "The Shadow Stage" (*worthwhile* criticisms), "Speaking of Pictures," and "Gossip—East and West." I also think your "Brief Reviews of Current Pictures" is not only original but very useful to the discriminating picturegoer.

COLLEGE SOPH.

Who "Squelched" Him?

San Francisco, Calif.

What has become of the Valentino whose mesmeric personality so captivated the public in "Blood and Sand"? While he seems to have lost much in personal appearance his chief deterioration seems to be mental or psychological. He has wholly lost that quality that made him the screen's favorite lover. It is no longer a compliment to an actor to be told that he looks like Valentino of the present day. He looks too tame and "squelched."

MIGUEL ESTRADA.

Stop That Man Search

San Francisco, Cal.

Why all this furor lately about the movies needing young men? While we have actors with the charm, the polish and poise of Milton Sills, Conway Tearle, Huntley Gordon, Lewis Stone, Rocklife Fellowes and Percy Marmont (who can look thirty or sixty at will, seemingly), why go searching out callow youths?

Boys of the age of Ben Lyon, William Collier, Jr., and some others of that age, strike me as too young to be really satisfactory in leading rôles. They don't reflect experience, and that is one of the things most women want men to reflect—experience. Those I have mentioned most certainly do that—and more.

There's an in-between age that is also full of excellent types, such as John Bowers, Ronald Colman, Glenn Hunter, Conrad Nagel, John Harron, Kenneth Harlan and Harrison Ford.

Why go further?

R. NEWCOMBE.

A Brief for Richard Dix

Clarksburg, W. Va.

Each month I read in your magazine letters of fans raving about their favorite Latin sheik.



The Elusive Touch Called Beauty

Can you describe just what true beauty is? Would you say it is a certain type of features or perhaps some winsome characteristic, a radiant smile—or maybe dancing, baby blue eyes? Who can tell just where our fickle fancy may alight?

These are all nice to possess, and they play their little part, but they are not the real, true beauty. Nature has given us all an equal chance to possess this. Her secret lies not in features, not in personal characteristics, but in our appearance—the proper touch to our skin and complexion.

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Jobyna Ralston's Diary

October 14th

YESTERDAY they made me chairman of the decorating committee for our Hallowe'en party at the studio. Honestly, I didn't know what to do. But I discovered a little book in a stationer's store today that has saved my life. It is called the Dennison Bugle Book. It has 32 pages just full of suggestions for Hallowe'en decorations, costumes, games, ghost stories and lots more. It's a gold mine and it costs only a dime.—JOBYNA.

Get the Bugle Book and Dennison's Hallowe'en Party Goods from your stationer, drug store or department store. Or, if you prefer, use the coupon. We'll send you copy promptly.

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For dandruff or falling hair, use Glo-Co Hair Dressing on the scalp before a shampoo to soften the scurf. Then wash with Glo-Co Shampoo. The cleansing, antiseptic lather of the Shampoo washes every trace of dandruff and bacteria away. When the hair is dry, comb with the Dressing.

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I want to say a few words about my hero of the screen, Richard Dix.

To me he is the typical American man. A regular he-man, a great actor, and where is there another of his wonderful physique?

In all of his pictures he carries one on and on with breathless interest. His "Manhattan" was great, and the way he madly sweeps the girl into his arms in "Icebound" would make a sheik green with envy. Show me a sheik who could put up such a great fight as Mr. Dix does?

I hope you will print this just to show that there are some who can and do appreciate a good actor, one who is a man first and an actor afterward.

M. WHITE

Character Actors and the Laurels

Bellingham, Wash.

I wish to express my appreciation of Norma Shearer, Mary Pickford, Anna Q. Nilsson, Irene Rich, John Gilbert, Richard Dix, Ernest Torrence and Raymond Griffith.

I find in so many pictures that the character actors and actresses walk off with the laurels, and so many of them have endeared themselves to me. The Beery brothers, Theodore Roberts, Dale Fuller, are some of the many whose work I enjoy.

Producers and directors are getting away from the old, sordid, cheap stuff and giving us better and cleaner pictures.

L. M. D.

Gloria's the Only Successful Bob

Why do so many of the stars have their hair bobbed? Most men hate bobbed hair. Thank goodness, Mary Pickford and Lillian Gish have not had their hair bobbed and don't intend to.

I think Pola Negri would look lovely with her hair done in long, heavy braids or glossy ringlets. Before she had her hair bobbed, Barbara La Marr was one of my favorites. Any vamp looks ridiculous with short, frizzed hair. Bobbed hair does not suit either Norma Talmadge or Corinne Griffith.

Gloria Swanson is the only one of them whom bobbed hair suits. It makes her head look smaller.

I hope that bobbed hair will soon pass out of vogue and that all the stars, especially the beautiful Pola, will recover their long, silken tresses.

ALLAN ROSS.

A Pleat for Fewer Commas

Frederick, Md.

As an interested cinema patron allow me to make a plea for more grammatical subtiles. It seems that the subtitle writers have no conception of punctuation. The neglect of this important detail often blurs the effect of an otherwise good picture.

No one enjoys reading a book that is ungrammatical. I refer, of course, to that part which is not conversational or colloquial. It seems that the directors ought to remember this, and accordingly see that commas are used only when necessary instead of being sprinkled indiscriminately in the sentences. One loses respect for the public speaker who always slays the king's English, especially when he knows better.

I have yet to see a motion picture entirely free from solecisms. I have seen the best of them as well as many mediocre ones. Whether the errors are due to carelessness or ignorance I do not know; I am content to presume that the former defect is responsible. I do think, however, that the standard of motion picture art, which has more advantages than limitations, would be raised by strict adherence to the rules of grammar.



In between sets. A charming photograph of the graceful Julianne Johnston, who will be seen in King Vidor's production of "The Big Parade"

I hope that the directors read your very fine magazine and that this letter reaches the eyes of some of them, if I am not presuming too much.

THOMAS RYLEY.

Mrs. Meighan, We Salute You

Laramie, Wyo.

I write of one whom we hold in esteem but who is little mentioned. One who has the taste and ability to remain in the background regardless of the pressure to bring her forward. One who is flawless so far as scandal is concerned. One who is a wonderful pal to her husband. If there were more wives of her type for picture heroes their happiness would be supreme. The wonderful one to whom I refer is Mrs. Thomas Meighan.

Mrs. H. C. C

Among My Favorites Are—

South Hadley Falls, Mass.

For some time I have been trying to pick out my favorite actress and have brought my choice down to three, Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri and Norma Talmadge. I have not yet decided between them.

But it is not so hard with the actors. Why doesn't some one give Ian Keith a chance? He did splendidly with Gloria in "Her Love Story" and deserved a better part than *Ivan* in "Christine of the Hungry Heart." I haven't seen "Love's Wilderness" yet, nor "Enticement." I don't know about "My Son," but I am hoping. And is it too much to ask for his picture in your Rotogravure? In closing, I send the biggest bouquet obtainable to Ian Keith.

RUTH M. LAWSON.

Good Acting Rates Higher Than Looks

Grand Rapids, Mich.

I saw in the Answer Man's department a month or so ago the remark that no one asks for a picture of Ernest Torrence, but just the good looking actors are the ones written about. Perhaps we are not the writing kind, but I just want to say that we married folks surely appreciate him and many another actor or actress who know how to act.

Also let me say a word of praise for Albert Cooke and Kit Guard of "The Go-Getters." All of our folks think they are great.

Wish you would please show more pictures of some of the older favorites such as Mahlon Hamilton, Elliott Dexter and Harrison Ford. Very seldom see anything about these very good actors.

Wishing you all success with your very fine magazine.

MRS. W. A. FOX.

A Reid Fan from London

London, England.

Though it is a bit late in the day, I must write to thank you for the article by Mrs. Reid and the photograph. No doubt you have had many letters from PHOTOPLAY readers, and I am sure we Reid fans are all deeply grateful to your very splendid magazine.

EVA V. MANEY.

To Banish That "Bad" Taste

Hudson, Mass.

I think it is a very fine thing to have a column like yours, wherein the movie "fans" can express their views concerning this most popular of modern pastimes.

I am a modern young business woman, who enjoys a good motion picture during recreation hours. But most of the pictures I have witnessed lately are not fit to be seen.

They are trashy. More than that, they are immoral. It is terrible to think that such stuff as "Three Weeks" and "His Hour" are allowed on the screen.

GENEVIEVE CARVELL.



How Much Do Artists Earn?

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this course very highly and my advice to those who are earnest and 'game' enough to work for bigger things in the commercial art field is, "Take the Federal Course."

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"LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Katherine Hennessee. Scenario by Hope Loring and Louis Lighton. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: *Little Annie Rooney*, Mary Pickford; *Joe Kelly*, William Haines; *Office Roomer*, Walter James; *Tim Rooney*, Gordon Griffith; *Tony*, Carlo Schipa; *Abie*, Spec O'Donnell; *Spider*, Hugh Fay; *Amie*, Volva Vale; *Mickey*, Joe Butterworth; *Humidor*, Eugene Jackson; *Alois*, Oscar Rudolph.

"THE MERRY WIDOW"—METRO-GOLDWYN.—From the musical comedy by Victor Leon and Leo Stein. Opera by Franz Lehár. Scenario by Erich Von Stroheim and Benjamin Glazer. Directed by Erich Von Stroheim. The cast: *Sally*, Mae Murray; *Danilo*, John Gilbert; *Crown Prince*, Roy D'Arcy; *Queen Milena*, Josephine Campbell; *King Nikita*, George Fawcett; *Boron Sadaoja*, Tully Marshall.

"THE WANDERER"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Maurice V. Samuels. Scenario by J. T. O'Donoghue. Directed by Raoul Walsh. The cast: *Nether*, William Collier, Jr.; *Tisha*, Greta Jensen; *Jesse*, Tyrone Power; *Tola*, Ernest Torrence; *Auldah*, Kathlyn Williams; *Naomi*, Katherine Hill; *Pharis*, Wallace Beery; *Gaaf*, George Rigas.

"THE TROUBLE WITH WIVES"—PARAMOUNT.—Story and Scenario by Sada Cowan and Howard Higgin. Directed by Mal St. Clair. Photography by L. Guy Wilby. The cast: *Grace Hyatt*, Florence Vidor; *William Hyatt*, Tom Moore; *Dagmar*, Esther Ralston; *Al Hennessee*, Ford Sterling; *Grace's Mother*, Lucy Beaumont; *Greg* (Detective), Edward Kennedy; *Maid*, Etta Lee; *Butler*, William Courtright.

"WINDS OF CHANCE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Rex Beach. Directed by Frank Lloyd. The cast: *Countess Courtain*, Anna Q. Nilsson; *Pierce Phillips*, Ben Lyon; *Roadside Kirby*, Viola Dana; *Sam Kirby*, Hobart Bosworth; *Laure*, Dorothy Sebastian; *Frank McCaskey*, Laurence Fisher; *Joe McCaskey*, Fred Kohler; *Tom Lindon*, Claude Gillingwater; *Jerry*, Charles Crockett; *Danny Royal*, J. Gunnis Davis; *Kid Bridges*, Fred Warren; *Sergeant Rock*, Tom London; *Inspector*, William Conklin; *Mounted Policeman*, J. L. Johnston; *Dancer*, Anne M. Wilson; *Poleon Dora*, Victor McLaglen; *Jack McCaskey*, Wade Boteler; *Morris Best*, Fred Sullivan; *Lucky Broad*, John T. Murray; *Fred Miller*, Charles Anderson; *Corporal*, Barney Fury; *Count Courtain*, Philo McCollough; *Mounted Policeman*, James O'Malley.

"WILD, WILD SUSAN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Steuart M. Emery. Scenario by Tom J. Geraghty. Directed by Edward Sutherland. Photography by J. Roy Hunt. The cast: *Susan Van Dusen*, Bebe Daniels; *Ted Waterbury*, Rod La Rocque; *Peter Van Dusen*, Henry Stephenson; *Edgar*, Jack Kane; *Emily Dutton*, Helen Holcombe; *M. Crawford Dutton*, Osogood Perkins; *Malcolm*, Ivan Simpson; *Estuac Waterbury*, Russell Medcroft; *Chauncy Ames Waterbury*, Warren Cook; *Parker*, Joseph Smiley; *Edgar's sweetheart*, Mildred Ryan.

"WILD HORSE MESA"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Zane Grey. Scenario by Lucien Hubbard. Directed by George B. Seitz. Photography by Bert Glennon. The cast: *Chase Wymer*, Jack Holt; *Bud McPherson*, Noah Berry; *Sue Melberne*, Billie Dove; *Chess Wymer*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Bent Manarobe*, George Magrill; *Lige Melberne*,

George Irving; *Grandma Melberne*, Edith York; *Toddy Nokin*, Bernard Seigle; *Sosie*, Margaret Morris.

"NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET"—METRO-GOLDWYN.—Based on the novel by Peter B. Kyne. Adapted by Eugene Mullin. Directed by Maurice Tourneur. The cast: *Tamea*, Anita Stewart; *Dan Prichard*, Bert Lytell; *Mark McLenger*, Huntley Gordon; *Maisie*, Justine Johnston; *James Magriddle*, George Siegmann; *Gaston Larriac*, Lionel Belmore; *Butler*, William Norris; *Mrs. Pippy*, Emily Fitzroy; *Miss Smith*, Princess Marie de Bourbon; *Julia*, Florence Turner; *Captain Hackitt*, Ernest Butterworth; *Doctor*, Ben Deely; *Assistant Doctor*, Roy Coulson.

"THE STREET OF FORGOTTEN MEN"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by George Kibbe Turner. Scenario by Paul Schofield. Directed by Herbert Brenon. Photography by Hal Rosson. The cast: *Easy Money Charlie*, Percy Marmont; *Fancy Vanhorn*, Mary Brian; *Philip Peyton*, Neil Hamilton; *Bridgeport White-Eye*, John Harrington; *Portland Fancy*, Juliet Brenon; *Dutch Dolly*, Josephine Deffy; *Adolph*, A. Bargato; *Diamond Mike*, Riley Hatch; *Adolph's Assistant*, Albert Roccoardi; *Widow McGee*, Dorothy Walters.

"FINE CLOTHES"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the stage play by Franz Molnar. Adapted by Benjamin Glazer. Directed by John M. Stahl. The cast: *Earl of Desmond*, Lewis S. Stone; *Peter Hungerford*, Percy Marmont; *Paula*, Alma Rubens; *Oscar*, Raymond Griffith; *Adelle*, Eileen Percy; *Philip*, William V. Wong; *Alfred*, Otis Harlan.

"THE HOME MAKER"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Dorothy Canfield. Adapted by Mary O'Hara. Directed by King Baggot. Photography by John Stumar. The cast: *Eva Knapp*, Alice Joyce; *Lester Knapp*, Clive Brook; *Stephen*, Billy Kent Schaffer; *Henry*, Maurice Murphy; *Helen*, Jacqueline Wells; *Harvey Bronson*, Frank Newburg; *Dr. Merritt*, George Fawcett; *Aunt Mattie Farnum*, Margaret Campbell; *Mrs. Anderson*, Martha Mattox; *John (janitor)*, Alfred Fisher; *Miss West*, Alice Frowdy; *Mrs. Prouty*, Virginia Boardman; *Molly Proudy*, Elaine Ellis; *Mrs. Hennessee*, Mary Gordon; *Mr. Willings*, Lloyd Whitlock.

"SUN-UP"—METRO-GOLDWYN.—From the stage play by Lula S. Vollmer. Adapted by Edmund Goulding and Arthur Statter. Directed by Edmund Goulding. The cast: *Rufe*, Conrad Nagel; *Stranger*, George K. Arthur; *Mother*, Lucille Laverne; *Emmy*, Pauline Starkie; *Sheriff Weeks*, Sam De Grasse; *Pop Todd*, William Orlamond; *Bud*, Arthur Rankin.

"NOT SO LONG AGO"—PARAMOUNT.—From the stage play by Arthur Richman. Scenario by Violet Clark. Directed by Sidney Olcott. Photography by James Howe. The cast: *Betty Dover*, Betty Bronson; *Billy Ballard*, Ricardo Cortez; *Jerry Flint*, Edwards Davis; *Mrs. Ballard*, Julia Swayne Gordon; *Sam Robinson*, Laurence Wheat; *Ursula Kent*, Jacqueline Gadsdon; *Michael Dover*, Dan Crumins.

"THE HALF-WAY GIRL"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by E. Lloyd Sheldon. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: *Poppo La Rue*, Doris Kenyon; *Philip Douglas*, Lloyd Hughes; *John Guthrie*, Hobart Bosworth; *The Crab*, Tully Marshall; *Jardine*, Sam Hardy; *Gibson*, Charles Wellesley; *Miss Brown*, Martha Madison; *Effie*, Sally Crute.

"TRACKED IN THE SNOW COUNTRY"—WARNER BROS.—Written and adapted by Edward Meagher. Directed by Herman Raymaker. The cast: *Rin-Tin-Tin*, Rin-Tin-Tin; *Jean Hardy*, June Marlowe; *Terry Moulton*, David Butler; *Jules Renault*, Mitchell Lewis; *Simon Hardy*, Charles Sellon; *Wah-Wah*, Princess Lea.

"LIGHTNIN'"—Fox.—Screen drama by Winchell Smith. From the scenario by Frances Marion. Directed by John Ford. The cast: *Lightnin'*, Bill Jones, Jay Hunt; *Mollie*, Madge Bellamy; *John Murray*, Wallace McDonald; *Judge Townsend*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Margaret Davis*, Ethel Clayton; *Raymond Thomas*, Richard Travers; *The Sheriff*, James Marcus; *Zeb*, Otis Harlan; *Oscar*, Pete Mazutis; *Mother Jones*, Edythe Chapman; *Hammond*, Brandon Hurst.

"A SLAVE OF FASHION"—METRO-GOLDWYN.—Based on the story by Samuel Shipman. Adapted by Bees Meredith. Directed by Hobart Henley. Photography by Ben Reynolds. The cast: *Katherine Emerson*, Norma Shearer; *Nicholas Wentworth*, Lev Cody; *Dick Wayne*, William Haynes; *Mother Emerson*, Mary Carr; *Father Emerson*, James Corrigan; *Aunt Sophie*, Vivian Ogden; *Mayme*, Estelle Clark; *Madeline*, Miss Dupont; *Hobson*, Sidney Bracy.

"RUGGED WATERS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Joseph C. Lincoln. Scenario by James Shelley Hamilton. Photography by Alfred Gilks. Directed by Irvin Willat. The cast: *Norma Bartlett*, Lois Wilson; *Captain Bartlett*, Wallace Beery; *Calvin Homer*, Warner Baxter; *Myra Fuller*, Phyllis Haver; *Mrs. Fuller*, Dot Farley; *Supt. Kellogg*, J. P. Lockney; *Il'ally Oaks*, James Mason; *Sam Bearse*, Willard Cooley; *Cook*, Walter Ackerman; *Jarvis*, Knute Erickson; *Gannon*, Thomas Delmar; *Orrin Huddricks*, Jack Byron; *Bloomer*, Walter Rodgers; *Josh Phinney*, Warren Rodgers.

"KENTUCKY PRIDE"—Fox.—Story and scenario by Dorothy Yost. Directed by John Ford. The cast: *Mr. Beaumont*, Henry Walthall; *Mrs. Beaumont*, Gertrude Astor; *Donovan*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Grace Carter*, Malcolm Waite; *Mrs. Donovan*, Bell Stoddard; *Danny Donovan*, Winston Miller; *Virginia Beaumont*, Peaches Jackson.

"MY LADY'S LIPS"—B. P. SCHULBERG.—Story and Continuity by John Goodrich. Directed by James P. Hogan. Photography by Allen Siegler. The cast: *Lola Lombard*, Clara Bow; *Forbes Lombard*, Frank Keenan; *Dora Blake*, Alyce Mills; *Scott Seddon*, William Powell; *Snoke*, Ford Sterling; *Inspector*, John Sainpolis; *Craik Girl*, Gertrude Short; *Eddie Gault*, Mathew Betz.

"A WOMAN'S FAITH"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Clarence Buddington Kelland. Adapted by Edward T. Lowe, Jr. and C. Richard Wallace. Directed by Edward Laemmle. Photography by John Stumar. The cast: *Nerec Caron*, Jean Duval; *Alma Rubens*; *Donovan Steele*, Percy Marmont; *Francois*, Hughie Mack; *Cluny*, Jean Hersholt; *Leandre Turcot*, Andre de Beranger; *Odilone Turcot*, Cesare Gravina; *Delima Turcot*, Rose Rosanova; *Blanche*, Zasu Pitts; *Xavier Caron*, Wm. H. Turner; *Ancime*, Calvin Roberts.

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LAURA LA PLANTE

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If you like your entertainment a bit more serious don't miss "*Siege*" from Samuel Hopkins Adams' extraordinarily popular book. This picture was acclaimed by New York critics as one of the year's finest. The New York Evening Post, for example, said: "Everything a good movie should be." I am sure you will adore VIRGINIA VALLI and EUGENE O'BRIEN at the head of a large cast which also includes MARY ALDEN and MARC MACDERMOTT. Svend Gade directed it.

And then there's "*Lorraine of the Lion's*"—an unusual story—a thriller of the nth degree—with the leading roles delightfully played by NORMAN KERRY and sweet, charming PATSY RUTH MILLER, and directed by Edward Sedgwick.

Lack of space prevents more than a mere mention of such splendid pictures as: Temple Bailey's "*Peacock Feathers*" which stars beautiful JACQUELINE LOGAN with CULLEN LANDIS—a dramatic story of the eternal conflict between wealth and love; HOUSE PETERS in "*The Storm Breaker*," a sea story directed by Edward Sloman; "*Spook Ranch*" starring HOOT GIBSON, directed by Edward Laemmle; and Dorothy Kane's "*The Home Maker*" with ALICE JOYCE and CLIVE BROOK, directed by King Baggot.



JACQUELINE LOGAN

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President

(To be continued next month)

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"THE LUCKY HORSESHOE"—Fox.—From the story by Robert Lord. Scenario by John Stone. Directed by J. G. Blystone. The cast: *Rand Foster*, Tom Mix; *Elvira Hunt*, Billie Dove; *Denman*, Malcolm Waite; *Mack*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Aunt Ruth*, Clarissa Selwynne; *Dancer*, Ann Pennington; *Valet* to *Denman*, J. Gunnis Davis.

"THE WILD BULL'S LAIR"—F. B. O.—Story and Continuity by Marion Jackson. Directed by Del Andrews. Photography by Ross Risher. The cast: *Don Allen*, Fred Thomson; *Eleanor Harbison*, Catherine Bennett; *James Harbison*, Herbert Prior; *Henry Harbison*, Tom Carr; *Eagle Eye*, Frank Hagney; *Yvonne*, Frank Abbott and Silver King.

"THE GIRL WHO WOULDN'T WORK"—B. P. SCHULBERG.—From the story by Gertrude D. Wentworth-James. Scenario by Lois Hutchinson. Directed by Marcel DeSano. The cast: *Gordon Kent*, Lionel Barrymore; *Mary Hale*, Marguerite De La Motte; *William Hale*, Henry B. Walthall; *Greta Verlaire*, Lilyan Tashman; *William Norworth*, Forrest Stanley; *District Attorney*, Winter Hall; *"Rounder"*, Thomas Kirketics.

"THE CIRCUS CYCLOPE"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Alfred Rogell. Directed by Alfred Rogell. Photography by Piny Horn. The cast: *Jack Manning*, Art Acord; *Exczeema Jackson*, Moe McCrea; *Doraldina*, Nancy Deaver; *Papa*, Cesare Gravina; *Steve Brand*, Albert J. Smith; *Ceasay*, Jim Coney; *Referee*, Ben Corbett; *Mrs. Jackson*, Gertrude Howard; *Fat*, Hilliard Karr; *Joe Dokes*, George F. Austin.

"THE RANGER OF THE BIG PINES"—VITAGRAPH.—From the story by Hamlin Garland. Scenario by Hope Loring and Louis Leighton. Directed by Wm. Van Dyke. The cast: *Ross Coranagh*, Kenneth Harlan; *Lee Virginia*, Heatherford; *Helen Costello*; *Lise Weatherford*, Eralie Jensen; *Sam Gregg*, Will Walling; *Joe Gregg*, Lew Harvey; *Reddy*, Robert J. Graves; *Edwards*, Eugene Paulette; *Pinkie*, Harvey Clark; *Mame*, Joan Standing.

"LORRAINE OF THE LIONS"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Isadore Bernstein. Adapted by Isadore Bernstein and Karl Krasud. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. Photography by Virgil Noil. The cast: *Don MacKay*, Norman Kerry; *Lorraine Livingston*, Patsy Ruth Miller; *Bimi* (old), Fred Humes; *John Livingston Sr.*, Joseph J. Dowling; *J. Hartley*, Philo McCullough; *Chester Colby*, Harry Todd; *John Livingston*, Frank Newburg; *Mrs. Livingston*, Rosemary Cooper; *Lorraine* (age 7), Doreen Turner; *Bimi* (young), Jackie Goodrich; *Ship's Captain*, W. Stuart McCrea.

"PARISIAN LOVE"—B. P. SCHULBERG.—Story by F. Oakley Crawford. Adapted by Lois Hutchinson. Directed by Louis Gasnier. Photography by Allen Zeigle. The cast: *Marie*, Clara Bow; *Armand*, Donald Keith; *La Fouchard*, Lillian Leighton; *D'Arzil*, James Gordon Russell; *Pierre Morel*, L. Lou Tellen; *Jean D'Arcy*, Alyce Mills; *The Knifer*, Jean de Briac; *Achaz leader*, Otto Matieson; *Mlle Margot*, Hape Keener.

THE \$5,000 Award to the winners of the Cut Picture Puzzle Contest cannot be announced for some little time. Every effort is being made to pass as speedily as possible upon all solutions submitted, but the judges have been nearly swamped and the work cannot be done hastily. For fuller announcement see page 104 of this issue of PHOTOPLAY.

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Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 111]

C. E. B., SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—Your favorite actress, Barbara La Marr, has attained the interesting age of four and twenty years. Her height is five feet, three inches. Her weight, one hundred twenty-three pounds. Voluptuous proportions, you say? Yep, brother Clarence. They are.

A. C. B., BLOOMINGTON, ILL.—Clara Bow was born on August 29, 1905. She is five feet, three and one-half inches tall. Weighs 120 pounds. Write to her care of F. B. O. Studios, Hollywood, Calif. An article about her appeared in PHOTOPLAY in the June issue, 1925. Also there were pictures of her in December, 1924, and July, 1924. Write to PHOTOPLAY Publishing Company, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., for these back copies of the magazine.

BARBARA, LA GRANDE, ORE.—So that's all you want to know? Richard Dix was born on July 18, 1895. He has brown hair and brown eyes. Not married—yet. Bebe Daniels is not married either. She was born on January 14, 1901. Five feet, three and one-half inches high. Weighs 112 pounds. Shirley Mason's real name is Leonie Flagrath. She has brown hair and light grey eyes. Norma Talmadge is married. She was born on May 2, 1897. Laura La Planta isn't married. She was born November 1, 1904. Betty Bronson is now playing in "The Golden Princess." Neil Hamilton is her leading man. She was born on November 17, 1906.

L. S., NEW YORK CITY.—Happy birthday! Yes, it is safer to send a quarter when you write for photographs. Madge Evans is sixteen years old and can be reached at Inspiration Pictures, 9 East 46th Street, New York City. Richard Barthelmess, at the same address. Madge isn't making any pictures at present; she goes to school. Harrison Ford, at the Paramount Studios, Astoria, L. I. Pauline Garon, Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif. Drop in again any time.

B. S., BRAINTREE, MASS.—What are time and space to me? What do I care about little things like dimensions? Especially when two important questions are to be answered. Ralph Graves was born in Cleveland, Ohio, on June 9, 1900. He is a widower and has a young son. He is now appearing in Mack Sennett comedies. Warner Baxter was born in Columbus, Ohio, on March 20, 1891. Married to Winifred Bryson. Address him at the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

DULCE, FORT WORTH, TEX.—What an artist! What a girl! So your ambition is to look Ben Turpin straight in the eyes. Herbert Howe and I refuse to have our pictures taken together. Mr. Howe has red hair and it would be too striking to photograph in color. He wouldn't pose with me anyway, because he is jealous of my looks. He may have the brains but I have the face. Ramon Novarro may be reached at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif. Address Betty Bronson at the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Betty was born on November 17, 1906. She is five feet, three and one-half inches high and she weighs just one hundred pounds. She has brown hair and blue eyes.

D. G., KANSAS CITY, MO.—Your first guess was wrong. Little Farina, who plays in "Our Gang" comedies, is not of the female persuasion. One more guess. Right. Male. Aren't you the clever one? Mrs. Conrad Nagel's name was Ruth Helms. They have a daughter. Mr. Nagel is twenty-seven. He played in "Three Weeks."



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FLAPPER, BALTIMORE, Md.—Charming Baltimorean, I thank you for the words that you say come straight from your warm Southern heart "Richard Dix stands for all that is manly and lovable" and you want his photograph. See the announcement at head of this department.

EFFIE, CLEVELAND, OHIO—Your favorite actress, Bebe Daniels, is five feet, three inches and one-half tall, twenty-three years young and has not given her hand to any man.

NELSONIAN, NEW ZEALAND—Glad to receive your letter, my New Zealand friends. I should say that the stars you mention would send their photographs as far as New Zealand.

MARION, DE QUEEN, ARK.—Nay, May. I did not deceive you. Rodolph Valentino's autobiography, entitled "My Life Story," appeared in the February, March and April issues of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE last year. Marion Davies, in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," was reviewed in the November, 1922 issue of this magazine. Confidence restored? Thanks, Marion.

W. D., EDGELEY P. O., SASKATCHEWAN, CAN.—Thirty miles from a theater but fond of the movies. Glad you saw one that stirred such fervid admiration. Marion Davies was born in Brooklyn, Jan. 1, 1900. She has reddish blonde hair and blue eyes. Her height is five feet, five inches and her weight one hundred and twenty-three pounds. She is not married.

GWENDOLYN, BALTIMORE, Md.—Nice girl, Gwendolyn, to write me your thanks for a prompt reply. I like your list of favorites. You are a friend who stands pat under fire.

M. K. B., KANSAS CITY, MO.—Shirley Mason's height is five feet, one inch, one of those "high as my heart" girls admired by Will Shakespeare. Harrison Ford is brown as to eyes and hair. He was born in 1892. Good at figures, Mary?

ALEXIS, NEW YORK, N. Y.—Better establish communication with Eric Von Stroheim care of the Metro-Goldwyn Studios. Not the slightest, Alexis.

ALMA, CORNING, N. Y.—"So anxious to know Virginia Vail's nationality." You shall know it, Alma. She was born in Chicago, Jan. 19, 1900. Of Irish-American parents. Right the first time, Alma. She is American. Bright girl!

GLORIA G., NEW YORK, N. Y.—You think Monte Blue is "wonderful" and Marie Prevost "great," and you would "like to see these darlings always play together because a picture would be a million times better if they did. Blessed be fans. There should be a special heaven for such good fans as you are, Gloria. Marie Prevost, in private life, is Mrs. Kenneth Harlan. She is of a height of five feet, four inches and of a weight of one hundred and twenty-three pounds. She was born in Sarina, Can., in 1898. Monte Blue is one of the tallest men on the screen or elsewhere. He towers six feet, two inches. That is the reason why he usually "humps" a little while playing a scene, particularly a love scene. He was born in Indianapolis, Ind., Jan. 11, 1890. Is that enough? Well, then, I must tell you that he is married. His wife's name was Tova Jansen. Now do you know what the sage meant when he said "Ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise"?

R. A., HARTFORD, CONN.—Constance Bennett's age is nineteen, "goin' on twenty." Her height is five feet, four inches. Her weight is one hundred eight and a half pounds. She has blue eyes and light hair. Her latest picture was "The Goose Hangs High." Write for her photograph to the Lasky Studio.



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Friendly Advice

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114]

MRS. R., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Your queries arise from a sad heart, I am sure. You have not stated the queries plainly, perhaps because of your sadness. Of this you may be sure. It is well for our characters to entertain as much love and kindness as our hearts will hold. We owe that to ourselves as well as to the world. How the other person views the offering is of less importance. It would be ideal if love were equal between a pair. There is an old proverb that one gives, the other only receives, a kiss. Yet another poet, wise in the ways of the heart, said that love begets love. I think that is true if the one who is loved has a fine nature.

C. S., PEARL RIVER, N. Y.

Blackheads are dust that has settled in the pores and dried there. The freer the face is kept from dust the freer it is from blackheads. Excessive use of powder, or neglect in thoroughly removing the powder at night, fills the pores and produces acne. Once they are scrubbed and gently pressed out they should not return, provided you keep the face as nearly dustless as you can. I recommend an astringent for drawing together relaxed pores

HENRIETTA, CEDAR RAPIDS, IA.

You may be anaemic. I advise more rest. Wear white dresses and colored ones or highly colored gowns with plenty of white at the throat and wrists.

EMMA, BROOKLYN.

I should do nothing about my mouth if I were you. It is doubtless not so disfiguring as you think. Straight, beltless dresses would be good for you.

YVONNE, WILKES-BARRE.

It is hard to say what your weight should be, for bone structure varies with different people. I should say under a hundred pounds would be all right for you. You can wear browns and tans and reds. Simply tell young men that your mother says you are too young to go to parties.

CATHERINE, SALT LAKE.

Try massaging the rough skin every night with some heavy cold cream and see if that does not bring back the smoothness. Use flesh shade in face powder. The vanishing creams advertised here have been found to be very good. Try the reducing garments, but exercise and diet at the same time. Use a light, flower scent in perfume.

ALICE, QUEBEC.

You will not be self-conscious at parties if you will think less about yourself and more about your friends and what they are saying and doing. Your blushes will then not be so numerous, and an occasional blush is attractive.

L. K., PUEBLO, COLO.

I should say that the colors you wear are well suited to you. I think you could wear some heavy perfume. Don't think about making yourself a certain kind of person. Be perfectly natural. If you feel gay one day and serious the next, that is natural to your personality, and there is no reason for you to try to be always the same. I think you are fortunate in being fearless. Most of us have to fight against fear. There are times when everyone is embarrassed. You probably feel it, too, but do not want to admit it even to yourself. Do not carry this too far. It is a good thing to be poised, but it is not good to be over-confident.



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BILLY, CORSICANA, TEXAS.

No, I do not feel inclined to smile at the problem you are facing, for I know how serious it looks to you. My dear girl, do you really feel there will be any happiness for you if you come between this man and his family? Remember, there are four children to be considered. Are you ready to undertake their care? Or, if their mother keeps them, are you ready to take away their father from four small children? These are all questions which you must face and decide. You may think that I am discussing this matter coldly, but indeed I am not, for I do realize that no lasting happiness can be built on selfishness. If this man is ready to desert his family for you, his love does not seem a very sure foundation. Try to put yourself in "the other woman's" place before you make your final decision. You may see your problem with different eyes once you have tried to look at it from her standpoint. And remember, too, you may run a big chance of losing your own life's happiness.

DELLA, NEW YORK, N. Y.

You will find several lotions advertised in PHOTOPLAY which will correct the difficulty of which you write me. All of the creams and lotions advertised in this magazine are reliable, and you need have no hesitation about using any of them.

BLONDE, CHICAGO, ILL.

You are a trifle under weight. Eat more and exercise less until your angles become curves. Forsake the curling iron in a case so extreme. Massage your scalp in a rotary motion with vaseline or olive oil. You must allow considerable time for the return of your hair to health. Powder nearly white and a lip stick of one of the lighter shades of red, are for your type. You should be lovely in an evening gown of filmy jade stuff, a bandeau of jade ribbon and pumps and stockings of the same shade as dress and bandeau. I would like to see you dressed like that.

F. R. M., PEORIA, ILL.

Not too tall. Make the most of your impressive height. Nor are you too slender. I recommend blues and browns. You could wear green to decided advantage, I should say. It is one of the complexion clearing colors and has the recommendation of being extremely smart this season.

GLADYS, ALMA, NEB.

Your height and weight are well proportioned. Dress up to your eyes or hair, as you prefer, Gladys. Blue is suitable because of the color of your eyes, brown because that is the hue of your hair. I know of no color that is taboo for you unless it is pink. You would better make a test of that by holding a sample of pink cloth and silk of the same shade against your face and studying the effect in the mirror. Be sure that you try stuffs that are of low and of high lustre in the test, for one might be becoming and the other quite the opposite. Material of high lustre is supposed to be "trying," and those of dull surface fairly safe. Suppose you change the powder you mention for another until your face becomes smoother. Drink a sufficient amount of water, too. Don't be afraid of two or three quarts a day, taken frequently in small quantities. It will do much toward clearing your skin.

J. L., AVALON, N. J.

If all that is true, Jean, suppose that you study hard and give much of your time to music. Be as happy as you can while waiting to go to college. Some day when he is not too busy, have a talk with "stern old Dad." Ask him if he can't give you a little more time. Tell him you want his time and his love more than his money. Great chumships have grown up between motherless young women and their fathers. The families of many American business men would like to see them often than they do.



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LENORE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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CLEO, AUGUSTA, GA.

It would seem only fair that since you wrote the letter of dismissal hastily and without investigation, you should write telling him so. "Fair play" is a good motto in every crisis and circumstance in life. Tell him that you were deeply hurt by the tales his alleged friend brought you and that you thought you were wholly justified in writing him that you wished to hear nothing more from or of him. Tell him to put himself in your place. That perhaps he would in the same circumstances have acted as you did. You are only doing what is right in telling him that you are sorry. But since, Miles-Standish-like, he has told his love for you to others, not to you, do not write him of love. "Friendship" is a word that will suffice for the present.

ALICE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Poor little Alice. Her first love affair! And she thinks she has made the object of that first love angry because she would not let him kiss her. Considering the age of each I advise that you let good old Time adjust the matter. One of the happiest couples I know married after five years of courtship dotted with tiffs and "makings up." "We were always getting mad and getting glad," said the pretty bride. "Since they are married they do not seem to "get mad," or, if they do, they don't take the rest of the world into their confidence. Lovers' quarrels are often light as air. The quarrels of a husband and wife are more serious. Don't worry about him any more than you can help, sweet Alice. If he remains angry with you because you "would not let him kiss you at a party after he had kissed your cousin, and before a houseful of people," he is not the reasonable, amiable kind of person you want to marry.

MRS. D., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

Your unhappiness seems very real to you. To me it seems much less serious. Your husband's demand that you "stay at home all the time, and his moroseness when you do call on a friend," is rather husbandly, even though it seems to you unjust. The fact that your child is so young, only eighteen months, may be the cause of his solicitude. I wish he were more amiable about it. But I assure you that many husbands show their displeasure by "not speaking for a whole day." You think your love for him has fled and that you have given the real love of your life, a greater love than you ever gave your husband, to a motion picture star who, you know, is not married.

While your letter is not very clear this point I understand, that you have never met this star. You know him only through the characters he plays. Perhaps he would be as sullen as your husband is in like circumstances. Maybe much more surly.

My advice is to think more about your child and less about your husband's faults and the attractions of the movie actor.

You are right in keeping silent about the film star. Your husband would not understand your tremendous admiration as well as I do. We women understand each other. Because we do, I repeat earnestly and with great emphasis, "Think more about your child." If your husband is a little dictatorial, that is a common masculine fault. If he is faithful and industrious, has none of the major vices, forgive him the minor ones. Tell him kindly, on an evening when he has had a good dinner and is in a pleasant mood, about your troubles. Tell him he has hurt you deeply by his sullenness. "Make it up."

She Wouldn't Take a Chance With Her Skin

"Use cake powder if you like," she said, "but I won't take a chance with my skin. What is the use of all the care I give it if I am going to destroy the good work by using that coarse, gritty cake powder that clogs up the pores of my skin? I carry my own Favorite Loose Powder in a Norida Vanitie—this protects my complexion and enables me to look my very best all the while."

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The Development of the Sub-Title

By Peter Milne

IN the early days pictures might have been made by pouring dramatic ingredients into forms, so similar was one to another. It will be remembered that if the villain trapped the heroine in a room a close-up of his hand turning the key in the door always followed; that if a member of the cast needed a pistol he had but to open the top drawer of the nearest desk to find it; and that if a hero of high degree loved a maid of unknown parentage, a locket proving her the long lost daughter of Lord and Lady Wiffletree was sure to be found about her alabaster neck before the final scene.

The sub-titles of those days also followed conventional forms. Hardly a picture appeared without its quota of sub-titles written along such original lines as "That night," "The next day," "Later" and "The next morning," with this latter varied now and then with "Come the dawn."

We used to review many pictures a day at that time and, to relieve the monotony of the variations of the eternal triangle theme, we bet dimes on the number of words in the subtitles with a reviewer from another paper. We laid the foundation of an excellent savings account by taking "odds," as "Later," "The next morning" and "The next day" recurred with charming regularity.

AFTER a while we learned that many companies had these titles made up in thousand foot lengths, as an economy in money and time and, incidentally, in originality. And if the "That night" title happened to be used up a piece of "The next day" title was used to meet the situation. Daylight saving meant nothing in those days.

Today we seldom see anything as briefly conventional as "The next morning" in a picture. And to us the passing of brevity seems regrettable because the title writers have now swung around to the other extreme. A situation calling for a statement of simple fact such as the passing of a night is liable to blossom forth in such a literary hemorrhage: "Come the sweet-voiced harbingers of a new day, putting to rout the somber blackness of the night." The excuse for employing such a wasteful combination of words is that it provides an alleged poetic touch.

A director once asked us to supply a sub-title to precede a dinner scene. The obvious title to use was the single word "Dinner."

But the director complained, "I want something romantic," he said.

For the life of us we couldn't think of anything romantic to write about soup or noisette of lamb. We did offer a line about "soft little oysters clinging passionately to their shells," but the director knew we were joking.

We have made an exhaustive study of the elaboration of simple statements into wordy sub-titles that are calculated to induce an emotional frame of mind. We offer some of them below:

"That night" becomes:
Inky black darkness, dotted with a myriad twinkling lights. . . .

Or to suit another mood:
Shrouded in the merciful curtain of descending night.

"The next day" becomes:
Comes another rising sun and the troubles of yesterday are forgotten in the brilliant new avenue of opportunities it unfolds.

The favorite substitutes for "Later" are:
And so, with the passing of time. . . .
The mills of the gods grind slowly yet they grind exceedingly small. . . . and so on another day. . . .
Shifting the action of a picture from a large city to the western plains offers a fine opportunity for literary fireworks. These two are the most favored:

Out in the vast open spaces where men are men.
Alone. . . . under the dome of God's vast cathedral of nature.

Shifting the action from a city to the desert is accomplished with titles reading thus:

Sand. . . . endless sand stretching away on every side to the horizon. . . . the desert. . . . deathless as the ages.

Only when men and women after striving for the unattainable lon, heart in the struggle and drink the bitter dregs of helplessness, only then does the deathless desert beckon.

All deserts, it must be pointed out, are "deathless."

Introducing New York City is done as follows:

New York: a city whose streets are paved with the unfulfilled hopes, the blasted ambitions of countless thousands who desperately strive for fame and fortune.

This invariably precedes a shot of Times Square, taken from the ninth story of the Times Building at night and showing automobile headlights dashing around like giant fire flies full of bootleg gin. With but one major operation the above title will also suit London, Paris, Chicago, Berlin and Moscow.

In introducing a western dance hall the following formula is rigidly adhered to:

Nugget Nell's place where no commandment is sacred. . . . where things that were men and women blindly bargain for the gold that so soon turns to dross. . . .

Perhaps we should explain that the excessive use of the period or dot is imperative. It helps bring out the poetic effect of the title.

If titles continue to progress from brevity to superverbosity we expect to see "Passed by the National Board of Review" appear as:

Pronounced worthy of the gods and of the great American public by the venerable men and women who make up that great and august body. . . . guardian of the public morals. . . . the National Board of Review.

Cut Picture Puzzle Winners

will be fully announced in the January issue of Photoplay. Owing to the tremendous response, the judges are swamped with answers. It will take time to cover every reply in a way that is fair to all contestants

Don't fail to ask your newsdealer to reserve your January copy. Out about December 10th

That Terrible Thorne Girl

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]

I can get his wife to forget about the divorce. I can't tell that until I see him. And I can't see him until I find out where he is. If you know, you had better tell me. It may save you a great deal of trouble."

Jean Martin's hands dropped at her sides. She knew she was beaten. With a snarl of anger she went to a writing desk at the side of the room, extracted a letter from one of its drawers.

"Here," she said, thrusting the missive into Marion's outstretched hands. "That's the last I've heard from him. You can keep it, for all I care. And if you see him, tell him not to write me any more. I'm through."

The letter was postmarked "San Francisco." Marion read it through hastily. In a few rather bitter lines Mr. Harmon wanted to know why Jean had not written to him, asked when she would be ready to join him. There was some vague reference to a trip to Japan. The address was that of a small family hotel, and beneath the signature, "Syd," was written the name, "Samuel Harper." Evidently Mr. Harmon had sought safety from process servers under an assumed name.

"Well," Jean Martin was saying, "now that you've got it, what are you going to do with it?" "Just what I've said. I shall go to San Francisco, see Mr. Harmon, and persuade him to return to his wife. In order to do that, and thus prevent a divorce. I shall tell him that you are through with him—in love with another man. Is that correct?"

"Yes. But you needn't mention any names. I don't want him and Max"—she stopped, flushing as she realized that her eagerness had carried her too far.

"I won't mention any names if you don't want me to, Miss Martin," Marion said. "But in order to render it quite unnecessary, why not sit down at that desk and write him a little note, telling him that everything is over between you? I promise to show it to him and to no one else. I don't really need it. I can easily tell him about Max Hoffman—and—the rent. But if you'd rather I didn't, a letter from you breaking things off will answer quite as well."

Jean Martin gave her caller one long, searching look, then sat down and wrote the letter. Mrs. Allison did not take the trouble to read it. On her return home she called up Mrs. Harmon.

"I've found him," she said quietly. "Please instruct your lawyers to suspend action until you hear from me further."

CHAPTER XXV

SYLVIA, watching the lights of Los Angeles as the train ground its way toward the station, seemed almost unconscious of the presence of Steve at her side.

So many memories crowded through her brain, so many recollections, both pleasant and terrible, swept over her, that she almost forgot for the moment the new emotion that had come into her life, to dwarf all else by its magnitude. She was living now in the past, going over the hopes and fears, the successes and the failures which had made up the past two years of her existence.

No one in Hollywood knew of her coming—not even Marion Allison, for she had told no one. During those last hectic moments at Rosemont that Saturday evening her one desire had been to get away. Nor was she entirely pleased when Steve announced his intention of going with her. She had meant to go alone. Nothing, however, could stop him. Where Sylvia went, there he would go too. It was flattering, and when Steve told her that his mother had advised it, she was secretly glad. Mrs. Hollins was a dear, there was no denying that. The knowledge of it made Sylvia all the more eager to justify herself in the old lady's

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eyes. As for Julia, she was not so sure. The instinctive dislike between the two was a barrier that only time could demolish. Sylvia was determined to do her part in its removal.

Her trip west had been entirely a happy one. She was fully in earnest in her determination to keep Steve at arm's length until she had justified herself in the eyes of the world, while Steve, demanding no such justification for himself, thought it silly on her part not to take back his engagement ring and go on just as though nothing had happened. But Sylvia would not do it. She would not even permit Steve to kiss her. They travelled frigidly. It was not that she wanted to be technical about the matter. She did not deny to herself that she desired Steve's kisses—was hungry for them. But to let down the bars would not be keeping faith with Mrs. Hollins—or with herself. She had told Steve's mother, his sister, that until her name was cleared, her engagement was at an end, and she was determined to abide by her word. Sylvia was a gentle woman in most of her contacts with life, but when she was aroused, she was like a bit of finely-tempered steel.

The hotel, when she and Steve finally arrived there, brought back vivid memories of her first days in Hollywood. It had been her stopping place for a few weeks. There were a number of persons in the lobby, but she knew none of them, and none of them seemed to recognize her, not even the clerk at the desk. At least, she would have done so, Sylvia thought, forgetting for the moment her hennaed hair. When she reached her room, she called up Marion Allison, only to learn that her friend was out of town. She did not ask to speak to anyone else; Marion's husband was a charming fellow but Sylvia felt that nothing would be gained by discussing matters with him until she had first laid out a definite plan of campaign. Rather disconsolate, she went down to the lobby, to find Steve waiting for her.

"WELL," he said gaily, "what's the next move? Isn't there somebody you want me to beat up? I'm rarin' to go."

"Don't be silly, dear. Mrs. Allison is not at home. There's nothing to be done, tonight, except to go to bed."

"Bed? So this is Hollywood!" he gazed gloomily about the lobby. "I thought this was just about the time you 'movie' people got properly waked up. Bed! What a life!"

"We could find plenty of action, Steve, dear, if we wanted to look for it. Cabarets and dancing and everything. But I don't think it would be such a good idea for me to make my first entrance that way. I'm a marked woman, you know, a notorious character. I suppose if I wanted to live up to my reputation I'd put it on my gayest gown, let you take me to the Cocoanut Grove and spend the evening dancing my head off. It would be all over town by morning. Instead of that, I'm going to get some beauty sleep, and put in an appearance tomorrow morning looking like the wronged heroine in East Lynne, when returning to the old farm. Some might just as well say 'goodnight.'" She spoke bravely enough, but Steve was not slow to detect a certain wistful note in her voice, nor did he fail to appreciate the ordeal which lay ahead of her.

"Don't worry, sweetheart," he told her. "You've got me, you know, whatever happens. Run along to bed, now. I know how worn out you are. But tomorrow's always another day, my dear, and all that. We'll beat 'em yet." He pressed Sylvia's hand, and when she had left him, sat smoking for over an hour in lonely silence, rather cursing his inability to help. Had he but known it, his mere presence was the one thing Sylvia needed to give her the courage to face an almost intolerable situation.

She left him, in the morning, after they had breakfasted together, explaining that she was going to the studio and preferred to go alone. It was natural that Steve should demur to this, but Sylvia was obdurate.

"You couldn't help matters any, dear," she

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told him, "and would only be in the way. Take a look around our fair city. Meet me for luncheon—here. I've got to face the lions alone."

"Face them alone she did. It seemed amazingly queer to be walking along the familiar streets, feeling like a stranger. She was a stranger, to most of the persons she passed. Breakfast with Steve, but when late it was now after ten, and most of the people Sylvia knew, her friends and acquaintances in the screen world, were at work on the various lots. With the exception of a camera-man, one or two extra girls, she saw nobody who seemed to recognize her, and even they passed her with puzzled looks, as though not at all certain who she was. Of this Sylvia was glad; knowing what Hollywood thought about her, she came to her meeting with it, raw and bleeding, ready to be intolerably hurt by every word, every smile, even every passing glance.

The usual busy hum pervaded the corridors of the big gray studio building, as Sylvia passed the gates with a swift nod to the bewigged gateman and hurried to Paul Lamar's quarters. She hoped to find him in, but did not feel at all sure of it. Most probably he would

anything has happened to help me. You see, I came to you first, because you know everything, and"—

"I wonder," Paul Lamar interrupted. "Sometimes I am convinced I don't know anything. But if you mean about your particular affairs, I'm as ignorant as a cigar-store Indian. Haven't heard a hessed thing, except that Sydney Harmon has disappeared. I presume you know that."

"No," Sylvia told him, unable to keep a note of disappointment from her voice. "I didn't. If he is gone, I am afraid I'm up against it. His wife hates me. And Jean Martin won't waste any time trying to patch up my reputation. It's just like a blank wall, Mr. Lamar, a blank stone wall. I can't climb it—see over it—and I can't smash it down. I came back to fight, but—what am I going to fight? Windmills? Like Don Quixote? There doesn't seem to be anything else, does there?"

"Fight anyway. Keep on fighting. That's all I can do for you. If I see any chance to help, I will. A good many people in Hollywood believe in you. If I were in your place, the first thing I'd do would be to give an interview to the newspapers—tell them—the

SUZANNE VIDOR, the lovely little daughter of Florence Vidor, was spending Sunday with her mother and some other friends at the beach house of Mr. and Mrs. C. Gardner Sullivan (Ann May). The Sullivans have a great roomy house, and Ann makes everything so lovely that you can nearly always find a gang around on Sunday. On this occasion Fred and Enid Bennett Niblo, and their daughter Loris, and a lot of other folks were on the beach.

Ann, as you may remember, is a very ingenue person—physically, not mentally—and just over five feet in height.

After watching her romping on the beach with the children for a while, Suzanne came to her mother with a very worried face and whispered, "Mother, I think Ann is lovely, but she really isn't old enough to be married to anybody yet."

be on the lot, with "The Miracle of Notre Dame" under way. But to Sylvia's delight, his secretary, Miss Ream, after surveying her with a gasp of astonishment, came back from the inner office with the information that Mr. Lamar would see her at one o'clock.

She found him, big, grave, more than usually serious, standing beside his desk, his hat on, at a riding crop in his hand.

"Sylvia, Sylvia," he said, staring at her somberly, "what wouldn't I give if you had come professionally."

"Why—what do you mean?" Sylvia asked as she shook his hand. "Is anything the matter?"

"Everything is the matter, child. I'm speaking to you as a friend, so I know what I say won't go any further. This Moore girl is driving me mad. Charming, beautiful, but—oh, so dumb. I shall make a great picture with her, of course." He smiled confidently. "I always do that. But it is costing me a shattered nervous system. Why, she can't walk into a room without being told how to do it, and as for registering anything subtle—any mental light and shade—I might as well be dealing with a mechanical doll." He threw up his hands with a whimsical groan. "If you had been playing the part of Celeste, as you should have, I might have got through the summer without going to a sanitarium. As it is, I'm ready for the padded cell right now." He bent the riding crop between his powerful hands until it seemed in danger of breaking.

Sylvia smiled at him wistfully, contemplating a shattered dream.

"I haven't come back expecting that the woman who took my place is going to be thrown out and the big part given to me. Such things don't happen—except in popular fiction. But I did come back to fight for my good name, Mr. Lamar, and I'm wondering if

public—you're back to fight for your rights. Set up your banner—you'll have a lot of recruits gathering around you. Tell the world what really happened that night—you ought to have done so long ago—and dare Mrs. Harmon or anybody else to dispute it. Dare her to go ahead with her divorce suit. Say you'd like nothing better than to go on the witness stand and tell the truth. Carry the fight into the enemy's camp. Smoke them out. Start something." He waved his riding crop menacingly about his head, like a broadsword. "That's what I do, when I'm attacked. Hit back. With all my might. Everybody loves a good fighter. Go to it."

Sylvia caught his enthusiasm. "I will," she said. "You're perfectly right. I can't tell you how I thank you." She put out her hand and Lamar bent over it with the grace of a sixteenth century courtier.

"Lady," he said, "I pledge my hand and heart in your service. Right now, however, I must run along and continue the delightful experiment of trying to make a silk purse out of one, I mustn't say that. The poor child is trying her best, but, oh, so dumb." He opened the door, and together they walked out.

Sylvia went back to the hotel to wait for Steve. While waiting, she wrote out with great care an exact statement of what occurred on that fateful night when Sydney Harmon staggered into the bungalow. Inspired by what Paul Lamar had said, her fingers fairly flew over the sheets of paper, the words came full-formed in her mind, she wrote fiercely, bitterly, with a pen dipped in fire. The great director was right. She must hit these people who had ruined her—hit them savagely, with all her might, her weapon the sword of truth. She was still writing furiously when Steve called up from the lobby and announced that he was ready for lunch.

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MARION ALLISON timed her arrival at the little San Francisco hotel so as to reach there around the breakfast hour. She had come up from Los Angeles by sleeper and intended to find Sydney Harmon, or rather Samuel Harper, before he left the hotel for the day.

In this she was eminently successful. She did not even have to send up her name. A glance into the rather deserted dining room disclosed the object of her search sitting at one of the tables sipping his coffee and reading the morning newspaper.

Marion went up to him at once, took the opposite chair.

"How do you do, Mr. Harmon," she said. Sydney Harmon dropped his newspaper, spilled his coffee, half rose in his seat. For a moment he seemed on the point of flight but apparently thought better of it.

"Well?" he demanded, sullenly. "What's the big idea?"

Mrs. Allison took the letter Jean Martin had written from her purse.

"Mr. Harmon," she said, "I had a long talk with your wife yesterday. She is ready to call off the divorce suit, if you will come home and promise to behave yourself."

"Oh—is she?" He lit a cigarette calmly enough, but Marion saw that his fingers were trembling. "Suppose I don't want to go back."

"You will, when you've finished hearing what I came to tell you. Being a great deal of a fool, like most men, you are sitting here waiting for that Martin girl to join you. You have some mad idea of rushing off to Japan with her, leaving your wife to divorce you at her leisure. Then, I suppose, you plan to marry this red-headed little vamp you're so crazy about—or imagine you are. I think it's largely your vanity, myself."

"If you've come here to abuse Miss Martin," Sydney began, "I must refuse to listen—"

"Don't be an idiot, please." There was sharp temper in Marion Allison's voice.

"You've played around with women of her sort long enough to know that you don't have to marry them. Right now this girl is in love with somebody else—if you can call her animal emo-

tions by so respectable a name as love."

"It's a lie!" Sydney rasped harshly.

"Do you suppose, my friend, that I am so foolish as to come here—make such a statement—without being able to prove it? Not only is another man paying the rent of her bungalow, but the girl told me herself that she was through with you. And knowing you wouldn't believe me, in spite of all the excuses she has made about not joining you, I got her to put it in writing." With a gesture of contempt Mrs. Allison tossed Jean's letter across the table. "Read it, and come to your senses."

Mr. Harmon read the short note through several times, without speaking.

"Well," he said at length—"well?"

"Doesn't your conscience ever hurt you?" Marion asked grimly, "when you think of all the harm you have done to Sylvia Thorne?"

Sydney Harmon sat back in his chair, his face suddenly pale.

"Yes," he said. "I meant to tell the truth about that, as soon as I said anything at all. Jean begged me to keep quiet—said it would ruin her. That's one reason I wanted her to come here—go away with me. I was going to write a letter to my wife, as soon as we were on the steamer for Japan, and tell her just what happened. It wouldn't have made any difference, then. But if she had found me, got me on the witness stand, I should have had to lie, or else blacken the reputation of the woman I loved—the woman I thought I loved—by telling the world that—that"—he hesitated.

"By telling the world," Mrs. Allison completed the sentence, "that she had been your mistress for months. That you went to the bungalow that night to see her, because she was sick, and not to see Miss Thorne. That you got beastly drunk, and in that state forgot all about your 'love' for Jean Martin, and tried to add another conquest to the already rather long list. Why in God's name don't you come out honestly and admit that you've been more or less of a Don Juan all your life, without trying to dignify your feelings with the name of 'love'? Everybody knows what you are. Even your wife. If she's willing to forgive you, you ought to be ready to go down on your knees and thank God for giving you the love of a good woman. I told her I'd bring you back. Are



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you ready to go? Or are you determined to wreck her life as well as your own, to say nothing of Sylvia Thorne's? You've made the child an outcast—driven her out of Hollywood—wiped her right off the screen. Why not act like a man for once in your life, and do what you can to bring her back again?"

Sydney Harmon sat silent for many minutes, unable to face the scorn in Mrs. Allison's eyes. When he at last lifted his head, his expression held a new determination.

"I'll go back," he said. "It will take me half an hour to pack my things. I hope you won't mind waiting."

Marion Allison, sitting in the lobby of the hotel while Mr. Harmon prepared for their journey, went over in her mind the steps to be taken before Sylvia could once more look the world in the face.

First, of course, would come the reconciliation, if one could be effected, between Sydney and his wife. If he returned home in his present contrite spirit, confessed his wrongdoing frankly, threw himself on Isobel's mercy, Marion felt little doubt that he would be forgiven.

An infinitely more difficult task would then confront her—the reinstating of Sylvia as a decent woman in the eyes of the public. It was a task before which even Mrs. Allison quailed. With the publicity which a great picture corporation had at its command to back her, the thing might be accomplished, but Sylvia was now a nobody. Her affairs were no longer "news." Who cared whether her reputation was cleared or not, besides a few friends? There would have to be a campaign, certainly, costing huge sums of money, such a campaign as only a picture company of the first magnitude could carry out. Marion knew the screen world thoroughly—knew how exceedingly difficult it would be to induce any member of it to risk a fortune to re-establish Sylvia as a star.

No matter how strong her case might appear, there was always a chance that the public, fickle as April showers, might refuse to accept her again—might think that her defense was just some publicity trick, concocted by clever press-agents to delude them. Mrs. Allison was still debating this phase of Sylvia's case in her mind when Sydney Harmon appeared, followed by a porter.

"I'm ready, if you are," he said, as Marion rose.

CHAPTER XXVII

SYLVIA and Steve spent all the afternoon and early evening preparing the statement she had decided to give to the newspapers. Mr. Hollins was enthusiastic over the idea and lent what help he could in whipping the story into shape. But when it was finally completed and they had driven in to Los Angeles, sought out the city editor of one of the newspapers, a great disappointment awaited them.

The editor in question, remembering Sylvia's name, received her at once, but when he had glanced through the pages of her statement he shook his head.

"I'm sorry, Miss Thorne," he said, "but we can't publish this."

"You—you can't publish it?" Sylvia stammered. "Why not?"

"Well, for one thing, because it isn't news." "But—you published the other side of the story—the side that wasn't true—two months ago."

"I know—I know. And we would have been glad to print your side too, at that time. You were a public character then—a person everybody knew about—was thinking of—because of your choice as the International's latest star. But now, you have been—please don't mind my putting it baldly—forgotten. The public's interest in your affairs has gone. If Mrs. Harmon were to bring a divorce suit—or you were to sue her—sue Mr. Harmon—for defamation of character, or something of the sort—we should print the testimony, of course. The subject would then become news. But as matters stand"—he shrugged his shoulders—

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"we can't undertake it. We shall be glad to run a paragraph to the effect that you have returned to Hollywood—even that you propose making a fight to get back on the screen. But we can't carry on that fight for you. Not until the subject becomes of general interest. Then we will help you all we can." He handed Sylvia her manuscript. "I'm terribly sorry, but you see how it is."

"In other words," Steve exclaimed hotly, "you'll publish sensational lies, if you think the public will read them, but if you won't print the truth, if you think the mob isn't interested. Is that it?"

The newspaperman quietly lit his corncob pipe. "Why—yes—in a way, young man, in a way—that's it. We try not to print lies, but as for the uninteresting truth, if that were all there was to editing a newspaper, we might as well publish the dictionary." He pushed the green shade back over his eyes and turned to his desk. Sylvia and Steve went out.

"The rotten, hard-boiled!"—Steve began, but Sylvia stopped him.

"He's right, dear," she said quietly. "Just saying things isn't what's needed, now—I've got to do something. And I don't know what."

"If you'd only let me beat this fellow Harmon up, I'll let him know you'd get on the front page," Steve grumbled.

"BUT I don't want to get on the front page, dear boy—at least not that way. And, besides, you couldn't beat Mr. Harmon up, as you call it, anyway. He's gone away—disappeared."

"The devil he has! Then that's that. I'll have to think up something else." He re-lapsed into a gloomy silence, which continued throughout their drive home. Only once did he break it. "Why not shake the whole rotten mess and come to Europe with me?"

Sylvia shook her head.

"I came back to fight, Steve," she said gently. "I'm not to run away. Don't be downhearted. The lattle has only just begun."

When they reached the hotel, the clerk handed Sylvia a slip of paper.

"Lady wants to call her up, miss," he said.

"It's Marion Allison," Sylvia whispered, turning to Steve. "My, I'm glad she's back. I can hardly wait to talk things over with her."

She hurried to the telephone.

"Is that really you, Sylvia?" an excited voice came to her over the wire. "It's almost too good to be true. I just got back from Frisco and was thinking of wiring you. Then my husband told me he had seen Paul Lamar and that you were in town. Good Lord, I'm glad! I can scarcely believe it, even now. Oh, Sylvia, I've such a lot to tell you. So many things have happened. I want you to put on your most beautiful frock and come over here right away. Some other people will be here too. Friends of yours. In half an hour. I sent for them, as soon as I heard you were in town. It's most important. I can't explain now—you'll find out soon enough. Bye-bye for the moment. And do hurry."

Sylvia turned from the booth, her eyes shining.

"Steve!" she exclaimed. "I've got to change my dress. We're to go right over to Mrs. Allison's. Something's happened."

"What is it?" Steve's eyes too lit up as he caught the flare of her excitement.

"I don't know. We'll have to wait till we get there. I'll meet you here in half an hour." With a wave of her hand she left him.

It was not until she and Steve entered Mrs. Allison's big living room that Sylvia realized the full import of the occasion that lay before her. Marion had greeted her with a hug, a great kiss, had welcomed Steve with her firm, cool handshake, but concerning the reasons for Sylvia's presence she was silent.

"Go in—go in," she whispered, holding aside the curtains before the living room door.

Sylvia stepped lightly across the threshold. Then she paused, and her hands fluttered to her

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breast in the simple, unaffected way that Paul Lamar had always found so compelling. A slender figure in white chiffon, she stood staring at the group before her like some bewildered schoolgirl. And there was reason for her bewilderment. Confronting her she saw, in one amazed glance, the tall figure of Paul Lamar, the shorter, more dapper one of Mr. Sollerg, and a third, a foreigner evidently, a grey-haired man of fifty-five or sixty whose she had never seen before. And to complete her bewilderment, she found herself staring into the calm eyes of Isobel Harmon.

"You know everybody here, I think," Marion Allison said swiftly, "except Monsieur Francois Vernay. Monsieur Vernay, Miss Thorne."

THE handsome, eagle-eyed Frenchman took a step forward, grasped both of Sylvia's hands.

"Ah, ma petite," he whispered, drawing her to him, "you are the one I wanted for my Celeste. Name of a pipe—you are perfect—perfect! What have the dead people been doing to you?" He gave Mr. Sollerg a humorous glance, then took Sylvia in his arms and kissed her. "Now my picture is ruined. It is to weep."

Both Mr. Sollerg and Paul Lamar looked a bit uncomfortable. Steve, led entirely in the background, glared. It annoyed him to have anyone—even middle-aged Frenchmen, "pawing over" Sylvia, as he expressed it later. As for the object of all these attentions, she was utterly at sea. What had happened? Why were all these people here? Mrs. Harmon, appreciating better than anyone else the girl's bewilderment, came forward, took Sylvia's hand.

"My dear," she said earnestly, "I owe you repairs. I am truly, truly sorry."

"But," Sylvia gasped, "please tell me what has happened."

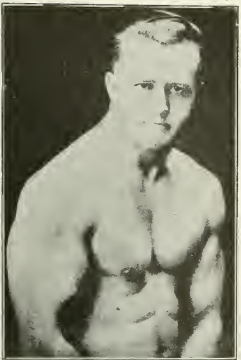
"That good-for-nothing husband of mine," Isobel Harmon went on, trying to hide the bitterness in her voice under a pretense of lightness, "has come back, thanks to Mrs. Allison, and told me everything. The moment I realized the terrible injustice I had done you, I called Mrs. Allison up, insisted on this meeting, to explain things. I had no idea, of course, that you would be present, but I am glad beyond words that you are. There will be no divorce, of course. My husband and I are both eager to do all in our power to set you right in the eyes of the world. His story, and yours, will make it perfectly clear to the public that you have been the victim of the grossest injustice. Add to that my own, and there can be no possible doubt. It only remains to work out a feasible plan."

"I never believed the story from the start," Paul Lamar said tenderly, "and I am ready to go on record now in any way that will do the most good." He turned to Mr. Sollerg. "How about it, Lee? What's the best way to put Miss Thorne back on the screen where she belongs?"

The International's vice-president was smiling, but there was an anxious look in his eyes.

"We got to go slow, Paul," he said. "You know what picture audiences are. The minute we put our publicity department to work whitewashing Sylvia here, they're going to say it's a frame-up. Once a star's got a black eye understand, you got to be mighty careful—"

"Mon Dieu!" Monsieur Vernay with a magnificent gesture consigned all Mr. Sollerg's arguments to the wastebasket. "What is it this black eye you speak of? I, Francois Vernay, will myself make everything right. You wish to produce my next play, is it not?" He gave Mr. Sollerg a ferocious glare as the latter vigorously nodded. "Very well. You shall produce it, with Mees Thorne in the lead, or you shall not produce it at all. Once I choose her, but I do not get her. This time I shall get her. She goes with the play. And tomorrow, for your newspaper reporters, I shall give what you call an interview—my photograph—Mees Thorne's photograph—my arm about her—Yes—"



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—my story of how she was by cruel slander denied me—my word as a Frenchman, as a member of the Academy, that all these stories about her have been but lies! Will your great public believe *that*, Monsieur Solberg?" He faced the picture magnate proudly.

He need not have doubted. The look of anxiety in the latter's shrewd eyes had gone, and a gleam of enthusiasm now replaced it.

"With such publicity as that, Mr. Vernay," he said, "Miss Thorne will come back bigger than she went away. It will sweep the country. I'll have Mr. Somerville—he's our publicity director, understand—see you first thing in the morning." He rubbed his hands gleefully. "It's front-page stuff, Paul," he whispered, turning to Lamar. "Big. Awful big. The greatest writer in France seeing justice done to the poor little American girl, the victim of cruel slander. Look here, Sylvia, maybe you should come up to the office tomorrow and sign a new contract."

"It will not be necessary, monsieur," interposed the gallant Frenchman. "My word is sufficient. Meet Thorne is under contract to me—to my new play. Already it has proved a great success in Paris. I have cables today." He turned to Sylvia smiling. "*Ma chérie*, he whispered, "you are even sweeter than I had imagined from your pictures. These people do not appreciate you. But I will make them. You will see—you will see."

Steve Hollins, hovering practically unnoticed upon the edge of the crowd, was ready to burst from annoyance. These picture chaps, he thought, acted as though they owned Sylvia—as though he did not exist at all. But Sylvia, up to now almost speechless with astonishment at her sudden and amazing good fortune, had not forgotten him.

"I want you all to know my fiance, Mr. Hollins," she said, reaching out her hand and drawing Steve to her side. "He believed in me too, when his own family was against him."

"That makes the story better and better," whispered Mr. Solberg, turning to Paul Lamar. The latter, however, paid no attention to him. Sylvia's announcement had come to the great director as something of a shock. He concealed it, however, and offered his heartiest congratulations. He would have asked Sylvia himself, long ago, had he not realized the disparity in their ages. Steve, he judged, was just half his years, and that was the right sort of a husband for Sylvia Thorne. His reflections were interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Allison.

"This way, everybody," he laughed, throwing open the glass doors of the dining room. "Pommery Sec, Monsieur Vernay. We must drink to Miss Thorne's health, and the success of your new play."

"*Mon Dieu!*" the Frenchman laughed, leaning on him. "Such funny people, you Americans. You make no more of breaking your laws than you do of—breaking a woman's heart." With courtly grace he placed Sylvia's hand upon his arm, led her to the dining room.

CHAPTER XXVIII

SYLVIA and Steve sat in Marion Allison's sun porch, composing a telegram. They had been at it for some time, as a number of scattered sheets of paper, covered with hurriedly scrawled words, amply indicated. Suddenly Steve threw down his pencil, began to speak.

"How's this, Adorable?" he cried, his free arm about Sylvia's waist. "Mrs. A. R. Hollins, Rosemont, Long Island. Was married last night to that terrible Thorne girl. See daily papers from now on for full particulars. Leaving Saturday for New York and Paris, where Sylvia is to take a look at a play she is going to do in pictures this summer. Kill all the fatted calves in Rosemont. Will be with you soon. Love from us both. Steve."

"You odd silly," Sylvia said, dodging an enthusiastic kiss. "Don't you think, with all those words, you might have told your mother what has happened?"



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"What's the use? She'll read all about it in the papers."

He took a photograph from the table, gazed at it quizzically.

"It's a darned good thing Monsieur Vernay has a wife and three children in Paris. Of course it's fine, and why does he have to put his arm around you, in all these press pictures? And why does he refer to you as his 'little American sweetheart'? I tell you, I'm getting jealous."

This time Sylvia did not attempt to dodge his kiss.

"As an archaeologist, Steve Hollins," she whispered, "you ought to know an antique when you see one. Monsieur Vernay is a perfect old dear, and I love him, but he's—harmless. Now that you've fixed up the wire to your mother, don't forget we've got to send one to Dad. He'll be the happiest man in Millersburg. As for the rest of that lurch—the ones that thought I had slipped and tried to push me into the gutter, I'd like to see their faces when they read Monsieur Vernay's big story, and all the other publicity the International is going to put out. Do you really realize, my dear Steve, that you have married a celebrity?"

"I've married the sweetest girl in the world and I didn't need, and don't need, any moving picture press agent to tell me that. How about another kiss?"

He swept Sylvia joyously into his arms as he spoke.

Marion Allison, coming into the sun room in search of them, paused and mischievously

[THE END]

regarded the scene before her with a slightly amused smile.

"How is Mrs. Hollins this morning?" she asked mischievously. "And Mrs. Hollins' husband?"

"Marion," Sylvia stormed, "if you ever call Steve that again I'll be through with you for life. I haven't the least doubt that if he wanted to go into pictures he could make Valentino and all the rest of them sit up and take notice."

She regarded Steve ecstatically.

"Better let him be your business manager, dear. It's safer, in this business. Mr. Solberg and Monsieur Vernay are waiting for you. They want to take you over to the studio to be photographed. The happy couple, and all that, you know. It's part of the publicity campaign."

"H—m," Steve grinned. "There's no doubt about it—I've married an entire picture company, press agents and all. Aren't they ever going to let us have any time to ourselves? Come along, Miss Thorne. If you are ready, your husband is. Let's go."

And arm in arm they went out through the door.

Marion Allison, gazing after them, found sudden tears in her eyes.

"Youth, love, and the spring," she whispered. "Could anything be more wonderful?"

She glanced for a moment at the reflection of her middle-aged and somewhat tired face in the mirror over her writing table, then took up a pencil and went back to the work that lay before her.



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Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128]

G. H., NEW PHILADELPHIA, OHIO.—Lola Wilson has the same birthplace as Thomas Meighan—Pittsburgh, Pa. The important event occurred June 28, 1896. Miss Wilson has hazel eyes and brown hair. Her height is five feet, five and a half inches. Her weight is one hundred twenty pounds. Write for her photograph to Lasky Studios.

GERTIE, HOUSTON, TEX.—Rod La Rocque is not mortgaged—I mean married. He was born in Chicago, Ill., Nov. 20, 1898. Write the Lasky Studio for his photograph.

ROOSEVELT, KENTON, OHIO.—Gloria Swanson is your favorite of the screen and you want to secure an autographed photograph of her. Write to the Paramount Studio.

C. L., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Since a photograph of Corinne Griffith is necessary to your happiness write to the First National Pictures for it and "Good luck!"

BLUE EYES, WINDSOR LOCKS, CONN.—George O'Hara is not married at present but is engaged to Alberta Vaughn. Anna Q. Nilsson is the wife of John Gunnerson. Claire Windsor has a small son known in the household and neighborhood as Billy. Constance Talmadge is an American. Yes, indeed, she is a "real sister" of Norma Talmadge. Mrs. Buster Keaton (Natalie Talmadge) is a "real sister" of both.

H. G., CHAMPAIGN, ILL.—"Norma Shearer is popular in this university town" you say, and you predict that she will become a general favorite. Far be it from me to deny it. Miss Shearer was born Aug. 10, 1904. She is not married. She has been on the screen since 1921. For her photograph write to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

MICHIGAN GIRL, SOUTH RANGE, MICH.—Marion Nixon is twenty. Height five feet, two inches. Not married. Born in your neighboring state, Wisconsin. That may be one reason you like her so well. Neighbory feeling. She has two sisters. Don't worry. She is not married. Hello! Want to know, too, whether Dorothy Mackall is married. O, Michigan boy! Well, she isn't. She is blonde, with hazel eyes. Height, five feet, five inches. Born in Hull, England.

ELISE, CHICAGO, ILL.—With pleasure, girl with the engaging name. William Duncan's association is with the Universal studios, which, being the wise movie fan you are, you very well know are at Universal City, Calif.

PEGGY, AKRON, OHIO.—I'll tell May McAvoy through these columns that you think she has the loveliest eyes on the screen, and Corinne Griffith that she is the daintiest and most delicate type in the service of the silver sheet.

H. W.—Yes, I am considered good looking—by those who love me. Love, as you have heard, fair Helen of Oklahoma, is blind. The question of Norma Talmadge's nationality is answered by a stubborn fact. She was born in Jersey City. Therefore she is an American. The number of her husbands is one.

ELEANOR, SAN MATEO, CALIF.—I am glad to serve. Service is the keynote of life since the wicked World War. The addresses of the studios about which you ask can be found in the directory published in every issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

MARGARET B., ROCK HILL, S. C.—Corinne Griffith was born in 1907. That makes her—but figure it out yourself. She is five feet three inches tall. Address Margaret Livingston at the Fox Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

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R. T. N., RICHMOND, VA.—You are a little boy eight years old and are "just wild about Tom Mix." You are a he-boy. Roy—I mean R. T. N. I am sure the Fox Studio will send you Mr. Mix's picture. Count your pennies until you have twenty-five before writing for the photograph.

MISS H. M., EAST PITTSBURGH, PA.—If you want to write to Mary Pickford, address her at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

BETTY, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Always glad to oblige, Betty dear. Joseph Conrad's "Victory" was filmed under the same title.

J. H. M., CAROLINA, R. I.—Marion Davies played "Cecilia of the Pink Roses." That all? Four questions left in your quota, old fellow.

S. L. R., DENVER, COLO.—You protest against so many women of average or below average height on the screen. You say you cannot understand it "because tall women, if built in proportion are much more attractive, wear clothes to better advantage, possess more dignity and, as a rule, their height enhances their beauty and their grace." You express the opinion that little women are often so ordinary and insignificant. You and the managers for H. S. L. I'll whisper a secret. It is hard to find enough tall men to match them. An actor hates to play a love scene with an actress two or three inches taller than himself.

BRASSE, SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—"The Marriage Market" was produced by the C. B. C. Pauline Garon appeared in it. She was not starred.

MRS. C. E. B., DANBURY, CONN.—Pola Negri worked in the picture "Lily of the Dust" at the Lasky Studios.

HELEN, BALTIMORE, MD.—The girl who played the daughter of the strolling player in "Scaramouche" is Edith Allen. Like her?

M. E., WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.—Sane, but living near a famous asylum. Reginald Denny is married to Irene Haisman, an actress. Marguerite Courtot's husband is Raymond McKee. She is still in pictures. Lila Lee's age is twenty-one. James Kirkwood recovered from his injury. Thomas Meighan's age you can determine yourself, with the start that he was born in 1879.

M. V., ST. LOUIS, MO.—Tom Moore appeared in "Dangerous Money" in which he played opposite Bebe Daniels. Nay, little one, Norman Kerry is nobody's husband. The rumor that Richard Dix was engaged to Lois Wilson seems to be what is popularly termed "bunk." Richard Barthelmess was born May 9, 1897. Bebe Daniels is twenty-four. Yes, she was "only a kid" when she first went into pictures.

W. K., ST. LOUIS, MO.—Gloria Swanson's eyes are blue. Her hair is brown. Her height is five feet, three inches. Write Lloyd Hughes for his photograph at 6404 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood. He is married to Gloria Hope. Edward Burnes was born in 1892.

LOREN, ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Pauline Garon was born in Montreal, September 9, 1903. She can be reached at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif. I don't know why Rochester is cheated out of her pictures. Ask your theater manager about it.

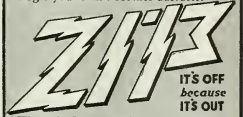
MARIE AND SISTER, SANTA CLARA, CALIF.—William Collier, Jr., is very much an American. His latest picture is "The Wanderer." He's engaged to marry Connie Talmadge. Hadn't you heard? Address him at the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.



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It guarantees a distribution of Paramount Pictures to more theatres than any other pictures reach.

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"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
WEIGHED EDITOR

Vol. XXVIII

No. 6

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

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He Started Something

A FEW months ago our genial but cynical friend, Herbert Howe, took his pen in hand, and selected “The Ten Most Beautiful Women.” Herb writes only what he thinks, and when he thinks he says.

Newspaper critics of the silent drama started criticizing as soon as PHOTOPLAY appeared. Some of them roasted Herb and some of them toasted him. So the editor asked them to decide it. Beauty is a matter of opinion and they certainly had opinions. One of them accused the editor of PHOTOPLAY of a sinister plot to annihilate newspaper critics, but that was not the intention. It was just a deep laid plot to start some fun. You get in on it in the December issue—you know, the one you are going to buy next month.

And What’s More

That same December issue is to contain some of the snappiest pages you ever found in your favorite picture magazine. Some of our dear competitors copy pretty closely, but this issue will keep them busy for two months. We are going to tell you how those babies in the new Paramount School of Motion Picture Acting are getting along and about the fun they have. You’ve wondered what directors are made of and how they are made. We will tell you. It’s too full of good things to begin to tell you in this space.

☛ So, don’t forget the December issue—out November 15th—the line forms on the right of the newsstand.

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... Secretary to Edgar Selwyn, Actor, Playwright, Producer, Director and Theatre Magnate, among whose many national and international hits have been "Rolling Stones," "Dancing Mothers," and the Photoplay "The Night Life of New York."

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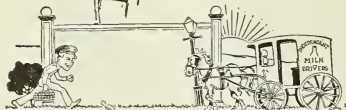
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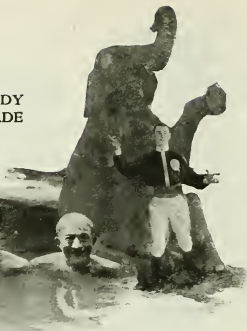
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C. C. Burr presents

JOHNNY HINES in "THE LIVE WIRE"

WHETHER it's his first or his latest—every Johnny Hines picture is rattling good entertainment. Originality—pep—action—enthusiasm—romance—name all the qualities that go to make an enjoyable evening, and you'll find them in a Hines picture.

"The Live Wire" clutches you in a grip of mirth and takes you into the atmosphere in which Hines excels. Circus life—the caliphate of the callopie—and the fortunes of hoboing, all features in a rollicking production. It's adapted from Richard Washburn Child's "The Game of Light" and directed by Charles Hines.

Comedy—you bet!, and comedy produced with all the care and fidelity of a Belasco stage production.

The Best of Recent Releases

"Classified"—The romance of the everyday working girl, from Edna Ferber's story, vividly real in Corinne Griffith's portrayal. Directed by Alfred Santell. Jane Mathis, editorial director.

"Graustark"—George Barr McCutcheon's permanent best sell with Norma Talmadge as Princess Yerve and Eugene O'Brien as Lorry. A modernized version directed by Dimitri Buchowetzki.

"Shore Leave"—Richard Barthelmess in a swinging comedy of the Hubert Osborne stage success produced by Belasco. A John S. Robertson production. With Dorothy Mackaill.

"What Fools Men"—The dramatic story of a poor man's spectacular rise and fall. From Henry Kitchell Webster's "Joseph Greer and His Daughter." Directed by George Archainbaud. Featuring Lewis Stone, Shirley Mason, David Torrence and Barbara Bedford.

First National



Realistic romance and wealth of detail and atmosphere feature George Fitzmaurice's production, "The Dark Angel."

Samuel Goldwyn presents

"THE DARK ANGEL"

THE screen's finest love story! A superb sacrifice of something greater than life!

From "Annie Laurie" to "Annabel Lee" the famous romances of literature and history are thin compared to the wealth of devotion in this modernized love pledge. George Fitzmaurice has created a picture of rare charm from H. B. Trevelyan's stage success.

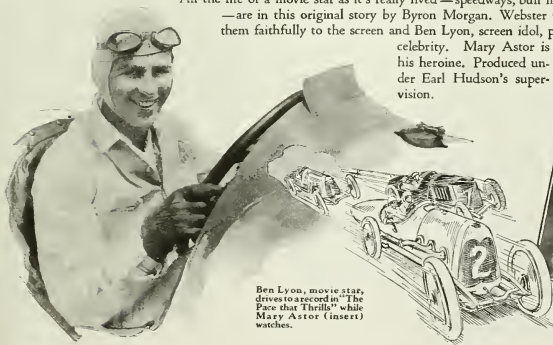
And Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky, the new Hungarian beauty, are unsurpassed in such a lovers' troth as will live long after the film flicker has faded.



"THE PACE THAT THRILLS"

"A THRILL a day keeps the doctor away." So said Danny Wade and became a movie star. He got thrills galore. Behind his life was a purpose—the vindication of the one he loved most in the world.

All the life of a movie star as it's really lived—speedways, bull fights, and the roped arena—are in this original story by Byron Morgan. Webster Campbell has transferred them faithfully to the screen and Ben Lyon, screen idol, plays the part of the story celebrity. Mary Astor is his heroine. Produced under Earl Hudson's supervision.



Ben Lyon, movie star, drives to record in "The Pace that Thrills" while Mary Astor (insert) watches.

Pictures





Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

ACROSS THE DEADLINE—Steiner.—Another loud story. It's mildly entertaining. (June.)

ADVENTURE—Paramount.—Fast action, good comedy and nothing serious to strain your brain. Pauline Starke and Wallace Berry are in it. (June.)

AFTER BUSINESS HOURS—Columbia.—Elsaine Hammerstein and Lou Tellegen enact one of those far-fetched domestic dramas. (September.)

AIR MAIL, THE—Paramount.—A high-flying story of thrilling adventures in the service air service. (May.)

AMERICAN PLUCK—Chadwick.—She is a princess and he is only a poor American prize fighter if there is such a thing—but love finds the usual way! (September.)

ANY WOMAN—Paramount.—A trite story of the perils of a refined working girl. Alice Terry heads the cast. (August.)

ARE PARENTS PEOPLE?—Paramount.—Daughter reunites her quarreling parents. The daughter is Betty Bronson; the parents are Florence Vidor and Adolphe Menjou. A thoroughly charming comedy. (August.)

AWFUL TRUTH, THE—Producers Distributing.—It is awful, at that, and not what anyone would call first-rate amusement. (September.)

BAD COMPANY—First National.—Madge Kennedy and Conway Tearle should know better than this. (May.)

BALTO'S RACE TO NOME—Educational.—A splendid record of Gannar Kasson's fight through the frozen north to bring the antitoxin to stricken Nome. (July.)

BANDIT'S BABY, THE—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson and Silver King make this more amusing than the average Western. (August.)

BARE, SON OF KAZAN—Vitagraph.—Just one of those dog stories of the frozen north. Rather mediocre entertainment. (August.)

BEAUTY AND THE BAD MAN—Producers Distributing.—A gambler in a mining town plays benefactor to a girl with operatic ambitions. The grateful prima donna marries him. Good, if you can believe it. (September.)

BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK—Paramount.—Satire and fantasy so well directed by James Cruze that it is one of the most entertaining pictures of the year. (July.)

BLACK CYCLONE—Pathé.—Rex, the King of Wild Horses, scores one of the hits of the year. The remarkable acting of the not-so-dumb animals makes this unusual amusement. (August.)

BLOODHOUND, THE—F. B. O.—What do you think the Royal Mount-d'boy does? He gets his man. The man is his brother. And—that's the plot. (September.)

BOOMERANG, THE—Schulberg.—It might have been funnier than it is. Anita Stewart and Bert Lytell head the cast. (May.)

BREED OF THE BORDER—F. B. O.—Just one of those Westerns with Lety Flynn as the quick-drawin', hard-ridin' hero. (August.)

BRIDGE OF SIGHNS—Warner Brothers.—Lugubrious hokum with Dorothy Mackall again bidding for your sympathy. (June.)

BURNING TRAIL, THE—Universal.—An eat-up Western with William Desmond as the hero. (June.)

CAFE IN CAIRO, A—Producers Distributing.—Pious-up melodrama with Arabs and Priscilla Dean. (June.)

CAMILLE OF THE BARBARY COAST—Associated Exhibitors.—Owen Moore and Mae Busch in a new version of the old theme. Not for the children. (September.)

CHARMER, THE—Paramount.—Pola Negri triumphs over a bad story and worse comedy. (June.)

CHICKIE—First National.—Dorothy Mackall gives an appealing performance of a poor working girl. (June.)

CIRCUS CYCLONE, THE—Universal.—A pleasant mixture of Western and circus stuff, with Art Acord proving he can ride. (October.)

CODE OF THE WEST—Paramount.—The city flapper and the noble Westerner are with us again. Attractively staged and well acted. (June.)

CONTRABAND—Paramount.—Merry melodrama with bootleggers as the villains. Lots Wilson and Noah Berry are in it. (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.

CONFESSIONS OF A QUEEN—Metro-Goldwyn.—Proving that kings and queens are only human, especially Kings. Lewis Stone and Alice Terry enact scandal in a royal family. (June.)

CRACKERJACK, THE—C. C. Burr.—Johnny Hines at his liveliest. There's no sense to it but it is lots of fun. (July.)

CRIMSON RUNNER, THE—Producers Distributing.—Exciting times in Vienna with Priscilla Dean as a fascinating lady crook. (June.)

CROWDED HOUR, THE—Paramount.—A war story, humanly told, and well acted by Bebe Daniels. (July.)

CYRANO DE BERGERAC—Atlas.—A commendable film version of Rostand's great play, made by a French company, and excellently acted by Pierre Magnier. (September.)

DANGEROUS INNOCENCE—Universal.—Adapted from "Ann's an Idiot." Nice light romance with Laura La Plante. (May.)

DECLASSE—First National.—Corinne Griffith saves it from being rather tedious society drama. (June.)

DENIAL, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—Claire Windsor doubling as mother and daughter in a heavy-handed story. But there's a good Spanish-American war sequence. (May.)

DESERT FLOWER, THE—First National.—Colleen Moore's unailing vivacity saves it from being just another one of those Cinderella tales. (August.)

DON Q.—United Artists.—Douglas Fairbanks stages another great show. It has beauty, adventure and thrill. It's one of the treats of the year. (August.)

DRESSMAKER FROM PARIS, THE—Paramount.—A fashion show with fourteen—count 'em—fourteen—beautiful models. Leatrice Joy is featured. (May.)

DRUSILLA WITH A MILLION—F. B. O.—It's hokum but it's good hokum and splendidly acted by Mary Carr. Be sure to take a handkerchief with you. (August.)

DUPED—The title tells all. Crook stuff played by Helen Holmes and William Desmond. Not so good. (July.)

EVERYMAN'S WIFE—Fox.—Marking the welcome return of Dorothy Phillips. Otherwise, just a trite domestic drama. (August.)

EVE'S SECRET—Paramount.—Wher'in the Duke educates a peasant girl and marries her. Another version of Pygmalion and Galatea played by Jack Holt and Betty Compton. (August.)

EVE'S LOVER—Warner Brothers.—The story of a modern American girl and her titled husband. Nothing extra as a picture, but Irene Rich, Bert Lytell, Clara Bow and Willard Louis are in the cast. (July.)

FAINT PERFUME—B. P. Schulberg.—Faint is right. A jumbled movie-sized version of Zola Gales's excellent novel. (September.)

FIFTY-FIFTY—Associated Exhibitors.—What happens when an American rope marries a French dancer. Lionel Barry more and Hope Hampton are in it. (September.)

FIGHTING DEMON, THE—F. B. O.—Only the very glibble will like this one. Richard Talmdage dashing through impossible melodrama. (August.)

FINE CLOTHES—First National.—A subtle and human story ably acted by Percy Marmont, Lewis Stone, Alma Rubens and Raymond Griffith. (October.)

FOOL, THE—Fox.—Melodrama with a moral. A dull but impressive version of a stage success with Edmund Lowe in the leading role. (June.)

FREE AND EQUAL—A. H. Woods.—Pulled out of its groove for no good reason. The film is ten years old and deals with racial problems. Not for anybody. (July.)

FRESHMAN, THE—Associated Exhibitor.—Harold Lloyd's comedy of college life is so funny that it defies description. It's the liveliest and the most youthful comedy now on the screen. (September.)

FRIENDLY ENEMIES—Producers Distributing.—Weber and Fields doing their stuff in a ready-made plot. (July.)

GALLOPING VENGEANCE—F. B. O.—A Bob Custer Western. Not so good. (May.)

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14)



Sallow Complexion

Has your skin that sallow, faded, washed-out appearance? Does it seem dark and "muddy," to lack tone, to be colorless, murky and lifeless?



Sagging Muscles

Are the muscles of your face and neck beginning to sag? Do you see signs of "jowls" and premature aging?



Blemishes

Are you beginning to think you will never be free from pimples, blackheads, blemishes or enlarged pores? Has your skin begun to lose tone and become rough and coarse? Are you constantly worried as to whether you can get your skin into passable condition for certain dances and parties that you want to go to?



Pouches

Have you pouches beneath the eyes—puffiness at the sides of the chin—flabby bags below the cheeks?



Wrinkles

Are deep lines forming near the nose and corners of the mouth? Little groups of crow-feet at the eyes? Tired lines of worry starting to crease your face?

Which of These Five Skin Worries Hide Your Beauty?

Here are five definite skin worries that make naturally attractive women look commonplace—that make young women look middle-aged and make middle-aged women look old. Which of these five hide YOUR beauty—make you look older than you really are? Read how easy it now is to banish these worries—to regain the natural beauty that lies hidden in your skin.

DO you know why these are trying times for the woman who doesn't bring out and make the most of her natural hidden beauty? Because there are more beautiful women in America today than ever before—and people will make comparisons! And why are there more beautiful women? Because women today don't accept obstacles standing in the way of their attractiveness—any more than men accept obstacles barring their success!

The best knowledge that the scientific world can offer has massed right behind women in their

search. Here, for example, are five dread skin worries which every woman knows can rob her of her true beauty and make her look years older than her real age.

"These five—Blemishes, Sallow Complexion, Sagging Muscles, Wrinkles, and Pouches—rob me of my birthright of youth and loveliness," women say. And now Science has stepped forward and said: "Here, then, is a new and easy way to rid yourself of these five worries—to quickly bring out your hidden beauty!"



FREE!

The Coupon below will bring you a beautifully illustrated 24-page booklet describing this new method developed to end these Five Skin Worries—or cost you nothing. Just jot down your name and address and mail this coupon today. No obligation. No risk. No representative will call upon you. This Coupon just gives us permission to send you this valuable booklet with our compliments.

If This New Secret Does Not Bring Out Your Skin's Hidden Beauty in 15 Days—Then Pay Nothing!

No matter how blemished your skin may be, how dull and sallow, how spoiled by lines, open pores, sagging muscles or pouches—no matter how many methods you have tried in vain—this new secret either brings out your skin's hidden beauty or costs you nothing!

Practically every woman in America has heard of Susanna Crocrot and of her tremendous health and beauty activities. 600,000 women know from wonderful personal experience. And now this famous woman, in co-operation with other experts, has just developed an easy and radically different way for any woman to recapture the clear, fresh complexion of childhood, free from unsightly sallowness, pimples and blemishes, and the age-signs of sagging muscles, pouches and wrinkles.

The new discovery is entirely different from anything you have ever seen or heard of—taking only three minutes before bedtime and accomplishing its amazing results while you sleep. Knowing that, in spite of the gigantic growth of beauty preparations of all kinds, complexion worries were still prevalent, Susanna Crocrot approached this prob-

lem from an entirely different angle—and the complete story of the new idea is given in a beautiful 24-page booklet, which will be sent without any obligation whatsoever.

Take a mental inventory right now and see which of these five skin worries are hiding your own beauty and attractiveness. Mail the coupon at once. Read why Susanna Crocrot's new method is guaranteed to end these troubles or cost you nothing whatever. Today it has almost come to a point that if a woman is not attractive—if she looks older than she really is, then it is to some extent due to her own failure to investigate the methods developed to solve these very problems for her. Don't tolerate any of these five worries because of any inaction on your own part. Mail this coupon at once. **Thompson-Barlow Co., Dept. F-1811, 130 West 31st St., New York City.**

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130 West 31st Street, New York City**

Please send me your new book, "The Overnight Way to a New Complexion." Also full details of your special free proof offer that enables me to test this new home treatment without risking a penny.

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

The Parson's Wife Speaks

Glade Springs, Va.

I happened upon the September issue of PHOTOPLAY by accident. This is an ideal spot for tired, nervous or even sick people, and two charming young ladies from Florida offered me their PHOTOPLAY when they learned, after conversing with me several times, that I was interested in good movies and young people, even though I am a minister's wife.

I have often been tempted to write to someone after reading your magazine or seeing some picture, but my duties at home leave no time for this. However, since I am here recuperating from an overdose of hard work, I think I'll just send this letter and "spress" myself after reading some things in your September magazine.

To begin with, tell Mr. Howard Cunningham of Detroit that it would be utterly impossible to take that look off Conway Tearle's face and still have our dear, adorable Conway. I beg to differ with him in any way—not a bored look, but cynical. He says—sad, blasé, cynical parts—and his mole—we've all learned to like that, too. In fact, Conway is one of my favorites. Tell me one thing, though, why is it that the producers insist that players be versatile instead of allowing them to play the parts best suited to their nature?

Your PHOTOPLAY carries an article about Mary Pickford—that the world will not allow her to grow up; that everyone prefers her in child parts. Now why can't the others have the same privilege? Take Milton Sills, for instance, a cultured, polished professor and yet they put him in an awful western picture and make him fight—the worst criminal in existence! I think it's terrible and so do many others. I've heard much expression on this subject and all are opposed to Milton Sills taking such parts and yet, I see, a loud advertisement of his next picture, "The Knockout."

What has become of Elliott Dexter? I think his "Something To Think About" was the best picture he has made since his illness. He is another who is terribly mis-cast. Tell Ramon Novarro that he is wrong about "the less they see of me, the better they like me." He is a fine actor as well as handsome, and I hope he will have more pictures with the beautiful Alice Terry. And Mr. Ingram is such a handsome director!

It's easy for the public to sit back and criticize, but we do hate to see our favorites treated just any way. Thomas Meighan is another who selects the pictures best suited to his style. All of them are not in his position to select, but if the people who do the casting have the stars' interests at heart and would see to it that they are properly cast, I believe we would have better pictures.

ONLY THE PARSON'S WIFE.

Ho! John Gilbert!

New York, N. Y.

Will someone join me on a "trek"? We are to start for the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer "bungaloo." Each of us is to be armed with a formidable spear. We are to assault the Lion who dwells within, stab him with our spears so that he will open up his immense jaws and . . . cough up John Gilbert!

Not since Spring has Mr. Gilbert been seen on the screen, although "The Merry Widow" was finished in March, we believe. We read continually in the magazines that he is working hard—busy every minute. We do not question it. We believe it. But, we miss him.

HELEN D. REYNOLDS.

Again Mr. Gilbert

Sag Harbor, L. I.

I have seen "The Merry Widow" and, although I am old enough to know better, I am

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.

enjoying—truly enjoying—my first movie crush. The gentleman is, of course, John Gilbert. Please don't shatter my idol. I hate to read anything about him for fear that I shall learn that he fights with his producers, is conceited, is rude to his leading woman or has just eloped with a bootlegger's wife. Print his picture, please, but don't print any disillusioning stories. I like to think of him as a real *Prince Danilo*.

Mrs. J. H. L.

Gilbert vs. Colman

El Paso, Texas.

I am glad that the task of studying the personalities of John Gilbert and Ronald Colman has been assigned to Dorothy Spensley. I do not know how these two players can be compared—their work is so entirely different. They are both artists, although I believe Ronald Colman is more appealing. There is a refinement about his acting which, to me, seems natural. Gilbert is a different type altogether. To my mind, Colman is the most attractive personality on the screen today. When one contrasts his portrayal of the soldier in "The White Sister" with his work in "Her Sister from Paris," one readily recognizes his versatility. Gilbert has done some great things, too, and the fan world does not forget his "Monte Cristo," "His Hour," "The Snob," "The Merry Widow," etc.

Ronald Colman, though, is a very popular player and the "ohs" and "ahs" and "Isn't he wonderfuls" which come from the feminine portion of the audience evince the fact that Gilbert must look to his laurels.

Colman is an artist. So is Gilbert. But they're vastly different.

JANE PARKER.

Paging Mr. Tearle

Why does Conway Tearle think that he can still play romantic parts? I should think he would be ashamed to wake up on his birthday. He must be well beyond the age of the rôles he attempts to play and yet he goes on playing handsome young men when he is neither very young nor very handsome. The same goes for Milton Sills. Milton is really a middle-aged man, and it makes me laugh to see him gallivanting around as a hero. Ronald Colman may not be so very young himself but at least on the screen he doesn't insult our intelligence by acting kittenish. Neither do Percy Marmont nor Clive Brook feel that they've got to be romantic heroes all the time. They can really act and don't have to pose to get by. Why don't a few of the old papas like Sills, Tearle and Meighan step aside and give such young fellows as John Gilbert, Richard Barthelme, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., William Collier, Jr., and Ben Lyon a chance. Oh yes, and another fellow who ought to play middle aged parts is Eugene O'Brien.

H. J. WATKINS.

On the Other Hand

Berkeley, Calif.

More about Conway Tearle. Why not his portrait on the cover or in the picture gallery? I'm sure he's worthy of it.

BARBARA MAUGHAN.

One Wicked Brickbat

Please let down on Mae Murray. You either print her picture or mention her in some way in all your magazines. She can't act. All she likes to do is strut and pout and wear very fine clothes. Also Conway Tearle is past history. We wish he would iron out that snarl on his face.

Bouquets for Colleen Moore. How she has climbed! She's wonderful.

Why don't we see Laurette Taylor in pictures? She was great in her last two pictures and she makes one feel happier after seeing her.

LOU AND JOHN.

Upsetting Two Idols

Nyack, N. Y.

A letter from H. I. in your September number says "The White Monkey" is the world's worst picture. I think "Old Home Week" is a close second.

Why does an actor with such an attractive personality as Thomas Meighan have such awful pictures? Don't you think the public is tired of George Ade's midwestern philosophy? Now "Are Parents People?" is a charming picture, competently acted and expertly directed. The new directors are putting it over the old ones—the sentimentalists—and propagandists of ancient viewpoints and bromide subtitles and artificial situations. I am sure movie audiences want human pictures—something that might happen to themselves.

M. L. H.

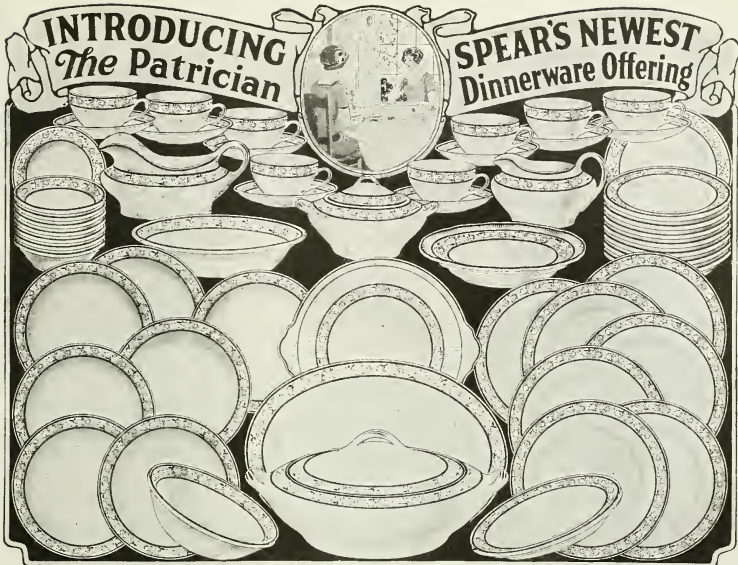
Where Praise Is Due

Greensboro, N. C.

Here's to "The Beggar on Horseback"! May he win all handicaps! It's a hundred to one that this great effort toward better pictures passed by most people without them giving a second thought to it. The brilliant satire tends to show a bit of greatness in Jimmie Cruze, who is rapidly overtaking Griffith and De Mille as our best director.

WALTER B. SMALLEY.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 116]



The 58 Pieces { 8-9 in. Dinner Plates } 8-7 in. Pie or Lunch Plates } 1 Crown Pitcher } **A Complete Service**
 { 8 Cups } 8-5 in. Fruit or Dessert Dishes } 1 Sugar Bowl (2 Pieces) } **For 8 People**
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

GIRL WHO WOULDN'T WORK, THE—B. P. Schulberg.—The hardships of a working girl are the basis of the plot. Good work by Marguerite de la Motte and Lionel Barrymore. (October.)

GOLD AND THE GIRL—Fox.—Buck Jones vanquishes a gang of swindlers who are robbing the gold mine. Leave it to Buck, every time. (May.)

GOLD RUSH, THE—United Artists.—It marks the long-awaited return of Charles Chaplin to the screen. A great—but not the greatest—comedy of a fine artist. (September.)

GOOSE WOMAN, THE—Universal.—A fine psychological study of a striking but repellent character set in the atmosphere of a murder mystery. Superbly acted by Louise Dresser, Jack Pickford and Constance Bennett. (September.)

GO STRAIGHT—Schulberg.—A crook story dressed up with some off-screen views of the stars at work. Just fair. (July.)

GRASS—Paramount.—The story of the migration of the Lost Tribe of Persia, filmed in the Near East. One of the most impressive pictures ever made. (May.)

GROUNDWORK FOR DIVORCE—Paramount.—A French farce that just misses being delightfully frothy. Matt Moore and Florence Vidor are in it. (September.)

HALF WAY GIRL, THE—First National.—Doris Kenyon in a story of the sordid side of the Orient. A ship explosion adds a much-needed thrill to a commonplace movie. (October.)

HAPPY WARRIOR, THE—Vitaphone.—The story is over-sentimental, although it has its exciting moments. Malcolm MacGregor is good as the hero. (September.)

HEADLINES—Associated Exhibitors.—A fairly interesting newspaper story with Alice Joyce, Virginia Lee Corbin, Elliott Nugent and Malcolm MacGregor. (September.)

HEADWINDS—Universal.—How to win a girl, with House Peters playing the caveman. Inimprobable plot but lots of action. (June.)

HEART OF A SIREN, THE—First National.—If you like Barbara La Marr, here's your candy. Clifton Webb contributes some clever comedy. (May.)

HEARTS AND SPURS—Fox.—Buck Jones in a riot of hard-riding. It has plenty of action, so why worry about the story? (August.)

HELEN'S BABIES—Principal.—A nice little entertainment for the children with Baby Peggy furnishing most of the fun. (July.)

HIS BUDDY'S WIFE—Associated Exhibitors.—An Epoch Anecdote story of the World War. Capably acted by Edna Murphy and Glenn Hunter. (September.)

HIS SUPREME MOMENT—First National.—Some beautiful colored photography, plenty of bad story and Blanche Sweet and Ronald Colman. (June.)

HOME MAKER, THE—Universal.—A domestic drama with an unusually intelligent and thoughtful plot and fine acting by Alice Joyce and Clive Brook. (October.)

HOW BAXTER BUTTED IN—Warner Brothers.—Matt Moore as a sappy clerk who would be a hero. He gets his wish. An amusing comedy melodrama. (August.)

HUMAN TORNADO, THE—F. B. O.—Wherein the wild-ridin' Westerner again establishes his innocence of a lot of assorted crimes. (September.)

HUNTED WOMAN, THE—Fox.—A lady in search of her husband. Romance complicated by crooks. Nothing extra. (June.)

IF MARRIAGE FAILS—F. B. O.—Another one of those society dramas. Clive Brook, as the rich man, falls in love with a fortune-teller, played by Jacqueline Logan. Not so good for the children. (August.)

I'LL SHOW YOU THE TOWN—Universal.—Another hit for Reginald Denny. A genuinely amusing farce. (August.)

INTRODUCE ME—Associated Exhibitors.—Another good reason why Douglas MacLean is rapidly becoming one of our most popular comedians. Fine entertainment. (May.)

ISLE OF VANISHING MEN, THE—Adler.—Life among the cannibals, which is considerably more interesting than life in the average movie. (May.)

I WANT MY MAN—First National.—Murder-red version of "The Interpreter's House." Heavy heroics by Milton Sills. (June.)

JUST A WOMAN—First National.—Just a picture. Redeemed by some good acting by Claire Windsor, Percy Marmont and Conway Tearle. (August.)

KEEP SMILING—Associated Exhibitors.—In which Monty Banks again tries to prove that he's a comedian. (September.)

KENTUCKY PRIDE—Fox.—The biography of a race horse, interwoven with a human story. A pleasant novelty. (October.)

KISS BARRIER, THE—Fox.—Claire Adams and Edmund Lowe in a light romance. (July.)

KISS IN THE DARK, A—Paramount.—Sophisticated satire that sometimes misses fire. But that isn't the fault of Adolphe Menjou. (May.)

KISS ME AGAIN—Warner Brothers.—An ideal picture for adults. It's sophisticated, witty and shrewd. Ernst Lubitsch directed it and Marie Prevost, Monte Blue and Clara Bow are in the cast. (July.)

KIVALINA OF THE ICE LANDS—Earl Rossmann. Like "The Book of the North," another fine picture that was made within the Arctic Circle. (September.)

LADIES OF THE NIGHT—Metro-Goldwyn.—A well-told story of the two social worlds with some good comedy. Excellent acting by Norma Shearer, who plays a dual role. (July.)

LADY WHO LIED, THE—First National.—A colorful production with a rather weak plot, ably acted by Lewis Stone, Nita Naldi and Virginia Valli. Not for the children. (September.)

LIGHT OF THE WESTERN STARS—Paramount.—One of Zane Grey's standard Western stories with Noah Berry doing his stuff as a swell villain. (September.)

LIGHTNIN'—Fox.—Much of the rare humor of the stage play is strangely missing from the screen version. A little too mechanical and routine entertainment. (October.)

LILIES OF THE STREET—F. B. O.—Just white slave stuff which tries to be sensational—but doesn't succeed. (June.)

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY—United Artists.—In which Mary Pickford returns again as Queen of the Kingdom of Childhood. A thoroughly delightful picture. (October.)

LITTLE FRENCH GIRL, THE—Paramount.—A study of French English morals, not particularly suited to the screen. But it has its interest. Alice Joyce and Mary Brian take the acting honors. (August.)

LITTLE GIANT, THE—Universal.—A nice little story of young married life with Glenn Hunter and Edna Murphy. (September.)

LIMITED MAIL, THE—Warner Brothers.—Monte Blue in a railroad melodrama that sometimes misses fire. (September.)

LORRAINE OF THE LIONS—Universal.—The story of a little girl cast away on a deserted island. Patsy Ruth Miller, as the girl, is rescued by Norman Kerry assisted by the long arm of coincidence. (October.)

LOST—A WIFE—Paramount.—Adolphe Menjou and Greta Nissen in one of those divilish French farces. Fairly amusing. (September.)

LOVE'S BARGAIN—F. B. O.—An interesting and comic story of domestic life in the theater world. (May.)

LUCKY DEVIL, THE—Paramount.—Richard Dix dashes through an extremely dashing and entertaining automobile story. (September.)

LUCKY HORSESHOE, THE—Fox.—Wherein Tom Mix falls asleep and dreams that he's Don Juan. Just another mix success with Tony and, as an added attraction, Ann Pennington. (October.)

LYING WIVES—Abramson.—Lots of intense domestic trouble enjoyed by a batch of characters who seem to be hell-witted. (July.)

MADAME SANS GENE—Paramount.—Gloria Swanson in her greatest role. The celebrated story was filmed in its authentic French backgrounds. Don't miss it. (June.)

MAD DANCER, THE—Jans.—A mean trick on little Ann Pennington who deserves something better. Not for the kids. (July.)

MAD WHIRL, THE—Universal.—You'll be surprised to see May McAvoy in this story of the evils of cockfighting. May leads the charge against the vice. (September.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]



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How a Strange Accident Saved Me From Baldness—

Sixty days ago it made me boiling mad. Today I look back and laugh at the incident for it brought me a marvelous new growth of hair

I'M willing to bet that I've wasted more money trying to end my baldness than any other man in the world. So naturally I laughed at any ad that sounded like a baldness remedy. And the oftener I laughed, the more bald I became.

When my wife began to look sorrowfully at my thinning hair I smiled regretfully. When my friends began to call me "baldy" I felt somewhat annoyed. But when my private secretary began to look strangely at my glistening scalp and snicker—well, it made me mad!

But the worst was yet to come. About sixty days ago I saw a toothpaste advertisement that offered to send a free booklet. It sounded interesting so I clipped the coupon and gave it to my secretary to fill in and mail.

Well, a few days later, to my utter surprise I found on my desk—not a booklet on toothpaste—but a booklet and a letter telling how to end baldness in 30 days!

I glanced from the booklet to my secretary. I felt my blood boiling.

"Miss Harris," I said to her, "I can't say that I appreciate your sense of humor. Just what is your idea? Is it . . . ?"

She paled. "Why, Mr. Burns—what's wrong—what have I done?"

"Done?" I shouted, "aren't you content with laughing at my bald head—must you make matters worse by sending me this hint. If it pains you to look at my head, you are always at liberty to resign!"

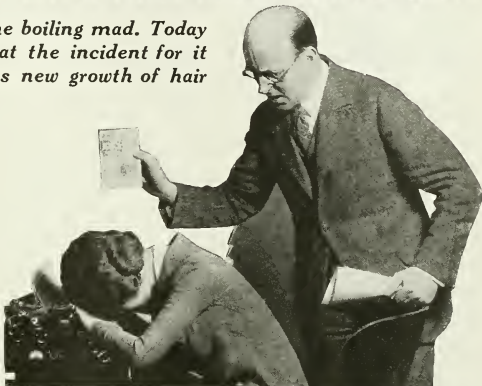
Tears came into her eyes. And between sobs she explained why it wasn't really her fault.

She said that the coupon which I asked her to mail had another coupon printed on the back—and the other coupon offered to send a free book on baldness. Well, she simply used her own judgment!

"Hm," was all I could say. And during the entire day not a word passed between us.

But that night on my way home I read the book about baldness. And I have to admit that a more interesting, more helpful, more honest book I've never read in my life. It described an entirely new method of making hair grow—a method perfected by Alois Merke, founder of the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York. It is the only treatment I had ever heard of that actually reached right down to the hair roots and awakened them to new, vigorous activity.

As I read on I felt myself weakening in my resolve not to try another hair treatment. And then when I read that Merke actually guaranteed a new growth of hair in 30 days or no cost to me—well, I completely weakened and sent for the treatment.



The first two or three times I used the treatment I began to notice that my hair didn't fall out as much as it used to. But, a week or so later when I looked in the mirror I saw something that almost bowled me over. For there, just breaking through, was a fine downy fuzz all over my head.

Every night I spent 15 minutes taking the treatment at home. And every day this young hair kept getting stronger and thicker. At the end of a month you could hardly see a bald spot on my head. And at the end of sixty days—well, my worries about baldness were ended. For I had regained an entirely new head of healthy hair. Can you blame me for laughing now at the strange incident of 60 days ago?

Here's the Secret

According to Alois Merke, in most cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead, but merely *dormant*—temporarily asleep. Now that a sickly tree grows, you would not think of rubbing "growing fluid" on the leaves. Yet that is just what I had been doing, when I used to douse my head with tonics, salves, etc. To make a tree grow you must nourish the roots. And it's exactly the same with the hair.

This new treatment, which Merke perfected after 17 years experience in treating baldness, is the first and only practical method of getting right down to the hair roots and nourishing them.

At the Merke Institute many have paid as high as \$500 for the results secured through personal

treatments. Yet now these very same results may be secured in any home in which there is electricity—at a cost of only a few cents a day.

The thing I like most about Merke is that he very frankly admits that his treatment will not grow hair in every case. There are some cases of baldness that nothing in the world can help. But so many others have regained hair this new way, that he absolutely guarantees it to produce an entirely new hair growth in 30 days or the trial is free. In other words, no matter how thin your hair may be, he invites you to try the treatment 30 days at his risk, and if it fails to grow hair then he's the loser—not you. And you are the sole judge of whether his method works or not.

Coupon Brings You Full Details

This story is typical of the results that great numbers of people are securing with the Merke Treatment.

"The New Way to Make Hair Grow," which explains the Merke Treatment in detail, is the title of the vitally interesting 34-page book, which will be sent you entirely free, if you simply mail the coupon below.

This little book tells all about the amazing new treatment, shows what it has already done for countless others, and in addition contains much valuable information on the care of the hair and scalp. Remember, this book is yours free—to keep. And if you decide to take the treatment, you can do so without risking a penny. So mail the coupon now and get the surprise of your life! Address: Allied Hair Growth Institute, Inc., Dept. 3911, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York. Get this Free Book!



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—F. D. R., Washington, D. C.

"My hair was coming out at an alarming rate, but after four or five treatments I noticed this was checked. My hair is coming in thicker and looks and feels full of life and vigor."
—W. C., Great Neck, N. Y.

"I have used your system for eight weeks and although the top of my head has been entirely bald for six years, the results up to the present are gratifying. In fact, the entire bald spot is covered with a fine growth of hair."
—W. B., Kenmore, Ohio.

(Original of above letters on file at the Institute.)

SCAR HANNAN—F. B. O.—The usual Western with Yakima Canutt, rodeo star, exhibiting some wonderful feats of horsemanship. (May.)

SCARLET HONEYMOON—Fox.—A light and gentle romance. Won't destroy your faith in Santa. (May.)

SCHOOL FOR WIVES, A.—Vitagraph.—Proving that money is a curse, especially to Conway Tearle. Supported to be a society drama. (June.)

SEVEN CHANCES—Metro-Goldwyn.—Another amusing one from Buster Keaton. (June.)

SHE WIVES—Fox.—Old Home Week in the Paris cafes as pictured by a movie mind. (July.)

SHOCK PUNCH, THE—Fun on a skyscraper with Richard Dix romping about New York's skyline. A good show for everybody. (July.)

SHORE LEAVE—First National.—A genuinely funny comedy, a charming love story and Richard Barthelmess at his best as a tough gop. (September.)

SIERGE—Universal. Mary Alden and Virginia Valli in a powerful drama of two generations. Highly recommended. (August.)

SIEGFRIED—Ufa.—Perhaps the most ambitious undertaking of the screen. A spectacularly beautiful and slightly dull version of the legendary legend. Made in Germany. (August.)

SILENT SANDERSON—Producers Distributing.—A really first-class Western with our old friend Harry Carey giving zest to the plot. (August.)

SLAVE OF FASHION, A.—Metro-Goldwyn.—Wherein a guileless Cinderella gets her man. A silly but beautifully mounted story with the lovely Norma Shearer and the charming Lew Cody to make it pleasant for you. (October.)

SMOOTH AS SATIN—F. B. O.—Evelyn Brent looking her prettiest in an ingenious crook story. (September.)

SOUL-FIRE—First National.—Colorful plot and lyric romance with some fine acting by Richard Barthelmess and Bessie Love. (June.)

SPEED, WILD—F. B. O.—Maurice Flynn as a speed-demon thwarts the usual crook band. (July.)

SPOOK RANCH—Universal.—A mixture of melodrama and comedy that is fairly amusing. Hoot Gibson plays the lead. (October.)

SPORTING VENUS, THE—A lady of high degree receives the commoner instead of the prince. A routine story made passable by Blanche Sweet, Ronald Colman and Lew Cody. (July.)

SPORTING CHANCE, THE—Tiffany.—A good racing melodrama with plenty of speed and pep. (September.)

STAR DUST TRAIL, THE—Fox.—Another bad joke on poor little Shirley Mason. (May.)

STEELE OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED—Vitagraph.—This time it is Bert Lytell who does his stuff in the great Northwest. (September.)

STREET OF FORGOTTEN MEN, THE—Paramount.—A weird and unusual story of a professional beggar, well told by Herbert Brenon and splendidly acted by Percy Marmont. (October.)

SUN-UP—Metro-Goldwyn.—A strong story of the Southern mountains, excellently acted by Conrad Nagel, Lucille La Verne and Pauline Starke, and beautifully photographed. (October.)

TALKER, THE—A dull story of domestic mix-ups that is helped along by the acting of Anna Q. Nilsson, Lewis Stone and Shirley Mason. (July.)

TAMING THE WEST—Universal.—The great open spaces reform a bad boy. Hoot Gibson. (May.)

TEASER, THE—Universal.—A comedy snappily acted by Laura La Plante and Pat O'Malley. (August.)

TEXAS BEARCAT, THE—Another Western and that's about all. Bob Custer and Sally Rand are in it. (July.)

TEXAS TRAILER, THE—Producers Distributing.—Harry Carey in that rare treat—a really entertaining and amusing Western picture. (September.)

THAT MAN, JACK—F. B. O.—Bob Custer again—just as loyal and brave as ever and full of fight. (September.)

TIDES OF PASSIONS—Vitagraph.—A slow and old-fashioned story filled with grief and agony. Mae Marsh ought to know better. (July.)

TOO MANY KISSES—Paramount.—Richard Dix goes to Spain and finds romance, thrills and all the other necessities of good farce comedy. (May.)

TRACKED IN THE SNOW COUNTRY—Warner Brothers.—Snowing kin-tin-tin. A conventional tale of the frozen North. (October.)

TROUBLE WITH WIVES, THE—Paramount.—A sludgy amusing domestic comedy with Florence Vidor, Tom Moore, Ford Sterling and Esther Raalston. (October.)

UNDER THE ROUGE—Associated Exhibitors.—While it isn't for the children, it is an ingratiating and exciting crook story. (September.)

UNHOLY THREE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A striking and unusual story, beautifully directed by Tod Browning and finely acted by Lon Chaney and Mae Busch. It's the thriller of the year. (July.)

VERDICT, THE—Tru-Art.—A far-fetched mystery story with William Collier, Jr., doing some effective acting. (August.)

WAKING UP THE TOWN—United Artists.—Mild fun. A small town story with Jack Pickford and Norma Shearer. (June.)

WANDERER, THE—Paramount.—It's a spectacularly beautiful production of the story of the Prodigal Son, with William Collier, Jr., Greta Nissen, Wallace Berry and Kathryn Williams in the cast. (October.)

WAY OF A GIRL, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—An original light comedy with Eleanor Boardman, Matt Moore and William Russell. Satisfactory. (June.)

WELCOME HOME—Paramount.—A brilliantly realistic story of an unwanted old man, finely presented by James Cruze and beautifully acted by Luke Cosgrave. (August.)

WHITE DESERT, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A stirring story of a Colorado mining camp, with some fine spectacular scenes. (September.)

WHITE MONKEY, THE—First National.—A riotous burlesque of Galsworthy's novel with Barbara La Marr contributing to the massacre. (August.)

WHITE OUTLAW, THE—Universal.—Jack Hoxby in a Western, is ably assisted by a horse and a dog. Better than average of its type. (September.)

WHITE THUNDER—F. B. O.—A total loss and no insurance. (August.)

WILD BULL'S LAIR, THE—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson and Silver King in the sort of Western melodrama that delights the children. (October.)

WILD HORSE MESA—Paramount.—A dashing melodrama, with fine scenery and an active plot. Well acted by Billie Dove, Jack Holt and Noah Berry. (October.)

WILD, WILD SUSAN—Paramount.—A sprightly and amusing comedy with Bebe Daniels and Rod La Rocque. (October.)

WILD-FIRE—Vitagraph.—Old-fashioned and badly presented race-track melodrama. With Aileen Pringle. (July.)

WINDS OF CHANCE—First National.—Plenty of thrills, plenty of story action and a large cast of popular players make this Alaskan melodrama worth your attention. (October.)

WINGS OF YOUTH—Fox.—A modern mother reforms her dapper daughters. Good acting by Ethel Clayton. (July.)

WIZARD OF OZ, THE—Chadwick Pictures.—Larraine in a lively version of the popular classic. Great for the children. (June.)

WOMAN'S FAITH, A.—Universal.—A dull and tiresome story that cannot be redeemed by the acting of Percy Marmont and Alma Rubens. (October.)

WOMAN HATER, THE—Warner Brothers.—Clive Brook and Helene Chadwick are the leading players in a story of fairly stormy love. (September.)

ZANDER THE GREAT—Metro-Goldwyn.—An amusing picture, in spite of too much hokum. Marion Davies at her best and merriest. (July.)



Give yourself the mastery of writing and a whole new world opens

PERHAPS it is only a red floating balloon . . . or the plock-plock of shoes down a wooden walk. Yet if you imagine that balloon dancing into the open window of a room where sleeps a man who believes in signs . . . or if you make those plodding shoes suddenly stop, then quicken, then leap into the panic of flight—you begin to sense some of the flame of creation every real writer thrills to when he writes.

To set for instance, a figure on a destined trail and follow, in and out; to bend an oak of character under a storm you control; to put pitceus meaning into a filmy handkerchief crushed in the muddy print of a man's heel; to summon a moment so holy and white and still that the least whisper of leaf is like a stain—these are the immediate joys that can lay a hush, an intensity of suspense on the minds of others. You live for the time in a miniature world that when you write and when your readers read—and when your audience sees what you see, on the screen—is almost more important than actual existence.

The Palmer Institute of Authorship can help you express such moods and ideas so that others can see the same things mentally—or in actual living form on the screen. The method is not hard, under Palmer training. You learn at your own leisure, where you are. Splendid authors, editors and photodramatists bring to you work the full wealth of their own experience.

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Look for the names of Winners of the Cut Picture Puzzle Contest in the January issue of PHOTOPLAY—out December 10th

COMMUNITY PLATE



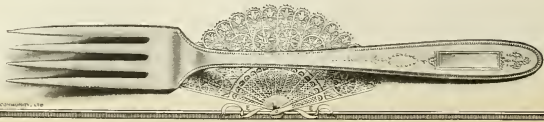
*A Few
Distinguished
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PRINCESS MARGRETHE
OF DENMARK
DUCHESS OF BULFAND
MRS O.H. BELMONT
BARONESS HUARD
Etc.

✦
*One senses
a breath from
the windmills of
Holland, blown
Paris-ward in
the lovely head-
piece of this
wedding gown
imported by
Tappé*
✦

Posed by Miss Marilyn Miller

A BRIDE'S wedding gown is seen but once. Equally significant with brocade satin and pearl-sewn lace is the choice of that other new possession—her wedding silver. For it, her heart desires all the grace, the beauty and the fineness which is the spirit of her new life. This rare beauty stands forth in COMMUNITY PLATE.





Melbourne Spurr

*New
Pictures*

PHOTOPLAY thinks that this is Lois Wilson's most charming picture, because it catches the frankness and simplicity of Lois herself. Lois has come back from Ireland where she played opposite Thomas Meighan in "Irish Luck"—an ideal title for a Meighan film



Russell Ball

BY popular request—Mr. Lloyd Hughes. He's the answer to the demand for younger leading men. A most unassuming and likable actor, Hughes has as many sincere admirers as our more spectacular cavaliers. You will see him soon in "The Scarlet Saint"



Dean Gerald

AN excellent reason for seeing Leon Errol's picture, "Clothes Make the Pirate"—Dorothy Gish is in it. Dorothy knows as much about acting as anyone on the screen. If she wanted to, she could start a School of Acting and make a fortune for herself



Eugene Robert Richee

BECAUSE the public wants fewer flappers, fewer dolls and more real girls, Mary Brian is one of the busiest actresses on the screen. Hers has been a sane and deserved success. You'll see her with Raymond Griffith in "He's a Prince"



James N. Doolittle

WHEN in doubt, call in Lewis Stone. That's the motto of directors. Mr. Stone is such a plausible actor that he could play "St. Elmo" and make you believe that Bernard Shaw wrote it. His next film is "Spanish Sunlight," with Barbara La Marr



Walter Fredrick Seely

ELEANOR BOARDMAN must have "It," because Madame Glyn selected her for the leading role in "Four Flaming Days." And yet Eleanor is such a quiet girl and she has such a subdued and reticent manner! Who next, Madame Glyn, who next? Lillian Gish, perhaps?



Ruth Harriet Louise

WE must give credit to Samuel Goldwyn for making the greatest discovery of the year—
Vilma Banky of Budapest. In "The Dark Angel," Miss Banky establishes herself as an
actress of the first rank. We predict that she'll be one of our foremost feminine stars

AFTER



*cleanse your finer things
this safe way...for longer service*



PERHAPS in the past when your dainty things have worn out long before they had even begun to give the service you had a right to expect of them, you have blamed it upon their material or the washing or the soap, when all the time the trouble lay with the acid action of perspiration.

Many women have now discovered the dangers of leaving delicate garments with even a hint of moisture in them. They use a simple means to prevent risk.

They tub their silks and woolsens in Ivory suds as soon as possible after they are worn. They NEVER put them aside and leave them soiled, either in a closet or hamper.

This quick Ivory tubbing is very simple. To make Ivory suds you may use either the cakes or the flakes. Ivory Flakes is quicker because it dissolves instantly and you have suds in a second.

Of course, with any soap less pure and safe than Ivory, you might have to think twice before risking your delicate silks and woolsens in such frequent tubbings. But Ivory has been used for forty-six years, to cleanse and protect the complexions of millions of women, so the thought of risk with Ivory need never enter your mind if the fabric will stand the touch of pure water.

Have you ever considered this?

A great many women do their entire family washing with Ivory Soap—for their hands' sake as well as for the sake of their clothes. Why not try Ivory yourself for this purpose? You will be delighted with the results.

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-six years women have protected lovely complexions by the use of Ivory Soap.

Ivory Flakes for a very special need

IF you have a particularly precious garment that will stand the touch of pure water, let us send you a sample of Ivory Flakes to wash it with. With the sample will come also a beautifully illustrated booklet, *The Care of Lovely Garments*, which is a veritable encyclopedia of laundering information. Address a postcard or letter to Section 45-KF, Dept. of Home Economics, Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Procter & Gamble



PHOTOPLAY

November, 1925

Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

YOUR pardon, ladies and gentlemen, if I take my text for today from the business offices rather than the studios.

The romance of the motion picture is not confined to the screen or the players. Nor is it all recorded in the newspapers which seem to howl with glee when they get a chance to run a picture of an actress on the front page with the stereotyped headline, "Another Picture Romance Blighted."

Take the case of Sam Katz, for instance. Sam is thirty-two, a millionaire, and the head of a Chicago company that controls one thousand theaters. He started playing the piano in one of the first nickel movies of Chicago.

THERE has been a lot of talk of monopoly of the picture business by Paramount. The Federal Trade Commission is investigating charges that Adolph Zukor's company has a sinister design to gobble the industry.

If by gobble they mean he is trying to do more business than his competitors, they're dead right. Mr. Zukor has been trying to form a monopoly—a monopoly of brains—and he has done it to the extent that his company has, for a decade, held, and still holds, the leadership. And what's more, anyone who says this is not a highly competitive business does not know how they have to fight to hold it, from year to year.

PARAMOUNT was strongly entrenched in New York. It dominated Broadway with its splendidly conducted picture palaces. It started to do that years ago. But in Chicago it was different. Sam Katz and his partners, the Balaban boys, had Mr. Zukor's organization licked to a standstill. Paramount couldn't get anywhere. Balaban and Katz bought theater sites in strategic locations all over the city. They builded magnificent houses. But that was only the beginning. For they made the name Balaban and Katz a synonym for a delightful afternoon or evening, and their houses are marvels of courtesy, comfort, music and presentation.

They did not always have the best pictures of the week. Sometimes a competitor had them. But folks went there just the same. They were never disappointed. They were never bored. They got their money's worth, week in and week out. After all, isn't that all we who pay our 25 or 75 cents can expect? When we do not get it we quit going to the movies.

SO what does Mr. Zukor do? He proposes to Mr. Katz and his partners a co-operative plan. And induces Mr. Katz to come into his organization to spread the spirit he put into his Chicago houses into Paramount houses all over the country. He wanted that

theater personality and showmanship that had won Chicago and the only way to do that was to get Mr. Katz. I do not think he would do that if he had no competitors. It would be a useless expenditure.

I CANNOT, in this space, record the arguments, pro and con, that are waging regarding the evils or blessings of theater ownership by producing interests, but remember that Henry Ford is a monopolist if there ever was one. He has driven scores of makers of light cars into bankruptcy. But when he gives you the mostest ride for the leastest money, who of us is to complain?

THERE can never be a monopoly in motion picture productions because it is an art. There can never be a wholesale monopoly of motion picture theaters because they are not land and bricks and mortar—they are personality.

ROMANCE? The business is romance itself. It is a business of romantic personalities and romantic achievements.

Sam Katz began playing the piano in a little nickel-odeon for ten bucks per. Things just happen to him, he says, but he was always there when it happened.

ADOLPH ZUKOR went into the picture business to protect a \$3,000 investment. And how he protected it!

Griffith did not want to be a director. He wanted to be an actor. So did Cecil B. De Mille. They are great figures today because they were rotten actors.

Richard Rowland, the dominant figure of First National, used to sell oxygen tanks in Pittsburgh. He was forced into the ownership of a small theater.

Marcus Loew, head of Metro-Goldwyn, was a poor boy on the East Side of New York.

CARL LAEMMLE, an immigrant, builded from one little theater the great Universal Company. Joe Schenck, head of the United Artists, started without a nickel. William Fox started with the same tremendous fortune. The Warner boys are fighting their way to the forefront with the same spirit and the same financial foundation. The late Tom Ince started as a mediocre actor and died one of the richest men in the business. Jesse Lasky's only fortune was his ability to play the cornet.

Watterson Rothacker, still in his thirties, and considered as handsome as any actor on the screen, head of the great film laboratories that bear his name, had one tiny office in Chicago when the above-mentioned Sam was starting his first theater on nothing down. And, incidentally, when PHOTOPLAY was just emerging from the cocoon stage of a picture theater program.

What IS That Lure

of

Peggy Joyce?

The clinging vine is still triumphant—even in an age of wild flowers. Peggy has that thin, frail, blonde breakableness of Lillian Gish

All men are curious about it—and all women can here learn the secret of Peggy's world-famous charm



By Ivan St. Johns

WE were sitting in my office, our feet on the desk and our cigarettes and pipes going, having a regular talk-fest, when the wire from the boss came for me to go over and have a look at the very latest screen importation, Peggy Hopkins Joyce.

There were five of us—a playwright, who has been everything from a jockey to a famous polo player, the best press agent in Hollywood, whose authentic record as a heart smasher gives him clear title to "the Hollywood Sheik," Tully, writer of such raw meat tales as only strong men can stomach, Herbert Howe, whom of course you know as well as I do, and myself. We do not esteem ourselves to know anything about women, but we have been about a bit and are willing students, nevertheless.

In one voice they yelled, "Go this minute and come back and tell us all about her."

"Don't howl like that," I said, peevishly. "I'm a happily married man. Why doesn't Jim Quirk get one of you bachelors to interview Peggy? Does he want to wreck my home?"

"I've got the doggonest curiosity about that woman," said the playwright. "I guess there's no question that she stands unrivalled as the Circle of this age?"

There was evidently no question. "From one end of this country to the other," said the press



She's drooping and wistful. It is easy to see why any man would say, "Here, darling, have a pearl necklace and don't look so sad"

"Peggy Hopkins Joyce, so-called enchantress, comes nearer to being just an old-fashioned girl than anything I've seen around Hollywood in a long time. The way that girl can listen is an inspiration!"

"And above all, she is so feminine! She not only understands all the daintiness which allures a man more than anything in the world, but she understands that strange art of being a woman. She breathes femininity."



agent, who knows about these things, "when you say Peggy Hopkins Joyce it means all that was ever written about charmers of men. Yet she's a darn long way from beautiful. How does she do it?"

Before we got through, it stacked up something like this—Peggy Hopkins Joyce is a slim blonde, with nice blue eyes and about the last woman in the world you'd pick for a vampire.

Henri Letellier, millionaire sportsman and one of the greatest connoisseurs of beauty and feminine charm in all France, declares she is the most attractive woman in the world and wants badly to be her ninth husband.

France had its Dubarry, Egypt its Cleopatra and America its Peggy Hopkins Joyce, or words to that effect.

I remember one night at the fights in Hollywood when Peggy came in with Charlie Chaplin, all done up in a chinchilla cloak—Peggy, not Charlie. As far as the women in the audience were concerned not a blow was struck in the ring that night. They were all squirming to look at the famous Peggy and see how, why, and wherefore she managed to put the spell upon the male portion of the universe. They consistently agreed that they simply couldn't understand it.

I went and got a shave and a haircut and proceeded over to Mickey Neilan's studio,



Muffled in fur and mystery, she is the antithesis of the flapper

where Madame la Contesse—her title is quite as authentic as any other in the film colony, by the way, though she doesn't use it—was busily engaged on her first picture, "The Skyrocket."

I spent the afternoon with her, took her out to tea, drove her home and went back—to find the gang still waiting in the office.

"Well?" they said, ominously.

And this is what I had to tell them.

The much-discussed secret of Peggy's charm is so old that it's new to most of our wise young flappers of today. It's what Lilith taught her granddaughter in the garden of Eden and Helen of Troy used to tie up a couple of nations for some ten years.

Peggy Hopkins Joyce, so-called enchantress, comes nearer to being just an old-fashioned girl than anything I've seen around Hollywood in a long time.

The way that girl can listen is an inspiration. I went away fancying [CONTINUED ON PAGE 112]



Haircuts to Fame



They are often short
cuts to success

Cherubic Betty Bronson—girlish and curlish child—was Barrie's selection for the screen *Peter Pan*. Some agreed with him; others thought she looked too much like a girl. And then Betty went to the barber—

—and she emerged as a curly-headed boy—everybody's ideal of what *Peter Pan* should be. The haircut cost Betty only seventy-five cents—and her long curls—but look at the effect it had on her career!



"Dear Little Bessie Love," we used to say, "such a sweet girl!" Her long, light brown hair framed a quaint and demure face

Pauline Starke might have remained undiscovered, if it had not been for her bob. She used to be a specialist in grief. But in laying away her tresses, she laid away her screen woes. Pauline is now a rumpus-raising actress. She has, moreover, achieved IT



But with her hair shorn, Bessie showed a new phase of her talent as the hard-boiled girl in "Those Who Dance".

IT was Pauline Starke who gave us the idea. Pauline and Jim, the Individual Barber. Pauline wasn't there, of course, but her picture was. It looked at us from the wall as much as to say: "Well, now that it's done, how do you like it?"

"Pauline ain't what she uster be—is she?" we questioned. "Gone are the days of pensive placidity. She's a regular firebrand of emotion. And I believe it's all because of her haircut. That devastating bob has had a similar effect on her screen personality."

And Jim, the film folks' *friseur*, beamed in pride. You see, he did it with his little shears!

Long hair is lovely, and it is "woman's crowning glory," so we have been taught to believe. But often it hampers the way of success. Many a great career has remained undeveloped

By Dorothy Spensley

because of hair. Take yourself, for instance. Arrange your hair in a soft fluffy mass about your face and instinctively the manners of a demure and fastidious miss are assumed.

Comb it straight back, plastering it to your head, with a low and rakish knot at the nape of the neck, and you feel like repairing to the leopard skin rug in the living room with rose in mouth.

Clothes have the same effect. You can be gay and fascinating under the intoxicating feeling of knowing you are at your best.

The dress of your hair and the cut of your frock bolsters up that thing innate in every human—vanity!

And our actresses are equally as human. An unusual and individual haircut often does wonders with their screen interpretations. Just look about you and see if you don't agree that haircuts are often short cuts to fame!



Anna Q. Nilsson, stately interpreter of dignified roles, was regarded as the last word in distinguished ladyhood with her lengthy golden locks. Along came "Ponjola"—off came Anna Q.'s tresses—and with shorn head and mannish attire, she showed her admirers that Anna Q. without feminine frills was as great an actress—if not greater—than with the long blonde mane. Another haircut to fame!



"Gloria, the Clotheshorse," they called her. And, hearing this, the producers bought more gorgeous gowns to clothe her shapely body. But Gloria bided her time. Along came "Manhandled"—the story of a little New York shopgirl. "Bring the bobber," said Gloria, "and I'll show you how my hair is to be cut." The famous Gloria bob was the result. And Gloria showed them how she could act when unhampered by fripperies



Little Colleen Moore struggled on for years and years with long hair and was submerged in mediocre roles, until one bright day she was cast as the flippant flapper in "Flaming Youth." "But who ever saw a flapping miss with long hair?" protested the producers. And "snip, snip" went the shears. There emerged a new Colleen with wicked bangs and sprightly ways. The quintessence of flapperhood—abetted by the haircut!



Almost Changed the City's

Go down into that little northern tip of the state of West Virginia, along the upper reaches of the Ohio River, and ask any man, woman or child you meet who, in his or her opinion, is the greatest actress and the most charming woman of the screen.

Go on board the Ohio River show boat, the "Water Queen," and ask the hard-boiled members of the stock company who, in their opinion, is the most regular, the greatest trouper of all the screen stars, and you will get the same answer.

Go into the little city of New Martinsville, West Virginia, and ask anyone, from Mayor Frank Wells Clark down, for which one of all the noted visitors the city has ever had the people entertain the greatest affection, and again the reply will be the same.

Gloria Swanson.

For if ever a woman won the respect, the admiration, the affection of any section of this country, Gloria Swanson did while she was on location at New Martinsville, making scenes for her coming Paramount picture, "Stage Struck." The city welcomed her with flowers, with a band, with speeches. They watched her for eleven days. And they saw her leave with deepest regrets, with heartfelt invitations to return.

The story of "Stage Struck" is of a little, bedraggled waitress in a cheap restaurant in an Ohio river town. She is in love with the boy who fries the wheat cakes, but he is wild about actresses. Therefore, she determines to be an actress. She takes a course from a correspondence school and makes her debut on the show boat. That much of the story was photographed at New Martinsville.

When Arthur Cozine, location manager for the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, and Art Director Van Polglase, set out to

That is about the only tribute the city of Martinsville, W. Va., didn't pay Gloria



The old river theater boat "Water Queen," on which Miss Swanson had some of the great-



When an entire city turned into a picnic. "Gloria's Picnic," they called it, and the city's business was suspended by proclamation of the mayor

find the desired location, they combed the Ohio River valley for two hundred miles or more before they settled on New Martinsville. Then they found the "Water Queen," and she was pushed nearly two hundred miles up the river and moored to the bank in front of the River-view Hotel.

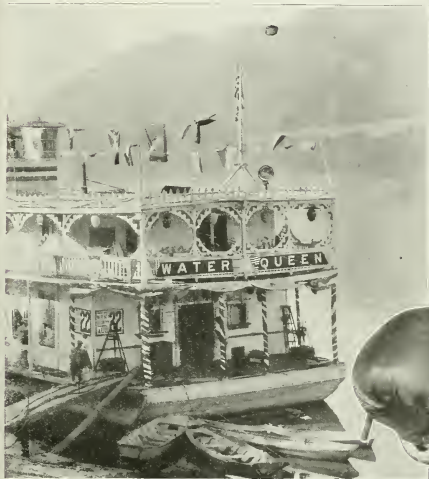
When all was ready, Miss Swanson, with Director Allan Dwan, Lawrence Gray, Gertrude Astor, Ford Sterling and a company of about one hundred minor players, extras and technical staff, journeyed down to West Virginia. They found that the beauties of the place had not been exaggerated. The great river winds in wide curves between chains of hills, forming a scenic background that could not have been surpassed.

When the company reached New Martinsville, a city of four thousand five hundred people, it found practically the entire population at the station. So dense was the crowd that it was necessary to rope off the platform. The New Martinsville Silver Cornet Band was on hand, and a score of automobile owners had donated the use of their cars to drive the visitors

Name to Swanson, W. Va.

A mighty interesting story of an exciting location trip. Read it all

By
Renita Ashley



Swanson made part of "Stage Struck" est thrills of her young life

to their hotels or boarding places. The hotels could not accommodate all, so private houses were thrown open and all were easily housed. "Welcome" banners decorated the streets and stores.

For the use of Miss Swanson, the residence of Captain Noll, on the river bank, opposite the Riverview Hotel, had been secured. There she was escorted by the mayor and the band, and she took possession with her husband, the Marquis de la Falaise; Rene Hubert, her costume designer; her secretary, Miss Nolan, and her maid. And there began the first mystery of the trip.

Miss Swanson found a complete staff of servants. A French chef, Charles, and an English butler, William, had been engaged from the fashionable Fort Henry Club of Wheeling, forty miles away. Also there were three maids—the mystery. There was something strange about those maids. The two dining-room maids, both pretty, wore black dresses and snappy caps and aprons, quite correct but obviously home-made. The upstairs maid was a howling beauty. While the butler served the meals, the two maids stood, open-mouthed, in the room, watching every move of the star and her guests. They seemed omnipresent, these maids. They appeared in the living room, on the porch, in the bedrooms, in the library. Miss Swanson was puzzled. Then she asked Frank Pope, the publicity man with the company, to investigate.

He discovered that when George Phillips, manager of the Fort Henry Club, was asked to supply servants for the house, he was besieged by society girls [CONTINUED ON PAGE 127]



Gloria Swanson—believe it or not. Playing a stage-struck kitchen girl, she was put on as "The Masked Marvel" in the chorus girls' boxing bout

The Evolution of Bebe

By
Dorothy
Spensley



ONE of the Comstock clan is going to have to remove the hand-worked motto that hangs over the organ in the front parlor.

The motto that reads, "A whistling girl and a crowing hen always come to some bad end."

Because they don't. The girl usually marries a millionaire or goes on the stage.

This girl went on the screen.

We are thinking of Bebe Daniels. She didn't necessarily whistle . . . although her mouth was usually pursed as if to emit a shrill blast. In reality it was a provocative pout Bebe possessed naturally, and she discovered that by making it more provocative it abetted the appeal of her lustrous eyes.

Three years ago, Hollywood summed up Bebe Daniels as "just a bundle of tricks." It had known her as its hoyden and its baby vamp. Then Bebe went to New York and the city was her crucible. It burned away the tricks and Bebe returned, more subdued but infinitely more interesting. And the non-movie residents who know her distinguished family murmur, "Blood will tell"

A bundle of tricks — that's what Bebe was until she went to New York three years ago and found that the cute little tricks that made pastoral Hollywood shake its head did not even make sagacious old New York blink an eye.

So with a shrug of a shoulder that had shimmied in every worthwhile dancing contest in Greater Los Angeles, she discarded the tricks and with an ardor characteristic of her

combination of Spanish, Scotch and French bloods she set out to garner laurels.

This thing of changing personality didn't come readily. She couldn't step into the next room and shed her hoydenish habits as you would change from street frock into dancing gown. It



At the left: Bebe in her first incarnation — the tomboy of Harold Lloyd's earliest comedies. And, too, she was Harold's dancing partner in the days when Bebe, Harold and the movies were very young



At the right: Bebe in her second cycle—the days of De Mille, the tiger skins and the lure—a wicked wild woman with the heart of a child—a siren who didn't know what it was all about

was a long process of absorption. It was daily experience. It was mental constructiveness.

It was Evolution.

Bebe's life has had three distinct cycles. And each one has been influenced to a great extent by a man. Who the man is in the present cycle is unrevealed in this account, but if you are a consistent reader of the social and literary chatter it will not take an hour-glass to time your answer.

The first cycle covered Bebe's comedy days. She was only a child then. A thirteen-year-old baby . . . with pudgy little figure and a mop of curling black hair. Great brown eyes that sparkled with the joy of living.

Circumstance—that Simon Legree of life—forced her to add pennies to the family coffer.

Garbing her plump little figure in one of her aunt's dresses—

a bit unsightly about the hips, where she had made a vain attempt to shorten the skirt by taking a tuck in the girdle—and with her head a billowing mass of carefully-made puffs, Bebe trotted over to the reconstructed house that Harold Lloyd, then a promising young comedian, called his studio.

With the dignity of a duchess—and a gnawing fear that the big safety pin at the waist might come unfastened—she made application to be Harold's leading lady.

"We wanted a blonde," demurred Harold's manager.

"I could wear a blonde wig," insisted Bebe.

"We'll give you a chance the way you are and see what the New York office says," consented Harold's say-so.

And chubby Bebe must have lost a pound and a half until the fateful wire from New York put an unqualified okay on Lloyd's new leading lady.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 107]

"THE ILLUSION STOCKING"

THE purpose of "The Illusion Stocking" is to make the ankles look like what they "ain't." At the left, Lilyan Tashman demonstrates the vertical striped stocking which will reduce the fat ankle. Reading horizontally, as the cross word puzzles say, you have the correct stripe for the thin girl. Which stripe fits your type?



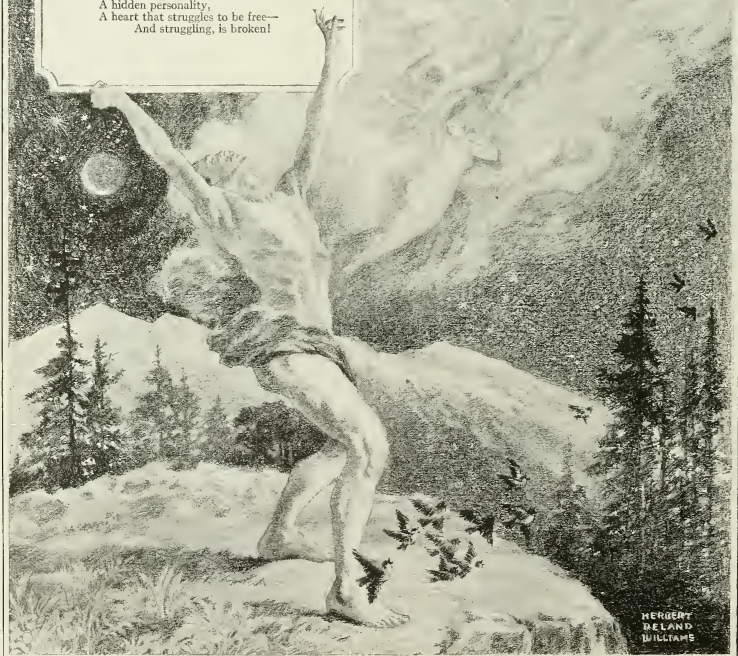
STAR SHINE

Margaret E. Sangster

THE murmur of a stranger tongue
The songs that always will be sung,
Pale moonrise when the world was young,
And Babylon, and Tyre—
The breeze in far off forest spots,
The color of forget-me-nots,
A crew of pirates, drawing lots,
And setting ships a-fire!

THE sunlight on a girl's soft hair,
A hunted creature, in a snare,
Mad youth—that does not pause, or care,
For laws that have been shattered,
A thousand voices in the night,
A silhouette on vivid white,
A snow-capped mountain's frigid height—
And rose leaves softly scattered.

THE glamour of a far off thing,
The sparkle of a blue bird's wing,
The majesty that shrouds a king,
And love's forgotten token—
A face for all the world to see,
A hidden personality,
A heart that struggles to be free—
And struggling, is broken!



HERBERT
DELAND
WILLIAMS

A Hollywood Cinderella

Illustrated by
Harley
Ennis
Stivers

A Tale of the Studios



"Here's something for your trouble," and she presented the astonished Lucy with a half dollar

LUCY BRILL was fond of saying that she was the only girl in Hollywood who had no ambition to get into the movies. This favorite boast she reiterated to Clarissa Corday the time that childhood acquaintance turned up so unexpectedly at Lucy's boarding house on Wilcox Avenue.

The declaration both amazed and horrified Clarissa, who had just altered her name from Clara Crowley in anticipation of a motion picture career. In fact, it was hard for Clarissa to understand how any reasonably good-looking young woman—particularly one of proved acting talent—could have stayed in Hollywood for upwards of a year without launching into marked cinematographic activity.

However, this was exactly what Lucy Brill had done. She had come West with her father and had been content to occupy her time for some months with keeping house for him.

"Father tried hard to break into pictures," Lucy explained candidly. "He knew ever so many actors and directors and magnates, many of them pals of his in dozens of plays and in the old days at the Club in New York. But none of them ever helped him beyond a few words of perfunctory advice. You've only just come to Hollywood, Clara—er—Clarissa, and you don't know yet the place is composed of two distinct parties, the Ins and the Outs. And the Ins all act as if they were afraid

By *Charlton Andrews*
Author of "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"

the Outs were going to displace them or at least borrow money from them. Father found it out soon enough, and so will you, I fear."

"I don't think so," replied Miss Corday with complete assurance. "You see, I have influence. I'll get in."

Clarissa's influence consisted of a marked personal interest in her very charming young self which had of late been evinced by Mr. Morley Joselyn. He was first vice-president of the Atlantic and Pacific Bank of Los Angeles. He had met Clarissa in New York, where she had been attending a school of acting. Finding her blue-eyed, yellow-haired type of childish beauty greatly to his taste he had urged her to follow him to California, explaining that as virtual receiver for the Allenby Studio, Incorporated, he could give her every opportunity to act before the camera.

Mr. Jocelyn was nearly old enough to be Clarissa's grandfather. He had a wife from whom he was separated and several grown children. He offered no suggestion that he would care to have Clarissa meet any of his family, though he did introduce to her on the occasions of several late dinner parties some of his New York cronies, like himself elderly men of finance.

Miss Corday had scarcely confided all this to Lucy Brill when she began to regret it. Not that Lucy said anything that could be resented, but there was a marked lack of enthusiasm on her

The Story of Two Girls Who Walked Separate



Often Lucy saw her strolling about the lot and inspecting

part over the manner in which Clarissa had obtained her motion picture influence. Lucy expressed no envy either by word or glance. Instead, she wished Clarissa the best of luck and reverted to her own determination not to act for the screen.

Clarissa could see that Lucy's circumstances were not of the best. Her clothing was neat but worn and out-moded. She made little effort to enhance her natural good looks. Indeed, her simple coiffure and almost total lack of cosmetics appeared a premeditated bid for an impression of plainness.

"I supposed I would find you acting all over the place," said Clarissa dryly. "You had almost a year of it on the stage with your father, didn't you?"

"But that means nothing out here," Lucy persisted. "Unless you've been a great star—and often even then—you've got to start all over again. Besides, I don't care much for pictures.

I always agreed with Father when he said they were on a level with the dime novels and the ten-twenty-thirty melodrama of his youth. And they'll never amount to much more until they get out of the hands of the ex-cloak-and-suit men who virtually control them."

"Humph!" snorted Clarissa, a bit indignant. "Why did your father come here, then?"

"Because," Lucy admitted frankly, "like most others who come here—including yourself—he needed the money."

"He—he left you provided for?"

"His insurance paid for his burial—out here. That was practically all. You know he had had so much expense during Mother's last illness."

"I'm awfully sorry," said Clarissa with an appearance of sincerity. "I'm none too well fixed—yet—myself, you know.

Paths on Their Journey to Screen Success



the new sets in company with a tall, boyish looking fellow

But if I can be of any help to you—"

"Thank you, my dear. I'm working hard and making my living. I'm a stenographer, you know, in Tony Brawne's studio. I got there quite by accident. I had planned to go into a bank."

Miss Corday expressed further surprise that Lucy should be content with such labor and presently departed, promising to see her again and often. They had not been exactly intimate back in the old Omaha high school days but at least they had been friends. And Clarissa always believed in cherishing the old ties. And so forth.

Lucy Brill, much as she expected—after her disillusioning year in Hollywood—saw nothing more of Clarissa for weeks, if we except an occasional glimpse of her flashing by in a limousine alongside of a portly, grayhaired, arrogant-looking man.

It was not long, however, before Lucy began to read about Clarissa and to see her portraits in the newspapers and even to hear gossip about her at the Brawne Studio. Clarissa had been in Hollywood scarcely two months when she had been picked by a publicity organization as one of its "baby stars" and began to be much heralded as such. She had been finding employment right and left, always of course in minor rôles. Even with Morley Jocelyn behind her, Clarissa had to serve some sort of apprenticeship.

Ultimately there came one of those Saturday evenings when a program of one-act plays was to be presented at the Scribblers' Club on Sunset Boulevard. David Wallick, old-time character man, who had been the nearest approach to a friend that Lucy's father had dug up after his arrival in Hollywood—who, indeed, had been with Helton Brill that last [CONTINUED ON PAGE 132]

Some Freak Insurance



See those tight braids that adorn Louise Fazenda's head? There is a clause in Louise's \$100,000 insurance policy protecting them from accident, violence or the bobbed hair craze. Louise wants to bob her hair, but she can't. The braids can't be faked—just try it and see!—and they've netted Louise a neat fortune in stocks, bonds and valuable real estate



If the scales should show a decrease of 45 pounds in Walter Hiers' weight, he could collect \$25,000 from an insurance company. But he'd also lose his job. His fat is his fortune. A proviso in the policy states that Walter must not exercise or diet to get thin



If a bee were to light on Edmund Lowe's nose, two insurance companies would tremble anxiously. For Edmund's face has been insured for \$35,000, and the greater part of that amount goes to protect his nose

We've heard of a price on a head but never a price on a neck. But if Kathleen Key's lovely throat is injured permanently, she receives \$25,000. And that's what's called saving your neck



How pretty is Blanche Sweet? An insurance company places the value of her face at \$150,000. Is it worth it? We believe a popular vote would say it is. To insure herself against disfigurement, she took out the unusual policy

Policies

Legs—Eyes—Faces—Weight
What will the movies insure next?



No dangerous curves for Alberta Vaughn. If she gains 20 pounds by June 1, 1927, she gets \$25,000. If she gains only 19 pounds and 15 ounces, not one cent for Alberta! She'd rather stay thin

Cecile Evans was the first girl to have her legs insured. Miss Evans had her legs valued at \$100,000 because she was unknown. She believed her only value in picture work was in "doubling" her legs for those of the stars and as a Sennett beauty. But once it was known that her legs were insured, the little extra girl became so famous that now she is playing leads in pictures and in musical comedy



Dorothy Devore must make her eyes behave. To guard them against Klieg lights, fire or injury a California company carries \$50,000. If you'll look at them you'll see that they're worth it



The most valuable person in the movies — to the insurance companies. Ramon Novarro is insured for \$3,000,000. To protect the money invested in "Ben Hur" Novarro's policies add up to \$3,000,000

Before an accident knocked Ben Turpin's eyes at right angles, his weekly insult was \$30. With his straying eyes, he receives \$3,000. If they go back to normalcy, Ben can collect \$100,000. Not so bad either way he looks at it

STUDIO NEWS & GOSSIP



A prominent citizen of Sullivan, Ind., succumbs to Hollywood. Will Hays takes lesson in the Charleston with Mae Murray and Howard Chandler Christy to show him the steps. Now you can see what happens when a man gets mixed up in that thar movie business!

IT is with mingled feelings that we record the fact that Rupert Hughes will direct no more pictures. Hereafter, Rupert will earn his daily bread by writing the stories and selling 'em to other directors. Rupert made some good pictures but he never became a really first-class director. He was a novelist first and a director afterwards.

But he gave the moving picture people something to think about. He did a lot to help young and inexperienced players. He was one of Colleen Moore's most strenuous fosters. And a studio was never dead when Rupert was around. He knew what he wanted, and right or wrong, he got it. Moreover, he was often right.

And his home, too, was a place to go in Hollywood where you got good dinners and better conversation. Rupert entertained many celebrities and quite a few oddities. But he seldom harbored bores.

DID you ever hear about the time that Will Hays had dinner with Norma Talmadge and Joe Schenck? Norma was very proud of her guest and anxious to have the dinner go off smoothly and pleasantly. She invited Buster Keaton, Natalie, Constance and her mother Mrs. Peg

havior. All went well until the salad course. The salad was luxurious with a rich, oil dressing. As the butler deposited the plate in front of Hays, the plate, without a bit of warning, split in two and the salad landed on Hays' lap.

Not a word was spoken. Will Hays shot a terrible look at Buster Keaton. The whole episode savored suspiciously of one of Buster's "gags." Buster, although innocent, flushed a guilty scarlet.

Finally, Mrs. Talmadge broke the silence. "One of our best plates!" she moaned.

"One of your best plates!" wailed General Hays. "How about my best suit?"

ANOTHER movie marriage has gone up in smoke in the divorce courts. Mrs. Milton Sills is suing Mr. Milton Sills for desertion, claiming that Milton left Los Angeles in August, 1924, for New York, and has refused to return. Milton's daughter, Dorothy, who is quite a grown girl, came East to visit her father and to bring about a reconciliation. But while children usually do it in the movies, it isn't



Eddie Kline bet Mickey Neilan that Mickey couldn't make him laugh. The stake was \$500. Two hours later Mickey appeared with his hair shaved to his skull. Eddie laughed and Mickey won the bet. John Gilbert was the fellow who took off the Neilan curls

Talmadge), and warned all members of the family to be on their good be-

always done in real life; the efforts of Dorothy were in vain.

Meanwhile, Milton has shown more than passing interest in Doris Kenyon, who has been his leading woman in several of his recent pictures. Doris says it isn't a romance; they're just good friends.

THIS is on one of our younger screen stars—very young, quite superior, and rather imbued with the idea that she has seen almost everything worth seeing.

At a charming evening party at Florence Vidor's not long ago, Mrs. Conway Tearle was present, and, as usual, the group insisted that she sing. The young star had been introduced to Mrs. Tearle, but apparently did not know that she had once been Adele Rowland, famous New York musical comedy star. As Adele yielded to the pressure of insistence, the young star looked a little bored. But even her ennui was not proof against the infectious delight of Adele's singing.

When Adele came back to her place, the young star put forward an encouraging hand, laid it on her arm and said, "My dear, you should really go on the stage. I'm quite sure you have talent. With a little study, I'm sure you could get a chance in New York."

EAST AND WEST

By Cal York



Colleen Moore told Richard Rowland, head of the First National Pictures Company, that a nice, quiet drive around Hollywood would do him a lot of good. Colleen did the driving herself and Richard Rowland promptly left for New York where there is no traffic



A luxury that no king of olden times ever knew—a permanent wave. Here is Willard Louis—the vain old thing!—getting a crimp put into his wig. Willard plays with Lowell Sherman in "The Love Toy"—so there is a combination worth looking forward to!

PROBABLY, it was just a lot of noise to begin with. And such things do happen in many quiet communities. However, when you are in the movies and have a little misunderstanding with your wife, the affair breaks on the front pages of the newspapers.

All of which is a prologue to the statement that Mrs. Mix has returned to Tom Mix, and everything is again serene in the Mix home. It seems that Mrs. Mix became annoyed or felt that she wanted a change of scenery, so with her little daughter, Thomasina, she left the Mix mansion and moved to the Ambassador Hotel. Naturally, such a step could not pass unnoticed so it was promptly rumored that the Mixes were about to separate. Truce has been declared, however and the Mixes are reconciled.

ALICE TERRY is back from France on a short visit, which will be mostly devoted to settling several small business matters for her husband, Rex Ingram. Alice left Rex in France. He couldn't return because he is busy cutting "Mare Nostrum" and, besides, he has small liking for business dickering. "Mare Nostrum" was filmed at Nice, and, from what Alice says, it ought to be Rex's greatest picture. He has upset some movie traditions and introduced some unusual and artistic technical effects.

"Mare Nostrum" may be shown in London before it is presented in this country, which will be some time in January. Neither Rex nor Alice will be present at the presentation here as they plan to start their next production, "The World's Illusion," before the first of the year.

AS usual, Alice is her serene and lovely self. She had a delightful life in Nice, and she likes "Mare Nostrum" better than any picture that Rex has ever made. In fact, she said rather ominously, that she was going to Hollywood to sell some of their real estate, which seems to indicate that Rex and Alice will never again be settled residents of California.

When she returned, Alice brought with her several trunks of clothes and, among other jewels, a beautiful diamond ring that Rex had given her. But she found that she wouldn't have to pay a cent of duty. You see, Rex was born in Ireland and Alice, although American born, is technically a British subject. Consequently, she was allowed to bring in all sorts of finery, duty free, on condition that she took it back with her.

AMONG other stories, Alice told the one about the actor who was great on the screen but who had never found time to learn to control the King's English. One day he was trying to describe a beautiful girl to a friend of his. "She's wonderful," he said, "the most marvelous looking girl I have ever met."

"Is she a blonde or a brunette?" asked the friend.

"Oh," answered the enthusiastic actor, "she's just mediocre!"

THE most engaged girl in pictures—we mean Patsy Ruth Miller—has gone and got her name linked up with another chap.

How does she do it? Seems like every time Patsy has a few weeks between pictures she manages to get engaged—or at least get herself reported engaged. That's a knack that a lot of girls would like to possess.

And Patsy just does it in the easiest, off-hand way.

This time the other end of the engagement rumor is Harrison Post, millionaire Los Angeles clubman.

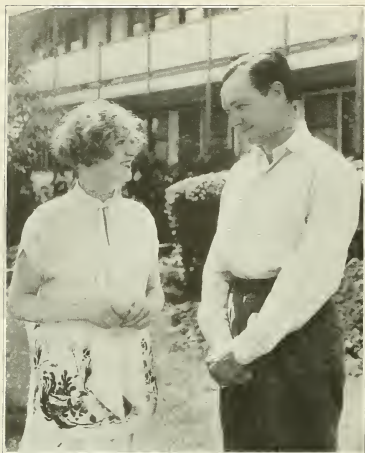
Patsy Ruth and young Post, while in San Francisco recently, engaged in one of the most thrilling of shopping sprees. If reports from the North are to be credited, the pair bought so much it took almost all the moving vans in town to cart off their staggering burden of loot.

And this sure does look mighty serious this time.

"Harrison is so charming," declares the young lady. "But there is nothing definite about our marriage. I have so much to do in pictures that I don't feel it fair to any man to marry now."

And that's quite an admission from the clever Patsy Ruth.

Fair enough, too.



Marion Davies, the newest star at the Metro-Goldwyn studio at Culver City, welcomes its first star—Charles Ray. Ray returns to the old homestead after some bitter experiences as an independent producer. You will be glad to see him in "A Little Bit of Broadway"



Rudolph Valentino as a gentleman who watches his Steppe—in other words, Rudie as a Russian. The title of his newest picture has been definitely settled; it's "The Lone Eagle." Vilma Banky, one of the loveliest blondes of them all, is Rudie's leading woman

WENT down to the Orpheum the other evening to see the ever delightful Adele Rowland (Mrs. Conway Tearle) in one of her charming song numbers and was amused to find her head-lining a bill upon which Charlie Ruggles, well-known New York actor, was appearing in a one-act play.

For, once upon a time, when Adele still shone as the brightest star in the New York musical comedy firmament, she was Mrs. Charlie Ruggles. Not making a go of it with Charlie, she divorced him, and has been married for eight years to Conway Tearle.

Saw Conway glowering in the audience, but whether it was because of Charlie's unexpected reappearance, or because Adele had entirely appropriated the spotlight for once, or just because he usually glowers, I couldn't tell. Too bad—it's really spoiling Conway's good looks—that glower.

And how anybody married to the winsome, the fascinating, the witty Adele Rowland could ever glower about anything, is beyond me.

WHEN Watterson Rothacker and Karl Kitchen were touring Europe they discovered enough new forms of graft to make a headwater jealous. In Russia, they learned that only about one passenger in every hundred pays any fare to the railroad company.

This is the way it is arranged. The passengers tip the assistant conductor and, before the head conductor comes along to collect, the assistant puts his head in the car and shouts, "Head conductor." Whereupon, the passengers get out of the way until he goes through the car.

Unfortunately, neither Mr. Rothacker nor Mr. Kitchen knew the

trick when they boarded a Russian train. So they were considerably amazed when the assistant stuck his head in the car and gave his warning shout of "Head conductor!"

And they were still more amazed when all the passengers vanished under their seats and stayed there. Finally, after a few minutes, the assistant again shouted, "Come on up, everybody, it was only a rehearsal."

WE knew that it would come sooner or later. Lois Wilson has rebelled. For years Lois has been playing the good girl in pictures and every time a nice, dull role came along it was wished on Lois. It's a tribute to her personality that she has survived and grown popular, what with the terrible line of parts that have been foisted upon her.

In Gilda Gray's first picture, "Aloma," there is a sweet goody-goody character—an English girl—who is a foil for the South Sea Island charmer. The role is just about as picturesque and important as the part of the colorless *Kate Pinkerton* in the opera "Madame Butterfly."

Anyway, Lois was selected as just the very girl for it. But did Lois clap her hands and cheer? She did not. She turned it down cold and asked Famous Players-Lasky to write her a play with a little pep. Now we shall see what we shall see.

NO one has shot up faster this year than Norma Shearer. In a very short time she has come from the extra ranks to a stardom by popular choice and acclaim.

So it pleased me at dinner the other evening to hear a man who has known her for five years, and who worked with her in New York when she was an extra girl, say that "she hasn't changed a bit."

"Why," he said, "she's just the same sweet, simple, quiet girl she always was."

She is. If there is any girl in pictures who will take care of herself, conserve her strength, keep in condition, and avoid scandal and difficulties, I think it is Norma Shearer.

THE latest rumored engagement is that of Dorothy Mackail and Johnny Harron, but Dorothy denies it and somehow we believe her. Although they are seen a lot together, it doesn't look serious—just a lot of fun.

EITHER Buster Keaton has a good press agent, a sense of humor, or both.

For the frozen-faced comedian bursts forth with a unique claim. He has just returned from location in Arizona without becoming an honorary member of any Indian tribe—and this in spite of the fact that he assures us he was surrounded on all sides by Indians.

"I realize that when a company is on location in an Indian country there are certain photographs to be taken," says Buster, who, by the way, plays a nasty game of bridge even if he doesn't swing a mean tomahawk. "The joining a tribe stunt, of course, comes first. Did you ever hear of a star getting within one hundred miles of a colony of redskins without being snapped as 'Chief-Stands-On-His-Own-Feet,' or some name like that?"

ANYONE in the habit of dining at a certain charming little French restaurant over in the hills of Altadena, which is only about an hour's drive from Hollywood, frequently of



For the first time in his screen career, Richard Barthelmess will play an Italian role. With some few exceptions, Richard has been one of our leading American boys. In "The Beautiful City," he is seen as a boy who is just learning to be an American



Zasu Ann Gally and her mother—better known to you as Zasu Pitts. You can see that Zasu's year and a half old daughter already looks like her father, Tom Gally. No wonder that her mother is sometimes in a terrible hurry to get home from the studio!

late would have had the surprise of seeing Mac Murray and her recently divorced husband, Bob Leonard, dining there, too. In fact, four or five evenings a week, you would have discovered these two, apparently enjoying each other's company to the fullest extent. It would seem that a divorce sometimes clears the domestic atmosphere.

Mae, however, is planning to return to Europe soon to work, and as yet no one knows whether the signs point to a complete reconciliation between her and Bob, or whether they are "just friends."

NORMA TALMADGE has a tan these days that would rank favorably with any field guard's. And it's exceedingly becoming. She says it embarrasses her a little when she has to don evening dress, but it shouldn't, for she has never looked lovelier.

The other evening I met her and Connie, accompanied by Buster Collier, strolling on the Venice pier. They had on sport sweaters and no hats, and they looked so exactly like a couple of beach girls that the crowd never recognized them. Connie says she likes the roller coaster best, but Norma has a fondness for the racing merry-go-round and that thing where you bump into each other.

BROADWAY would get a rare kick if it could see Hedda Hopper, once known as "their best dressed woman," dashing down Hollywood Boulevard in her Ford coupe. A flivver really isn't what you associate with "the best dressed woman," but Hollywood changes a lot of them. The studios are so far apart that taxi hire would soon drive any best dressed woman to rags. Hedda chooses to ride in her own Ford and remain a best dressed woman.

While being canvassed by a salesman, Miss Hopper innocently asked, "Do you really think I should buy a Ford?"

"Madame, I surely do. They're fool proof," was the answer.

"I'll take one," said Hedda and since then she has used many, many gallons of gasoline, proving the truth of the salesman's boast.

EDMUND LOWE and Lilyan Tashman, accompanied by an aunt of Eddie's and two of his cousins by way of chaperons, left Los Angeles early one Sunday morning, motored to San Francisco, and were married there on the following Wednesday morning. They had planned at first to have a big wedding in the beautiful home which they have been building in Beverly Hills, but decided to go to Eddie's home town for the ceremony and return for a wedding reception here.

Don't tell anybody, but I remember when Eddie played darn good football for Santa Clara and also when he made his great hit in college dramatics playing the Sir Henry Irving role in "The Bells," with a long white beard down to his knees. And Eddie has never been quite so dramatic since.

Ed has made startling progress in motion pictures since she came out here a year ago, shortly after her engagement to Eddie was announced, and has just signed a contract with Producers-Distributors. Edmund Lowe is under contract to Fox, but has been loaned to play the lead in the new Elinor Glyn picture. Mrs. Glyn has wanted him for her leading man for some time.

FOR no good reason that anyone can find out, Douglas MacLean's comedy, "Never Say Die," was hissed off the screen at the Marmor-saal Theater in Berlin. The disturbance started

when the film had just started and continued with such noise that the operator had to shut down the machine. Buster Keaton's comedy "Hospitality" was substituted.

In view of the poor standard of the average German film, MacLean may feel flattered. Perhaps his comedy was entirely too innocuous for an audience trained to continental farces. However, the demonstration wasn't aimed at American stars, for the UFA Company, the largest and most solid of all the German companies, has arranged to buy a great number of pictures from Metro-Goldwyn and First National for presentation in Germany.

Anyone who can see "Never Say Die" and find out what made the Berliners hiss is entitled to an Iron Cross.

JULIE CRUZE, the ten-year-old daughter of James Cruze and his former wife, Marguerite Snow Cruze, broadcast several of her own compositions over the Los Angeles radio the other evening. She played them herself in such masterly style that her many listeners could hardly believe that both the creative and executive work were that of a child.

Just now, Julie is studying piano, violin, and harmony, and in her class work she is working with students of eighteen and twenty, and is leading them all. The other evening up at Dorothy Davenport Reid's, she sat down and did some impromptu interpretative composition that held a large group of professional people spellbound. Someone would suggest a subject or scene—moonlight on the bay at Catalina, a field of gentians in the sunshine, a wind storm among the redwoods—and Julie would instantly play something that was not only a delight musically but that actually conveyed the thought and mood.

IS another Lillian Gish romance at an end again?

To us it certainly seems so.

Lillian, who has Dame Romance eating out

those famed lily-white hands in the films, evidently isn't so successful when it comes to everyday life.

Right of Broadway comes word that Lillian's latest affair of the heart—the romance with George Jean Nathan—has been ripped in the bud. When Mr. Nathan resigned from the editorial staff of the *American Mercury*, recently, he admitted he was going to devote all his writing talents to scenarios for Lillian, with whom he was then seen constantly.

An engagement? Mr. Nathan admitted that, too, at a party Miss Gish and he attended.

And a closeup of Lillian in a bridal veil seemed the next sequence.

But Lillian came to Hollywood to make "La Bohème" with Jack Gilbert. And now Mr. Nathan is dramatic critic for a New York newspaper.

Where are the scenarios and where is the engagement?

Apparently this is Lillian's third romance to go up in smoke—the third revolt of Dame Romance against the subjection under which fair Lillian has held her on the screen.

First reports linked Lillian's name with D. W. Griffith. Then there was the Charles Duell affair, which ended in court.

MRS. DOUGLAS MACLEAN, had a most harrowing and at the same time the most laughable experience while she was building their new home in Beverly Hills.

Faith MacLean, who is a mighty talented person herself, had planned her house with the greatest care. She kept a scrap book for months before they started to build and cut things from the various art and household magazines, and she and the architect worked long and patiently to get certain effects.

Especially was she proud of the charming, old wrought-iron fixtures in her drawing room. They had been made by a workman of renown, and looked, so Faith thought, as though they had been there a thousand years, which was just what she wanted.

One afternoon after the house was nearly completed, she went away, leaving a painter finishing up some wood-work in her bathroom.

When she returned next morning, he had carefully enameled all her lovely old fixtures.

And beaming at her, he said, "Those old fixtures looked so shabby and I had a little paint left, so I brightened 'em up for you."

Faith collapsed, and it took two weeks to remove the damage done to both the fixtures and her nervous system.

THE opening of "The Merry Widow" at the new Embassy Theater in New York was conducted something on the order of a debutante party. There was a receiving line at the door, which is unusual in a movie theater where the only member of the reception committee generally does all the receiving at the box-office. Anyway, Gloria Gould, managing directress of the theater, headed the line and welcomed her society friends, many of whom turned out to honor her professional debut on Broadway.

JUST before the opening of the Embassy, Gloria Gould gave a tea to the press in one of those charming little "back yards" that are hidden between New York's skyscrapers. Some of the reporters were surprised to discover that the little girl who was once the baby of the



William Wallace Reid has his picture taken for a very important event. He's wearing his first long trousers. The son of the never-forgotten "Wallie" is now ready to fight anyone who calls him "little boy." Note the collegiate belt

The sentimental shoe buckle is introduced by Katherine Bennett, sister of Enid. Framed by brilliants is the picture of the Only Man. She won't say who he is. What would happen if a girl wore pictures of two different men on her buckles?



great family who lived at Georgian Court is a democratic person. But, after all, why not? Gloria ought to feel at home in the movie profession. Her mother was Edith Kingston, once a popular actress, and Gloria has an inherited taste for the stage. She has also inherited some of the energy of the Goulds who built up an immense fortune only to lose it in lawsuits, unwise marriages and family squabbles.

IT is to be hoped that Metro-Goldwyn will immediately rush to a cable office and persuade Mr. George Bernard Shaw to part with the film rights to "Arms and the Man." And, at the same time, Metro-Goldwyn might hook the rights to "The Chocolate Soldier," the musical comedy version of the same story. After concluding such little formalities, the honor of playing in the first Shaw comedy to reach the screen should be handed over to Mr. John Gilbert, because he is the one and only person to do justice to it.

EVERY time we see him, Mickey Neilan is pulling a "natural" or a "niffie" or perpetrating a practical joke on some innocent bystander—like hitting a policeman over the head with an automobile, for instance—but there—enough of that—I promised Mickey I wouldn't tell that one.

Here's one I can tell, however, for Mickey's proud of this one.

Neilan had sent his location man miles away from everywhere and everything, way up into northern California. He needed snow, mountains of it, for a picture he was shooting, so he sent the location man out to find it, and mentioned a certain spot he had once worked in.

No news from the location man for several days, and then a wire:

"Worst blizzard in years. Can't get anyone to go in with me. Trails completely wiped out and thermometer dropping every second. What shall I do?"

And back flashed Mickey's answer over the wires:

"Put on your heavy underwear."

AND while we're talking of Mickey Neilan, here's another one he isn't a bit ashamed of. Mickey lives in the west wing of a very fashionable hotel, where he and his wife, Blanche Sweet, have a charming suite. Mickey is quite musical and frequently has been known, when returning home as late as two or three in the morning, to drop down on the piano stool and entertain Blanche, incidentally himself, with the latest song hits before retiring.

Mickey says he has some very narrow-minded neighbors in the hotel—or rather has had. And not infrequently have they complained about his nocturnal serenades. Then Mickey hears from the management about it later in the day.

It was quite a wait before Neilan's chance came. It was when the big trembler knocked down a part of Santa Barbara, in fact, and the quake was none too gently felt in Los Angeles.

It occurred shortly after six o'clock one morning and while the big hotel in which Mickey lives was still rocking, he had the manager of the place on the phone.

"Say," shouts Mickey, "what kind of a dump is this you run. Someone is rocking this whole hotel. Make 'em stop. I want to sleep."

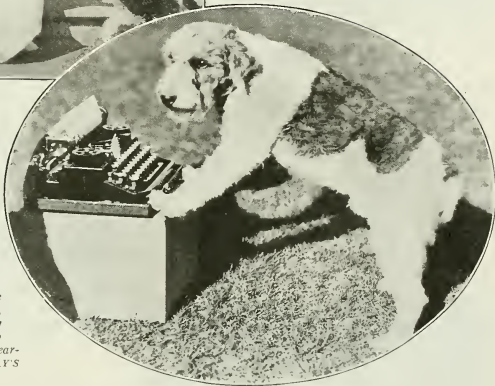
I WENT over to see Harold Lloyd the other day and was delighted to see another celebrated comedian there by chance. My favorite

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 82]



Mary Pickford promised her pet pup, "Zorro," a part in "Little Annie Rooney." But William Beaudine, her director, dismissed him with these cruel words, "You're only a society dog!" So Zorro rushed to his typewriter to tell his story

EDITOR'S NOTE: *What is wrong with the movies? All the experts from Harlem to Hollywood have had their say in columns and columns of type. To get the real "low down" on some of the conditions existing in the studios, we have gone to no less a person than Mary Pickford's dog, "Zorro." Does "pull" help you get into the movies? Read Zorro's fearless answer in his statement to PHOTOPLAY's readers.*



"Zorro" Has His Bark At Art

TO THE PUBLIC:

It is not alone wounded pride but a sense of duty that makes me break through my natural reserve and use the public prints to acquaint the world with a deplorable condition that prevails in the movies. There is a great hue and cry nowadays about the dearth of talent and the need of new faces on the screen—all the blatant braying of press-agents, I am now convinced. But for a time even I—the least credulous of dogs—was misled, and being rather bored with emptiness of social life decided that I, too, would enter pictures. I knew that Lady Diana Manners, Prince Lazereif and others of the *haute monde*—pardon my French—had taken the step without losing prestige, so I said to myself, "Why not?"

Furthermore, I knew that I had talent—and to no ordinary degree. Perhaps I was better suited to the speaking stage as my bark is musical and of a wide range, but in an amateur way I had often proved my ability as a pantomimic actor. While I am physically small—at the same time shapely—I have sometimes assumed so fierce a mien that I have frightened much larger dogs, and my friends have told me that my very appearance seemed to change. Just by staring fiercely at a St. Bernard I have known him to run away while I was secretly laughing in my whiskers.

Though I have more than my share of good looks I scorned to become a mere matinee idol but desired to play character parts—in a word, to become the Lon Chaney of the canine world.

Since my arrival in this country I have made my home with the Pickford-Fairbanks, and am, I may say, intimately

acquainted with the family. I therefore anticipated no difficulty in arranging for my debut and forthwith made known my intentions to Miss Pickford. She was, of course, delighted that she was to have the first opportunity of securing my services and immediately offered me the rôle of "Prinny Rooney" in her forthcoming film, "Little Annie Rooney."

There was, however, a condition attached. The part required the actor to have a shaggy and unkempt coat—and mine was, of course, smooth and trim. I have always made it a point to keep well-plucked and am acknowledged the best-groomed dog in Hollywood. But Miss Pickford begged me to let my hair grow for the part, predicting a great future, urging that it was in the cause of art, etc., etc., and I rather reluctantly consented. That was two months ago—and in the weeks that followed I suffered torments, not alone of body, but of mind. It was bad enough to feel hot and uncomfortable and to have to work constantly to keep fleas at bay, but to have to endure the lifted eyebrows and covert sneers of my friends—dogs who had never passed me without a friendly wag of the tail—was almost more than I could bear.

But I kept saying to myself, "It is for art—now is your chance to elevate the movies—courage, Zorro!"

At last the time for active production arrived, a director was engaged and, as a matter of form, I was brought in to meet him. My idea of a director had always been of a lordly sort of person with a megaphone and with fat calves encased in puttees; and when I saw the lean, lanky creature they had engaged I almost burst out laughing. Honestly, this [CONTINUED ON PAGE 112]



HE'S A PRINCE—Paramount

RAYMOND GRIFFITH takes his bag of tricks, ideas and gags and gives us another of his side-splitting comedies. This is Griffith's first starring picture, and it's a wow. Now that he is started, we'll wager it will not be long before he is in a class by himself, as are Chaplin and Lloyd.

Taken from the story by Reginald Morris and Joseph Mitchell, this film deals with the life of a young European prince who is tired of the usual formalities of the palace—such as laying corner stones of buildings, dedicating monuments, judging baby shows, etc. He decides to end it all by playing hooky. We won't relate any more of the story—it will take the spice out of the picture. Mary Brian is the girl that enters the prince's life and she is just as charming as ever. Edward Sutherland directed. Our advice is, take the whole family.—M. B.



HER SISTER FROM PARIS—First National

IT'S a bad, naughty story by Hans Kraly of a dull wife who twins back her indifferent husband by posing as her dashing twin sister. Not exactly new but so funny and so charmingly acted that you forgive all its waywardness. The dual rôle is wonderfully handled by Constance Talmadge. We usually object to dual rôles, but Constance is skillful enough to get away with it. And Ronald Colman distinguishes himself in a comedy part. Any fellow can be handsome, with Nature's help, but it takes brains to be amusing. George V. Arthur is great as the "keeper of the monocles and marmalade at the British Embassy."

It's all around entertainment, which you must be sure to see, but also be sure that the children stay home and do their home work.—A. S.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



THE PONY EXPRESS—Paramount

WHEN James Cruze starts shaking the dust from American history, then you have a picture that makes you sit up and take notice. For this director can resurrect our picturesque past with so much vividness and imagination that one of his films is better than a hundred orations on patriotism.

"The Pony Express" is not another "Covered Wagon"; it runs on its own legs. Henry James Forman's story is so crowded with history, so dramatic in its outlines and so rich in incident that it is more a pacemaker than a follower. It tells how California, by a slim thread of cross-country messengers, was saved for the Union. Most of the action is laid in Sacramento and at the station in Julesburg, Colo., at the time of Lincoln's election. It's a story of Indian fights, of gun duels and of deeds of daring. It is animated by the figures of the tenderfoot Mark Twain and of the young Bill Cody.

The cast is composed almost entirely of players who are well-known "picture stealers." The hits are about evenly divided with Wallace Beery and Ernest Torrence tying for first place and with George Bancroft as a close second. Then there is Ricardo Cortez who, wonder of wonders, makes the hero a really interesting person instead of just the fellow who gets the girl. Betty Compton has but few important moments, but at least the picture fades on the finest close-up Miss Compton ever had taken.

Now as long as Mr. Cruze seems to have a gift for this sort of thing, will he please tell us about Columbus and the Nina, the Pinta and the Santa Maria? If necessary for a good movie, he can have Columbus marry Queen Isabella.—A. S.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Six Best Pictures of the Month

THE PONY EXPRESS THE DARK ANGEL
HE'S A PRINCE HER SISTER FROM PARIS
THE COAST OF FOLLY THE TOWER OF LIES

The Six Best Performances of the Month

VILMA BANKY in "The Dark Angel"
WALLACE BEERY in "The Pony Express"
RAYMOND GRIFFITH in "He's a Prince"
CONSTANCE TALMADGE in "Her Sister From Paris"
GLORIA SWANSON in "The Coast of Folly"
RONALD COLMAN in "The Dark Angel"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 118



THE DARK ANGEL—First National

WE have been waiting a long time for George Fitzmaurice to give us a picture with all of the beauty and artistry for which he is famous, in the background, overshadowed by the story and submerged by a great heart throb, by a poignant note of real human warmth.

In "The Dark Angel" he has done it and in doing it has made not only the greatest picture of his career but one of the finest pictures which have ever come to the screen. As proof, the English hunting lodge is probably among the most beautiful sets he has ever achieved, yet against it are happenings of so vital appeal that you enjoy the set only subconsciously.

This story of a great love that survived war, separation, scandal, the belief of death and the fact of blindness, is presented with a delicacy, a charm and an utter realism that prove more than any picture for many moons the possibilities of the screen in this direction.

Another real service it performs is to bring to picture audiences for the first time the little Hungarian actress, Vilma Banky. She seems to us the find of the year and should crowd Norma Shearer very close for first honors among the young stars. Under Fitzmaurice's able direction, she makes the young English girl who defies convention for the man she loves and risks her own good name to protect his, exquisitely touching and very real.

The night battle scenes, of which there are just enough, are most effective. Ronald Colman's work as the hero is excellent and he has never looked more handsome. His lightness of touch makes the scenes after his blindness much bigger and more pathetic than a heavier hand would have done.—I. ST. J.



THE COAST OF FOLLY—Paramount

GLORIA SWANSON once more in modern clothes and a society scandal. It's a light story of the perils of Palm Beach, neatly sandwiched with some snappy episodes of the sort that have made Allan Dwan famous. The picture will be discussed for two reasons: One is a scene in which Gloria wears galluses. The other is Gloria's portrayal of the heroine's mother. Gloria gives a strikingly repellent picture of a gay old woman, worn by life but clutching at youth. But unfortunately, the mother in the story couldn't have been a day over forty-five. And a modern woman of forty-five is a mere flapper.

Occasionally, too, her face assumes a youngish expression, that is not in character.

In spite of its flaws and frailties, it's the sort of picture people want Gloria to play. So there you are!—A. S.



THE TOWER OF LIES—Metro-Goldwyn

IF the director had been as concerned with telling the story as he was with thinking up symbolic scenes, this would have been a great picture. As it is, Victor Seastrom was so busy being artistic that he forgot to be human. The emotions are those of the theater, not of life, in spite of the fact that both Lon Chaney and Norma Shearer might have made them real.

It's the story of a farmer and his much loved daughter. The mortgage is due, the girl is beautiful—can't you guess the rest? Anyway, the old man goes crazy and thinks he's the Emperor of Portugallia and the director goes crazy and thinks he's old man Ibsen.

Heartily recommended for those who think most movies too flippant.—A. S.



GRAUSTARK—First National

HERE'S your old friend "Graustark" with its face lifted and a lot of new clothes. Norma Talmadge plays the *Princess Yevie* who falls in love with Eugene O'Brien. It's a nice romance for those who like long duets between the soprano and the tenor, and Miss Talmadge is slim and regal in her splendid background. And love conquers all, even our good sense.—A. S.



THE MAN WHO FOUND HIMSELF—Paramount

THOMAS MEIGHAN bravely shoulders his brother's crime just for the pleasure of an outing to Sing Sing. Whereupon he gets loose and shows up the rich guy who married his gal. Two humorous crooks give the picture some comedy relief and my, how it was needed! Virginia Valli and Lynn Fontaine offer good performances. For Meighan fans and those unfamiliar with Sing Sing.—A. S.



CALIFORNIA STRAIGHT AHEAD—Universal

REGINALD DENNY joins the ranks of the speed boys and wins the big automobile race. Never mind, it's always a thrilling climax. The rest of the story concerns Denny's adventures as boss of a *de luxe* transcontinental hot dog stand. The gags are funny but the plot is weak. Denny plays it for what it is worth, which is just a lot of clowning.—A. S.



THE GOLDEN PRINCESS—Paramount

WHEN you see Betty Bronson in this story of the California gold fields, you'll think you've never before seen the plot of the little girl alone in the rude world. For the child with curly fingers and the sly, elfin humor brings new life to an otherwise conventional movie. There are good performances by Phyllis Haver and Neil Hamilton, but Betty is the whole show.—A. S.



BOBBED HAIR—Warner Brothers

SOMETHING to make Sennett green with envy. It's a comedy melodrama of hi-jackers with no sense to it but all the fun you could ask for an evening. Louise Fazenda as a girl crook chased by a dog detective is the hit of the film, while Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan prove that they should be one of our best little co-starring teams. The reason for the title is nobody's business.—A. S.



THE LIVE WIRE—First National

IN which Johnny Hines again proves how easy it is for a young man to make good with the help of an engaging grin, plenty of agility and a lot of good gags. The gags are the most important part of the picture, which is almost innocent of plot. Fortunately they are good and fortunately they are done in an ingenious fashion that makes them seem original.—A. S.



SEVEN DAYS—Producers Distributing

NOT by Elinor Glyn. Mary Roberts Rinehart wrote it and it's one of the funniest plots in the world; it tells of an ill-assorted group of people who are quarantined for seven days. Christie made it a riotous farce, with Lillian Rich, Creighton Hale and Lilyan Tashman being as funny as possible and Eddie Gribbon being impossibly funny. Plenty of laughs.—A. S.



THE MYSTIC—Metro-Goldwyn

TOD BROWNING, famous director of crook stories, cannot come within sight of "The Unholy Three" with this, his recent offering. He endeavors to expose fake clairvoyants and mediums who separate the grief-stricken public from their bankrolls. The characters are splendidly enacted by Aileen Pringle, Conway Tearle and Mitchell Lewis. If you like spooky thrills—go—but not the children.—M. B.



HAVOC—Fox

ONE of those war plays showing London society in a shell-shocked condition. A faithless flirt wrecks the lives of two soldiers. If soldiers in the trenches were really so concerned with love affairs, it's a wonder they got any fighting done. The war scenes are long and gloomy and only illuminated by the smile of George O'Brien. Artificial treatment spoils a well-meaning story.—A. S.



HELL'S HIGHROAD—Producers Distributing

CECIL B. DE MILLE'S first comedy as an independent. It's best described by the advertising catch-line: "A drama of love that was sold with a check book and bought back with a pistol." Leatrice Joy and Julia Faye contribute two pairs of pretty ankles to the uplift and Edmund Burns is the cause of the war. The picture is for the childish but not for the children.—A. S.



HIS MAJESTY BUNKER BEAN—Warner Brothers

MATT MOORE has failed this time in his interpretation of a sap. Taken from the story by Harry Leon Wilson this supposed-to-be comedy falls flat. There are some very funny situations and had they been handled properly, this would have been a dandy picture. At times the comedy borders on the slapstick style. It is irritating to watch Dorothy Devore with her kittenish pranks.—M. B.



RED HOT TIRES—Warner Brothers

AFTER you're out of the theater ten minutes, you'll forget what it was all about. Let me see: There's Monte Blue as a man who is afraid of automobiles, and Patsy Ruth Miller as a girl speed demon. And there's some crooks and a lot of running around all for nothing. Still everyone tries to be funny, if that is anything to recommend a comedy.—A. S.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 124]

The
SCREEN SUGGESTS
your
FALL WARDROBE



The scarf pictured above, which is worn by ESTHER RALSTON, is of Scotch Shetland wool and comes in lovely color combinations. Price \$2.95

The hat sketched in the corner is decidedly smart, made of felt with a cut felt ornament, the edges of which are outlined with a tiny gold thread. New fall colors. Price \$9.75

A new shape in a leather finger strap purse, comes in brown, red, pencil blue or green strapped with blonde leather. Price \$4.95



The coat sketched above on LILA LEE is of suede cloth or a heavy imported mixture, with scarf ends of the same material and a becoming fox collar. It is warmly interlined for winter comfort, and lined with silk. Brown, tan, green, or navy in suede cloth. Brown, tan or gray in the mixture. Sizes 14 to 20. Modestly priced at \$49.75



The semi-made georgette evening frock, sketched on MARY BRIAN, can be completed with a minimum of work. The blouse is made up and tucked and the skirt is cut out and sewed together. All to be done is join the blouse to the skirt and attach the georgette roses with their silver leaves. Colors—orchid, flesh, Nile and maize. Sizes 14 to 20 and 30 to 40. Price \$14.50

The semi-made afternoon dress of charmeuse on EDNA MURPHY is clearly stamped on the material itself. You cut it out and sew it together—a very simple process. Colors are wine, blue, black and cuckoo tan. Sizes 16 to 20 and 34 to 40. Price \$6.75

PHOTOPLAY Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y., will purchase any of these lovely things for you. Send certified check or money order—no stamps—together with size and color desired. No articles sent C.O.D. Articles returnable only if sent direct to Photoplay Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York, within three days after receipt.



The charming frock ALICE TERRY is wearing consists of a flat crepe blouse with a circular velvet skirt. The collar and cuffs of the blouse, the strips down the front and on the pockets are of velvet. The collar may be had high or low. Colors are brown, burgundy, pencil blue, epinard green and black. Sizes 34 to 42. Price \$19.75



The afternoon dress ALICE JOYCE is wearing is a graceful affair of satin canton. The satin side makes the body of the dress and the skirted side panels are of dull crepe, in which are inserted godets of the satin. The panels are edged with fur at the bottom and there is a prettily contrasting flower on the shoulder. Colors are cuckoo brown, epinard green, pencil blue, mulberry and black. Sizes 14 to 18 and 36 to 44. Price \$24.00

ANITA STEWART is shown in a two-piece Jersey dress with collar, cuffs and tie of crepe de chine. Four pockets in the blouse and two inverted pleats on each side of the skirt add smartness. Colors are cocco, green, blue, red and navy. Sizes 14 to 20. Price \$15.75



On the right is a smart hat for the more mature woman, or for the girl who has not bobbed hair. In smart full shades and a special 24-inch head size. In felt \$9.75, or velour \$12.75

Here is another scarf worn by ESTHER RALSTON of heavy crepe de chine with a painted design in decidedly attractive colors. It has fringed ends and costs \$5.00. The good looking flat pouch bag is of English cross grain morocco and comes in green, red, tan, pencil blue, etc. Also in patent leather with colored frame and handle. Price \$4.95

CLOSE-UPS *and* By Herbert Howe

Satire, Humor and Some Sense

LONG-SHOTS

MUCH as I enjoy the corybantic spectacle of Hollywood, there are times when it gives me a headache that no aspirin can relieve, when I feel that if I remain longer in this enlarged cabinet of Dr. Caligari I will become the goofiest of the inmates. (As it is I still have my lucid intervals.)

When seized by this giddy feeling, I take flight along El Camino Real, in the foot-tracks of noble old Father Sierra, to cloister myself in my beach cabin above Ventura, where the sea beats a symphony beneath my windows and a lone seal does a Charleston on the rocks.

Even here I do not wholly escape cynicism. I suspect the seal of keeping a self-conscious eye upon me in the hope that I'll get him booked by Keith. And the pelicans who eye me haughtily as a *nouveau* proceed to eat my garbage with all the eagerness of film stars for publicity.

NEARBY is an inn conducted by a German scientist. While serving me chowder and abalone steak he chats of Babylonian literature and the philosophies of Plato and Epictetus. Before the age of twenty-two he was a doctor of philosophy and of philology. He has traveled the world, quoting Ovid as he crossed the Straits of Messina, where Scylla and Charybdis lay, and waiting ten days until the moon was right before advancing breathlessly upon the Alhambra. Today he slaps his head with ironic laughter as an occasional film star gives him a tip.

Thus I have, in addition to the pelicans and the seal, a superman and the laughter of the gods to add to the organ notes of the ocean.

ARE you a cynic or do you pose? A trite, inevitable query. Cynicism is natural; optimism is the pose. For proof you have only to recall that ten minutes after we enter the world we are bawling; we are so darned disappointed in the thing. We are only induced to smile by the nurse tickling us.

Later the tickling is done by Dr. Frank Crane and by the movies, which kid us by making it appear that life always ends in a nice big hug.

LUPINO Lane, the English comedian, remarks the fickleness of the American public toward its idols. "Over here stars are continually staging 'come-backs.' Funny thing, a come-back. In England once you arrive you're there."

This difference is obviously a matter of morality. The English public leads its idols to the altar, whereas we merely take ours for a joy-ride and let them walk back alone.



Some of the stars have ridden to fame on horseback. Consider Bill Hart and Pinto . . . Tom Mix and Tony . . . Fred Thomson and Silver King

NOW that Carol Dempster is being heralded as a great actress I should be an entry in a word-eating contest. I served some very hot syllables not long ago concerning her lack of talent. As a critic of prophetic power I should feel smaller than a Singer midget, but my ego will not dwarf. On the contrary, I feel that at last I can positively name the greatest actress of the screen. After carefully reviewing the work of Mae Marsh, Lillian Gish, Blanche Sweet and Carol Dempster from the bud to the bloom I herewith declare D. W. Griffith the greatest actress this world has ever known.

LON CHANEY is as keen an analyst of facial hieroglyphs as he is a draughtsman of them. He says that of all the maps in Hollywood Bull Montana's is the gentlest, the kindest, the most generous and truly spiritual.

This will come as a distinct shock to Bool as well as to those who think of angels as dolls in airplane nighties and saints as the delicate ivory face which we call "spiritual" often masks a heavy ebony character.

Many a soft pine face is tied to a teakwood soul. Beware of the ethereal one who talks of ideals; you'll usually find that he (or she) has a hand in your pocket.

Bull may have the face of a stoker, but he'll be scratching his halo when beauty contest winners are wiping off the infernal perspiration.

Ah, but there, there, I grow emotional when I think of my friend from the Italian vineyards; he invariably inspires me to write in red ink.

THE death of the sheik: I was lunching with Mrs. Raymond Hatton in the Hollywood Athletic Club. A negro with sleeked hair waited upon us.

"There's a sheik for you," exclaimed Mrs. Hatton. "A bang of dishes, and the negro was heard to sob, 'Ah may be colored, but Ah is respectable.'"

OVER a Corona-Corona (cigar—not typewriter), which I purchased for him, Willis Goldbeck, the scenario wizard, observed that stars were not made by their own genius so much as by the genius of those writing about them. I thought this very beautiful and touching of him and immediately bought him another cigar.

APLAINTIVE sheik recently besought the aid of Harry Reichenbach, manager and publicist, to get his salary doubled, gladly agreeing to give ten per cent in return for same. The salary was more than doubled, but the ten

Herb cut his wrist with a corkscrew and his world seems dark and dreary

per cent was not forthcoming for Mr. Reichenbach. The sheik declared pathetically that he didn't have the money with which to pay. "Well, that's just too bad," said Mr. Reichenbach. But the courts were not so touched. They ordered the poor boy to kick through with the ten per cent. This was unjust. They should have let him have the ten per cent and given Mr. Reichenbach the salary.

WRITERS are not the only guiding guilties. Many a star has been shoved to fame by a loving mother or by a loving one outside the family, and not a few have arrived on horseback.

Only recently have the horses received any credit for supporting the stars. I was discussing the point with a Kentucky thoroughbred as I jogged over the bride path in Beverly Hills.

"We horses have grown cynical in Hollywood," he snorted. "Stars don't appreciate us. They thought they could get us to carry them to success for a little petting the same as they do you two-hoofers. But we're not such dumb animals. We won't stand for as much horsing as you men do.

"Tony is being co-featured with Tom Mix and Silver King gets equal billing with Fred Thomson. Now Pinto is about to stage a comeback for his old pal Bill Hart."

INCIDENTALLY I learned from another source, not equine, that Fred Thomson broke his horse Silver King by throwing him down and spanking him. The animal was so humiliated that he wept, and since then he has been a good actor.

There's an excellent idea for directors who work with the two-footed ones. However, there are animals that won't budge at any humiliation; they'll only bray. Of these there are many in Hollywood.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW recently took off his carpet slipper and gave Hollywood a



Bernard Shaw removes his carpet slipper and spansk Hollywood, that flapper of cities. "Conceit is rampant and good sense is non-existent"

sound spanking, whereupon all the filmsters clutched their sensitive sides and howled that they weren't any worse than other folks.

"Conceit is rampant among your film makers," scolded Shaw, "and good sense is about non-existent. That is where Mr. Chaplin scores; but Mr. Harold Lloyd seems so far to be the only rival intelligent enough to follow his example."

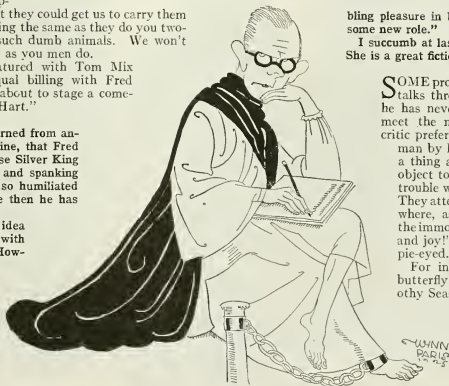
George concluded the trouncing with a few swats to the effect that film people do not know how to behave themselves. He says they ought to be civilized before being put to work and suggests that a few cargoes be sent to Denmark or Sweden, presumably for curing along with the herring and other fish.

Most of the producers in sassing Georgeback strongly substantiated his statements. Anyhow, a most enjoyable publicity picnic was held by all, which of course was the purpose.

ELINOR GLYN, the soprano of the choir, chanted that she had never seen any conceit among film people—"just bub-

bling pleasure in being able to put over some new role."

I succumb at last to the art of Elinor. She is a great fiction writer.



Herbert Howe in his working costume of imported cheese-cloth with rose chiffon. Designed for him by the Editor of Photoplay to keep him at work

SOME producers declare that Shaw stalks through his fedora because he has never been to Hollywood to meet the modest crowd. The old critic prefers, like Another, to judge man by his works. There is such a thing as getting too close to an object to see it truly. That's the trouble with critics in Hollywood. They attend the Sixty Club dances where, as Elinor says, "there is the immortal gift of youth, beauty, and joy!"—and they get critically pie-eyed.

For instance, every time my butterfly eyes alight upon Dorothy Seastrom's golden-glow hair

I seem to know what art is. And after ten minutes in the mesmeric presence of Corinne Griffith I feel that the hours I spent as an audience of Eleanor Duse were totally [CONT. ON PAGE 121]

Girls Who Are Good *at* Figures



When Mack Sennett was asked to select his entry for Photoplay's group of girls with the most beautiful figures in the movies, he voted for Thelma Parr



Ivan St. Johns says Joe Cobb has the world's finest figure

*Ten Beauties of
Hollywood
whose faces alone
aren't
their fortunes*



Joyce Compton, who was picked by First National, has the ideal build for the slender, dainty girl

Frances Lee, Christie comedienne, is five feet one inch tall and weighs 110 pounds



Vera Reynolds is slightly slimmer than Frances. The same height but she's only 105 pounds



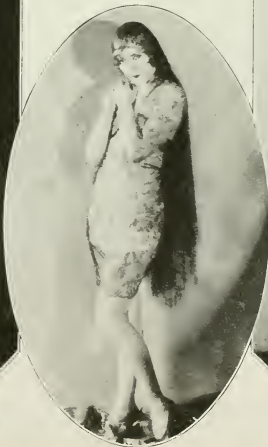
Jacqueline Logan (above) was once a dancer. Hence her enviable figure. The Fox entry is five feet four inches tall and weighs 110 pounds

Greta Nissen's figure won her a contract with Paramount. Styles do change, as Greta's is not the willowy shape popular a few years ago



Hal Roach selected Katherine Grant for our collection. She's five feet, four, and weighs 120 pounds

The tall stately type—Gwendolyn Lee, a member of Metro-Goldwyn's beauty chorus



Modeled like a statuette, Myrna Loy was chosen as the most beautiful figure at Warner Studio

Calories and Contours

Choose the right food
if you want the right figure,
suggests Nita Naldi



How the Calories Add Up

A calorie is the measure of heat producing value in food. All that you do not consume in heat, energy and muscular exertion goes to produce fat. Here are some samples of how they get in their deadly work:

1 egg.....	70 calories
yolk of egg.....	56 calories
1 teaspoon sugar.....	20 calories
1 cup of milk.....	170 calories
1 baking powder biscuit.....	100 calories
1 pat of butter.....	100 calories
1 strip of bacon.....	25 calories
1 orange.....	100 calories
1 olive.....	20 calories
1 potato.....	125 calories
1 piece of lemon pie.....	300 calories

By Agnes Smith

NITA NALDI was a little put out. It's always that way with Nita's interviews. For years and years she has been in the movies and has been interviewed hundreds of times and nobody has ever asked her to talk about her Art. Nita is all choked up with things she'd like to say about Art, and if somebody doesn't ask to interview her about Art, she'll retire from the screen.

But no, it's always the same old thing: How To Keep Thin. Or, better yet, how to be thin when you're naturally—well, not thin.

There you are! Nita hates the subject, but it's the curse of being an authority. Nobody asks John McGraw to discuss the plans for the Metropolitan opera season and nobody asks Coolidge to talk about the newest fashions at Deauville. No, it's always baseball and politics with them just as it's always reducing with Nita. It makes her good and mad.

Nita sat in her dressing room at the studio, all made up in an eighteenth century costume. And unless you've forgotten every single thing you ever knew about the eighteenth century, you will know that the ladies in those days wore their skirts very full. Something like the fancy dolls they give away for souvenirs in cabarets if you are a good boy or girl, and don't get thrown out.

Anyway, in spite of the full skirt and the hour-glass figure, Miss Naldi looked extremely slim and unusually well. You'd never think she had been reducing because she didn't have that "size 44 skin in a size 36 face" look.

Getting right down to personal stuff, I told Miss Naldi that there was a rumor all over Broadway and in some sections of Park Avenue and the Bronx that she had reduced from 145 pounds to exactly 118 pounds in an extremely short space of time.

Miss Naldi admitted it, but looked slightly injured. "It's all

the fault of the camera," she explained; "you see, the camera has a way of making you look twice as fat as you are. I'd like to weigh 145 pounds—that's my correct and natural weight. But when I get in front of the camera, it makes me look all out of proportion."

"The sad part of that is," she went on, "that some stars (mentioning no names) who are all out of proportion in real life, look wonderful on the screen. It isn't fair; it's all a camera trick.

"But that's a point I want to make before I say anything about reducing. If women read that a star is five feet, five inches tall and weighs 100 pounds, they mustn't accept that as an exact standard of weight for their height. You have to be thinner and smaller on the screen to photograph well than you should be in real life. So when you make up your mind to have a figure like any movie star, allow a few pounds leeway in weight. They say that the camera doesn't lie. Well, it may not lie outright, but it exaggerates in lots of cases."

"But what's the secret of the diet?" I insisted, in order to take Miss Naldi's mind off philosophy. "Is it lamb chops and pineapple?"

Miss Naldi let out a noise that was something between a hiss and a scream.

"Never, never!" she cried, "that's last year's diet. It's all out of style. It's *passé*. In fact, it is really bad form to order lamb chops and pineapple any more. I believe I was credited with starting it. Well, it was all right for a time and then it all went wrong."

"How?" I asked.

"To be horribly frank, it created gas on the stomach. All those trick diets are like that. They'll kill you if you keep them up. The skim milk diet—bah! The milk and baked potato diet—awful! Women take

{CONTINUED ON PAGE 130}



Dean Gerald

JUST an old fashioned gal—Nita Naldi has been responsible for removing tons of surplus flesh from stoutish women. Every time anyone wants to reduce, she goes to Nita for the latest and best methods. On the opposite page, Nita tells you about her very newest system



White

INTRODUCING Ruth Wilcox, the newest result of the Columbus complex of our directors. Ruth, being original, does not come from "The Follies" but from "The Scandals." Allan Dwan, who knows beauty, signed her for Paramount. You'll see her in Gloria's "Stage Struck"



Kenneth Alexander

PORTRAIT of a Lady—Florence Vidor. Florence has found her screen style. From a soulful-eyed heroine, she has turned into a subtle and witty comedienne with a slight twinkle of devilry in her eyes and more than a touch of sophistication in her manner



Warren Lynch

TO paraphrase the advertisement, don't envy the beauty of Mae Murray, read her rules for beauty on the opposite page and follow them. You'll be surprised to find how sane, simple and sensible they are—and how easy for the average woman to put into practice

The Milky Way to Beauty



IT takes an idle bystander to concoct a Mount Etna out of a molehill.

And it takes a man to give false interpretations to woman's toilette. The man I have in mind either never had a feminine relative, a wife, or a sweetheart. Or else he was mercilessly lacking in chivalry. Whatever it was, I can never forgive him for his so-called "revelments of my beauty secrets."

He was an onlooker on the set recently and, spying the portable dressing room that I use to capture a few moments' solace of silence during a hectic day, he immediately concocted a mythical yarn about the weird practices that take place in Mae Murray's dressing room for the perpetuation of her figure and complexion.

The huge joke of the thing is that I have no beauty secrets. They are just simple preservatives of good health with the

By Mae Murray

skillful application of make-up to assist good health in becoming beauty.

My formula for retaining my figure is exercise—dancing, walking, massage—with a ten day milk diet if I find myself dropping much below my normal weight.

My golden rule for a lovely complexion is discretion in the use of make-up.

Too much make-up for the street is garish and betrays ill-breeding.

Very little rouge—in fact I use none—with the eyes discreetly made-up, an even application of powder and brilliantly carmined lips create a smart appearance.

Lipstick is my chief dissipation. I would rather be seen on the street without a dress than without lipstick.

Women are often prone to over-decoration when they com-

mence to apply cosmetics. Either they become color-blind or they are dazzled by artificial. And the average man does not care for too much make-up on the feminine face . . . among the women of the demi-monde—yes . . . but not the woman he cherishes.

I have discovered in my screen work that the most important features of the face are the eyes and the lips. Therefore, I accentuate them. After all, we often say more with our eyes than our lips, so it behooves us to see that these fathomless wells are as skillfully framed as is possible.

To this end I blend blue, orchid and brown lining and lightly tint my eyelids. With just as light a touch I add a delicate tracing of mascara to my lashes and then outline my eyebrows. Use a sparing hand with the mascara on your lashes, for nothing is so uncouth as a goopy mess of that cosmetic.

For street wear I refrain from obvious eye make-up for the cruel light o' day is sometimes too merciless in its brightness. And a too generous daubing about the eyes oftentimes gives the effect of dissipation. There is a difference between interesting sophistication and apparent jadedness!

A combination of rachel and pink powder gives me the delicate lustrous shade desired . . . and then my bright and gay lipstick!

Fine skin does not come only from the careful application of cosmetics, but also from the caution you take in removing

Cut Puzzle Contest Winners will be announced in the January issue of Photoplay—Out Dec. 10

every vestige of powder or rouge that might remain on the skin and clog the pores. In the prevention of this disagreeable condition I have discovered a simple and effective method of removing grease paint or street make-up. And with the pride of an Edison I tender it to you.

With a liquid oil I roll my make-up away! And with it rolls the tiny bits of dust and segments that would be only too willing to obstruct a lazy pore. Until I "struck oil" (you might say) I used woman's greatest ally—cold cream.

Following the oil removal, I take a facial brush, warm water and physicians' soap and thoroughly cleanse my face. Then comes a cooling application of witch hazel, followed (after the witch hazel has evaporated, of course) by a generous application of cold cream with a lanolin base. This cold cream stays on during my bath of tepid water, and is removed with a soft cloth after my ablutions. The remaining trace of the cream forms the base to which my street make-up clings.

And don't forget one factor toward retaining a clear skin—a skin free from blemishes. Outward beauty is caused by inward cleanliness. A furnace cannot give good heat if choked with ashes. Neither can a human body function correctly when it is choked with wastes.

Cleanliness, both inside and out, is the price of beauty of complexion and figure.

Now comes the intricate task of [CONTINUED ON PAGE 115]



Society note: Mr. Buster Keaton gave a small afternoon tea at the Hotel Ambassador in Los Angeles recently in honor of Miss Brown Eyes, the cow who has a leading part in his new picture, "Go West." Delightful refreshments consisting of hay, dog biscuits and crackers were served. Among those present were Peter the Great and Cameo, two dog stars; Jimmy, a monkey actor, and Polly



Six-In-One . . . Find Your Own

PHOTOPLAY had so many requests for the various popular male stars, that it decided to publish them all together on the same page. Here, then, is the ideal face for a star. It is a cubist vision of what the perfect movie idol should look like. See if you can recognize some characteristic of your favorite in the composite picture. The gentleman's name is Mr. Ramonrichardjohnthomas-reginaldrudolph Novarrobarthelmessgilbertmeighandennyvalentino. Figure that out on your saxophone

Windows Reveal the Soul of Your Room

By Charles D. Chapman



This is the smartest combination the decorator knows, glazed chintz and taffeta. Chintz here shown is a new type, sun fast and washable, retailing at about \$3.50 the yard. Similar chintz, non-washable, for \$1.00 the yard, 36 inches wide. From "The Man Who Found Himself"

Here are hangings for the very elaborate room. They are of brocatelle, a damask-like material, very expensive and heavy. These are not to be duplicated, even by the home seamstress, for less than \$60 to \$75. Also from "The Man Who Found Himself"



SOME wise person with a flare for phrases once announced that the eyes were the windows of the soul.

Any windows, eyes or otherwise, are soul revealing. The windows of a room tell me a great deal about the persons who live behind them.

So I want to start my articles on the use the movies may be to you in beautifying your own home with the decorative possibilities of windows. During many years of interior decorating, starting at the old Vitagraph lot and during the past seven years at the Astoria studio of Famous Players-Lasky, I have designed literally thousands of rooms. And always as soon as I have decided the size and shape of the room, I start on the windows.

To me, they characterize a

room exactly as eyes characterize a face. The most basically ordinary room can be lifted into the extraordinary and the beautiful by advantageous dressing of its windows. They key a room from the interior. They key a house from the exterior. If they are incorrectly done, no amount of other fine furnishings can triumph over them.

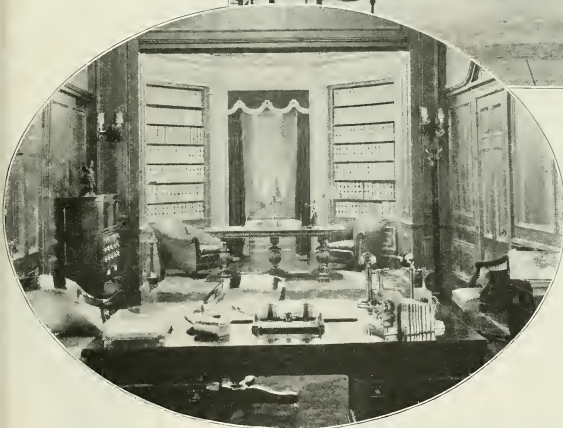
MR. CHAPMAN studied decorating with Frank Alvah Parsons and is no particular adherent of any school. He was more years than he can remember with Vitagraph and has been for the last seven with Famous Players, in charge of all sets for the Astoria studios. He will write an article every month for PHOTOPLAY telling you how to select and reject ideas from moving picture furnishings.

Sweet are the uses of chintz and cretonne, and I turn to them constantly. With their assistance any window can be transformed into a spot of charm. The use of stiff, white lace curtains has passed, fortunately, but even today too many people have the impression that the well dressed window must wear either velvet or silk. This is untrue.

The simpler materials are not only more decorative but

And the simplest window, like the simplest soul, is the best

The hangings in this district attorney's office from "The Royle Girl" are the purely formal type. They are of steel grey velvet, banded in gold. Too severe for general home use



In "The Kiss for Cinderella," these delightful curtains made of hand-blocked linen are used. The imported linen is priced at \$5.00 to \$7.00 a yard. The domestic variety costs only \$1.00 a yard. This material has excellent wearing qualities and is easily laundered. Curtains in this room could be developed in cretonne, retailing from 25c to \$1.00 the yard. This linen pattern is copied in cretonne

in better taste. Damask and velvet say "money" to many people, and that is the trouble with them. The superior furnishings are those that do not hurl their prices in each visitor's face.

Here are four settings that I have lately created which illustrate my point. One window is dressed ultra-formally; one over-elaborately; two very simply, but in every case, the hangings are entirely practical and suited to their purposes.

Take the office set from "The Royle Girl." This is a formal room, a district attorney's office, supposed to be occupied most of its hours by an austere man engaged in cold, intellectual pursuits.

To express this, I chose severe velvet hangings. Their color is not black or any shade that might lighten the room, but steel gray. They are, to be in character, of the finest quality velvet and the gold band on the valance and the short, gold fringe edging them strengthen their effect. It was my personal feeling that a district attorney, or any formal, professional man, would want a gold band on these hangings, not so much because he liked it, as his feeling that it was proper.

These are, then, hangings I recommend only for the most staid and dignified window.

The wealthy living room from "The Man Who Found Himself" is the other extreme. I designed this room, but from the purely aesthetic point of view, I dislike it heartily. It is a room true to its period, however, and its window decorations suit it.

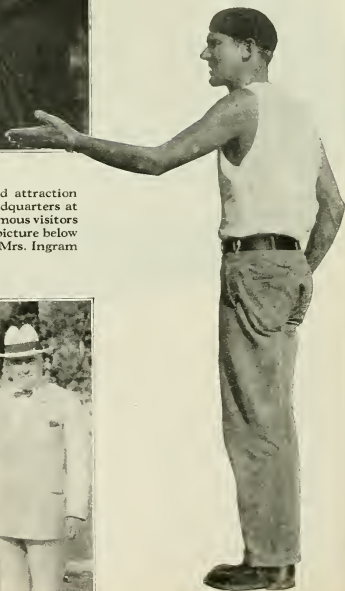
They are, you will observe, very elaborate. They are looped and shirred and corded, but this is their justification. The woodwork in this room is over-elaborate. Simple curtains in such a room would be completely lost. For a woman who lives in a home built in this older period, unless she can completely rip out the old background, I can only say, "Go, thou, and do likewise. In such a setting you must have heavy, opulent-appearing hangings."

These are made of brocatelle, blue flowered on a tan background and edged with tan galoon fringe. Brocatelle is a sort of heavy damask, always made in large designs. In its ponderous way, it is attractive and it has several virtues. It wears well and has distinction, but it is quite away from the present mood in interior decorating, which [CONTINUED ON PAGE 105]



Alice, Rex & Tony

As you can see, Rex Ingram has entirely recovered his health. About a year ago, illness almost forced Rex to retire from films. He cured himself, aided by Old Doctor Sol. Here was his cure: Every day, he rubbed his body with olive oil and, wearing less than a Coney Island life guard, lay in the sun for an hour



The French Riviera—the greatest show on earth—had an added attraction when Rex Ingram, Alice Terry and Antonio Moreno took up headquarters at Nice to film the Ibanez story, "Mare Nostrum." Nice has more famous visitors than Hollywood (no protests from California, please!) and in the picture below you see Tony Moreno, Mrs. Blasco Ibanez, Mary Garden, Mr. and Mrs. Ingram and Senor Ibanez





In this portrait of Mrs. Longworth, recently painted in the library of her home in Washington by the distinguished American artist, Weyman Adams, N. A., her vital beauty and the charm of her magnetic personality are strikingly revealed.

MRS. NICHOLAS LONGWORTH on keeping one's appearance up to the mark

ALICE ROOSEVELT LONGWORTH, daughter of the late Theodore Roosevelt, and wife of the Speaker-elect of the United States House of Representatives, is her illustrious father's own child.

A gay, unconscious toss of her head every now and then recalls that "Princess Alice", who, as the daughter of the President, captured the imagination of America. Her keen grasp of public affairs has drawn about her the most personable of Washington's inner circle. No woman has the same influence in the shaping of political events.

Because the dignity of her life demands that she keep her appearance up to the mark, Mrs. Longworth guards her beauty. Knowing the foundation of attractiveness to be a healthy skin, she believes in the cleansing and protection Pond's Two Creams afford:—

EVERY day, before retiring and always after exposure to the weather, pat Pond's Cold Cream lavishly over your skin. Let it stay on long enough for its pure oils to float to the surface the dust and powder which have clogged the pores. Wipe off all the cream and dirt.

"It's important for the woman who is active in the many-sided life of today to keep her personal appearance up to the mark. Brains, ability and social gifts are none the worse for being supplemented by charm and loveliness. The foundation of both is a clear, healthy skin which any woman may possess. She need only give it the proper care by the daily use of Pond's Two Creams."

Alice Roosevelt Longworth



USED BY DISTINGUISHED WOMEN

Repeat the process and finish with a dash of cold water. If your skin is dry, leave the cream on all night.

OVER your well-cleansed skin, before you go out and before you powder, brush just a touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives your skin a velvety surface to which your powder adheres smoothly and long. And it protects your skin against chapping cold, drying winds and hurtful dust and soot. Try both these Creams which come in two sizes of jars and tubes, the Cold Cream in still larger jars since you naturally use it up more rapidly.

FREE OFFER—Mail this coupon for free tubes of these creams and instructions for using them.

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, DEPT. L
147 Hudson Street, New York City

Please send me your free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....

The Perils of Monotony

One of our most brilliant critics stops editing "Life" long enough to utter a few constructive thoughts

By Robert E. Sherwood

WHEN Charlie Chaplin makes his first entrance in "The Gold Rush," he waddles in his traditional manner along a narrow ledge and then, when approaching a sharp corner, he skids around it with his right foot extended.

The audience screams with delight, for they see Charlie doing exactly what he has done for twelve years—they see the weird "walk" that first made him famous—and they love it.

This is perhaps the true test of Chaplin's greatness: since first he appeared on the screen in Keystone comedies he has worn the same battered derby, the same battered pants, the same borrowed shoes; he has carried the same cane, smoked the same cigarette, employed the same make-up and the same mannerisms. And yet he has maintained his amazing popularity; he has never grown monotonous. To quote a writer more famous than myself, age can not wither nor custom stale his infinite variety.

Chaplin is the only star in the filmy way who has been able to do this, who has established one distinct character and maintained it, unchanged, over a period of years. And even Chaplin has not put the thing to a real test, as his appearances of late have been regrettably few and far between.

With all the other stars, monotony has been a force of deadly destruction. There is no one, in motion pictures, who has been able successfully to strike the same note with any degree of persistency and still hold his or her audience.

THE public demands variety above everything else. It tires quickly of the old stuff and gropes for originality, so that those of its favorites who would hold their positions must continually be prepared to investigate new fields.

Excluding Charlie Chaplin—for he is the one glorious exception to every rule in the movies—excluding him, we can find no one, big or small, who has not been forcibly requested, at some time, to get a new act.

There is, for example, Mary Pickford, who rode for years on the crest of the wave of popular favor—appearing, always, as little waifs who could smile sweetly in the face of grim fate.

From all over the world Miss Pickford heard insistent demands that she "grow up," and prove her ability to reproduce maturity.

At last Miss Pickford was compelled to shift her gears. She experimented with a dual rôle in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and it was the consensus of opinion that she was far more effective as the mother than as the child.



Above—Chaplin eight years ago at Keystone. Below—Chaplin in "The Gold Rush." Same hat, same pants, same shoes, same mustache, same walk, same character. And they still scream at the same waddle



In her subsequent pictures, she enacted exclusively adult rôles—and then discovered that her public was drifting away from her. So now she has returned to her earliest form in "Little Annie Rooney" and in "Scraps," and the indications are that she will regain all her prestige and, incidentally, make a great deal of money.

If "Little Annie Rooney" proves to be Mary Pickford's greatest success, as it may well do, it will be because of the contrast with her last picture, "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." If she had not made this change, if she had been playing *Annie Rooney's*, and nothing but *Annie Rooney's*, the public would be sick to death of her by now.

Douglas Fairbanks, being an instinctive showman, has realized the values of variety, and so has that other shrewd young man, Harold Lloyd.

AN examination of Doug's productions during the past five years will show that he has tried just about everything.

"The Mark of Zorro" was a romantic melodrama of early California; "The Nut" was a ridiculous comedy of today; "The Three Musketeers" was a typical cloak and sword drama in a French setting; "Robin Hood" reflected the gorgeous pagantry of mediæval England; "The Thief of Bagdad" was an Arabian Nights fantasy; "Don Q" represented a return to the mood of "The Mark of Zorro" and, in his next picture, Doug will be a black pirate of the Spanish Main.

Harold Lloyd has varied his style with each new picture. Like Ty Cobb, his motto seems to be, "Hit 'em where they ain't." He has followed a mild, sentimental comedy, like "Grandma's Boy," with a fierce thriller, like "Safety Last," and that with a romantic farce like "Why Worry?" He has varied his characterizations as well, retaining only his glass-less eye-glasses as a standard trade-mark.

Buster Keaton is also mixing 'em up, having even discarded his celebrated pancake hat in his last two pictures. He knew that there can always be too much of a good thing.

Gloria Swanson, after her initial success in the De Mille society dramas, found herself labeled "clothes horse" and came to the conclusion that she must relieve the monotony or perish. Thus, in "The Humming Bird," she deliberately cast off all her finery and appeared in the rags and tatters of a Paris gamine. Where she had been haughty, aloof and ultra-civilized, she became rough, tough and primitive.

"The Humming Bird" represented the great turning point in Gloria Swanson's career, and enabled her to make her most sudden and most emphatic rise on the ladder of fame.

There is one other excellent example in the person of Richard Barthelmess, who

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 123]



"CONSTIPATION was my deadliest foe. I always had the tired, sluggish feeling characteristic of this ailment. Impaired appetite, a sallow complexion and a pimply skin also contributed to my misery.

"My mother, was employed by a prominent Boston physician who recommended Fleischmann's Yeast. I finally condescended to give it a trial. I continued for two months, when I noticed a slight change. At the end of the fifth month I had regained my lost vigor and my appetite had improved wonderfully. All signs of ache had vanished and the tired feeling was gone, thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast."
LAWRENCE A. PERRY, Medford, Mass.

All Around You People Know This Secret

Clear eyes, strong bodies, a new zest in living—all through one simple fresh food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it

releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. 11, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.



"YEAST HAS SAVED ME from indigestion lasting sixteen years. Sickness or dizziness kept me inactive. Recently attacks increased. I was rarely free from pain more than two or three days. I started eating Fleischmann's Yeast eight months ago. I regret I did not try it ten years ago when a New York specialist recommended it for indigestion to a friend. My trouble has disappeared; I now eat anything. I even went motor camping this summer and climbed to the top of Mt. Washington."
MRS. W. BOESE LORD, Providence, R. I.



LEFT
"ABOUT 15 MONTHS AGO I WAS afflicted with sties. I had suffered from constipation for several years. One day I noticed dark spots appearing upon my hands. I consulted a physician. 'You have auto-intoxication,' he said, and explained that the waste matter was forcing itself into the blood. He handed me a pamphlet advertising Fleischmann's Yeast. I began taking yeast that day. I took it for four months. I have never had another sty since I ate the first cake; and I am freed of constipation."

MRS. ANNA LENERT,
San Antonio, Texas



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders. Eat 2 or 3 cakes regularly every day before meals. You will find many delicious ways of eating Yeast—dissolved in water, fruit juices, or milk, spread on crackers, or just plain. Start eating it today!

Another Hollywood Orgy



ALL the wildest members of the very youngest set in the film colony attended the party to celebrate the first birthday of Leatrice Joy, 2nd. Did they have a good time? Well, after the guests left, there were bottles all over the lawn—milk bottles, of course. And several children fell off the merry-go-round which had been set up for the occasion. If you'll look at the photograph of little Leatrice, taken after the guests had departed, you will see that it was a big affair. Above are some of the guests. Reading from left to right are: George Lewis, Jr., nephew of Lois Wilson; Betty Ann Armstrong; Charles Meredith, Jr.; Barbara Bedford Roscoe; Leatrice Joy the Second; Diane Meredith; Karon Hale, son of Allan Hale; Walter Sidney Franklin, and Barbara Ford. And seated on the rug are Leatrice Joy and Sally Ann Rawlinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Rawlinson.

SMOOTH RIMS *must frame the rosy gleaming nails of today*

THE METHOD FRENCHWOMEN USE
TO KEEP THEIR CUTICLE UNBROKEN



MARTHE REQUIER, talented French actress and modiste of distinction, says: "In the salons of my *Maison de Modes* I always notice the beautifully kept nails of my American clients and know that they have used Cutex."



MLLE. SPINELLY, charming French actress of international repute, says: "In my dressing room at the *Théâtre Comédie Caumartin*, I keep at hand the delightful Cutex preparations. They are a great favorite, too, with the fashionable women who frequent the smart resorts of France."



MADAME SIMONE has all the chic and elegance one expects in a woman of her distinguished achievements on the French stage. She says: "I believe most French women feel as I do, that the easiest way to have smooth nail rims is with Cutex. Brightly tinted nails are seen everywhere—and Cutex Liquid Polish gives them their last smart touch of grooming."

THE pink and gleaming nails of today are enchanting accents to slender fingers. Paris sponsored them. And everybody almost forgot that bright and gleaming nails really cannot conceal ugly and neglected cuticle!

Now they are realizing it.

Perhaps you have been cutting yours and wondering why it only gets thicker and more ragged. Or you have simply left it to grow tight to the nail—and then to your sorrow been troubled with hang-nails and split edges!

And yet the correct care of the cuticle is so simple!

With Cutex, the dead dry skin that makes your nail rims look so untidy, is quickly loosened and removed.

Today this safe and simple antiseptic method is followed by exquisite women all over the world. The Frenchwoman—who is known for the perfection of her toilette—prefers it. And in Paris, itself, and at the smart French resorts, the famous Cutex manicure preparations are more used than any other kind!

Try this famous method

FIRST wash the hands in warm, soapy water. File the nails to becoming ovals. Twist a bit of cotton around an orange stick and dip it in Cutex Cuticle Remover. Gently loosen and remove the shreds of dry skin. Pass the wet stick under the nail tips to clean and bleach them and smooth the least bit of Nail White under the tips to make them snowy white.

Now lightly buff your nails with the delicate Powder Polish and wash your hands again to remove traces of Nail White and polish. Then, for a rosy brilliance, spread Cutex Liquid Polish smoothly over each nail.

How beautifully groomed your hands now are. You will never again allow unsightly cuticle to mar them.

Cutex sets are from 35c to \$5.00—wherever toilet goods are sold. Single items are 35c.

NORTHAM WARREN—NEW YORK, PARIS, LONDON

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Strain Silver Fox
may go she is sure
of the admiration
of the discerning
and the heartfelt
envy of those who
are not so fortunate"*

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The Pontiac Strain Organization
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Fifteen Ranches and Producing Units

PONTIAC
Strain **FURS**



Aileen Pringle, the girl with the rare beauty of face and figure

The Girl on the Cover

By Cal York

AILEEN PRINGLE is a rare exception. She is the one conspicuous and successful case of a bona fide society girl who actually gave up a life of leisure to seek a career in the movies. Others have tried it—and either failed or given up. Miss Pringle made a go of it.

She had, of course, something besides beauty to contribute to the studios. She had, for instance, stage experience. She played with George Arliss in "The Green Goddess." And she also had poise, a keen intelligence and a fine sense of sportsmanship.

Perhaps her sportsmanship was most appreciated in the studios where she has played. For Miss Pringle came to the movies without flourish. Until her salary enabled her to do so, she lived simply. She began in small parts and advanced to leading roles, just as hundreds of other successful young actresses have done.

Miss Pringle is indebted to Elinor Glyn for her unusually rapid rise to prominence. It was Mrs. Glyn who selected her for the leading role in "Three Weeks."

You may or may not have liked the picture, still, it gave her her big chance.

In spite of a long list of exotic roles, Miss Pringle has not joined the purple ranks of the "vamps." Her work has a twinkling of humor and a touch of sympathy. And while she is often cast in the part of Sex Interest, she manages to make it Sex Interest plus intelligence.

Last but not least, she can wear clothes. In the most vivid gowns and set in the most luxurious settings, she is triumphantly and splendidly at home. She makes you feel that, after all, she wore real jewels before she wore property ones; that her first five hundred dollar gown came from her own modiste and not from a studio property department.

As for her personal popularity, I need only say that her fellow players treat her as an equal—not as though she were the daughter of the wealthy George Bisbee of San Francisco and the daughter-in-law of Sir Charles Pringle of Jamaica. And that is a tribute to her tact, to her poise and to her ability.



Will the holidays find your silverware complete?

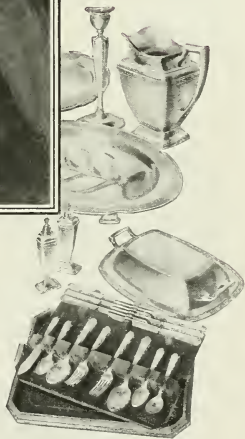
CHRISTMAS . . . New Year's . . . what festival they bring, with their merry gatherings of relatives and friends and their series of fine dinners. But how often the holidays tax the ingenuity of the hostess and the ampleness of her table appointments. How often, indeed, they point to serious lacks in silverware that are overlooked at other times of the year!

Could there be better promptings than Christmas and New Year's for making the silverware complete? In some families it is a happy custom to give "1847 Rogers Bros."—the various members combining logically on pattern and pieces needed.

In many more families there is real need for the important secondary

pieces—salad forks, oyster forks, ice cream forks, coffee spoons; or serving pieces, like the dessert server or the berry spoon. Or perhaps your home requires a complete new silver service of harmonious design. You can provide it reasonably in "1847 Rogers Bros."—vegetable dishes, tea set, candlesticks and even goblets to match the knives, forks and spoons.

You cannot find a better way to say "Merry Christmas" than to give this finest silverplate. Fastidious hostesses have used and loved 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate for many generations. Its durability and beauty are unquestioned. You will find a generous holiday array at the leading silverware stores.



THE UTILITY TRAY, both silver rack and serving tray, is a convenient way to purchase 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate. It contains the "silverware essentials"—6 dinner knives, 6 dinner forks, 6 table spoons, 6 tea spoons, 1 butter knife and 1 sugar shell. Price with hollow handle knives, \$32.50—with solid handle knives, \$26.10.

Etiquette, Entertaining and Good Sense, a booklet full of suggestions for successful entertaining, is free. Write for booklet K-27. INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY, Dept. E, Meriden, Conn.

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Listen— husband!

IF you're to see that funny Mr. Brown this afternoon, the man who's going to be the making of our fame and fortune—take this Ajax comb to the office with you—*please*. You've no idea how much better you look when your hair is parted properly. You're usually so careful about every other little detail of appearance and so lamentably indifferent 'bout your hair—the very first thing people notice as a rule. So take this Ajax comb today and use it, husband—use it!

¶Ajax Combs are made of the very finest quality hard rubber. They come in all styles and models for men, women and children. They are smart, sturdy and, since they're made of hard rubber only, are safe.

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251 Fourth Avenue - New York City



"Movies are good for the eyes," says Dr. John H. Bailey, head of a Philadelphia hospital

Take Your Eye Exercise at the Movies

By Harry Thompson

I DON'T often go to the movies . . . the pictures seem to hurt my eyes." How often have you heard some such remark? And how often have you tried to assure the person making the remark that it must be his or her imagination? Now comes a nationally known physician to refute any assertion that watching a bright screen in a darkened theater is harmful to the eyes. In fact, the optical reaction is beneficial, this practitioner believes.

"Movies are good for the eyes," says Dr. John H. Bailey, head of the Bailey Private Osteopathic Hospital, in Philadelphia.

"You looked surprised when I said that," followed the physician.

"Well, I never believed that movies actually hurt the eyes," I explained, "but it is surprising to hear an authority like yourself say they are really beneficial."

"It's a fact, however," went on Dr. Bailey. "A fact that is grounded on a well-known optical principle."

"You're a busy man," I said, "but I wish you would take time right now to explain. I'm sure a lot of other photoplay fans would be interested in what you have to say."

"Well, it's like this. A certain number of people may feel that the movies hurt their eyes. Purely imagination. They tell themselves that they have sat in a darkened theater with their eyes focused on a comparatively small bright spot for a couple of hours, with slight intermissions. They're wrong. Their eyes are not focused steadily on one spot.

"Their eyes are moving constantly, following the characters as they move about the screen! Moving constantly . . . getting actual muscular exercise . . . the best thing that could happen to a pair of precious eyes—

an exercise obtainable in no other way, except with the greatest effort.

"Next time you go to the movies, look away from the screen for a moment at the bright beam of light which forms a cone from the projection-room down to the silver-sheet. Notice that it isn't a concentrated single beam at all, but a number of beams which dance like so many ribbons in a May-pole frolic. These beams are following the high-lights on the screen and your eyes are following the same things, so fast that you are unconscious of their muscular activity. Optical exercise, as I said . . . not tiresome concentration. Furthermore, optical exercise that the average person is too lazy to take consciously. See what I mean?"

"I think I get you," I replied. "And they get this exercise under ideal conditions, too."

"Exactly. There is a general relaxation of the body. There is music . . . soft, soothing strains of a symphony orchestra, or perhaps the mellow tones of a great pipe-organ. In general, an atmosphere that lifts a person out of himself, gets his mind off the cares and worries of the daily grind. As a matter of fact, I frequently advise a nervous patient to see a certain picture. Why? Because I know that the general atmosphere of the picture-house will do him more good than medical treatment. The music will soothe his nerves, the changing colored lights will unconsciously affect his general condition for the better.

"Of course, I am speaking now of the better picture-house . . . the big, modern photoplay-theater. Yes, indeed, the movies are a great thing. I, myself, get more rest and relaxation from the movies than from any other single diversion. And they are good for the eyes."



Hollywood's Unassuming Bachelor

A HAPPY choice for "The Lucky Devil" was Richard Dix of Paramount's bright galaxy of stars. Never conscious of his clothes, Dix has that well groomed look so characteristic of the American gentleman. Every detail is correct, even down to the invariably *visible* eyelets on his well burnished Goodyear Welt oxfords.

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DIAMOND BRAND
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EYELETS promote easy
lacing and preserve the smooth
style lines of the upper. They
retain their original color and
finish indefinitely and actually
outwear the shoe.



A Modern Samaritan



Hollywood knows Paul Bern as its most amiable director. Here he is directing Pola Negri in "Flower of the Night"

Paul Bern worked his way out of the squalor and misery of New York's East Side. But with him he brought an age-old understanding and sympathy for human problems—the key to greatness

By Jim Tully



HE was one of a weird brood of eighteen children. They lived in an apartment on the east side of New York in which packing boxes were used as furniture. His father had arrived in this country with his strange gathering of German-Jewish immigrants when Paul Bern was nine years of age. His parents were over sixty years old at the time. It was said of the elder Bern that in spite of his eighteen children he was always helping a dozen others. He passed the great gift of helpfulness on to his brilliant son, who was to work his way through school, learn stenography, then win a scholarship in a dramatic college, become a film cutter, a stage manager, an actor, a scenarist, and later, at thirty-three, one of the foremost motion picture directors.

Out of the humble home in the wretched and squalid environment, out of the despair and the agony of poor children who scratched for bread, this man has carried a divine something with him. It is the age-old understanding and sympathy of that other thirty-three year old Jew who walked with tired feet and aching heart about the roads of Jerusalem.

Paul Bern has the elegance and the poise and the manner of one with centuries of breeding behind him. He gives the lie to all theories of environment—for he has somehow emerged with no mark of it upon him. Bern is a rare spectacle in Hollywood. In a city where ego floats to the surface like bubbles on wine, he

remains in the background. His name is a by-word of kindness and understanding. He is the most beloved citizen in the City of Make-Believe.

And yet he is the most baffling of men. No man in America ever had a more wretched boyhood. And to all outward appearances, save for the little lines of sadness about his eyes, there is no trace of it. The fine spirit of the man predominated over it all. To sell papers on wintry streets by the hour with large holes in one's shoes—to slave late into the night at every menial task imaginable, to wait upon a tired mother, the bearer of eighteen children, to cheer a broken and once wealthy father, long hurt by the stinging lashes of life, to watch at the bedsides of the weak and the maimed and the dying—this was Bern's boyhood.

And through it all there was a splendid streak of honesty in the senior Bern. Imagine him, a poor old immigrant on a New York street car, unused to American customs. He left the car and suddenly realized the conductor had failed to collect his nickel. He ran after the car with the money in his hand. The Lord indeed should send something to such a man—should let him live again in his posterity—and this He has done.

But where in the debris of life did the man Bern get his most amazing background? He is the best read man in Hollywood. And one gains a background in

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]

The years have not robbed her of her beauty



Hers is the Natural Loveliness
that comes from protective care.
Millions are retaining the charm
of youth in this simple way.

The "middle-aged woman" is fast becoming a relic of other days.

Age no longer is the line of demarcation between days of charm and allure and the tasteless complacency of a chaperon's corner.

Women have learned to stay looking young... and "looking" young means being young

A GIRL yesterday, a woman today... then suddenly, "middle-aged."

You want to avoid it. Every woman does. And you can if you wish. Note the scores of women young at 30, charming in the forties that you see everywhere today. That will prove the point to you.

To gain it... that priceless gift of youth... you must follow natural laws of cleanliness in skin care. Artificial methods have been supplanted in modern beauty culture.

Start with Palmolive, nature's formula to keep that schoolgirl complexion. Don't let it slip away from you. You can't regain youth, but you can keep it.

DO THIS . . . then note the changes in your skin

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 be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all.

Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. 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.

Avoid this mistake

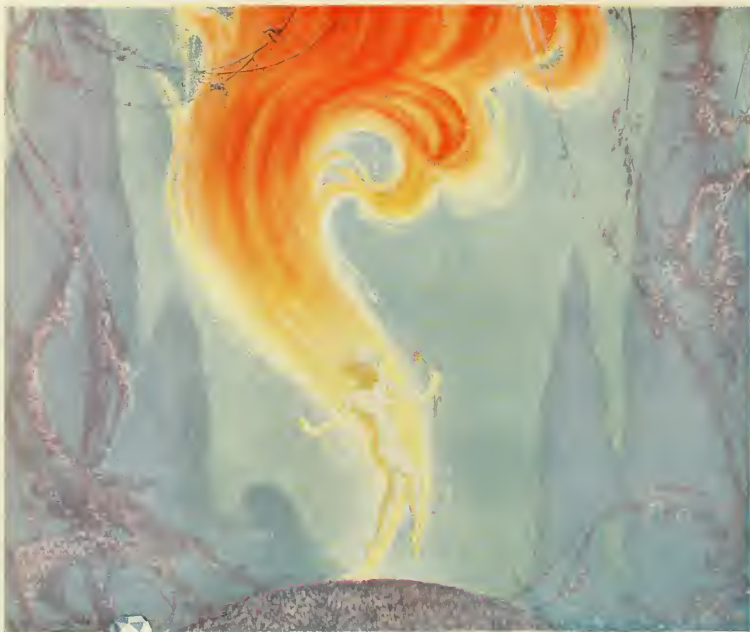
Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive.

It costs but 10c the cake!—so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.) CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

PALMOLIVE

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped



*Youth is a flame on the wings of dawn—
Youth is a dance on a rose-strewn lawn.*

Fetiché

Youth's Own Perfume



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I am sending 25c in stamps—please send me a "Get Acquainted"
Package of Fetiché, containing bottle of Perfume, Envelope of
Sachet, Box of Face Powder Basane (Sun Tan), the delightful
new day shade, and a copy of "Three Centuries of Beauty
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Youth on airy feet among the roses—
elusive, strange, new fragrance of the
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In Essence, Eau de Toilette, Eau
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An Epic of a Dying Race



The mighty drama of the rise and fall of the red man—soon to be shown on the screen. The story, starting with primitive cave-man, carries us through subsequent invasions by Cliff Dwellers, Navajos, Spaniards, and the final conquest by American forces. Then later events and the World War. The scene above depicts Cliff Dwellers in Arizona assembled to watch the mystic rites of medicine men



Richard Dix as *Nophaie*, an Indian hero, and Lois Wilson, who plays the part of *Marion Warner*, the school teacher, with whom the handsome brave is in love. But the inevitable racial differences creep in to complicate his problem. Just how the picture ends is still a studio secret

Nophaie (Dix) in a World War scene



"Did We Meet in a Persian Garden?"

"WERE we truly in your living room last night? Or did we meet in a Persian Garden? What was the faint breath of enchantment that lingered always in the room? What was the spell that made you seem so bewitchingly mysterious?"

FROM HER DIARY:

I SAW his eyes search the room strangely. He looked at me, too, as if he saw something new about me. I wonder if it was the temple incense?"

PRINCESSES of the days of the Arabian Nights knew they were lovelier in a subtly fragrant atmosphere that gave them stranger backgrounds than their palaces. VANTINE'S TEMPLE INCENSE preserves their secret to transform the familiar backgrounds of women of today. Six exquisite odors, at all drug and department stores.

Let incense give mystery to your charm. Send 10 cents for six sample fragrances.

A. A. VANTINE & CO.

(Dept. 3) 71 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK



"Tea for Two and Two for Tea"—Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor in their new Hollywood home. It's all fixed up with wedding presents from their many friends, and Claire and Bert are still wearing their bride and groom smiles

Studio News and Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46]

actor, in fact. (Pardon me, Bull Montana, for switching allegiance.)

It was none other than that talented laugh-maker, Allan Hoskins. Hoskins, always an admirer of Lloyd's work on the screen and off, had just dropped over to pay his respects to Harold and, incidentally, let Lloyd and myself in on some very confidential stuff.

Pardon, I fear I neglected to tell you Allan Hoskins is not his real name. Or rather it is, though I fear you know him only by his screen *nom de plume*, "Farina."

And what he confided to us was that "I don't want to be a cop or a fireman when I grow up. I want to be something important—a saxophone player in a jazz band."

When Farina is between pictures with "Our Gang" over at Hal Roach's studio, his idea of a real good time is to call on Harold and talk over the old times before Lloyd left the Roach lot.

LUPINO LANE, ex-Follies comedian, under arrest!

This is the newspaper headline Lupino saw in his dreams for some nights after he very narrowly escaped being haled before a police judge.

Lane was making street scenes for his new comedy, a story of life in a Turkish harem. He wore a pair of the traditional balloon pants common to gentlemen of the Asiatic Empire.

It being a hot day, and the scene having been taken, Lupino retired behind a large pepper tree in the front yard of a Hollywood bungalow and started removing the hot, heavy trousers which he wore over his regular street pants.

The woman residing in the bungalow called the police. The officers arrived and asked Lane and his com-

pany if they had seen a man disrobing in that vicinity.

A few cigars and explanations followed and the police were convinced that it is perfectly all right for a man to remove his trousers on a Hollywood street—provided he has another pair underneath.

YOU can't shake a "Jonah."

"Ben Hur" has certainly been carrying one ever since its production started—I don't remember just when that was, but it seems like it was just before the war.

Anyway, after building the great Circus Maximus for the chariot races in Rome, and finding they couldn't shoot successfully, they started a new one on a large vacant acreage just back of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio.

They had it about half done, when they went out one morning and found that a large steam shovel was starting to plow right through it. Upon frantic inquiry it was discovered that said steam shovel had only started, and was to be followed immediately by armies of tractors and other implements of destruction. The city of Los Angeles was about to build an enormous storm drain right across that vacant lot, and nothing was going to stop it.

So poor old "Ben Hur," resigned by this time probably to things like that, picked up this Circus and started looking about for some other suitable place to park itself. This has just been discovered, and they will start immediately building it for the nth time. Let us hope it is out of the earthquake zone.

THERE'S more than one way to win a ball game—maybe a couple of ways that you have never even heard about.

Recently Harry Carey's Indians were matched to meet the Colored



Betty Blythe, motion picture star, wearing her Orange Blossom rings

ORANGE BLOSSOM wedding and engagement rings are particularly favored by those who permit of no compromise in style, quality, or value. Special gold, iridio-platinum and perfect diamonds only are used. And every genuine Orange Blossom ring is stamped with the Traub trade mark.

Sold exclusively by reliable jewelers. All styles—\$12.00 and up. Write for free style booklet giving the interesting history of wedding rings.

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T R A U B

GENUINE *Orange Blossom* RINGS

Bear these  ORANGE BLOSSOM
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The HAND That Greets New Friends

First Impressions! What a lot they mean in this mad, rushing age, when second chances are so rare if one doesn't "take" at sight! And how skilfully the masculine eye reads you through your hands!

Keep them always lovely if you would make the impression you want—skin soft, smooth and white; nails always glowing with the smart, shell-pink lustre that Fashion and good taste demand.

It's easy enough if you follow the Glazo way. Instead of long, tedious buffing you simply coat each nail evenly and smoothly with Glazo, wait a second for it to dry and, presto—your nails are changed to lovely pearls!

Only once a week is even this scant attention necessary, for Glazo does not crack, ridge or peel, nor is it affected by soap and water.

Separate Remover for Best Results Glazo is the original Liquid Polish. It comes complete with separate remover, which prevents waste and insures better results. Get Glazo today at your favorite toilet goods counter—50c.



GLAZO

Nails Stay Polished Longer—No Buffing Necessary
**Try GLAZO Cuticle
Massage Cream**

It shapes the cuticle and keeps it even and healthy
The Glazo Co., 28 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, O.



Just because he took a vacation of two months in New York, Jackie Coogan has to study two hours a day now that he is back in the studio. Although Jackie is only eleven years old, he is way beyond "kid" studies. He is in the eighth grade, and in some subjects he is as far advanced as second year of high school

Giants, an aggregation of colored ball tossers who play the great American game in real big league style.

Our Western hero, Harry, has a ball club which ranks at the top of the semi-pros in Southern California. They had had a wonderful season and Carey didn't want them to lose to the colored stars, the toughest club the Indians had ever been up against.

Then for some real inside baseball. Harry ordered a load of watermelons on the ball field, fine, ripe specimens, all well iced. The melons were on hand before the ball players and the colored Giants were invited to help themselves to the refreshments on any and all occasions.

The colored lads just couldn't resist. They didn't want to, in fact, and, when the game was called, a very much water-logged aggregation took the field. But not the Indians, for they had signed the melon-pledge.

When the nine innings ended, the Harry Carey Indians were on the long end of a 9 to 2 score.

SOCIALLY, the peak of peaks was reached in Hollywood at the masquerade ball which Marion Davies gave for the Earl of Ilchester. In every way it was the most exclusive and brilliant and gorgeous affair ever given in the film colony, and I doubt if Newport or Paris has often surpassed it.

The Earl, who has been the guest of Mrs. Elinor Glyn for some weeks, and is head of one

of the oldest and richest families in England, was delighted with the entertainment in his honor.

Miss Davies built a special ballroom at the back of the house, and it was decorated in charming carnival fashion. The enormous supper room was a riot of color and flowers and soft lighting, and the big drawing rooms of her lovely Beverly Hills house were filled with gorgeous flowers and great baskets of favors.

MISS DAVIES received in her famous "Little Old New York" costume, and was assisted by her mother, Mrs. Douras, costumed as a Colonial dame, in satins and powdered wig. The Earl of Ilchester was a Mandarin, and Mrs. Glyn was magnificent as Catherine of Russia.

I think the first prize for beauty would have gone to Mrs. Charles Ray, as a lady of the court of Louis the XV. Mrs. Ray looked like a magnificent old painting of some famous court beauty. Her gown was of lustrous white satin, embroidered in pearls, and she wore pearls in her soft, white wig. A great corsage of gardenias and a little lace and satin mask on a mother-of-pearl stick completed the lovely effect. Mr. Ray was a Chinese shik.

Marshall Neilan created the most laughter. Having just shaved his head anyway, Mickey wore convict's stripes, and the effect was startling.

Another hugh went up over Constance Talmadge, when she unmasked, for she was gotten up as a "gob," with an entirely realistic sailor outfit.

Irving Thalberg was arrayed as an Irishman, with a green topper, and a full green outfit. Pola Negri wore her "Czarina" uniform, and Norma Talmadge fooled everybody for a long time as a little girl in rompers and sunbonnet, and a blonde wig.



Solving your problem in face powders

TRE-JUR'S NEW LOOSE FACE POWDER is the triumph in toilettries . . . a precious, perfect blend of supreme quality, exquisite softness and enchanting odour. Its touch is delightfully friendly to the tone and texture of the skin—its use a pure joy to all women.

It solves forever the powder problem—"Which shall it be?" For its appeal is to the patrician, while its price is within the reach of all.

Tre-Jur Face Powder—a generously large supply in an alluringly lovely box—for 50c.

Do you know **TRE-JUR COMPACTS**, those beautiful little cases, packed so handily with finest quality cosmetics? If not—you must meet the Thinnest, The Purse Size Twin, The Triple—amazingly ingenious, amazingly valued, completely compact.

The Thinnest—champion of feather-weight compacts—costs \$1 for the

single and \$1.50 for the double. The Purse Size Twin, yielding powder and rouge in a case as lovely as a gem, is priced \$1. The Tre-Jur Triple, with lipstick, is \$1.25. Refills are always available.

Tre-Jur's Compacts and Tre-Jur's exquisite Powder, in your favorite shade, are sold at stores that value your patronage . . . or sent by mail from us.

House of Tre-Jur, Inc., 19 W. 18th St., N.Y.



"Dazzling skin beauty can be cultivated"

—says Madame Helena Rubinstein

YOU have often marveled at the woman whose skin is so striking that, immediately on entering a room, she has all eyes focussed upon her!

"Such dazzling skin beauty can be cultivated," says Helena Rubinstein, leading international beauty-scientist.

It is simply amazing how quickly the skin responds to proper scientific care. Seeming miracles are wrought with even the dulllest and most lifeless of skins—in so short a time as one month!

One of Madame Rubinstein's latest and greatest aids to skin improvement is her *Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream*.

Into a one dollar jar of cream, Madame Rubinstein has crystallized the results of half a century of scientific study and research. Never has so superb a cream been created for so modest a price.

For here is a cream that performs five functions—you use it for *cleansing, moulding out tired lines, soothing, freshening, protecting* the skin and, if desired, as a powder base.

Yet this is but one of Madame Rubinstein's cosmetic masterpieces for the promotion of dazzling skin beauty!

Clean, white and refine the skin texture with these Valaze Beauty Preparations

Valaze Beautifying Skincare (Clarifying Cream)—whitens, clears up sallowness, tan, freckles, discoloration—surgic for a skin that has been darkened or coarsened by summer exposure. **\$1, \$2**

Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream—cleanses thoroughly, moulds out tired lines, soothes, freshens and protects. 4 oz. \$1, 1/2 lb. **\$2**

Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste—a soap substitute—refines pores—removes blackheads not only. **\$1, \$2**

Valaze Grecian Anti-wrinkle Cream (Anti-rhonal eye)—see every night around eyes. **\$1.75**

Valaze Skin Tissue Lotion—applied after creams to stimulate, refine pores, tone and brace skin. **\$1.25**

Valaze Cosmetics are so perfect in composition that they both *hatter and protect* the skin. **\$1**

Valaze Red Raspberry Rouge—an irresistible tone, full of life and vivacity. **\$1**

Valaze Red Geranium Rouge—a loving, sparkling, youthful shade. **\$1**

Lipsticks in same entrancing colors. **\$1**

At all smart shops

For scientific treatments that accomplish wonders in keeping the contour of the face youthful, visit Madame Rubinstein's nearest salon—or write for personal advice on daily care to preserve or restore that appealing, youthful outline.

Salons de Beaute Valaze

Helena Rubinstein

46 W. 57th St., NEW YORK

PARIS—136 Rue de Fashomg, St. Honoré
LONDON—24 Graffon St., W. 1
CHICAGO—30 N. Michigan Ave.
DETROIT—1540 Washington Boulevard
BOSTON—234 Boylston Street
NEWARK—931 Broad Street



Seventy-four character women made tests for the role of Tanta Ilde in "The Viennese Medley" and Lucy Beaumont won out. The rivalry was hot and keen and all the grande dames of the business resorted to every trick to capture the role. And then it was handed to a newcomer. Miss Beaumont is new to the screen, but she has long been a famous trouper on the English stage. She remembers Conway Tearle and many other now famous players when they were mere beginners

Mae Murray was a Spanish dancer. It won't take long to describe Mae's costume. There wasn't much of it—it reminded me rather of those for which she has become famous on the screen. A few swirls of black lace, and a mantilla, and a comb, but the interesting thing was the dark red wig she wore. It gave character to her face and she has never looked so lovely.

JACK GILBERT was a poet, Rudolph Valentino was a Spanish *caballero*, Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor made a lovely Pierrot and Pierrette, in red and white satin; Bebe Daniels duplicated Marion Davies' costume and wore a blonde wig, and caused a lot of confusion.

May Allison was an Austrian peasant girl, Tom Mix was a Revolutionary officer, and Mrs. Mix was lovely as a lady from the Turkish harem. Pauline Starke was an Apache girl, with Howard Hawkes as her partner, and Norma Shearer came as a college boy, in nifty blue serge and a straw hat.

Fannie Hurst, the famous author, all in scarlet with scarlet veils about her dark head, succeeded in making everybody think she was Nita Naldi for some time. Madame Nazimova was an Arabian dancing girl, and Lew Cody

was a Turkish gentleman. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Chandler Christy were a Chinese couple. Patsy Ruth Miller made a lovely Carmen and Vilma Banky wore a wonderful old Hungarian costume.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS and Mary Pickford and Joe Schenck all came in late and wore evening dress, as did John McCormick and Colleen Moore.

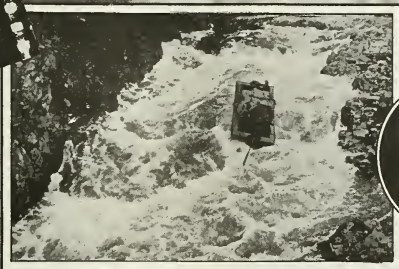
Seena Owen was a Hawaiian girl, and Anita Stewart was a shawl—at least she looked gorgeous simply wrapped in a lovely shawl of red and white, with red flowers in her hair. Mr. and Mrs. Earle Williams wore Colonial costumes most becomingly, and though Sam Goldwyn stuck to conventional evening dress, as did Louis B. Mayer and Harry Rapp. Mrs. Goldwyn wore hoops and a powdered wig and was very delightful to look at.

KATH BENNETT, youngest sister of Enid Bennett and hailed by a lot of folks as the prettiest blonde in Hollywood, is facing a terrible problem. As she herself puts it, she is being torn limb from limb and all her friends are

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]



Shooting the rapids, taken from the actual film



Anna Q. Nilsson as Countess Courteau

Frank Lloyd

presents

WINDS of CHANCE

the screens' great EPIC of the Klondike gold rush by

Rex Beach

with Anna Q Nilsson—Ben Lyon
Viola Dana and Victor McLaglen

Days of madness—nights of despair—the terrors of Chilkoot Pass—the thrill of gold—the roar of the rapids and the frenzy of the dance hall.

All these are vividly portrayed under Frank Lloyd's direction, with a supporting cast of: Dorothy Sebastian, Hobart Bosworth, Claude Gillingwater, Philo McCullough and John T. Murray.

"Winds of Chance" will live to entertain, a permanent screen record of the Yukon gold rush.



Starting the long trail, left to right: Viola Dana, Victor McLaglen and Ben Lyon



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What the Stars and Directors Are Doing NOW

WEST COAST

(Unless otherwise specified studios are at Hollywood)

BERWILLA STUDIOS, 5821 Santa Monica Blvd.

Paul Hurst directing "The Gold Hunters" with David Butler and Hedda Nova.
Ben Wilson directing "Fort Frayne" with Captain Malcolm Leale and Neva Gerber.

BUSTER KEATON STUDIOS, 1025 Lillian Way.

Inactive.

CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIO, 1416 La Brea Ave.

Inactive.

CALIFORNIA STUDIOS, 1438 Gower St.

John Ince directing "The Big Adventure" with Herbert Rawlinson and Grace Carmode.
John Ince directing "The Perfect Crime" with E. K. Lincoln and Wanda Hawley.
Bob Dillon directing "Flaming Fire" with Herbert Rawlinson and Brenda Lane.
Harry Brown directing "The Danger Quest" with Red Hodes and Shannon Day.

COLUMBIA PROD., 3550 Melrose Ave., L. A.

Tony Gaudio directing "The Price of Success" with Alice Lake and Gaston Glass.

CECIL B. DE MILLE STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

Paul Sloan directing "Red Dice" with Rod La Rocque and Lillian Rich.
Rupert Julian directing "Three Faces East" with Robert Ames, Rocklife Fellows and Noah Berry.
Cecil B. De Mille directing "Silence" with H. B. Warner.

FILM BOOKING OFFICES, 750 Gower St.

Emory Johnson directing "The Last Edition" with Frank Lewis, Frances Tanager and Ray Haller.
Hargon Wright has completed "Three Wise Crooks" with Evelyn Brent.
Bob Custer has completed "Forty and Foud.".
Del Andrews directing "Ridin' the Wind" with Fred Thomson.
Associated Exhibitors. Paul Powell directing "North Star" with Strongheart.

B. F. Schutberg Prod.

Gashler has completed "The Other Woman's Story" with Alice Colburn and Robert Frazer.
Wesley Ruggles has completed "The Plastic Age" with Clara Bow and Donald Keith.
Production will soon start on "Lew Tyler's Wives" and "Horses and Women."

FOX STUDIOS, 1401 N. Western Ave.

J. G. Blystone directing "A Yankee Senator" with Tom Mix and Olive Burden and Robert Frazer.
Frank Borzage directing "Wages for Wives" with Jacqueline Logan and Creighton Hale.
Daniel Keefe directing the O. Henry series with Kathryn McGuire and Harvey Clark.
Albert Ray directing "All Aboard" with Kathryn Perry and Hailan Cooley.

GERSON STUDIOS, 1974 Page St., San Francisco.

Duke Worne directing "The Pride of the Force" with Tom Santschi and Gladys Hulette.

LASKY STUDIOS, 1520 Vine St.

Clarence Badger directing "Stage Door Johnny" with Raymond Griffith.
James Cruze directing "Mannequin." Cast not named.
Malcolm St. Clair directing "The Tattooed Countess" with Pola Negri.
Raoul Walsh will direct "Hassan." Cast not named.
Irwin Willat will direct "The Enchanted Hill" Cast not named.
William de Mille directing "Polly of the Ballet" with Bebe Daniels and Neil Hamilton.
Victor Fleming directing "The Two Soldiers" with Mildred Davis, Wallace Berey and Raymond Hatton.
Fred Newmeyer directing "Seven Keys to Baldpate" with Douglas MacLean and Edith Roberts.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIOS, Culver City, Cal.

Victor Seastrom directing "The Scarlet Letter" with Lillian Gish.
Robert Henley directing "Free Lips" with Norma Shearer and Lew Cody.
Edmund Goulding directing "Sally, Irene and Mary" with Constance Bennett, Joan Crawford and William Haines.
Tod Browning directing "The Mocking Bird" with Lon Chaney.
Eligor Glyn directing "The Only Thing" with Edmund Lowe.
George Hill directing "The Barrier" with Norman Kerry.
Marshall Neilan directing "The Great Love" with Viola Dana and Bobby Akroy.
Benjamin Christensen directing "The Light Eternal" with Carmel Myers.

METROPOLITAN STUDIOS, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd.

Renaud Hoffman Prod. Wallace Eason directing "The Shadow on the Wall" with Elcece Percy and Creighton Hale.
Metropolitan Prod. "Steel Preferred" with Vera Reynolds and William Boyd.

PICKFORD-FAIRBANKS STUDIOS, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd.

William Beaudine directing "Seraps" with Mary Pickford.
Douglas Fairbanks is now working on "The Black Pirate" with Billie Dove.

TIFYANI PROD., Hollywood.

"Morals for Men" with Agnes Ayres and Conway Tearle.
"Borrowed Finery" with Gertrude Astor, Ward Crane and Hedda Hopper.

UNITED STUDIOS, Hollywood, Cal.

FIRST National Prod.

Frank Lloyd directing "The Splendid Road" with Anns Q. Nilsson, Robert Frazer and Edward Earle.
Sidney Franklin directing "Paris After Dark" with Norma Talmadge and Walter Pidgeon.
John Francis Dillon directing "We Moderns" with Colleen Moore and Jack Mulhall.
Al Green directing "Spanish Sunlight" with Barbara La Marr and Lewis Stone.
Eric Von Stroheim directing "East of the Setting Sun" with Constance Talmadge and Eric Von Stroheim.

United Artists Prod.

Clarence Brown has completed "The Lone Eagle" with Rudolph Valentino and Vilma Banky.
Henry King will direct another "Potash & Perlmutter" story. Cast not named.

UNIVERSAL STUDIO, Universal City, Cal.

Cliff Smith directing "The Plotters" with Art Acord and Olive Hasbrouck.
"Deadwood Dick" with Jack Hodge and Elna Gregson. Albert Rogell directing.
John B. O'Brien directing "The Riding Doll" with Jessie Sedewick and Colin Chase.
Ernest Laemle directing "The Thrill Hunter" with Fred Humes and Virginia Bradford.
William Wyler directing "The Fire Barrier" with Jack Mower and Margaret Guinby.
Dimitri Buchowetzki directing "The Midnight Sun" with Pat O'Malley and Laura La Plante.
King Baggot will direct "Perch of the Devil." Cast not named.
Sven Gade directing "Wives for Rent" with Mary Philbin.

WARNER BROS. STUDIO, 5842 Sunset Blvd.

J. Stuart Blackton directing "The Gilded Highway" with Johnny Harron and Dorothy Devore.
Ernst Lubitsch directing "Lady Windemere's Fan" with May McAvoy, Ronald Colman, Irene Rich and Bert Lyell.
Production will commence soon on:
"Night-Night Nurse" with Syd Chaplin.
"The Cave Men" with Matt Moore.
"The Agony Column" with Monte Blue.
Mihard Webb will soon start directing "Don Juan" with John Barrymore and Mary Astor.

EAST COAST

BIOGRAPH STUDIO, 807 East 175 St., New York City.

George Archambaud directing "The Scarlet Saint" with Mary Astor and Lloyd Hughes.

COSMOPOLITAN STUDIOS, 127th St. and Second Ave., New York City.

Robert Kane directing "Blueboard's Seven Wives" with Ben Lyon, Dorothy Sebastian and Blanche Sweet.
Production will soon start on "The Lunatic at Large" with Leon Erroll.

JACKSON STUDIO, Jackson and Westchester Aves., Bronx, New York City.

Charles Hines directing "Rainbow Riley" with Johnny Hines.

PARAMOUNT STUDIO, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.

Alan Dawn directing "Stage-Struck" with Gloria Swanson and Lawrence Gray.
Moots Bell directing "The King on Main Street" with Adolphe Menjou, Jessie Lee, Greta Nissen and Tom Moore.
Frank Tuttle directing "The American Venus" with Ernest Terrence, Kenneth McKenna and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
"Alma of the South Seas" with Gilda Gray and William Powell.

TEC-ART STUDIO, 344 West 44th St., New York City.

Kenneth Webb directing "Just Suppose" with Richard Barthelme.

CHANGES IN TITLES

FIRST NATIONAL:

"Joseph Greer and His Daughter" will be released as "Walt Foliage Men."
"The Invisible Wound" will be released as "The New Commitment."

BUSINESS NEWS OFFICES

Associated Exhibitors, Inc., 35 West 45th St., New York City.

Associated First National Pictures, 383 Madison Ave., New York City. Richard Barthelme Prod., Inspiration Pictures, 560 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Distinctive Pictures Corporation, 365 Madison Ave., New York City.

Educational Film Corporation, 370 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation (Paramount), 483 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Film Booklet Office of Amer. Inc., 723 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Fox Film Company, 10th Ave. & 55th St., New York City.

Metro-Goldwyn, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation, Palmer Bldg., 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 Diversy Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

B. F. Schutberg Prod., 117 W. 45th St., 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, Heckscher Building, 5th Ave. and 57th St., New York City.

Vitaphone Company of America, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

Warner Brothers, 1600 Broadway, New York City.



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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, 721 W. 57th St., New York City.

M. K., ITHACA, MICH.—I daresay Silver King only takes orders from his master. As for his age, that I cannot tell you. I haven't counted his teeth. Address Fred Thomson at the F. B. O. Studios, Hollywood, Calif. His newest picture is "Riding the Wind."

D. F., TOLEDO, O.—Milton Sills is separated from Gladys Wynne. They have one daughter. At present he is living in New York. His wife is suing him for divorce.

EDITH G., CHICAGO, ILL.—Address May Allison at the United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

DOROTHY OF MAINE.—So you want me to go wild over Madge Bellamy's eyes. I'll admit that they are decidedly all right. Madge was born in Hillsboro, Texas, on the thirtieth of June, 1903. She is five feet, three inches tall. Write to her and also to Tom Mix and Buck Jones at the Fox Studios, Hollywood, Calif., for photographs. Enclose a quarter with each request. Colleen Moore was born on August 10, 1902; Gloria Swanson was born on March 27, 1900.

EVELYN C., BELLEFONTAINE, O.—Constance Bennett is one of the newer stars. She's the daughter of Richard Bennett, who is prominent on the stage. Constance has blue eyes and light hair. She was born on October 22, 1905, and is five feet, four inches tall. Not married. Owen Moore is separated from his wife.

AMY B., OAKLAND, CALIF.—Warner Baxter is married to Winifred Bryson. He has been in pictures since 1921. Harrison Ford's newest is "That Royle Girl." The picture in which Conway Tearle, Ricardo Cortez, Dorothy Mackall and Lon Chaney appeared was called "The Next Corner." Now come on with your hundreds of questions about Ronald Colman and Betty Bronson.

H. E., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Richard Talmadge is five feet, nine inches tall and weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds. He has black hair and brown eyes.

E. M., TORONTO.—Victoria Ford retired from the screen after her marriage to Tom Mix. Mrs. Meighan is

shy about having her picture taken, although she's a very handsome woman. But she lets Thomas have all the photographs in the family.

A BETTY BRONSON ADMIRER.—Betty's picture appeared on the cover of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, issue of January, 1925. Betty was born on November 17, 1906. Address her at the Paramount Studios, Astoria, L. I.

DOROTHY, LEXINGTON, KY.—Jack Mulhall was born on October 7, 1891. He has dark hair. Married to Evelyn Winans, but separated. Norma Shearer isn't married. She was born on August 10, 1904.

MRS. G. L., SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.—Write to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 750 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., for the issue with the article about Ivor Novello. It appeared in the April PHOTOPLAY, 1923. There was also a photograph of Mr. Novello in the issue of March, 1923. "The White Rose" was reviewed in the August issue of the same year. Thank you.

H. B., BERLIN, N. Y.—May McAvoy was born in 1901. Her newest pictures are "My Old Dutch" and "Ben Hur." Address her at the Warner Brothers Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

MARY G. H.—Slower, slower, please, and only five questions at a time. Here is your quota for the month. Alberta Vaughn is five

feet, two inches high and was born on June 27, 1906. Mary Brian was born in 1908 and is just five feet tall. Betty Bronson is five feet, three and one-half inches, and was born on November 17, 1906. Clara Bow is also five feet, three and one-half inches. Born on July 29, 1905. Pauline Garon is five feet, one inch, and was born on September 9, 1903. I see you like 'em short.

MARY H., SEA BRIGHT, N. J.—You're right about "The Tale of Two Cities," only it was William Farnum and not Dustin who played the leading role. It was a William Fox production.

H. G.—May Allison was born in Georgia. Now you know why there are so many songs in praise of Dixie. She has golden hair and blue eyes and is five feet, five inches tall and weighs 125 pounds. She was born on June 14, 1895. Address her in care of the United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

S. A. G., POMONA, CALIF.—Richard Dix isn't married but he swears he is going to be. But he won't say when, to whom, or why. His next picture is "The Woman Hater." And that's fair enough. Bebe Daniels is single and she has bobbed hair. And her next picture is "Martinique."

RAYMOND G., FLINT, MICH.—Madge Bellamy was born in Texas. What could be more American? She is five feet, three inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. Her hair and eyes are dark brown. Not married—as yet.

R. P. K., MIDDLETOWN, O.—Another Constance Bennett admirer! Miss Bennett is the daughter of Richard Bennett, the most tempestuous actor on Broadway and one of the most clever. She was born October 22, 1905, in New York City. She is five feet, four inches and weighs 108 pounds. Constance has light hair and blue eyes.

BOBBY, MIAMI, FLA.—Jackie Coogan receives his instruction from private tutors. He already knows as much about some subjects as many college students. Jackie was born on October 26, 1914.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 108]



It's all in the life of a cameraman. The boy who grinds the crank has to learn to set up his machine anywhere that the director demands. Here he is perched in the rigging of a ship, filming a scene of John Barrymore for "The Sea Beast"



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The bobbed-hair casualty of the month—Priscilla Dean. Priscilla is the latest star to leave her curls on the barber shop floor. Hers is a loose, wavy bob, not at all boyish, and you can see that she wears her hair long in front and drooping over one eye. What star will be the next to step into the barber's chair?

Studio News and Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]

frantically advising her—but on different sides.

It's the old question of to bob or not to bob, but in Kath's case it's a little more complicated. For her hair is, without doubt, her crowning glory. It is the most gorgeous shade of shimmering ash blonde, it reaches way below her waist, it grows in a great, deep, natural marcel. And everyone has always raved about it. People stare at Kath across ballrooms and theaters and then go up and tell her she has the most beautiful hair they've ever seen. Naturally, her friends and family shudder at the thought of seeing it cut.

BUT, Kath says it is hindering her picture career terribly. No one wants to cast a girl with long hair for any young parts. They say she doesn't look smart in her clothes, because her hair is long.

"And what use is it?" she says, "unless I can play Lady Godiva or something?"

Dorothy Mackaill, who also had lovely blonde curls, has cut hers, and says she had to, for the same reason. No matter how lovely, they didn't want long, blonde hair—it didn't look smart or modern.

Norma Shearer is about the only one to "get away with" long hair—but she wears it slicked back, tight, and it looks very fashionable. Kath's won't "slick."

No wonder the poor girl is worried.

THEY say that Cecil De Mille has tamed Jetta Goudal. I hope so. It's too bad to lose Jetta's charm from the screen. Down on

the De Mille set the other day, I saw the lovely Jetta, standing very quietly in the shadows. She was gazing at C. B.—who has always been a great director for women—with wrapt and fascinated gaze. And when he turned and called her, she actually flew across the set and flung herself into the scene with the utmost co-operation and ardor.

As the general report has been that she simply couldn't be managed, I was glad to see her working with such ease and poise.

THE last of the famous symphony concerts given this season in the Hollywood Bowl—that most beautiful of open-air auditoriums—has gone its way and one of the directors of the Bowl told me the other day that the support given this year by picture stars had been particularly gratifying.

"There are a lot more real music lovers among the people of the screen than you would suppose," she said, "and many of them have been regular attendants, two and three nights a week. I always know that when there is a really fine program, they will turn out."

I have seen Rod La Rocque and Pola Negri there frequently of late—you know that attachment is "on again" right now—and of course Mr. and Mrs. William de Mille and Mr. and Mrs. Cecil De Mille, and Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, and Charlie Chaplin (very frequently) and Jack Gilbert—often alone, by the way—and Florence Vidor, sometimes with the Fred Niblos and George Fitz-

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We'll bet that everyone tells Mrs. Shearer that she looks more like Norma's sister than her mother. It's always the way to flatter the mother of an attractive and unmarried girl. In this case, the flattery is justified because Mrs. Shearer looks as though she ought to consider a movie career herself.

maurice, and Mae Murray, and Colleen Moore, with her husband, John McCormick, and Dorothy Mackall with some masculine escort, and since she got home, Bebe Daniels and her mother with a party of friends several times, and, of course, Elinor Glyn; and Marion Davies has had several box parties there following dinner at her lovely summer beach home, and twice I have seen Mrs. Wallace Reid and her small son enjoying one of the lighter programs, which young Bill, with his decided musical nature, could be counted upon to enjoy, and the Doug MacLeans and the Conrad Nagels. This just to prove that Hollywood isn't all jazz.

THE Charleston proceeds upon its merry and increasingly popular way in Hollywood. At the last Sixty Club dinner—an unusually brilliant one, by the way—the enthusiasm for it reached such a height that everybody present insisted upon a sort of private Charleston contest, in which the most popular screen stars were forced by popular acclaim to show their latest steps.

The dance floor was cleared and the exclusive and famous audience drew their tables up closer and applauded more wildly than I have ever heard them. Bessie Love, the acknowledged queen of the Charleston among picture favorites, had to come out first to stop everybody yelling her name at the top of their lungs. She did all her quaint and graceful versions of the steps, and Ann Pennington followed her. Then somebody shoved Patsy Ruth Miller onto the floor, and Pat obliged with the jazziest version we have yet seen—a flapper Charleston de luxe we should call it.

After that, the crowd dragged Marion Davies from her hiding place, for Marion had actually hidden when they first started to call

her name. She stood for an instant, evidently paralyzed with fright, and then did the Charleston in her own inimitably funny way—never has Marion proved herself a greater comedienne than she does in the Charleston. She does it with grace and charm, and yet she manages a lot of funny little steps and uses a facial expression that makes fun of the whole performance. Kathleen Clifford and Lilyan Tashman, who has not forgotten that she used to be the best dancer in the Follies chorus, were haled forth by popular acclaim and both got a rousing welcome.

Florence Vidor had a perfectly gorgeous Charleston party at her house the other evening, and had a young Charleston teacher in to give everybody lessons. Norma and Connie Talmadge—Connie does it very well, but she says she doesn't remember to do each foot differently—Madame Nazimova, Bebe Daniels, Enid Bennett, and a dozen others learned new steps, while Elinor Glyn looked on and smiled.

A SPLASH of light . . . a splash of shimmering color as a star trod the promenade . . . a murmured wave of sound from the assembled throng as a well-loved favorite made her appearance.

The Greater Movie Season Ball—a fitting climax to Los Angeles' Greater Movie Season—was in full swing at the Ambassador Auditorium.

Jovial Charlie Murray was the riotous master of ceremonies, poking good-natured fun at his fellow players . . . and the program fairly sparkled with scintillating beauty and wit. Little Lina Basquette, whose twinkling toes gladdened many a fatigued financier when she was the featured dancer of the Ziegfeld Follies . . . Tom Mix, resplendent in his very best cowboy regalia and riding his gallant steed

Little things of large importance from the William Fox studio



Earle Foxe
as
Van Bibber



IT OFTEN happens in the theatre that the long picture on the program has failed to please you, yet you are delighted with one or several of the "short subjects" that complete the bill. WILLIAM FOX has given the greatest care to these little "Gems of the Picture Program."

Van Bibber Comedies

Richard Harding Davis wrote the celebrated Van Bibber stories from which is made the series of short "society comedies" in which Earle Foxe has won just renown. Van Bibber Comedies have been ruling favorites in high-class theatres for the last two seasons.

Married Life of Helen and Warren

The stories, by Mabel Herbert Umer published in the newspapers for fifteen years under this title have now been secured by Fox—a new treat for lovers of the little good things of the screen. Kathryn Perry and Hallam Cooley play *Helen* and *Warren* respectively throughout the series.

O. Henry Stories

You will see them live and move on the screen—those entertaining characters created by America's greatest short story genius, O. Henry. William Fox has made a series of new comedy dramas from these "Gems of Fiction." Never before screened—these little masterpieces visualize for theatre patrons stories and characters long beloved in thousands of American homes.

Imperial Comedies

The old "slap-stick" comedies are things of the past—so far as Fox is concerned! No custard pie or glue-pot messiness mars the entertainment that ceaselessly rolls through these, the cleanest, cleverest and most zestful comedies of this kind. Pretty girls galore, real plots, many clever animal actors—and brains used in the mixing!

Fox News

A vivid, stirring, gripping presentation of the great events of the world unfolded before your eyes. The scenes of today that will be the history of tomorrow, caught by the all-seeing eye of the camera, brought to you with speed, sincerity and truth—and a wonderful feeling for the human angle!

Fox Varieties

New, novel, charming and beautiful bits of romance from the far places of the world. Pictures that push back the walls of the theatres and take you through the lands you dream of seeing—that give you the feeling of far and brave adventures of your own.

Hallam Cooley
as
Warren, the Groom
Kathryn Perry
as
Helen, the Bride



Every
O. Henry
Story
has an
O. Henry
Girl



The Sun
Never Sets
on the
FOX NEWS
Cameraman



Eight Expeditions
are in far lands
seeking FOX VARIETIES



They add spice to your favorite entertainment

Fox Film Corporation.



I feel that every woman will want to use a deodorant—*now!*

By Letitia Hadley

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D. W. Griffith as he looks today. It's one of the best pictures ever taken of the man who rescued the cinema from the nickelodeon. No longer aloof, Griffith has emerged from his seclusion and is filming "That Royle Girl" in the busy Paramount Studio at Astoria, L. I.

Tony . . . six little rascals from "Our Gang" doing their impish stunts . . . Harry Carroll and his clever company . . . huxom Trisie Friganza . . . dimple-kneed Ann Pennington, sedately acting as judge for the stars' Charleston contest, herself past-mistress of the craze that has shaken Hollywood more than the shimmy . . . and oodles of other sparkling numbers.

And in the boxes were Mr. and Mrs. Tom Mix—Tom's lovely wife wearing a glistening few of the sparklers that Tom showers on her; Bebe Daniels, just arrived from New York, in a smart little frock of black lace and flat silver flowers; Myrtle Stedman in poudre blue, looking like son Linc's sweetheart, in a party that included Lillian Rich, Dorothy Mackall, Johnny Harron, and several heart-breaking males; Patsy Ruth Miller, swaying among the dancing throng, like a pansy in her purple chiffon frock . . . Viola Dana, championed by brand new hubby, "Lefty" Flynn . . . and everybody, I guess, except little Pauline Garon, who was home sick abed nursing a naughty attack of ptomaine poisoning.

JUST one good hard sock over the heart—and Joe Benjamin, one of the classiest light-weights who furnishes entertainment at the big Hollywood American Legion Stadium, was knocked out for the first time in his fistic career.

All of which leads up to the fact that pretty little Marion Nixon, who has been crowding Lois Wilson for honors as "the nicest girl in pictures," quietly slipped away from the Universal Studios the other day and eloped to Riverside, California, where the ceremony making her and the little scrapper man and wife was performed at the historic Mission Inn.

ALTHOUGH Alma Rubens is free to marry Ricardo Cortez and there are no more legal difficulties standing in the way, the Rubens-Cortez wedding won't take place this year. And why? Well, for one thing, Ricardo's contract with Famous Players-Lasky stipulates that he must remain single until 1926. You see, film officials figure that the bachelor is far more popular than the married man, so when Ricardo showed promise of being a heart-breaker, they carefully inserted the clause into his contract. At the time, Ricardo was heart-whole and fancy-free and he didn't object. But immediately after signing the fatal document, he met Alma and he rues the day he agreed to the cruel clause.

CARRYING a cane and leaning on the arm of a trained nurse, Barbara La Marr made her first appearance recently at the First National Studios in Hollywood, where she is to be co-starred in "Spanish Sunlight" with Lewis Stone.

On her arrival in the West, Barbara was taken from the train to her home on an ambulance cot and suffered a complete nervous breakdown, which lasted for a number of weeks.

Either due to illness or dieting, Barbara is now so thin that her old friends fail, at first glance, to recognize her. She's prettier than ever, however.

SOMEONE is going to get a good beating—administered by none other than Jack Dempsey, world's champion heavyweight and motion picture actor, and Jack doesn't want a single cent for the battle.

Just the privilege of knocking the guy's block off.



JOHN GILBERT
plays the Prince

"The Merry Widow"

MAE MURRAY
plays the Widow

An Erich Von Stroheim production

DROWSY with love and smouldering with desire, her haunting eyes ruled gay Vienna and caused brave hearts to beat far faster beneath tight tunics. Then came Prince Danilo—foot-loose and fancy-free to meet his fate...

All New York is crowding to see this world-famous picture of love and life in Vienna's realm of romance, gladly paying two dollars a seat for the privilege.

You may see it at your favorite theatre at *popular prices*—do not let the opportunity pass!

Von Stroheim and Benjamin Glazer made the adaptation and scenario from the famous dramatic operetta of Franz Lehar, Victor Leon and Leo Stein, as produced on the stage by Henry W. Savage.

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



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The Warner Brothers have found a new use for the radio. This sending station broadcasts instructions to directors and actors on all parts of the lot. Monte Blue is saving himself a long walk by sending a message to his director in a distant corner filming an outdoor scene

It's a real grudge fight. However, Dempsey's opponent is unnamed as yet, and the Los Angeles police are helping the champ hunt for him.

It was this way. Jack and his wife, Estelle Taylor, were dining down town and left their expensive car parked near the cafe. When they came out, it was gone and Jack and Estelle had to taxi home.

It wasn't a practical joke, either, for some ambitious auto thief had helped himself during the owner's absence. Privately, I'll bet he didn't know it was the champ's car when he stole it, for, even if you aren't afraid of the law, an awful beating doesn't appeal to most chaps, not even auto thieves.

POOR Rudolph! Things are certainly breaking bad for him.

First Mrs. Valentino leaves for Europe and then, only a few weeks later, while motoring with lady or ladies unknown, he is driven into a curb and then a tree, by one of those "hit and run" drivers, Rudy's beautiful imported car badly wrecked.

Now, to complete the cycle, Rudy must make a personal appearance without remuneration.

It seems Rudy was arrested doing thirty-eight miles an hour in his other car—the one which wasn't wrecked—and cited to appear in court.

At the time appointed the police court and corridors were filled to overflowing with flappers (and some weren't flappers) and his attorney, minus Rudy, appeared and attempted to enter a plea of guilty.

The judge must be a good showman, for he refused to disappoint his huge audience. Maybe, too, he wanted to get a look, himself, at Rudy.

Says His Honor:

"Please bring Mr. Valentino in next week.

He must have some good reason for driving so fast."

A new date was made and the flappers have reserved seats ahead for the performance.

JACK PICKFORD has brushed the dust of Hollywood from his highly polished tan boots and is again back on Broadway with his charming little wife Marilyn Miller.

I saw Jack for a few moments just before he left the Boulevard, and he confided that he was tired of Hollywood and the pictures—that he was headed for New York and the legitimate stage—that if he didn't see the Boulevard again for a long, long time it would be soon enough for him.

Seems some Broadway producer has made Jack a stage offer and he has a hankering to hear his own voice-projected over the footlights instead of seeing his smiling face projected on the screen. And this in spite of his recent splendid work in "The Goose Woman," one of the best things Jack has done on the screen.

Jack's desertion of the screen follows close on the heels of Mabel Normand and Cecile Evans, late Sennett beauty with the \$100,000 legs, both of whom, also recently, left pictures for the stage.

GLORIA SWANSON has gone to Paris for a brief vacation. She finished her work on "Stage Struck" in record time in order to accompany Henry—formerly the Marquis de la Falaise—back to the old home. It seems that Henry's passport had expired and Henry had to go back to get a new one. He didn't want to leave Gloria and Gloria didn't want to be separated from him and so Allan Dwan's company went on a rush schedule in order that Gloria might make the trip. As it was, her sailing was postponed for a week while the picture was being finished.

Syd CHAPLIN

AMERICA'S MATCHLESS COMEDIAN



Now a
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Get ready for the
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Syd Chaplin

is coming soon in his
first new Warner comedy

**"The Man
on the Box"**

This is Syd's masterpiece of fun—the most comical combination of mis-adventures, intrigues, love-making and unadulterated jollity ever packed into one evening's screen entertainment.

In "The Man on the Box" Syd Chaplin steps right out IN FRONT as a comedy star of the first magnitude.

The fact that Warners have secured this matchless comedian to star in Warner Classics demonstrates again Warner leadership and Warner supremacy in giving the American public the best entertainment the screen can offer.

*"If it's a Warner Picture,
it's a Classic"*



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Classics of the Screen



Always a Debutante!

Retain Your Charm —the Glow of Youth

The strenuous social season is here again. How thrilling its joyous round of dance and theatre, of cards and tea!

YOUTH—carefree, vibrant youth. That's the keynote of the current vogue. And with Princess Pat rouge, you can bring to every event the fresh young glow of the sparkling debutante. For your true personality is best expressed in such seemingly slight details.

Many a social triumph has hinged on just the final touch of color. And to be correct, make-up as well as costume should be in harmony with the time, the place, the occasion. So, knowing that true color harmony really finds its climax in a perfect complexion tone, the smart fashionable woman no longer limits herself to a single shade of her favorite rouge. On the dressing table of this clever dresser, you will find two or three tints of "Princess Pat." She blooms in Princess Pat Rouge *VIVID* when she wears that gorgeous party gown and a bright flush is appropriate. Princess Pat *MEDIUM* Rouge is her choice when a soft pastel pleases her best. And when a natural orange tint is just the right shade, she rejoices in Princess Pat *English Tint*, which won such instant favor with stylish women everywhere.

Thus for theatre, tea, or sport, she is always prepared, always confident, always serene in the knowledge that whatever the time or occasion, she fits correctly into her surroundings.

Every good druggist has Princess Pat rouge. Should yours be temporarily sold out, send for a week's supply, FREE. Watch its amazing effect, how the youthful flush appears to lie below your skin, not on it. A single application lasts all evening. Not affected by moisture or perspiration, it cannot streak; the natural appearance is retained.



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Marie Prevost and her sister Peggy. Peggy won't let Marie have all the glory, and so now she is dancing at the Cafe Lafayette in Los Angeles. Have you ever noticed how the stage craze sweeps through families?

THERE are three important things which every woman should study and understand, whether she be a picture star or housewife, according to charming Aileen Pringle, who, by the way, has just bobbed her hair, thus adding to her charm.

"She should know how to dress, how to carry on an interesting and intelligent conversation, and how to dance."

Ladies, if you can't plead guilty to all three of these, you are out of luck, according to Aileen.

ROMANCE rings the gong again. In spite of the warped marriages and calloused alliances that hobble into the courts, the fragile flower of love has blossomed again in Hollywood.

Rex Lease and Charlotte Merriam have announced their engagement.

And Rex admits that Charlotte is his "dream girl." It seems when he was a toiling extra he played a bit as a newsboy in "The Brass Bottle" in which Charlotte was featured. A cat may look at a king. An extra may look at a star.

He did—and adored. For three years he adored from afar. Fortunately his admiration was mingled with ambition, and he climbed toward stardom himself.

Then one night about four months ago he met her at a party.

Now they're engaged.

ONE of the staunchest friendships in Hollywood was nearly split the other day.

It's a friendship that has ridden over many of life's hills and dales. The friendship of Tom Mix for his beautiful horse, Tony. And of Tony's devotion to his master.

It all happened this way. For his rôle in "The Yankee Scour" Tom had been futilely practicing the tango. He had mastered it so well that it is said he nearly out-Rudolph Valentino at the intricate step. When the great day came to shoot the dancing sequence, Tom astonished the onlookers with his dexterity.

"You surely whirl a mean ankle, Tom," said a bystander. "That was great!"

Tom blushed. "Thanks . . . it may be all right. But I surely wouldn't want Tony to see

—or even hear about it. He'd think I was turning into a dude."

HOLLYWOOD'S latest fad which has developed into an economy was inaugurated when Myrtle Stedman, in furnishing her new home in Hancock Park, Los Angeles, decided that the lounge needed more cushions.

Looking through her scrap bag she discovered several evening frocks that had served their gorgeous duty in a variety of pictures.

"Just the thing," thought Myrtle, and forthwith concocted three of the most entrancing pillow covers you ever saw.

And she's naming them, too—sort of monuments to her screen performances.

There is "Chickie"—a black crepe satin with flounce of gold lace; "Lilies of the Field"—a corn-colored brocaded satin with French flowers; and a remnant from "Flaming Youth" days—platinum chiffon over rose-colored crepe de chine that adds distinction and romance to the Stedman diva.

OF course you've heard of a cat's meow. But did you ever hear of anyone doubling for one?

That's what happened recently during the filming of a celebrated bow-bow's latest starring vehicle.

Human actors must have their dulcet toned violins to transport them to the right plane of emotion. This dog had to have his cat's meow before he would turn a hair or even prick up an ear. But his breakfast dog biscuit must have been tasteless or perhaps the neighboring bridle kept him awake all night.

Whatever it was, he simply wouldn't or couldn't meow.

Cat after cat was brought . . . each one with a more plaintive meow than the other. But of no avail.

The company was miles out on location and all the cats were exhausted. The only thing left to do was to draft the long-suffering property man into doubling for a cat's meow. And he was forced into service.

So realistic and enduring was Pete Prop's solo that it was rumored the canine star did the best work of his career to its accompaniment.

And now the property man is putting on airs.

J. M. LANSINGER, Publisher

H. N. SWANSON, Editor

College Humor

(Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Canada.)

The Best Comedy in America

Volume Six

NOVEMBER, 1925

Number Four

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And a glittering anthology of Burlesques.

This MONTH Begins

Show Business

The Novel of a Girl's Career

By
THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

Pictures, Poems, Jokes—the Cream of College Wit

And *Thirty Days* is another breezy story by ALLEN MARPLE in December. There is heightened interest in *Show Business*'s second installment; LAWRENCE W.

MEYNELL has a thrilling story about love; and LOIS SEYSTER MONTROSS writes *Andy and the Lion*, the first of a new series of Town and Gown stories.

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FRIENDLY ADVICE

From
Carolyn Van Wyck

PERHAPS the most difficult question that comes to me is "How can I make friends? How can I make people like me?" And the only direct and truthful answer I can give is that you cannot make people like you and you cannot force yourself to acquire friends.

There are fortunate persons who are born with the gift of sociability. I know one woman who cannot enter a shop without becoming engaged in a long and intimate conversation with the girl who is selling her a hat. As soon as she enters a room, she makes friends. Casual acquaintances seem anxious to add her to their list of dear friends. And yet she is never the first to make advances. But if she were suddenly set down in a remote corner of the world, she would find herself surrounded by dear friends within twenty-four hours.

What is the secret of this charm? Well, for one thing, she is a wonderful listener. She never talks a great deal herself but she has a marvelously sympathetic way of listening to the conversation of others. She never laughs in the wrong place; she never intrudes her own opinions where they are obviously not wanted. She never takes sides in an argument and she has a great gift of catching the viewpoint of anyone she meets.

Of course, she is a keen judge of character. And while she doesn't put herself out to please people, she does please them unconsciously by giving them an understanding sympathy. And of course, sympathy is the one thing we all crave.

A great many women who are moving into a strange town ask me what they can do to make friends. It is a difficult feat and requires plenty of tact. The people you are most anxious to know are usually the ones who are least ready to accept a newcomer. However, there are some simple rules to follow: The most important thing to do—or to abstain from doing—is this: Don't try to force acquaintances. And be careful of those who are too eager and anxious to enter into sudden friendships. And remember another thing—the women are the members of the community who establish your social status. If you make it a point to cultivate the friendship of the men, they will resent you. Try to please the wives of the men you meet rather than the men themselves.

If you are interested in church work, the problem is more or less simple. Or if you like golf and tennis and can make yourself an agreeable member of a country club, your

problem will be quickly solved. For the young girl who wants to meet congenial young people, the situation is more difficult. To her I can only repeat this bit of advice—make friends with the girls and let the boys wait. Don't forget that the girls give all the best and nicest parties and unless you are popular with them, you cannot hope to be more than an outsider. Many a pretty girl makes the mistake of entering a new town and trying to annex all the beaux in sight. Whether she is a new resident or just a guest, it's a big mistake. Because, after all, the boys who are interested in her are the brothers, cousins and schoolmates of the girls whom she is snubbing and, after the novelty wears off, she is apt to find herself lonelier than ever.

JULIA, WASHINGTON, D. C.

If the young people ask an older woman to chaperon them, they pay for all the amusement. But if she entertains for her daughters and takes them and their friends out, she provides the entertainment. She will greatly add to her popularity as a chaperon if she occasionally does something very nice for the young people whom she has been asked to accompany. Let your own wishes guide you and entertain for those whom you like and who show you attention.

MARJORIE.

Potatoes, bread, cereals, butter, cream and sweets are fattening. Give them up entirely and eat fresh vegetables and fruits—as much of them as you want, for they are nourishing but not fat-producing. If you will try you can arrange your studies so that you have time to exercise. It is very bad for you to sit in school all day and then begin studying immediately with no recreation. Exercise, if only for an hour, will clear your mind and enable you to accomplish more in less time.

ETHEL, PUEBLO, COLO.

I am sorry I do not know just what bust developer you are referring to. Try any of those advertised in PHOTOPLAY; they are investigated before their advertising is accepted.

CECILE, MACKINAC ISLAND, MICHIGAN.

Yours is lovely coloring to dress to. Wear pastel shades and all tones of blue. No, I should say that your weight is about right. Use a freckle cream if your freckles increase.

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 flatters, 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



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David Wark Griffith, famous movie director, presenting \$1,000 check to Ruth Waddell, second-winner in Smart Set's great cover contest.



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Q SMART SET's stories are written by its readers . . . Every month we pay thousands of dollars for True Stories from Real Life. We know that you, too, have a stirring story of an unusual experience hidden away somewhere in your memory. Write it down in simple, clear English, and we will pay you

\$100 for YOUR Story

if it fills SMART SET's simple requirements . . . We're not looking for stories by professional writers. What we want are human experiences, frankly told—the little dramas of everyday life.

Q Read the 20 dramas of Real Life in November SMART SET. They will show you the kind of stories that will win \$100—or more—from us.

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Q Maybelle Swor, of Dallas, Texas, whose picture appears on the cover of November SMART SET, received a \$1,000 check and leaped from obscurity to a place where she is besieged by newspaper reporters, photographers, theatrical and movie producers, just because she submitted her photograph in SMART SET's cover contest.

Q Ruth Harkins of Naugatuck, Conn., and Ruth Waddell of Astoria, Long Island, the first two winners, did the same.

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NOVEMBER

SMART SET

Not the "Four Hundred"—but the Four Million

True Stories from Real Life

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

FRANCES, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

The records you have you should go on using for reducing. Do the exercises carefully at first until you are stronger, but exercise is what you need. Use dark rouge. Rub vanishing cream into the backs of your hands.

MERSIE, LONG ISLAND.

Use white powder, just a touch of pale lipstick and a light orange rouge. You are fortunate in being able to wear all pastel shades, especially blue and green. You should also be able to wear grey.

BULA MAL, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Ask some older friend how to make the best use of your salary—some woman who is also a business woman and who knows the conditions in your locality.

Printed silks are nice to wear to the office in the summertime; they are inexpensive and cool. Choose quiet colors and patterns appropriate for street wear. You could wear combinations of tan and brown, yellow and brown, and sometimes orange.

ELIZABETH, FRANKLIN GROVE, ILL.

When you go to college you will find so much to do that is interesting that you will forget to worry about being popular. Even if you do not become a leader, there is always a need for those who will help—who have the brains to take orders and the ability to carry them out.

Provide varied entertainment for your farewell party. Some can dance, some play cards and others play informal games. Have refreshments attractively prepared and daintily served. If the young man wants to write to you, he will probably do so.

TARIO, NEVADA, MO.

They say it is possible to grow taller if you exercise. Probably you will gain a few more inches as you grow older. It's extremely hard to add anything to your height, but by wearing dresses with straight lines, you can make yourself look taller. Cut out sweets and starches if you want to lose a few pounds. Try eating a light breakfast and a light luncheon and nothing between meals. As for making friends, cultivate a genuine and sincere interest in others and you'll attract friends.

MISS CYRENA, CHICAGO, ILL.

Use a good cream lotion for your face and a light face powder. I should say a light shade of rouge and face powder would be becoming to you. Why don't you try a fluffy loose wave for your hair? It's the style most becoming to the majority of girls. Any shade of blue should look well on you and both tan and black also would be attractive. Yes, you could easily lose twenty pounds.

BLONDE, ANSONIA, CONN.

For a clear complexion, use a good cleansing cream and plenty of soap and water. Be sure to rinse off the soap carefully and rub the face with ice. And watch your diet. Go slow on the meat and heavy foods and eat plenty of vegetables. There are many good pore creams on the market. Use the lighter shades of lipstick and powder. Straight lines in your clothes would be best for you. Blue is the best for street wear or tan, while in the evening you have a choice of pink, blue, flesh or orchid.

HOPE, MARTINSVILLE, ILL.

You are slightly underweight but not enough to worry about. If I were you, I'd be content with my nose, as long as everyone else seems to like it. Green would be the ideal color for you and any of the pastel shades. Flower scents in perfumes are quite charming for young girls and they come in so many attractive varieties. If your face is full, better not wear your hair very curly. If you wear it high on your head, it will give length to your face. As for "the sort of girl men like," I wouldn't be either "mysterious" or "dumb." As the slang phrase goes, I'd be myself. Affectations of any kind are never attractive.



DISCOURAGED, ST. LOUIS, MO.

You are giving your face good care and the treatment you speak of should improve it. But you are neglecting a very important factor. You aren't drinking enough water. Try a cup of hot water every morning before breakfast and drink plenty of it during the day—except at meal time. Why don't you eat sparingly of meat and rich foods and eat plenty of fresh vegetables? Also, get enough sleep.

R. E. D., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

There are some good freckle creams advertised in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. They have been tested. You are over-weight. And again I can only recommend diet and exercise and plenty of patience and determination. Try eating only one hearty meal a day and avoid starchy or rich foods. Blue should be your most becoming color.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 136]

Windows Reveal the Soul

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

is daily tending more and more toward the simple and unostentatious.

Contrast the dainty bedroom windows in another set from the same picture. I like these! They are of glazed chintz, with a cream ground, flowers of orange, rose and blue, trimmed in two-toned gold and peach-colored taffeta, with a valance of the same taffeta, edged with box pleated chintz. Can you imagine anything more attractive? Yet they are quite inexpensive and can be made on any sewing machine. The under curtains, against the window panes, are of cross bar scrim with orange dots on a cream ground. The bed and the dressing table in this room were similarly covered.

This chintz and taffeta combination is, at the moment, the most correct combination of materials possible to home decorating. It is a combination suitable to all but the most formal rooms, equally right in either a town or country house, a simple cottage or the most elaborate city apartment.

The same effect can be secured in another manner by using cretonne window shades with curtains of plain taffeta. This is more expensive, however, and to me not so charming. Under no circumstances, however, are cretonne shades to be used with cretonne hangings.

The English cottage living room from "The Kiss of Cinderella" is my personal favorite and I believe the most generally practical of any room here shown. In fact, with the addition of the necessary bathrooms, bedrooms and kitchen, it could be used as an excellent model for the small house or apartment.

Note how the window trimming tones the room into simplicity, practicality, comfort and charm. It is impossible for any room to offer more than these four qualities. All rooms ought to possess all of them if they are to be lived in at all.

These hangings are of hand blocked linen. They are placed around the window in straight lines to give the feeling of space and to draw the eye to the flowers and the garden outside. Their background is green with a design of rose-colored flowers with black leaves. The edging is a rose-colored ruffle of linen, piped in black. The sofa, the cushions, chair seats and lamp shades are developed in the same fabric. The design is small to preserve the intimate atmosphere of the whole room.

Linen outwears either cretonne or chintz, and its use in this room was to lend to it the air of permanent values. I feel that the most exclusive decorator would find it difficult to create window trimmings more charming or correct than these, and yet they are the kind that can be made by any clever woman with little trouble and at small cost.

Send the Coupon

Maybe your teeth are gloriously clear, simply clouded with a film coat. Thousands have gleaming wonderful teeth without knowing it... you may be one. Make this remarkable test and find out.

PRISCILLA DEAN

"If your teeth are not freed from film, if they are not gloriously clear and glistening in life, they will film dark and... unattractively." Priscilla Dean is another famous film star who uses Pepsodent, "on the lot" and in her own bathroom several times each day.



"Off-Color" Teeth

How to overcome them—give them dazzling whiteness and your gums healthy firmness

This simple NEW method, removes the stubborn film that hides the natural beauty of your teeth

TEN years ago dull and dingy teeth were seen on every side. Today they are becoming a rarity. Note the gleaming smiles you see now wherever your eyes turn.

Please don't believe your teeth are "different"; that they are naturally off-color and dull. You can correct that condition remarkably in a few days.

Modern science has discovered new methods of tooth and gum protection. Millions now employ them. Leading dentists advise them. Be fair to yourself; make the test offered.

Remove that dingy film; invites tooth and gum trouble

Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel a film.



RAMON NOVARRO

Ramon Novarro says: "There is no excuse for cloudy, unattractive teeth. I pay as much attention to mine as I would to any other part of my make-up, and the results have been most gratifying." His dentist first told him of Pepsodent. "I tell everyone about it now," adds Mr. Novarro.

That film is an enemy to your teeth. You must remove it.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs discolorations and gives your teeth that cloudy look. Germs by the millions breed in it, and they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea.

Most tooth troubles and decay now are traced to this film. Old-time methods could not successfully combat it. That's why tooth troubles were on the increase, and ugly teeth the order of the day.

Whiten teeth. Firm, healthy gums

In Pepsodent dental science has discovered two effective film combatants. Their action is to curdle the film, then remove it, then to firm the gums.

Now what you see when that film is removed—the clearness and whiteness of your teeth—will amaze you.

Old methods of cleansing fail in these results.

Thus the world has turned, largely on dental advice, to this new method. It marks the latest findings in modern scientific research.

It will give you the lustrous teeth you wonder how other people get. It will give you better protection against tooth troubles. And, too, against gum troubles; for it firms the gums.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt.

Mail the coupon. A 10-day tube will be sent you free. Use it—then note the remarkable difference in your teeth.

FREE Mail coupon for 10-day tube to

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The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
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Name.....
Address.....
Only one tube to a family. 1933

A Modern Samaritan

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]

youth . . . and Bern was busy trading adolescent labor for food. But he somehow managed to read—to dip into the philosophy and the art of the ages. He is a great emotional psychologist devoid of sentimentality.

He was a year in saving the money that would take him through a school of stenography. He shared more than fifty-fifty with seventeen brothers and sisters—and he saved the money. The driving urge of beauty was in the man—the urge to climb from the squalor of it all. This he did. How? This he seldom tells. The salt of life still burns in the wounds.

I once owed him a hundred dollars. When I paid him back he said to me, "Jim, I will not take this—I don't need it. Look what I make in a week!" There was a long debate—we compromised—he took it under the condition that I would name some other young writer who needed it. Before night I thought of two thousand writers and one scenario jobber.

Walking a far way with heartache, despair and loneliness as comrades, they have left him mellow with sympathy for all mankind. Given the right opportunity, this man is bound to become one of the very first American directors. He has the subtlety of Lubitsch and a vast capacity for life in all its manifestations. He is a deep student of life—a throw-back, as it were, to some ancient prophet who is above races and creeds and the pathetic wranglings of little people.

Earning far more money than President Coolidge, he does not believe in property. He feels that money belongs no more to him than to any other man—he is merely the instrument through which it passes to do good. If he were to be destitute tomorrow and every living person refused him a dime he would build barracks of understanding for all those who refused him.

Mr. Shakespeare once inferred that if a fellow loaned money he lost a friend. Not so, Mr. Bern. If no one repays him he feels that they need the money worse than he does. So you see, the man is invulnerable. He cannot be imposed upon, he cannot be made cynical, he cannot be made anything but just a modern Samaritan. During the filming of "A Dressmaker of Paris" seventy-five of the people who applied to him for work told seventy-five tales of poverty—he helped those seventy-five find work. His secretary told me this, and I think it is worth passing on. Paul would be very shy if anyone should question him about it.

ART, says Paul Bern, has always expressed itself under great handicaps, so he feels that critics should not be too hard upon the motion picture. He points out that many great masterpieces were made under the orders of king or pope—that Verdi wrote his greatest opera, "Aida," when he was an old man receiving an order from the king who wanted to

commemorate an anniversary. A director making a picture to please a producer is just as likely to make a masterpiece as any other artist in any other line of artistic endeavor . . . that moving pictures will always be the great language of the people—that of the emotions.

He believes that American pictures are deservedly more popular than any other in the world—that they give life more truly as it is being lived by the people, than any of the foreign films. Foreign directors, according to Paul Bern, make pictures from the artist's viewpoint. The American director is closer to his public. That is the reason the American film outsells the foreign films even in the countries in which they are made.

FOR Twenty-five cents, according to this young Jew, a child can go to an American film and thereby purchase the riddle of the Universe. He can solve all the problems that affect mankind by the simple means of escaping from them. Most people, the world over—and this is Bern's thought again—want to feel that somehow or other this is the best of all possible worlds, and that everything comes out all right in the end. They really feel this way about it—that is, the vast majority of them do—and one cannot change the opinions of a world in a generation or two.

I said to him: "Why is it, Paul, that one of the loveliest and most beautiful pictures ever made—"The Girl I Loved"—was not a financial success?"

"Because," answered Bern, "even though I agree with you that the picture was a thing of beauty and emotion and told with wonderful restraint—yet it failed—because the boy did not get the girl."

I personally think this is tragedy but, of course, it really did not solve the riddle of the Universe for the spectators. Now if the boy had married the girl, and they had many children and a mortgage and troubles galore, I suppose the riddle of the Universe would have been still solved, but, of course, I love Paul and will stop right here.

People come to Paul with all manner of troubles. He is the priest of Hollywood. Once a faded little blonde girl went to him without her riddle of the Universe solved. She was working on one of his pictures, and her tired beauty was pathetic in the extreme. She told Paul—and whisper it softly here—that she just didn't know what she was going to do about it . . . she had . . . oh, terrible words! . . . no sex appeal! Now I don't know Paul's secret, but he talked to this girl and put her into his hand and with it a finer appreciation of her hidden charm. She came to him jubilant one day and clapped her hands exclaiming, "I've got it! I've got it! A director really wanted to make a date with me." And of all sad words of tongue or pen she accepted the date, and married another director. She has been for some years one of the screen's leading actresses.

THIS was not meant for my ears, but I just couldn't help over-hearing it. Truly, I wasn't eavesdropping.

John McCormick was talking to a very popular and high priced young leading man. They seemed to be having some little misunderstanding over the salary said leading man should receive to appear in a First National picture.

Said the leading man: "I guess you don't realize how valuable I am to your picture."

"That's where you are wrong, my lad," says John. "I do realize just how valuable you are. That's why I'm going to pay you \$1,000 per week, instead of the \$2,500 you ask."

He's now playing in the picture.



In 18 Evenings He mastered this wonderful instrument

"I date my success," writes a successful young bond salesman, "to the day I got my Buescher Saxophone. It did two things for me that greatly contributed to my success—it gave me a stimulating worth while recreation that developed an unknown talent—and it gave me a social advantage that has made for me hundreds of friends that have been very valuable to me in my business."

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What this man has done in 3 weeks, practicing only a couple of hours each evening, you can do. You don't have to be "gifted". If you can whistle a tune you can quickly master the

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Try a Buescher, any instrument you choose, in your own home. Six Days FREE. Surely this is a most liberal offer. It places you under no obligation. We take the risk. If you like the instrument and decide to keep it, pay a little each month. Play as you pay. Get the details of this wonderful plan. Clip the coupon below and send it for the free literature. Send today.

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BON TON *and* ROYAL WORCESTER

Corsets and Combinations

Paul can find more reasons for liking people than any man I know. Once in speaking of a celebrated beauty of the films he said to me: "I like her so much. She lies so beautifully."

He directs a scene like no other director. No loud commands or violent shouts—he just steps back and lets the actor try to act and the cameraman turn the crank. He can direct a stirring scene of the mad vigilante days in San Francisco with the same composure with which he orders a dinner.

One of Paul's most amiable characteristics is his gentle bantering humor. He used a bar-room set during the filming of "Flower of the Night," starring Pola Negri. He showed close-ups of twenty bartenders each mixing a different beverage. "That," said Paul, "might cause a war—but it was in the story." And I said to him, "Paul, how do you think that scene is going to solve the riddle of the Universe for the bird who likes a drink?" And Paul answered quietly, "Well, Jim, you must feel that eventually everything will come out all right."

I immediately took heart—but then Paul is such an optimist.

NOTE.—Paul Bern, the brilliant young director of "Open All Night," "The Dressmaker of Paris," "Flower of the Night," for Famous-Players Lasky, has recently signed a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to direct four pictures. The reported sum he is to receive for each picture is thirty-five thousand dollars.

The Evolution of Bebe

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

Those were the good old days!

Comedy-making must have been a riotous, jostling, screaming business then. Now it is a scientific study. Bebe admits she was the noisiest player in the studio—just a youngster—that's all—giving vent to the youthful exuberance that is expelled in the school playground by ordinary kiddies.

A black-haired, brown-eyed tomboy whose pranks were the delight and the despair of the studio workers.

One time she and Harold were making a comedy wherein a freight elevator at the side of a half-completed building was used. Bebe was to be suddenly raised higher than the proverbial kite. As usual, she was squealing and yelling. Ten men stood out of camera range and pulled the rope that was to shoot Bebe into aeroplane lane. Ten men pulled and Bebe went up.

But instead of the rope traveling the conventional pulley-wheel, it caught Bebe's finger and nearly severed it from her hand.

Bebe yelled—howled—screamed and wept. And her fellow-workers beamed to see what they thought was Bebe expressing her delight in her usual chortling glee. Someone finally detected her plight—and Bebe nursed a swollen hand for several days.

And what fun she and Harold had with their dancing contests! Thirteen new and shiny caps testify to the nimbleness of their feet and the unity of their grace. At thirteen they stopped, for Bebe considered that a lucky number.

They practiced their fancy steps between scenes at the studio. The more eccentric the steps, the more admiring the judges. Bebe and Harold had a corner on exhibition gyrations. They completely outclassed all other contenders. Their fidelity to each other was youthful in its intensity. Neither would think of dancing with anyone else in the contests.

Then came a Saturday night when Bebe attended a dance with another swain. And Harold took a fair young thing to a different hop.

Bebe's swain insisted that she dance in the



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slip, slide or ride.

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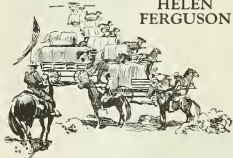
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with the thrills
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Wild West

Produced by
C. W. PATTON

With
**JACK
MULHALL**
and
**HELEN
FERGUSON**



A drop of the sword—a blast
from a bugle and the race for
homesteads was on. Who won
out in this struggle for land?

Here is a new Pathéserial
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"Wild West."

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In Ten Weekly Chapters,



ASK YOUR MOTION PICTURE THEATRE

contest with him. She rebelled. It looked like war. It was . . . and Bebe won. She was keeping her faith with Harold and was a martyr to her cause.

The next day Harold called, carrying a huge package. Bebe eyed it with suspicion, and suspicion was turned to grief when he revealed a silver trophy. He had won it dancing with another girl at the preceding night's party! Talk about heartbreak!

Then came another crushing blow. Bebe applied at Sennett's for a place in their bathing pond and was told she didn't qualify. Her figure was full of curves . . . but they protruded in the wrong places!

One night Bebe, dancing at a hotel, fell under the shadow of the second cycle. Cecil De Mille saw her buoyant being—as vivid as a glowing fire in an inky blackness—and summoned her.

Bebe admits she trembled at the magic name and then went valiantly to meet him. Bebe had two years more as Lloyd's leading lady before she could try her wings in the dramatic field.

"Come and see me in two years' time," said De Mille.

That may be an age in some lives. It was not in Bebe's. It was long enough, however, for her to develop from a chubby child into a lissome girl. And gone were the days when she and Harold used to dash out on Halloween night and soap windows.

Her next cycle called for vampire rôles. As a De Mille player she was gowned in sinuous satins and clinging crepes. She undulated from den to den, leaving a trail of broken masculine hearts and ruined homes . . . this on the screen, of course.

Bebe is frank to admit this thing of being a siren was quite unique and not without its wonderments. Outside of a few stealthily-read novels and several wide-eyed visits to risqué plays, Bebe had not the remotest idea of how a Lorelei behaved in her hair. There is a difference in using a vase to crush a skull and using the same ornament to arrange flowers from a doting admirer.

But her boyish days still and hollowed her. Hollywood was too used to her breath-taking escapades—never wicked but invariably daring—to let her remain untalked of.

So when Bebe spent a week-end in the jails of Santa Ana for speeding, or when Bebe was declared engaged to Jack Dempsey, Hollywood moved in agreeable surprise at the latest trick of its mischievous lass.

One bright day Lasky sent for Bebe. She delayed going to him for two hours. At heart she was still a little girl and mournfully frightened lest he dismiss her. Just a child who had been doing her best to act like a woman of the world when she should have been in middles learning her algebra.

"We are going to star you," said Lasky.
"Please don't make fun of me. If you are going to fire me—say so!" wept Bebe.

But Lasky was not facetious. And Bebe was a star. She walked out of his office with tears streaming from her eyes. Tears of joy and gladness. It was too wonderful to be true.

Bebe's next cycle rolled into existence when she went to New York. Her own simple words probably explain the new Bebe that has emerged from the chrysalis. Three years she spent in New York . . . three profitable years.

"New York for mental broadening . . . Hollywood for physical broadening."

Not that Hollywood does not have members of the intelligentsia as residents of its foothilled domain, but Bebe's Hollywood years were spent in a different social stratum. New York offered diversions of a different nature. And Bebe was not dilatory in partaking of the joys of a huge metropolis. Art galleries, theaters, literary gatherings—they all assumed new proportions in Bebe's eyes.

After all, humans are like cotton balls. They are blown along by a stiff wind called Life. They are rubbed and jostled . . . some completely absorbed in the flurry . . . some grow dingy and dirty . . . and others—precious few—grow larger and finer as they come in contact with their kind.

And the latter is what Life—Evolution, if you will—has done for Bebe Daniels.

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91]

BETTY, LONDON, ONT.—I enjoyed your letter. And I especially liked being called "dear genius." Now for your favorites. Marion Davies isn't married and neither is Harrison Ford—at present. He's separated from his wife, I believe. He is a fine fellow and as clever off the screen as he is on it. And the same compliment goes for Marion. They aren't making any more pictures together. Ford is appearing in "That Royley Girl," and Marion Davies will be seen in "Lights of Old Broadway." You get your wish; it's a costume picture. Address Mr. Ford at the Paramount Studios, Astoria, L. I., and Miss Davies at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif.

IRENE J., POPLAR BLUFF, MO.—Ricardo Cortez may be reached at the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif. He was born on September 19, 1899. He's engaged to Alma Rubens.

M. K., WICHITA, KAN.—Corinne Griffith was born in Texarkana, Texas, in 1901. She is five feet, three inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Light brown hair and blue eyes. Married to Walter Moscoso. Write to her at United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

DULCY, ALEXANDRIA, MINN.—Your pronunciation of Ramon's name is correct. Menjou is pronounced "Mon-jew." Esther Ralston is five feet, five inches tall and weighs 125 pounds. She was born on September 17, 1902. I think your taste in reading is great.

G. A., MUNCIE, IND.—All about William Haines? He was born on New Year's Day, 1900, at Staunton, Va., where he was educated. He started in pictures in 1922. Corinne Griffith is twenty-four years old and married.

MISS BILL, GLENDALE, CALIF.—How do you like it out there? Malcolm McGregor has black hair and brown eyes. He was born on October 13, 1896. He is five feet, eleven inches tall and weighs 165 pounds. Ramon Navarro is five feet, ten inches tall. He comes from Mexico. He was born on February 6, 1899. As for me, I am not as old as I look but just twice as old as I feel. A sheik? Never!

J. Y. C., BERNARDSVILLE, N. Y.—Write to Carol Dempster and Alfred Lunt at the Paramount Studios, Astoria, L. I. And to Betty Bronson at the same address. Douglas Fairbanks may be reached at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood, Calif. I don't know whether Miss Dempster and Mr. Lunt will play in another picture together.

DOROTHY LE BLANC, BOSTON, MASS.—Marion Nixon was born on October 29, 1904. She is five feet, two inches tall and weighs 100 pounds. She has brown hair and brown eyes. She is reported engaged to Joe Benjamin.

G. M. N., LEAD, S. D.—To settle all arguments, Jack Hoxie is an American. He was born in Oklahoma. Married to Marion Sais.

A LEATRICE JOY FAN, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Jackie Coogan was born on October 26, 1914. Letatrice Joy is divorced from John Gilbert. Her next picture will be "The Wedding Song." Address her at the De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif. Of course, I'll be sweet; it's my nature.

VERA, HOBOKEN, N. J.—Milton Sills is about thirty-eight. He is separated from Gladys Wynne; the divorce is pending. He has one daughter—Dorothy Sills. Address him at First National Pictures, 383 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Pat O'Malley married a non-professional. They have three children. Address him at Universal City, Calif.

DAISY, FT. SCOTT, KAN.—Viola Dana was born on June 28, 1898. She is married to "Lefty" Flynn. No children. Mary Pickford is thirty-two years old. She's five feet tall. Married to Douglas Fairbanks. Mary has an adopted daughter—her sister's child.

P. L. J., WALKER, MINN.—If you send a quarter with your request, it is customary for the star to send an autographed picture. Most of them are very particular to answer such requests. Milton Sills married Gladys Wynne, an English actress, but they are now about to be divorced. You are right about Clive Brook. Can I help it that I am such a fascinating person? I ask it.

C. D., DECATUR, ILL.—See the Studio Directory for the list of addresses you want. Alberta Vaughn is not married. She has been appearing in "The Pace Makers" series and her next film will be "The Adventures of Maisie."

SHIRLEY, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—So Jack Holt and John Gilbert are your favorites. Well, that's all right with me. Jack Holt is six feet tall and has brown hair and brown eyes. He's married and has three children. Address him at the Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

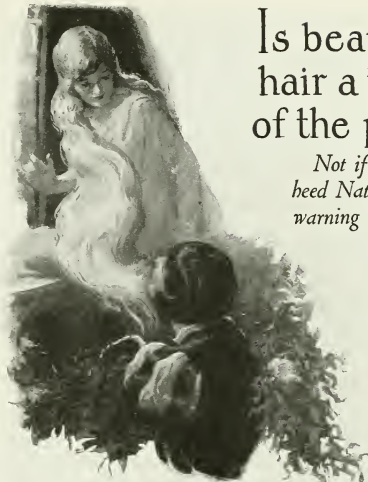
MINNETTE, OF MICHIGAN.—Always glad to oblige an old friend, although you aren't really old, are you? Buster Collier is twenty-three and Constance Talmadge is twenty-four. The man in "New Lives for Old" was Jack Joyce.

BOBBY, SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.—Since it's so easy to make you happy, why not? Dorothy Mackaill was born in Hull, England, on March 4, 1904. She played on the stage in England and then came to this country to appear in Ziegfeld "Follies." The movies snatched her away from the stage in 1921. Dorothy's picture appeared in PHOTOPLAY in the November and April issues, 1924.

MARGARET, INDEPENDENCE, MO.—Do you mind if I tell Herbert Howe of the state of your feelings? You don't know how happy he'll be to learn that he's ahead of Richard Dix. Where do I come in? A poor third? Now as for Thomas Meighan. He has no children. So that settles the conflicting stories.

M. E. M., WORCESTER, MASS.—Bebe Daniels is unmarried. And that's her real name. Bebe made her first appearance in comedies. Do you remember her as Harold Lloyd's leading woman? Write to her at the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

M. G., DETROIT, MICH.—You may call me any pretty name you want to. Dorothy Mackaill was born on March 4, 1904. Her hair isn't curly. Yes, Richard Dix is an expert automobile driver. Esther Ralston was born in Bar Harbor, Maine, on the 17th of September, 1902. Lloyd Hughes is married. Write to May McAvoy at the Warner Brothers Studio, Hollywood, Calif. She was born in New York City in 1901. Constance Bennett was born on October 22, 1905. Now come on with the rest of those questions.



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RODOLPHE ALFONSO, READING, PA.—Spanish? Really? Rudie's next picture is "The Lone Eagle." "Cobra" will probably be released in November. Nita Naldi is not in the cast of "The Lone Eagle."

PEGGY W., BEAVER, PA.—Address Richard Dix at the Paramount Studio, Astoria, L. I.

E. W., FOREST CITY, N. C.—It isn't polite to guess the age of a lady, so I refuse to commit myself. However, Lilyan Tashman is willing to have it known that she was born on October 23, 1899. May McAvoy was born in 1907. She has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Mae Murray was born on May 10, 1893. May Allison was born on June 14, 1895. As for Corinne Griffith, she is five feet, three inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. She has light hair and blue eyes. Send a quarter with a request for a photograph. Address Miss Griffith at the United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

A. B., WILLARD, O.—Write to the Hollywood Studios, Hollywood, Calif., for a photograph of John Bowers. He was born on Christmas Day, 1838. He has dark brown eyes, Oh, yes, in Garrett, Indiana. Esther and Jobyna Ralston are not related. The January issue of PHOTOPLAY, 1925, had a picture of Betty Bronson on the cover.

R. B., SHEERBROOKE, CANADA.—I am not at all offended and I shall register my complaint against the movie picture of Canada. You say, "I do not live in a country which is always covered with snow. We have winter, spring, summer and autumn, although our seasons are a little colder than those of the U. S. A." Fred Thomson was born on April 28, 1890. Address him at the F. B. O. Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Ramon Novarro's next picture is "The Midshipman." It's a story of the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis. Wanda Wiley may be reached at the Century Comedies Studios, 6100 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

DUCHESS LURLINE, ALBANY, N. Y.—Write to Warner Baxter at the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Alice Terry's next picture is "Mare Nostrum." Ronald Colman was born in England. Lady Diana Manners is in England at present. Is that all, your Grace?

JINES, WINTER HAVEN, FLA.—Welcome to a regular customer! You win the prize as the most curious fan of the month. Mary Pickford has been married twice. She is five feet tall. Gardner James is about twenty-three years old. Pearl White has left the movies flat. She is appearing on the stage in Paris. Lloyd Hughes is married. Rudolph is at present separated from his second wife, Winifred Hudnut, known professionally as Natacha Rambova. You must have read about it. Richard Dix was born in St. Paul, Minn. Marion Davies was born in Brooklyn. Not married. Anna May Wong, the Chinese ingenue, is American by birth. She was born in Los Angeles. Come again.

E. M., OAKLAND, CALIF.—So I am your "confidence man." But, honest, I don't sell gold bricks. Betty Compton was born in Beaver City, Utah, on March 18, 1897. She is five feet, two inches tall and weighs 115 pounds. Richard Barthelme was born in New York, N. Y., on May 9, 1897. He is five feet, seven inches high and weighs 140 pounds. Gloria Swanson was born in Chicago, Ill., on March 27, 1900, and is five feet, three inches high. She weighs 112 pounds. Antonio Moreno was born in Madrid, Spain, on September 26, 1888. He is five feet, ten inches high and weighs 170 pounds. Cullen Landis was born in Nashville, Tenn., on July 9, 1898. He is five feet, ten inches tall and weighs 148 pounds. Malcolm McGregor was born in Newark, N. J., on October 13, 1896. He is five feet, eleven inches tall and weighs 165 pounds. Whew!

MARGARET K.—Your mother sounds like a good sort of mother. You seem to have plenty of tastes in common. You are nearer right than your mother about Baby Peggy's age. She was born on October 26, 1918. Richard Dix's address is the Paramount Studios, Astoria, L. I. Address Pola Negri at the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

NORA OF THE COPPER COUNTRY.—I'll drop in to see you the next time I come to Michigan. Only I'll take the copper and you can have the scenery. Address Ramon Novarro and Antonio Moreno at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif. Buster Collier is five feet, ten inches tall and weighs 150 pounds. He has black hair and brown eyes and is twenty-three years old. Buster is getting to be one of the leading members of the Curiosity Club.

V. K. W., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Write to Richard Dix at the Paramount Studios, Astoria, L. I. He is thirty years old. I get so many inquiries about Richard that I mutter his name in my sleep.

R. P., MENOMINEE, MICH.—Herbert Howe would be flattered if he knew that you thought I were he, if you can make sense from that involved sentence. I am younger and handsomer. "Robin Hood" was reviewed in the January issue of PHOTOPLAY, 1923. There were some pictures in the July PHOTOPLAY, 1922, and a photograph of Enid Bennett in the September issue, 1922. Sam De Grasse played the villain. You can get back numbers of PHOTOPLAY by writing to the Photoplay Publishing Company, 750 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

DOTY G., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Douglas MacLean is about twenty-eight years old. He entered pictures in 1917.

BEATRICE B., PITTSBURGH, PA.—Harrison Ford is Harrison Ford's real name. He was born in Kansas City, Mo.

C. H., ATLANTA, GA.—Colleen Moore has a brother. He is going to make his debut in pictures soon. His name is Cleve Morrison.

SALLY S., PITTSBURGH, PA.—You seem to be collecting heights. Barbara La Marr is five feet, four inches. Claire Windsor is five feet, six inches. Virginia Valli is five feet, three inches. Pola Negri is five feet, four inches. Corinne Griffith is exactly as tall as Virginia Valli, and so is Lila Lee. Eugene O'Brien is six feet tall. Marion Davies is five feet, five and one-half inches. Rex Ingram is one inch shorter than six feet and Alice Terry is five feet, six inches.

BETTY, LOUISBURG, N. C.—No, it is far from true that if you want a photograph of Ben Lyon you must send him one of your own. Who told you that? To obtain a photograph of Ben, simply write to First National Pictures, 383 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. And send a quarter with your request. Write to Colleen Moore at the United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

J. C., PARIS, ILL.—Betty Bronson's name is her own. She is five feet, three and one-half inches tall and weighs 100 pounds. Brown hair and blue eyes.

M. B., CORSICANA, TEX.—Of course, I'm good-looking! That's a useless question. Did you expect me to say "no"? Mae Murray is thirty-two years old. Write to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., at the Paramount Studios, Astoria, L. I.

NOTTY, MEMPHIS, TENN.—May McAvoy and Carmel Myers are the leading women in "Ben Hur." Tom Mix is about thirty-seven and Bill Hart is fifty.

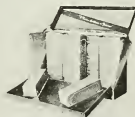


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B. J. AND B. J. S., OSWEGO, KAN.—Carole Lombard played the feminine lead in "Marriage in Transit." Norma Shearer was born in Montreal, Canada. Baby Peggy is now appearing in vaudeville, but Jackie Coogan is making another picture—his first in a year. His last picture was "Old Clothes." Have you nine lives apiece?

FIFI EVANS, SEATTLE, WASH.—Carmel Myers was born in 1901. Norma Talmadge was born in 1897. Anna May Wong is a native of Los Angeles and was educated there. She is five feet, four and one-half inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. She has black hair and brown eyes. Not married.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 141]

"Zorro" Has His Bark at Art

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]

chap Beauline—or Beauline—or whatever his name is, didn't have a good bite on his whole carcass and was positively mangy-looking.

However, I composed myself as best I could and acknowledged the introduction with a slight wag of the tail. I felt sure of myself because I knew my appearance for the part was perfect. My hair was long and shaggy, I had taken the precaution of rolling in some burrs and I purposely assumed the forlorn and dejected air of a street-dog—the very acme of artistry, I was afterwards assured. But Beauline was determined not to be pleased. He eyed me critically and I, seeing how he felt, gave glance for glance, and allowed a scarcely perceptible sniff to play upon my features, as though detecting an unpleasant odor in the room. He felt the insult keenly, for his cheek mantled and he fairly roared, "This dog will never do for the part!"

He then launched into a variety of reasons as to my unfitness. He could say nothing against my appearance or ability, but made a most subtle attack on one for which I had no defense. He predicted that I would be temperamental, that I would not report on time, that I would probably refuse to do anything I considered undignified, that I would be dissatisfied with my dressing-room—in a word, that I would be the pampered society-dog instead of the artist and worker. I have known Miss Pickford for years and have always liked her. She is, for her size, an excellent actress and in most ways a very worthy woman. But in this instance she showed a shocking weakness of character. Though she well knew my sterling qualities, she said not one word in my defense, but let this Beauline person dismiss me from consideration and engage an uncouth, awkward street-dog for the part.

THROUGH it all I had maintained a non-chalance I was far from feeling, and when it was evident that the interview was over I turned and walked out of the door, my tail at a superb angle of indignation. And such is the

power of breeding and of *savoir faire*, that, though I had said not a word, I could feel that I left my enemy choking with rage and humbled to the dust.

I walked direct to my barber, where I had a hair-cut, a shampoo, a manicure and, I must confess, a liberal application of disinfectant. I felt it the only safe measure after the scene I had just gone through. And not only did I turn my back on Beauline but upon pictures and picture people in general. During my brief stay among them I have discovered many things—things they would rather not have known. But I shall not keep silent. The public shall know them for the rascals and iakers they are. And let Beauline beware! I have a loom memory and sharp teeth and my day will come!

I am not even sure that I shall continue on friendly terms with the Pickford-Fairbanks. They are under great obligations to me. At considerable personal inconvenience I accompanied them to Europe last year and was compelled to witness sights in Paris that were a positive insult to my strict, Scotch-Presbyterian conscience. It would have been funny were it not disgusting to see these French poodles going about actually naked, except for a mane and little tufts of hair on their knees, in ridiculous imitation of lions. Silly things! A babe in arms could not have mistaken them! This and other indignities I endured, and the Fairbanks may thank their stars if I keep silent as to many occurrences upon that eventful trip. But this I will say: Despite their boasted knowledge, their French is mediocre, their German abominable and their Swedish little better than my own.

For the time being I shall say no more. It rests with them as to whether or not I again take the public into my confidence. But for Beauline I have utter contempt and I shall not hesitate to express it. As for the movies—they're a joke. Art? Ha-ha! New faces—woof! Bigger and better films! Bow-wow! 1 BARK AT THE WHOLE BUSINESS!!!
ZORRO

What Is That Lure of Peggy Joyce?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

myself one of the wittiest conversationalists that ever turned a wisecrack.

She listens with her eyes, and they are big and blue and very sweet, turned up at you, in that sort of "aren't you wonderful, you big strong man, how did you ever come to know so much" look that is fatal as raw liquor to anything that wears trousers.

She has a pretty laugh—nothing marvelous. I've heard better, but never one that came in at such opportune moments as Peggy's.

And she has a trick of dropping her eyes—the loveliest thing about her is her eyelids, which are like magnolia petals—way down, and then raising them very slowly, almost sadly, wistfully. It would be perfectly easy to understand how any man would say after one of those, "Here, darling, have a pearl necklace and don't look so sad."

She understands, too, the trick of being

grateful, and oh, girls, it's so nice to be appreciated. If a property boy brings her a chair she thanks him in such a way that he works twice as hard all afternoon.

And above all, above everything, she is so feminine! She not only understands all the daintiness which allures a man more than anything in the world, but she understands that strange art of being a woman, which the females of today are parting with hourly. She breathes soft, sweet, femininity.

Nothing of the loud, wise-cracking, hail-fellow-well-met, cigarette-smoking, cocktail-drinking flapper of today about Peggy Hopkins Joyce. Not by a darn sight. She—though she has a reputation for being one of the best-dressed women in Europe—she manages to cover up a lot more than most smartly-gowned women nowadays, and that is a big asset. There is still some mystery about Peggy. Yes

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quite a lot of mystery. Her skirts come down below her knees, and her frocks are merely always rather high in the neck, and she has a habit of wearing cloaks that she holds tightly about her and that muffle her from head to foot.

Her voice is low and gentle and she doesn't use slang and she doesn't swear—and it is a long time since I've spent an afternoon with a girl who didn't either use slang or swear, or do both.

I was delighted. I thought that they'd become extinct.

Now understand, I don't know whether she does it on purpose or not, I don't really. But we had been talking just before I went over to see Miss Joyce, about how much we'd like to see a girl, a real girl, an old-fashioned girl, that didn't talk like a medical book and that didn't show the fringe of her step-ins when she crossed her legs.

"I'd give a ten spot," the playwright said, dreamily, "to sit around at a dance and hope for a glimpse of a pretty ankle.

"There's practically nothing left to hope for with women nowadays. It's all there on display and you can take it or leave it."

"Say," remarked another, "I've got a regular crush on a co-ed from California, who's got ankles like an elephant and freckles on her nose. But she's—she's so different from most girls you see now."

Well, Peggy must understand the male psychology, that's all. For with all her ropes of pearls, all her diamonds and sables and chinchillas, all her startling reputation, she uses the old line, that's still the best line, after all.

She's the best proof I've ever seen that the old, old story about the clinging vine is still the infallible one with men.

Wait till you see her on the screen. You'll understand what I mean.

She photographs softly, and that surprised me.

And she has a charm that is reminiscent to me of Ethel Clayton, when she was in her prime, and—don't all shoot at once, boys, I'll be good—she photographs in some shots not at all unlike Lillian Gish.

But she does—that thin, frail, blonde breakableness of Lillian's. Somehow Peggy Joyce has it, in subtle degree, too.

Most every woman in the United States will want to have a look at Peggy Hopkins Joyce—to say nothing of the men. They'll want to see the woman whose charm has brought her a fortune and who is known throughout Europe as a heart-breaker, and whom the newspapers call our most fascinating American vampire. And I hope they do. Because if they take a leaf out of her notebook, men will be a lot happier.

They'll begin to feel the superior sex again.

The time when men were men may come back, and we American men can hail Peggy Hopkins Joyce as our champion.

OCCASIONALLY the lad who opens the fan letters for a star gets a laugh all to himself. Here's a letter he let me read:

"Dear Sir:

"Please send me following stars: (Then followed a list of fifty-two players.)

"Am enclosing sum to cover cost and postage."

And enclosed was a ten-cent piece.

The lad who opens the mail and I couldn't figure whether the letter writer wanted the players in person or merely their photographs.

Anyway he realized there would be some cost entailed and thoughtfully offered to help defray expenses.

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PERHAPS the most gratifying impression which the tourist carries away with him on leaving Filmland is that of never having been bored by unnecessary chatter. Filmlanders may have their irritating peculiarities, but verbiage is not one of them. Even the Filmland woman, prodigal though she be with her emotions, is comparatively sparing with her words.

In Filmland the convention of conversational preliminaries, considered so essential in other countries, is ignored. Even the most casual of acquaintances come to grips as soon as possible with the thing that matters. Take the case of a gentleman who has performed a little everyday act of courtesy towards a perfect stranger of the opposite sex; may he has about himself down from an aeroplane and picked her neatly from the back of a runaway horse. The following morning he spares a few moments to call and make polite inquiry. He finds her leaning against a gate. He also leans against the gate. The breeze plays with their hair. Then he says:

"I LOVE YOU! WILL YOU BE MY WIFE?"

Just that. Nothing about the weather or how well the corn is coming up or has she had much tennis lately, or any drive of that sort. And she replies quite simply:

"I MUST MARRY SIR GASPER GOLDSTEIN

OR HE WILL KISS MY FACE."

You see? Just a nice straightforward statement of the facts of the case without any side-talk. The Filmlander has his own way of breaking bad news. He enters the room very slowly (in Filmland very slow movement indicates that something unpleasant is coming) and stands for a moment with bowed head. Then he holds out both hands for someone to grasp, and, having slowly stroked that person's head for a minute or two, allows himself to be pressed into a chair. Then he says, slowly and without any embroidery or confusion of metaphors:

"THE BANK HAS FAILED."

Conversation of this sort may occasionally lull the obtuse stranger, but the quick-witted Filmlander revels in it. The Filmland face has the knack of giving life and color to the crudest of statements; besides, all Filmlanders are so intelligent that the slightest clue will send them jumping straight to the right conclusion, and they never require to be told anything twice, not even on the telephone. This is only natural in a land where so much depends upon rapidity of thought and action.

It is wonderful the way in which Filmlanders will master the contents of a long letter simply by tearing it open, glancing at it and crushing it in their hands; and they can write a reply almost as quickly. They are nothing like so curt in their letters as in their conversation, but sometimes they are rather careless in the way they leave them lying about. A tremendous amount of trouble is caused in Filmland by

letters and despatches being read by people other than those for whom they were intended.

The ease with which servants may be obtained is another outstanding and attractive feature of Filmland. Nice servants they are, too, most of them, and shock-full of faithful devotion. There is scarcely a house of any importance that has not its gray-headed butler, who assists Miss Marjorie to elope and does his best for young Mister Alec when the latter comes home drunk or disgraced, and who is always on the spot to wring his hands when the master of the house is brought in dead. Even the humble Filmland slavey of unattractive countenance is always bursting to go through fire and water for her employer, irrespective of whether her wages have been paid or not. Of course there are a few unfaithful servants who do quite a lot of damage, but since in Filmland the unfaithful kind of servant is invariably sleek and black-haired and sly-faced, it is quite obvious that whoever engages him is asking for treachery.

In Filmland you are expected to have relations of a prescribed standard. Filmland relatives are catalogued and cast for certain definite parts in the general scheme of things, so that people may know what to expect of them. Grandparents are always very old and crinkly, and usually in humble circumstances. Unlike our own modern grandparents, they do not go gadding out to dances, but hobble about with the aid of knobby sticks or sit wistfully by the fireside stroking one another's white hair and giving the place an air of picturesque paths.

The Filmland uncle is a rich man, either very jolly or extremely unpleasant, according to the style of face he happens to possess. He is expected to die at a reasonable age in order that whoever inherits his money may be young enough to be exposed to much trouble and temptation. Ann's a-se used chiefly as chaperons and sources of refuge. They are middle-aged and look it, and have a kind and rather foolish faces. You do not catch the Filmland niece going about with an aunt whose personal appearance is likely to queer her own pitch. All the nasty family crimes are committed by a male cousin with a narrow head and a twitchy manner. You would think that, knowing this by experience, the police would at least detain the male cousin on suspicion. But they do not. They prefer to leave him in the hands of Providence in order that in due course of time one of Filmland's breathless and prolific poets may have the chance of saying:

"AND SO EVEN AS THE REFLUGENT DAWN TOUCHES IN ROSY BENEDICTION THE EASTERN HILLS OF POPEY'S NOSE, REMOVED, HOT-FOOTED GUILD OF RETRIBUTION, PURSUES HER QUINTY TRAIL ALONG THE NARROWING TRAIL OF DESTINY UNTIL THE END."

D. C.

TWO Hollywood extra players, whom we shall call Dumb and Dumber, went to a mountain lake for a fishing trip. They struck a part of the lake where the fish were eager and anxious to bite, so they made a heavy catch.

"Say," exclaimed Dumb, "this is a great spot."

"We ought to mark it," suggested Dumber, "so that we can find it tomorrow."

"Good!" said Dumb, and he took a pencil and made a mark on the side of the boat.

Dumb and Dumber rowed back to the boat house and started to get out of the boat.

"Look here!" said Dumber, suddenly hit by a thought, "what'll we do if we don't get the same boat tomorrow?"

Milky Way to Beauty

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64]

explaining how I keep my figure. I will have to confess that I don't!

Dancing and work and walking all conspire to keep me down to a normal weight . . . with a rest-giving massage to relieve mind and nerves.

Dancing, of course, is second nature to me. I have danced since my birth—almost—and I can imagine myself dancing to the brink of the grave. It spells the joy of living to me. In dancing I can lose myself from the sorrows of the world.

When I was a little girl I served as my father's model . . . father being a typical artist of slender means. From posing I danced into stage work and from the stage to the screen. . . . I can hear some satirical critic say "and she is still posing!" So you see life to me has been one long dance—from the waltz to the ballet and from the ballet to the fox trot and back again to the waltz in "The Merry Widow."

Dancing, however, led to a great discovery.

RECENTLY many stars have followed the path to poundage, but I claim to be the pioneer of that "milky way" of gaining weight. It was during a time in New York when my dancing contracts gave me no time at all to rest between appearances. My weight sank to ninety-three pounds and I feared a gentle breeze would blow me away.

It was then that I learned of a milk sanitarium in Jersey where slim ladies came out buxom women. Although not desiring to be buxom, I did want to regain some straying pounds, so taking a ten-day leave of absence I migrated to Jersey and the milk mansion.

Complete rest was the edict. Rest and milk . . . milk and rest . . . and more milk. Fresh milk—foaming from the Jersey cow on the Jersey farm. Every half-hour a warm, creamy beaker of rich milk was brought me, and I must have consumed from six to eight quarts of milk for ten days. Between the "drinking bouts" I read, rested and slept.

That was the beginning of a new era in my life, and whenever I felt I was losing too much weight for my health I hid myself to the Jersey farm and the "milky way to milky weight."

I wish I could afford the time to enjoy this pleasant succor from care after every picture. But the nearest that I come to it is consuming a pint of warm milk every evening before retiring. It has a wonderfully soothing effect on frazzled nerves.

Perhaps a glimpse at my diet might prove interesting. Food itself never has intrigued me, and an epicurean's feast does not interest me as much as does a delightful dinner companion. So I am afraid I never could be hung for a gourmand.

My breakfast is usually composed of stewed fruit with bran bread and coffee—the coffee minus sugar, but with cream. For luncheon—just a small vegetable salad or a half a melon. At dinner time I run rampant and indulge in a fruit cocktail, a slice of chicken or turkey—or perhaps a thin slice of beef, a baked potato, two or three kinds of vegetables and coffee. White bread is quite taboo, for my big baked potato helps me corral sufficient starches to survive.

And then I must not forget to mention my walks—particularly my walks in the rain when I wear a little rubber suit, especially designed to harinquisitive raintdrops. A tramp in the rain is a wonderful aid to figure and complexion, and I am an enthusiastic wet-weather hiker.

That is really all there is to recount. As you see, my "beauty secrets" are really just common-sense rules of health . . . abetted by an eye that is tuned to tasteful decoration. And what could be more simple?



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All too many women have lost hope of any real help for their complexions. They never seem to find the way that really brings loveliness.

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Use the
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Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

Here You Are, Babe!

Kannapolis, N. C.
I have a whole armful of brickbats and bouquets to throw and I am going to aim my first brickbat straight at "Babe" of Kansas City, Mo. How dare she, or he, as the case may be, say that "Ricardo Cortez deliberately copied Rudolph Valentino's acting?"

I admit that Valentino is an excellent player, but he isn't the only Latin type on the screen. Ricardo Cortez is every inch the romantic Latin lover and if his acting in "The Spaniard" was similar to Valentino's former screen portrayals, it was because the rôle he portrayed called for such. And, besides, can anyone imagine Ricardo playing insipid schoolboy rôles?

A PHOTOPLAY READER.

What Breaks Up Families

Nutley, N. J.

Perhaps you would like to know the movie tastes of just an average family. Perhaps you will understand why the choice of a movie on Friday night is sometimes a difficult matter and why it often starts a family squabble and a few tears on the part of the younger children. My husband likes Norma Shearer, Betty Daniels, Jack Holt and the Beery brothers. As for me, I like John Gilbert, Ronald Colman and Rudolph Valentino. My oldest daughter, who is seventeen, likes Mae Murray, Richard Dix and Ben Lyon. My twelve year old son adores Tom Mix, Buck Jones, Hoot Gibson and all the slapstick comedies. And the baby, another boy of seven years, wants to see "Peter Pan" and "The Lost World" over and over again. Now do you wonder that we seldom agree on the evening's entertainment?

A. K. P.

Hey! Nita. Here's One for You

Arapahoe, Neb.

Just a few words of praise for the most beautiful and cultured woman on the screen—Nita Naldi. In a recent edition of PHOTOPLAY I read that Miss Naldi was among the ten most beautiful women "this side of Paradise." How very true!

Miss Naldi herself is an admirable artist and although her parts are "heavy," no other woman on the screen could be more charming in them. I have watched this beautiful creature since "Blood and Sand" and, as her time in Hollywood lengthens, her work grows more and more splendid.

Should this screed meet the eye of Miss Naldi, I wish her to know that she has at least one tried and true fan in this great world of moviegoers. Gentlemen, I have here presented a bouquet for Nita Naldi. Now for the brickbat: May the largest brickbat in the world "sock" squarely between the eyes of the person who dares to criticize Nita Naldi.

PAT.

He Nominates Richard Dix

Chicago, Ill.

Is there anyone who could ask "who is the successor to Wallace Reid?" without knowing deep down in his heart the true answer—the only answer? It is impossible and improbable that there is such a person living who, from his own mind, without the least hesitation, wouldn't say "Richard Dix is the only possible successor to the greatest and best beloved cinema artist in the history of motion pictures."

JAY SMITH.

The Constant Fan

Dallas, Texas

A big American beauty bouquet for Jack Gilbert, also a true heart. I say true, because

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I have been in love with him ever since he first started in pictures. Even when he made failures, I knew he would come back because it was in him. I could see determination in those eyes.

I not only think he is the best actor on the screen today, but he is the best looking man. He has wonderful eyes, so expressive, and he is all grace.

Some time ago I saw where some one was comparing Jack and Ronald Colman. I think Ronald is very good, but he hasn't the boyish appeal that Jack has. In fact, I can't see any comparison. I am all for you, Jack, all for you.

LOIS GREEN.

Appreciation for Betty

Binghamton, N. Y.

This is the very first letter I have ever written in regard to moving pictures or those who interpret them for us. I am moved to do so now because I have just seen Betty Bronson in "Are Parents People?" Many actresses have been brought before the public with the prophecy that they would rival Mary Pickford. Until Betty Bronson made her appearance I had serious doubts as to all such promises.

Now, however, I do believe that, given child rôles in carefully selected plays, skillfully directed, Betty Bronson could become a close rival of our Mary.

MURIEL LUDEN.

No More "Sheiks"

Buffalo, N. Y.

I would like to present a bouquet to Mary Pickford. To me she cannot be surpassed. I think her personality is great and that she is a great actress, consequently her name will stand in movie history as Queen.

Another bouquet: This one for Ben Lyon, that youthful American. He comes as a relief to me after a long line of Latin lovers that were thrust upon the public. At first I liked Valentino. Lately I have seen countless dark-haired "sheiks" play dashing lovers, so now I like my armchair, my pipe and my dog. I think Ben Lyon can act. And he reminds us "old timers" of the time when we were young and "collegiate" instead of fat and forty.

I'm for giving three cheers for the movies and throwing all the bouquets we can.

I. M. MAO.

We Will, Won't We?

Philadelphia, Pa.

Brickbats are ugly things and unkind, aren't they? Yet it seems inevitable that an actor must receive a few at least once in his life. Doesn't it? Ricardo Cortez copied Valentino's acting in "The Spaniard." I agree with "Babe" of Kansas City. But because Mr. Cortez is young and handsome and because he's trying so hard to be at the top of the ladder of success, we won't say too much about it, will we?

We'd like to see him succeed, not be another Valentino, because that is impossible, but see him set a style of his own. Wouldn't we? Therefore we will wish him the best of luck. Won't we?

R. V. C.

For the Cast of "Chickie"

Thompson, Ga.

Just a bouquet for Dorothy MacKall and the supporting cast of "Chickie." I liked the picture very much. When I was coming out of the theater, I heard someone behind me say, "If they were all like that, you'd like picture shows, wouldn't you?"

I have also a word here for PHOTOPLAY'S Shadow Stage. I like the reviews much better than those in any other magazine. They are so frank and easily found.

M. L. D.

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Casts of Current Photoplays

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"THE PONY EXPRESS"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Henry James Forman and Walter Woods. Scenario by Walter Woods. Directed by James Cruze. Photography by Karl Brown. Cast: *Molly Jones, Betty Compton; Jack Weston, Ricardo Cortez; "Ascension" Jones, Ernest Torrence; "Rhode Island" Red, Wallace Beery; Jack Slade, George Bancroft; Charlie Bent, Frank Lakteen; Bill Cody, John Fox, Jr.; William Russell, William Turner; Senator Glen, Al Hart; Sam Clemens, Charles Gerson; Aunt, Rose Tapley; Baby, Vendell Darr.*

"THE DARK ANGEL"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the stage play by H. B. Trevelyan. Scenario by Frances Marion. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: *Captain Alan Trent, Ronald Colman; Kitty Vane, Vilma Banky; Captain Gerald Shonnon, Wyndham Standing; Lord Beaumont, Frank Elliott; Sir Hubert Van, Charles Lane; Miss Boller, Helen Jerome Eddy; Roma, Florence Turner.*

"HE'S A PRINCE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Reginald Morris and Joseph Mitchell. Scenario by Keene Thompson. Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: *Prince, Raymond Griffith; Girl, Mary Brian; King, Tyrone Power; Prince's Vald, Edgar Norton; Revolutionist, Nigel de Bruiler; Prime Minister, Gustav Von Seyffertitz; Girl's Companion, Kathleen Kirkham; Royal Aides, Carl Stockdale, Michael Dark; Tourist Guide, Lincoln Plummer; Princess, Jacqueline Gadsen; Lover, Jerry Austin.*

"HER SISTER FROM PARIS"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Story by Hans Kraly. Directed by Sidney Franklin. The cast: *Helen Weyeringer, Constance Talmadge; Lolo—"La Princesse," Constance Talmadge; Joseph Weyeringer, Ronald Colman; Robert Wall, George K. Arthur; Bertha, Margaret Mann.*

"THE COAST OF FOLLY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Coningsby Dawson. Adapted by James Creelman. Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast: *Nadine Galkowsky, Joyce Gateway, Gloria Swanson; Larry Fay, Anthony Jowitt; Count de Tauro, Alec Francis; Constance Fay, Dorothy Cumming; Cholly Knickerbocker, Jed Prouty; Nanny, Eugenie Bessner; Reporter, Arthur Hausman; Balzer, Lawrence Gray.*

"THE TOWER OF LIES"—METRO-GOLDWYN.—From the novel by Selma Lagerlof. Adapted by Agnes Christine Johnston. Directed by Victor Seastrom. Photography by Percy Hilburn. The cast: *Galdie, Norma Shearer; Jan, Lon Chaney; Lars, Ian Keith; Katrina, Claire McDowell; August, William Haines; Erik, David Torrence.*

"GRAUSTARK"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by George Barr McCutcheon. Screen version by Frances Marion. Directed by Dimitri Buchowetzki. The cast: *Princess Yafie, Norma Talmadge; Crawford Lorry, Eugene O'Brien; Prince Gabriel, Marc McDermott; Douglas, Roy Darsey; Count Helfert, Albert Gran; Countess Halfont, Lillian Lawrence; Captain Quinnon, Michael Vavitch; King, Frank Currier; Ambassador, Winter Hall; Dagmar, Wanda Hawley.*

"THE MAN WHO FOUND HIMSELF"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by Booth Tarkington. Scenario by Tom J. Geraghty. Directed by Alfred E. Green. Photography by Alvin Wyckoff. The cast: *Tom Macaulay, Thomas Meighan; Nora Brooks, Virginia Valli; Lon Morris, Frank Morgan; Edwin Macaulay, Jr., Ralph Morgan; Edwin Macaulay, Sr., Charles*

Stevenson; Evelyn Carning, Julia Hoyt; Mrs. Macaulay, Jr., Lynn Fontanne; Polly Brooks, Mildred Ryan; Hoboken Williams, Hugh Cameron; Humpty Dumpty Smith, Victor Moore; Tom Macaulay, Jr., Russell Griffin; Commodore, Norman Trevor; Warden, John Harrington.

"CALIFORNIA STRAIGHT AHEAD"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Byron Morgan. Directed by Harry Pollard. The cast: *Tom Hayden, Reginald Denny; Betty Browne, Gertrude Olmsted; Creighton Deane, Charles Gerard; Samba, Tom Wilson; Mrs. Braune, Lucille Ward; Jeffrey Browne, John Stepping; Mr. Hayden, Fred Esmelton; James, Leo Nomas.*

"THE GOLDEN PRINCESS"—PARAMOUNT.—From a story by Bret Harte. Scenario by Frances Agnew. Directed by Clarence Badger. Photography by McKinley Martin. The cast: *Betty Kent, Betty Bronson; Tennessee Hunter, Neil Hamilton; Tom Romaine, Rockliffe Fellowes; Kate Kent, Phyllis Haver; Packer, Joseph Dowling; Cassidifer Hay, Edgar Kennedy; Bill Kent, George Irving; Indian Squaw, Norma Wills; Betty Kent (at 3 years), Mary Schoene; Tennessee Hunter (at 10 years), Don Marion.*

"BOBBED HAIR"—WARNER BROTHERS.—From the novel by Twenty Popular Authors. Scenario by Lewis Milestone. Directed by Alan Crosland. Photography by Byron Haskins. The cast: *Concomara Moore, Marie Prevost; David Lacy, Kenneth Harlan; "Sweetie," Louise Fazenda; Sallontail Adams ("Salt"), John Roche; Aunt Celimena Moore, Emily Fitzroy; Bingham Carrington ("Bing"), Reed Howes; The "Savage," Pat Hartigan; "Doc," Walter Long; "Patsy," Francis McDonald; Mr. Brewster, Tom Richetts; Pal, the dog.*

"THE LIVE WIRE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Richard Washburn Child. Directed by Charles Hines. The cast: *The Great Maracelli, Johnny Hines; "Sovadust No. 1" Edmund Breese; Dorothy Langdon, Mildred Ryan; Henry Langdon, J. Barney Sherry; George Trent, Bradley Barker.*

"SEVEN DAYS"—PROD. DIST. CORP.—From the stage play by Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood. Adapted by Frank Roland Conklin. Directed by Scott Sidney. The cast: *Kit Eclair, Lillian Kirk; Jim Wilson, Creighton Hale; Bella Wilson, Lilyan Tashman; Anne Brown, Mabel Julienne Scott; Dol Brown, William Austin; Tom Harbison, Hal Cooley; Aunt Selina, Rosa Gore; The Policeman, Tom Wilson; The Burglar, Eddie Gribbon; The Secy, Charles Clara.*

"THE MYSTIC"—METRO-GOLDWYN.—Story by Tod Browning. Scenario by Walde-mar Young. Directed by Tod Browning. Photography by Ira Morgan. The cast: *Zara, Aileen Pringle; Jimmie Burton, Conway Tearle; Zazarah, Mitchell Lewis; Anton, Robert Ober; Carlo, Stanton Heck; Brodstone, David Torrence; Doris Merrick, Gladys Hulette; Inspector of Police, De Witt Jennings.*

"HELL'S HIGHROAD"—PROD. DIST. CORP.—From the story by Ernest Pascal. Adapted by Eve Unsell and Lenore Coffey. Directed by Rupert Julian. Photography by Peverell Marley. The cast: *Judy Nichols, Leatrice Joy; Ronald McKane, Edmund Burns; Mrs. Dorothy Hobart, Julia Faye; Sanford Gillespie, Robert Edeson; Ann Broderick, Helele Sullivan.*

"HAVOC"—Fox.—From the stage play by Henry Wall. Adapted by Edmund Goulding. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. The cast: *Dick Chappell*, George O'Brien; *Roddy Duntton*, Walter McGrail; *Violet Deering*, Margaret Livingston; *Tessie Duntton*, Madge Bellamy; *Smithy*, David Butler; *Babe*, Leslie Fenton; *Biddle*, Harvey Clark; *Sergeant Major*, Wade Boteler; *Alice Deering*, Eulalie Jensen; *Mr. X*, Bertram Grassby; *Mrs. Chappell*, Edythe Chapman.

"HIS MAJESTY, BUNKER BEAN"—WARNER BROTHERS.—From the novel by Harry Leon Wilson. Scenario by Julien Josephson. Directed by Harry Beaumont. Photography by Byron Haskins. The cast: *Bunker Bean*, Matt Moore; *Marie Breede*, Dorothy Devore; "*Bad*" *Matthews*, David Butler; *Jim Breede*, George Nicols; *Mrs. Breede*, Helen Dunbar; *Prof. Balkhasor*, Frank Leigh; *Countess Casanova*, Nora Cecil; *Reginald Larabee*, Henry Borrowes; *Grandma Breede*, Gertrude Claire; *Nurse*, Lucille Ward; *Bert Hollins*, Gayne Whitman.

"SPORTING LIFE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Cecil Raleigh and Seymour Hicks. Adapted by Curtis Benton. Directed by Maurice Tourneur. The cast: *Lord Woodstock*, Bert Lytell; *Norah Cavanaugh*, Marian Nixon; *Olive Carteret*, Paulette Duval; *Phillips*, Cyril Chadwick; *Joc Lee*, Charles Delaney; *Dun Crippen*, George Seigmann; *Cavanaugh*, Oliver Eckhard; *Chorus Girl*, Ena Gregory; *Chorus Girl*, Kathleen Clifford.

"WRECKAGE"—BANNER PROD.—From the novel by Izola Forester. Directed by Scott Dunlap. The cast: *Rex*, May Allison; *Stuart Ames*, Holmes Herbert; *Maurice Dysart*, John Miljan; *Margot*, Rosemary Theby; *James Morrison*, Grant Demarest.

"THE KNOCKOUT"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by M. D. C. Crawford. Directed by Lambert Hillier. The cast: *Sandy Dunlin*, Milton Sills; *Jeannie Farot*, Lorna Duveen; "*Mac*" *MacMahon*, Jed Prouty; *J. Van Dyke Parker*, Claude King; *Black Jack*, John Philip Kolb; *Mike Leary*, Edward Lawrence; *Steve McKenna*, Harry Cording; *Dr. Natter*, Warren Cook; *John Farot*, Harlan Knight.

"THE STORM BREAKER"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Charles Guernon. Adapted by E. T. Lowe, Jr. Directed by Edward Sloman. Photography by Jack Rose. The cast: *John Strong*, House Peters; *Lysette DeJon*, Ruth Clifford; *Judith Nyte*, Nina Romano; *Neil Strong*, Ray Hallor; *Tom Rorth*, Jere Austin; *Parson*, Lionel Belmore; *Elspeth Strong*, Gertrude Claire; *Malcolm*, Mark Fenton; *Harrod*, Ed Brown; *Garrett*, Lon Poff; *Sveinton*, Emmett King; *Long Jim*, William J. Colvin.

"THE WIFE WHO WASN'T WANTED"—WARNER BROTHERS.—From the novel by Gertrude de Wentworth-James. Scenario by Bess Meredith. Directed by James Flood. Photography by John Mescoll. The cast: *Mrs. John Mantering*, Irene Rich; *John Mantering*, Huntley Gordon; *Bob Mantering*, John Haron; *Jermie Wallace*, Gayne Whitman; *Mary Patterson*, June Marlowe; *Theo*, Don Alvarado; "*Slick*" *Jennings*, Edward Piel; *Jap Servant*, George Kuwa; *Simi*, Jimmie Quinn; *Judge Bledsoe*, Wilfred Lucas; *Greta*, Gertrude Astor; *Diane*, Elinor Fair; *Editor*, George Pearce.

"THE COMING OF AMOS"—PROD. DIST. CORP.—From the novel by William J. Locke. Adapted by James Creelman and Garrett Fort. Directed by Paul Sloane. The cast: *Amos Burden*, Rod La Rocque; *Princess Nadia Ramiroff*, Jetta Goudal; *Ramon Garcia*, Noah Beery; *David Fontenay*, Richard Carl; *Bendyke Hamilton*, Arthur Hoyt; *Dowager Duchess of Parth*, Tixie Friarman; *Pedro Valdez*, Clarence Burton; *The Nurse*, Ruby Lafayette.

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HER whole evening had been a success. Everyone had wanted to dance with her—and it was wonderful to hear so many flattering things.

Perhaps all those dull times she used to know were gone forever! It was amazing to find out how completely a girl could change her appearance by "knowing what to do." She had Madame Jeannette to thank—for it certainly made a difference, now that she knew how to care for her skin.

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1. Only one title from one person.
2. Ten words or less for the title.
3. Write title on one sheet of paper. Below title write only your name and full address.
4. Coupon and coin for panel can be sent along with your title.
5. Contest closes Nov. 30, 1925, but get your title in early.
6. In the event of a tie for any prize offered, a prize identical with that tied for will be awarded to each prize contestant.
7. Prizes paid Dec. 15, 1925. Winners announced Jan. 9, Saturday Evening Post.



Note. If you plan to get panel anyhow, you can send for it first and study it in full size and colors. Then send in your title. However, no one is required to get a panel to enter contest.

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"SOULS FOR SABLES"—TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS INC.—Story by David Graham Phillips. Directed by James C. McKay. The cast: *Alice Garlan, Claire Windsor; Fred Garlan, Eugene O'Brien; Helen Ralston, Claire Adams; Mrs. Kowald, Edith York; Mr. Nelson, George Fawcett; Esther Hamilton, Eileen Percy; Harrison Morrill, Anders Randolph; Jim Hamilton, Robert Ober.*

"RED HOT TIRES"—WARNER BROTHERS.—From the story by Gregory Rogers. Adapted by F. T. Lowe, Jr. Directed by Eric C. Kenton. The cast: *Al Jones, Monte Blue; Elizabeth Lowden, Patsy Ruth Miller; Hon. N. C. R. Lowden, Fred Esmelton; George Taylor, Lincoln Stedman; Coachman, Charles Conklin; Crook, Tom McGuire; Crook, Wm. Lowry; Al Martin, Jimmy Quinn; Crook, Malcolm Waite.*

"PEACOCK FEATHERS"—UNIVERSAL.—From the novel by Temple Bailey. Adapted by Svend Gade and James O'Sparring. Directed by Svend Gade. Photography by Charles Stumar. The cast: *Mini L. Brun, Jacqueline Logan; Jerry Chandler, Cullen Landis; Andrew Fuller, Ward Crane; Uncle George, George Fawcett; Mr. Hayes, Edwin J. Brady; Mrs. Chandler, Carolyn Irwin; Rev. Dr. Chandler, Emmett King; Lionel Clark, Prince Youca Troubetzkoy; Mrs. Hayes, Aggie Hering; Mrs. L. Brun, Dunbar Raymond.*

"THE WHEEL"—FOX.—From the stage play by Winchell Smith. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: *Ted Norton, Harrison Ford; Kate O'Hara, Claire Adams; Baker, Mahlon Hamilton; Sammy, George Harris; Nora, Clara Horton; Elsie, Margaret Livingston; Mr. Norton, David Torrence; Rhea Weinstein, Erin Lu Bissoniere; Don Satterly, J. Russell Powell; Clara, Hazel Howell.*

"THE LOVE HOUR"—VITAPHONE.—Story by Bess Meredyth. Directed by Herman Raymaker. Photography by E. B. Dupar. The cast: *Rex Westmore, Huntley Gordon; Jennie Tibbs, Louise Fazenda; Gus Yerger, Willard Louis; Betty Brown, Ruth Clifford; Ward Ralston, John Roche; Kid Lewis, Charles Farrell; Attorney, Gayne Whitman.*

"WITH THIS RING"—B. P. SCHULBERG.—From the novel by Fanny Heuslip Lea. Directed by Fred C. Wintermerer. The cast: *Cecile Vaughn, Alyce Mills; John Wendell, Forrest Stanley; Cecile's Maid, Joan Standing; Thelma Van Buren, Eulalie Jensen; Rufus Van Buren, Lou Tellegen; Donald Van Buren, Donald Keith; Luella Van Buren, Martha Mattos; The Portuguese, Dick Sutherland.*

"THE CALL OF COURAGE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Harold Shumates. Directed by Clifford S. Smith. Photography by Edward Linden. The cast: *Steve Caldwell, Art Acord; June Hazelton, Olive Hasbrouck; Sam Caldwell, Duke R. Lee; Slim, Frank Rice; Jeff Halden, John T. Prince; Jimmy, Turner Savage; The Cook, Floyd Shackelford; The Sorrento, Mrs. Chris Martin.*

"THE ISLE OF HOPE"—F. B. O.—Story and continuity by James Bell Smith. Directed by Jack Nelson. Photography by William Marshall. The cast: *Robert Mackay, Richard Talmadge; Dorothy Duffy, Helen Ferguson; Captain Duffy, James Marcus; First Mate, Bert Strong; Second Mate, Howard Bell; Chinese Cook, Eddie Gordon; Colored Cook, George Reed.*

"THE HAUNTED RANGE"—DAVIS DISTRIBUTING INC.—Story by Frank Howard Clark. Directed by Paul Hurst. Photography by Frank Cotner. The cast: *Terry Baldwin, Ken Maynard; Judith Keller, Alma Rayford; Alex Forrester, Harry Moody; The Executioner, Al Hallett; Charlie Titus, Fred Burns; Ralph Keller, Bob Williamson.*

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Before After

"THE FIGHTING HEART"—FOX.—From the novel by Larry Evans. Adapted by Lillie Hayward. Directed by John Ford. The cast: Denny Bolton, George O'Brien; Doris Anderson, Billie Dove; Jerry, J. Farrell MacDonald; Helen Van Allen, Diana Miller; Soopy Williams, Victor MacLaglen; Flash Fagan, Edward Piel; Grandfather Bolton, Bert Woodruff; Judge Maynard, James Marcus; Chub Morchouse, Lynn Cowan; Dennison, Harvey Clark; His Assistant, Hank Mann; The Town Fool, Francis Ford; John Anderson, Francis Powers; Oklahoma Kate, Hazel Howell.

"THE CYCLONIC CAVALIER"—RAY.—Story and scenario by Krag Johnson and Buke Jenkins. Directed by Albert Rogell. The cast: Tod Clayton, Reed Howes; Hugh Clayton, Wilfred Lucas; Rosita Gonzales, Carmelita Geraghty; President Gonzales, Eric Mayne; "El Diablo," Jack Mower; Micky, Johnny Sinclair; Von Blatten, Ervin Renaud.

"THE TIMBER WOLF"—FOX.—From the novel by Jackson Gregory. Scenario by John Stone. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The cast: Bruce Standing, Buck Jones; Kenne Brooke, Elinor Fair; Babe Deeril, Dave Dyas; Joe Terry, Sam Allen; Sheriff Taggart, William Walling; Billy Winch, Robert Mack; The Boy, Jack Craig.

"A DAUGHTER OF THE SIOUX"—DAVIS DISTRIBUTING, INC.—From the story by Brigadier General Charles King, U. S. A. Adapted by George W. Pypier. Directed by Ben Wilson. The cast: John Field, Ben Wilson; Nanette, Neva Gerber; Eagle Wing, Robert Walker; Traoper Kennedy, Fay Adams; Big Bill Hay, William Lowery; Major John Webb, Rhody Hathaway.

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Close-Ups and Long-Shots

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

wasted. And I've never overcome a grouch against the motion picture for not detaining the artful charm of Edith Allen, a personality in "Scaramouche" as sweetly burglarizing as Pola Negri, Mabel Normand or the divine Corinne. Edie floated in and out of pictures, as a hubble disappeared in champagne, and mayhap therein was her charm.

WHETHER or not the motion picture is an art and the workers artists is an exceedingly sensitive point with film people.

The movie talks too much about art. Any man with a knowledge of human psychology has a profound suspicion of anybody who claims to be an artist and talks a great deal about art.

In the wide open spaces of Hollywood there is much ground for suspicion.

RAYMOND HATTON and Wallace Beery have stolen more pictures than any two thugs in Hollywood. When Ricardo Cortez heard that they were to appear in a production with him, he exclaimed apprehensively, "What! those two burglars?"

Finding them incorrigible, Jesse Lasky wisely has decided to segregate them. He will co-star them in a series of pictures. This means some big swag for the public.

MY choice of the ten most beautiful women on earth has earned me the martyrdom so dear to the saint.

One of my admirers writes to say, "The next time an editor appoints you to pick the beauties

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Graduate Nurse

FROM morning until midnight! A luncheon, a lecture, a dinner, the opera . . . a hygienic handicap that is real . . . yet never the precious charm of a moment lost!

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of the screen you'll know it's time to take another trip to Africa and get lost in the jungles."

Another well-wisher swoops aside my poetic phrases and a beauty to say that she looks like a milk cow in a hungover apron. But adds a soothing dash by saying that Corinne Griffith is beautiful enough for two women.

Yet another suggests that someone be delegated to select the ten handsomest men. "Why not give Adela St. Johns the death sentence," she writes. "If it were left to you, Bull Montana would come out the lily."

In reply to this last dig concerning my partiality for Bull's type of calla loveliness I can only sigh that beauty is but skin deep and point to what Lon Chaney says of Bull's spirituelle.

RICARDO CORTEZ tells me he has been permanently disabled for feeling any inflation from glory. Any little puff he feels from time to time is always accompanied by a sharp twinge.

"I recall too well the day I rushed on to the football field to the applause of the bleachers only to be carried off ten minutes later with a broken leg," he smiles wryly. "And as I passed out I saw my sub come in and heard the crowd applauding him just as vociferously as they had whooped for me."

After hearing this bit of wisdom I wished that fate had been equally kind to all stars, letting each break a leg or two for his own good. Yet there are some for whom fracture would avail naught. I know one who broke his neck, but his head swells on just the same.

IN the past I have been guilty of writing fan messages: a telegram to Dick Barthelme after seeing "Tolable David," a wireless to Lillian Gish after unmanly sobs over "The White Sister," a night letter to Charley Ray after beholding "The Girl I Loved," an enthusiastic dispatch to Ramon Novarro after a preview of "Caramouche," and, after seeing "Passion," I found that I couldn't express by cable all I had to say to Pola Negri, so I bought a steamship ticket straight for Berlin. (A trifling expense which I've never regretted.)

I've decided this is unbecoming if not cowardly in a veteran of the World War, so after penning a note to Florence Vidor following a preview of "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter" I decided to say it in public. The message reads:

Dear Florence:
Had Russian duchesses been half as grand, Russia would never have gone Bolshevik. You present an entirely new Florence Vidor, as enchanting as the former, which makes you two of the most beautiful and talented women of the screen. Believe me ever ready to exercise your highness' wolf-hounds. . .
—H. R. H.

DON'T miss "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter." For three reasons: Florence Vidor, Adolphe Menjou and Mal St. Clair. It is particularly interesting in the promise which young St. Clair makes. With two pictures he has scaled from the depths of comedy pools to the heights of the highbrow. Because he is only twenty-eight he offers a brilliant surmise. St. Clair's father was a painter who, realizing that California had a peculiarly individual landscape, proceeded to interpret it in a new way. He died a poor man, but he left a rich heritage upon which his son is now realizing.

AMID swirls of verbal incense concerning the genius of Charlie Chaplin, Konrad Bercovici in an article for *Collier's* reveals the herculean efforts put forth by Chaplin to make Menjou an actor. You gather from the article that Menjou is just the usual Hollywood puppet, the like of which has turned many a Christian director into a blasphemer. The bunk of the idol-worshipping Bercovici is refuted by the intelligent Mr. Menjou, who remarked long ago to me that an actor could



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be no greater than his director. He always has given Chaplin full credit for his opportunity.

Menjou need not bow to Chaplin as an actor. He is an artist as superior to the Hollywood harlequin as a Rolls-Royce to a peanut roaster. He happens to be a college man and a gentleman, two facts which I am pleased to record, inasmuch as both have been deemed incompatible with success in pictures.

His subtleties are caviar—not only for the general but for the mob. In the review of "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter" at Pasadena he elicited squeals of delight from hoi polloi as well as from us of the skyscraper brows.

The Perils of Monotony

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

has been attempting for years to shake off the curse of his success in "Tol'able David." The exhibitors who, as a class, are notoriously shortsighted, continually shrieked at him to produce more "Tol'able Davids," until he himself became oppressed with the idea that he couldn't do anything else.

It seems to me that he has at last broken the spell in "Shore Leave," in which he impersonates a hard-boiled gop, and I expect that he will take a new lease on life as a result.

The same thing applies to Pola Negri, to Lillian Gish, to Richard Dix, to Norma and Constance Talmadge, to Charles Ray, to Mae Murray, and to all others whose reputations have rested on peculiarly individualistic characterizations. It applies with especial force to Tom Meighan.

None of Tom Meighan's recent pictures have been particularly successful, and the reason for this is obvious: Tom Meighan is still playing Tom Meighan, with only slight variations from one production to another.

The new stars—the Norma Shearers, the John Gilberts, the Patsy Ruth Millers, the Leatrice Joys, the Rod La Rocques and the rest—will do well to profit by the triumphs and failures of their predecessors, and take heed to the ancient and unassailable proverb, "Variety is the spice of life."

There have been few popular heroes who have stood the test of time as successfully as Christie Mathewson. He pitched in the big leagues for fifteen years and, even after his good right arm had lost most of its snap, he continued to win games and to be idolized by the fans.

The secret of Christie Mathewson's consistency is expressed, by himself, in three short words, "Change of pace." He never let the batter know whether the next pitch would be a fast one, a floater, a curve or a straight ball. He kept them guessing, and, at the same time, saved himself for the moments when heroic effort would be necessary.

Matty's system is not applicable to baseball alone. It can be followed to good advantage by every movie star who does not wish to burn out the candle of his fame in one fleeting moment.

TWO-GUN HATTON may be the next Western hero of the screen! Raymond has been spending his time on location for "Lord Jim," practicing with a new shooting iron he recently purchased. It isn't as big as one of Tom Mix's, but neither is Hatton. Raymond's report of his recent target practice is summed up very well in his own words: "If a real bull had an eye as big as the one on the pistol target, I could shoot at him all day at fifteen yards and he wouldn't even blink."

Watch This Column

A Message to Theatre Owners

This is a brief message to Exhibitors, which, in my estimation will prove highly profitable if heeded.

Amongst the many pictures scheduled this season, quite a few of Universal's White List pictures stand out in bold relief and the leading theatres everywhere are booking them.



MARY PHILBIN

Canfield's "*The Home Maker*" with ALICE JOYCE and CLIVE BROOK, and "*Siege*," that fine story by Samuel Hopkins Adams, with VIRGINIA VALLI and EUGENE O'BRIEN.

Naturally "*The Phantom of the Opera*" is going like wild-fire, not only because it is magnificently done, but also because it has been a long time since a fantastic drama of such pretensions has been offered to the public. In this great picture LONCHANEY has his masterpiece.

HOUSE PETERS in "*The Storm Breaker*" has just such a play as he loves, and HOOT GIBSON in "*Spook Ranch*" is proving, as usual, a "box-office attraction."

I sincerely believe, and evidently the big exhibitors agree with me, that the White List deserves your most earnest analytical attention. If you want to make money, show the kind of pictures that the great majority of the people want. Universal has them in this new White List, and from now on Universal takes the center of the stage.

REGINALD DENNY

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next month)

Would you like an autographed photograph of Reginald Denny?
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The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

WRECKAGE—Banner Prod.

A THRILLING story involving two beautiful girls, a crooked nobleman and an old man suspected of gem smuggling. The most striking feature in the film is a shipwreck scene which is exceedingly well done. The success of the picture is due to the fine performances of May Allison and Holmes Herbert.—M. B.

THE KNOCKOUT—First National

IF you're not knocked out after this—why—Milton Sills is no more suited for this rôle than a rabbit. Imagine, if you can, his playing the rôle of the world's light heavyweight champion. The story is improbable and, my dear, what wonders that man can accomplish—he must be another Houdini. But I suppose it will please the Sills' fans.—M. B.

THE STORM BREAKER—Universal

A SEA-GOING story, simply told, featuring House Peters, Ruth Clifford, Nina Romano (Mrs. Lou Tellegen) and Ray Hallor, a youth who gives a splendid performance. Director Charles Guernon has turned out an excellent piece of work. He has succeeded in keeping his players human at all times. The story is woven around an egotist whose constant bragging causes him to lose the love of his wife. Good entertainment, but not for the children.—M. B.

THE WIFE WHO WASN'T WANTED—Warner Brothers

ALL our old friends—the strong district attorney, the wild son, the brave mother, the forest fire and oh, yes! the dam bursts! This picture looks like old home week for all the hard-working plots of the week. Irene Rich, Huntley Gordon and John Harron pretend that they think it is a good story. But it happens to be one of those things that no acting can save.—A. S.

THE COMING OF AMOS—Producers Distributing

AN actor made up as a rough diamond goes to a movie location that is supposed to be the Riviera and falls in love with an actress gotten up by Cecil De Mille to look like a Russian Princess. There is a villainous husband and a villainous title writer to add to the sorrows. Rod La Rocque is the star and Jetta Goudal is the girl who wears the clothes.—A. S.

SOULS FOR SABLES—Tiffany Productions

A LAVISH screen presentation with a dazzling array of feminine finery. Alice Gardin, reared in luxury, demands beautiful clothes. Her husband, immersed in business cares, is unable to stand his wife's extravagance. They almost come to the parting of the ways but—Claire Windsor and Eugene O'Brien head the cast. Good entertainment for grown-ups.—M. B.

SPORTING LIFE—Universal

FAR entertainment featuring the life of London sporting and society circles. Lord Woodstock, noted as one of London's most extravagant young men, finances everything—musical revues, prize-fights and horses. Almost bankrupt, his main standby is his horse which is to race in the Derby. And then the villain came. Every thing ends in true movie fashion.—M. B.

PEACOCK FEATHERS—Universal

WHILE this cannot be compared with "Siege," Sven Gade's previous production, this story of a wealthy young girl who finds herself married to a poor man and finally adapts herself to his mode of living, is exceedingly well done, considering the type of story. Sven



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Gade's careful direction and the fine performances of Jacqueline Logan and Cullen Landis make it worth while.—M. B.

THE WHEEL—Fox

TAKEN from the stage play by Winchell Smith, directed by Victor Schertzinger, the cast—Harrison Ford, Claire Adams and Mahlon Hamilton—the result—a picture that will please the average audience. A vividly human story of a man who succumbs to the lure of the roulette wheel until his wife intervenes and saves him.—M. B.

THE LOVE HOUR—Vitagraph

HAD this been cut to about two reels it would have made a splendid educational feature for the poor working girls—"Spend the Day at Concy Island and Win a Millionaire." Another Cinderella story of a shop girl marrying a millionaire—you know the rest. This atrocious production was directed by Herman Kraymaker. Yep, we really think we should tell on him.—M. B.

WITH THIS RING—B. P. Schulberg

AS sexy, as sexy could be. It just reels through the whole picture and at times becomes disgusting. The story, had it been handled properly, would prove interesting. Although the idea isn't new—what's the difference? Alice Mills and Donald Keith appear to advantage in the leading rôles. Only for the broad-minded grown-ups.—M. B.

THE FIGHTING HEART—Fox

WHAT an amusing hour it will be for the boys and grown-ups who like their two-fisted heroes! This is an ideal vehicle for the athletic George O'Brien. The plot deals largely with the prize-ring, a prize-fighter whose ambition swept him to Broadway—love brought him back to Main Street. O'Brien stages three of the most thrilling fights ever screened.—M. B.

THE CALL OF COURAGE—Universal

PROVING that all the cowboys are not as alert as movie producers would have us believe. Here Art Acord is a lazy farmhand who is unjustly accused of murder. Naturally he has to pep up to prove his innocence. He succeeds—wins his freedom and the girl. Again he is assisted by his clever pals—the horse and dog—and let us say here, they add to the life of the picture.—M. B.

THE ISLE OF HOPE—F. B. O.

AN out-and-out Richard Talmadge production. As usual Richard does all his stunt-stuff and engages in a number of bravos to protect the heroine. After Richard does his daily dozen the plot begins to step—there's a burning ship, a wreck and lastly a deserted pirates' den, which incidentally is the place where the heroine finds her lost treasure. Things do happen for the best in the movies.—M. B.

THE HAUNTED RANGE—Davis
Distributing

A GOOD little story with plenty of action—considering the type of picture it is. Ken Maynard, the hero, evidently a newcomer, handles his rôle well. He is another to be added to the list of the "hard ridin'" brigade. The boys always appreciate the "Western" type.—M. B.

THE CYCLONIC CAVALIER—Rayart

HERE'S a young fellow, Reed Howes, who is good-looking and has an attractive personality but somehow he doesn't register. Perhaps if he would use his own methods to put a picture over rather than adapting those of several other stars we'd like him. As he goes through the picture you can pick out each individual's stunt. However, for those who like their Reed, this vehicle of a daring American boy who prevents a South American revolution has enough thrills for the whole family.—M. B.



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THE TIMBER WOLF—Fox

A THRILLER if there ever was one. From the start to the finish, this Western, starring Buck Jones, keeps your nerves a-jumping. Buck assumes the rôle of a cave-man when a young girl whom he is trying to protect snubs him. Of course there are other details connected with the story but we bet the women will get a kick out of the "treat 'em rough" sequences.—M. B.

A DAUGHTER OF THE SIOUX—Davis
Distributing

A GAIN the Boys in Blue save the day by coming to the aid of the white settlers who are attacked by Indians. Remember the red-blooded stories of the Indians you read when you were a youngster—well here's one of them. Neva Gerber and Ben Wilson head the cast and both do well with their rôles.—M. B.

Friendly Advice

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105]

R. K., KANSAS CITY, MO.

I know a great many women who have reduced their weight by drinking nothing but milk. However, it isn't a pleasant diet and you are not enough overweight to resort to extreme measures. Don't make a violent change in your diet without going to a doctor for advice. You ought to lose about ten or twelve pounds, but you should be able to do it easily by eating only one good meal a day and confining yourself to non-fattening foods at breakfast and luncheon. Don't eat much butter and abstain from sweets and starches. You should look well in blues, greens and light shades of reds.

PAT, NORRISTOWN, PA.

To lose your self-consciousness, you must cultivate a genuine and unaffected interest in others. Your shyness is probably the result of diffidence. When you meet strangers, make it a point to find out their interests, their likes and their dislikes. Listen to other girls and find out how they make conversation. Why don't you take dancing lessons? Cultivate the acquaintance of girls who have plenty of boy friends, and they probably will include you in their parties. If you can give parties yourself, all the better. After all, men are entirely dependent on women for most of their social affairs. A good hostess always has plenty of friends, no matter what her age or her social status. As for stuttering, you'll outgrow it. There are some good courses for curing stuttering and I've heard that singing lessons sometimes help a lot.

CONSTANCE, BERKELEY, CAL.

A turkish towel is too rough to rub your face with. Use a small piece of ice instead after washing your face in hot water. This will increase the circulation, giving you more color in your cheeks. It will also be a good treatment for blackheads. The secret is to open the pores with hot water, cleanse them thoroughly with a mild facial soap, and close them again with the ice. I should like to advise you, but how can I tell if a boyish bob would be becoming to you? That is a little too far beyond my powers. Ask some one whose judgment you admire, some one who can see you as I cannot.

MELODY, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

It is a mistake to want to be too unusual. You can be distinctive and always make a vivid impression. To do this, try being yourself. Be absolutely natural. I think your appearance helps you make an impression. Wear all shades of blue to a great extent. The stationery you use is quite all right.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 131]



From the Town House of Lady H—

Part of a letter from a reigning beauty of the English Aristocracy:

"I keep my hair young and lustrous, always, by using a touch of henna in the shampoo. That genius of a hair-dresser—whatever he was—who discovered the touch of henna shampoo has my eternal gratitude. And the proof is that I have my shampoo with a touch of henna every week, whether I am in London or in Suffolk."

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Almost Changed the Name

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

from New Martinsville, Wheeling and other places, all of whom wanted to be Gloria Swanson's maids so that they could get intimate glimpses of the star. Major Phillips protested, but was defeated. And finally he installed the house as dining-room maids, the daughter of the late president of one of the New Martinsville banks, a girl worth at least \$200,000 in her own right, and the daughter of Dr. W. C. Adams, president of the Kiwanis Club of New Martinsville and the man chiefly responsible for the selection of the city as a location. Miss Eugenia Adams was a college graduate and one of the leading candidates selected to represent the state in a great beauty contest being held in Oklahoma. The upstairs maid was Miss Evans, of Wheeling, private secretary to the millionaire owner of the Moss Iron Works and had been "Miss Wheeling" at the Atlantic City beauty contest last year.

Miss Swanson smiled at the report, but she called in Mrs. Miller, the housekeeper, and

states were seen on the streets, hundreds of tourists having detoured just to see the star.

And that day New Martinsville had another thrill. It had traffic police for the first time in its history. Ordinarily Chief of Police John Arnet is the entire police force. New Martinsville is a law-abiding community, and he handles it alone. But for the visit of the Swanson company he swore in six deputies to handle the expected crowds. They didn't have much to do until Sunday, but on that day, with the swarms of automobiles in town, Chief Arnet gave each man a whistle and placed him at a crossing. They were the busiest traffic cops in the state. They didn't quite know what it was all about, but they blew their whistles lustily, and waved their arms, and there were no casualties.

And that night came an event that showed plainly the place that Gloria Swanson holds in the hearts of the people. One of the big river boats, the "Verne Swain," announced an ex-



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told her that these girls should not be permitted to do such work. So, after three days, they were replaced, but with enough stories about Gloria Swanson to keep their friends interested for months.

An amusing feature of the brief stay of these maids was that the Marquis and M. Hubert, also sensing something peculiar about the girls, had commented rather freely on their beauty and evident ignorance of their work, making these comments in French. The investigation disclosed that Miss Adams had majored in French at college and had even thought of teaching French as a profession, so that she understood every word said. And it is a compliment to hear that she never once, by her expression or in any other way, allowed them to know that she understood.

FROM the moment that Miss Swanson moved into the Noll home there was a crowd around. Whenever she went out, to go down to the "Water Queen" or anywhere else, hundreds flocked around her. It was always necessary for her husband and one or two other men to accompany her so that she might not be jostled by those eager to touch her hand or her dress, just to hear her speak. So anxious were the crowds to get near her that it became necessary to rope off the approaches to the house and to place "Keep Out" signs at every entrance. She had, as Irving Cobb once said, "no more privacy than a goldfish."

The company reached New Martinsville on Monday. On the following Sunday there were ten to twelve thousand visitors in the city, coming from every place within one hundred miles. They drove in from Wheeling, from Parkersburg, Clarksburg, Moundsville, Marietta, Ohio, and a score more cities and towns. On that day automobile licenses from nineteen

curious from Wheeling to New Martinsville. More than twelve hundred people crowded on the boat for the fifty-mile river trip, just to see Miss Swanson. The captain of the boat changed her name for the day, and she came down the river with "Gloria Swanson" in four-foot letters across her side.

Owing to delays, she did not reach New Martinsville until ten o'clock in the evening. Miss Swanson, with several of the company, had gone up the river on the "Maigra," a motor cruiser loaned to the star during her visit, to meet the excursionists and escort them down. But when it grew dark, with no sign of the "Gloria Swanson," the "Margaret" put back. At ten o'clock the excursion arrived, and Miss Swanson, escorted by Mr. Dwan and others, went down to the dock. All the passengers were on the shore side of the steamer and she seemed in imminent danger of capsizing. As she drew into the dock where Miss Swanson was standing, a woman on the upper deck screamed:

"Gloria, take off your hat!"
"Miss Swanson pulled off her little felt hat and shook the famous Gloria Swanson bob at the crowd. Another woman shouted:
"Turn around, Gloria. We want to see the back."

Smilingly, Miss Swanson turned, bending her head so that those on the steamer could see the whole effect. Then she and her party went on board the steamer. Big Eddie Garvey, an All-American football tackle of a few years ago, and two policemen, tried to make a path for her, but she and her escorts had to worm their way along the decks. People grasped her hand as she passed, women and children reached out to touch her dress, women held their babies over the heads of the crowd, asking her to touch them.

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They prepare it for me under the name of Edna Wallace Hopper's Fruity Shampoo. Druggists and toilet counters now supply it at 60 cents per bottle, and under my guarantee. If you are not amazed and delighted by it, your money will be returned.

I urge you to try it. No shampoo in all the world brings like results, I think. It will bring you what it brought to me—that lustrous hair, a woman's crowning glory. Please try it for your own sake, and learn how much a shampoo can do.

I want you to see what it does. It will be a revelation.

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The star shook hands until her arms were lame, she patted all the babies she could reach, and still the hundreds jammed about her, calling her name and cheering. And they kept on cheering after she had forced her way off the boat and up the hill to her house.

If you don't think Gloria Swanson gets a "kick" out of such receptions, you should have seen her wipe her eyes surreptitiously and pull her hat down so that the people couldn't see her tears. Such receptions make a deep impression on her, the more so because she never can quite figure out to her own satisfaction that she is entitled to such adulation.

It was the same story every time she left the shelter of her house. For purposes of the picture, a picnic was held at Clark's Grove, the picnic grounds of the city, located across Fishing Creek in a suburb called Brooklyn. On the day of the picnic almost every store in the city was closed, and in the windows appeared signs, reading:

"Gloria's picnic. This store closed for the day, by proclamation of Mayor Frank Wells Clark."

For so important was "Gloria's Picnic" held to be, that the Mayor officially requested business places to close so that the entire population could go to the picnic grounds and swell the numbers needed by Director Dwan for the crowd scenes.

The city was movie-mad. The townspeople vied with each other for chances to appear as extras, and so enthusiastic were they and so well did they respond to direction, that Mr. Dwan sent half his extra people home after three days. He didn't need them.

The theater on the "Water Queen," where most of the scenes were shot, seats eight hundred people. One night an audience was wanted. There were at least three thousand volunteers. So everybody in the company who knew anything about make-up got busy, and five hundred of the townspeople were made up and used in the scenes. And how they acted! They cheered, they applauded, they were sad, they were gay. When the call came for a panic in the audience they climbed over seats and rushed for windows as if they had been rehearsed for days. Even the Mayor was made up, and Dr. Adams did a comedy scene with one of the actresses representing *Little Eva*. And they left the boat at midnight, not one having deserted, still cheering for Miss Swanson and Mr. Dwan.

It was the same story on the evening that Howard M. Gore, Governor of West Virginia, dined with Miss Swanson. He had come to New Martinsville on official business, with four hours between trains. But he accepted her invitation to dinner, and so charmed was he that he let his business go by the board and accompanied her to the local picture theater to see "Manhandled," leaving her just in time to get his train.

This visit to the theater gave another proof of Miss Swanson's consideration. The people had been so absorbed watching a picture in the making that the picture theater had no audience. The manager asked Miss Swanson to come to the theater one night so that he could have at least one good house during her visit. He made no complaint and was such a good sport about the ruining of his business that Miss Swanson acceded instantly. The Governor arrived on the same night, but not even the pleasure of entertaining him could make her break her word. So she went to the theater, taking the Governor with her, and both made brief speeches to an audience that jammed the house to the doors.

While the attitude of all the people was one of the finest compliments Gloria Swanson ever received, there was another which should be noticed. On the "Water Queen" was a stock company which plays on the boat all the summer season, stopping one night in each town going up the river and one night coming down. The "Water Queen" has two bills—"Micky, or the Crimson Nemesis," and "Rags to



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Riches, or Brother Against Brother." The company is hard-boiled. Its members have tramped for years over the hardest kind of circuits. They have undergone every sort of hardship and they know every angle of the show game. They are "trouper" in all that the name implies.

So, when Van Browne, the leading man of the company, after watching Miss Swanson at work and at play—and there wasn't much play—for more than a week, wanted to pay her the highest compliment in his power, he said:

"That gal's a trouper."

IN theatrical parlance, that said it all. It meant that she could really act. It meant that she knows all the ins and outs of the business, that she was game to the core, that she could win without boasting and lose without a whimper. It meant all that is fine and big in the show business, and Van Browne was in dead earnest when he said it.

And she deserved it. As the little waitress who goes to the show boat seeking a job, she was obliged to slide down a soaped aisle, between the iron seats, when the manager barked at her and she lost her footing. She hanged into the iron legs of the seats until she was black and blue, and lame and sore from head to foot.

And she did that slide seven times in one afternoon before Mr. Dwan was satisfied. She was so bruised and lame that her husband and M. Hubert had to carry her up the hill from the boat.

But she never whimpered, she never stopped smiling, she never hesitated when Mr. Dwan said, "Once more."

She hung on a big hook bolted to the edge of the "Water Queen," with her hands and feet dabbling in the water, and she just grinned over it.

She did a three-legged race, tied to a woman who weighs almost three hundred pounds, and they scrambled through the dust and dirt, and fell down and got up again, and went through briars and poison ivy, and Gloria Swanson just smiled through it all.

Not once did she lose her temper, not once did she complain, not once did she refuse to do anything that the director suggested.

And it was after watching this that Van Browne took her into the clan with the remark:

"That gal's a trouper."

SHE left the people of New Martinsville with a different, a better feeling towards the screen and its people. They won't believe down there all the scandalous stories printed about those of the picture world.

They know better.

They know Gloria Swanson and the people who were with her, and they know that they are just as human as anyone else, just as fine and just as likable. And that is a lot to have accomplished.

Just by way of illustrating the feeling of the company and the New Martinsville folk for each other:

On Eugenia Adams' twenty-first birthday, Miss Swanson sent her the finest flask of perfume she could buy in the city. Miss Adams showed it proudly to all her friends, with the card on which Miss Swanson had written her felicitations.

And every time she showed her present, the girl said:

"I shall use the perfume, of course, but the bottle and the card are going down to my grandchildren."

A few days after the company returned to New York, some of the younger members of it were at the Long Island studio. They were talking quietly, when one of them suddenly said:

"Say, do you know something? I'm just homesick for New Martinsville. I wish we were back there."

And there wasn't a dissenting voice.



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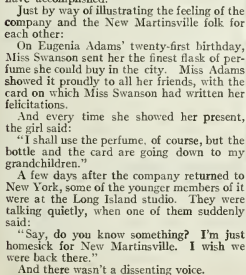
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Calories and Contours

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

them up because they are too lazy to use their common sense and count their calories."

"Ah, ha!" I cried. "That's the secret!"

"Yes," said Nita, "calories. Now here's a good diet. And it's easy, too, once you get trained to it. Eat plenty of fresh, green vegetables. And plenty of salads."

"How about the dressing for salads and vegetables?"

"If you cook vegetables properly, you don't need cream or butter to make them taste right. Nor do you need rich Hollandaise and Mayonnaise. You can make a good salad dressing without olive oil. Fix it up with mustard, paprika and Worcestershire sauce. Vance Thompson gives soft mutton jelly as a substitute for olive oil. Olive oil—just one tablespoonful contains 100 calories."

"Of course, you can't get away from calories entirely. A glass of orange juice contains about 100 of the little demons. Women who are reducing ought to stay under 1,000 calories a day and women who are trying to get fat can go up to 3,000 and over."

"Vegetables are the safest for reducing. You can eat nearly all of them and, besides, it's good for you. If you want to have a good skin, vegetables are your beauty cream. Some meat is fattening, but most fish is all right, especially fish like shad, trout, mackerel, tuna fish, sardines, lobster, oysters, clams and salmon. After all, that ought to be a wide enough selection of fish for anyone."

"Just to be on the safe side, I might as well mention the vegetables. You can eat asparagus, cabbage, tomatoes, celery, spinach, string beans, peas and artichoke. I suppose, just to be contrary, after that nice list most women will insist on having corn on the cob. But corn is taboo."

"White bread is bad, and potatoes are dreadful. And sugar in any form is just a pound a spoonful."

"How about sugar with tea or coffee?"

"Worse yet," answered Nita.

"Do you use saccharine?" I asked.

"Have some iced tea?" volunteered Nita. And she poured a large glass from a thermos bottle.

"Is it good?" she asked.

"It was," it was delicious.

"It's made without any sweetening," she explained, "but it has plenty of lemon. I really like it better without either sugar or saccharine."

"As a matter of fact, successful dieting means good cooking. And good cooking does not mean rich cream foods nor greasy fried foods. It means plenty of variety and good taste. It doesn't mean every meal should be a Thanksgiving dinner or that you ought to sit down and eat as though you were never going to see food again."

"A light luncheon is not only good for keeping thin but it's good for your general health, unless you are ill or very underweight. And eating between meals is a bad habit for anybody."

"Too much exercise is worse than none at all. If you're trying to reduce. A little is all right, just to keep in trim, but don't overdo. Women who exercise to get thin only harden the muscles and when the fat creeps on again, they're lost. They never get it off."

"This is fine," I said, as I thanked Miss Naldi. "If you ever get another system, will you let me know?"

"This," answered Nita, "is the final system and the one good one. I know. I've tried them all. All you have to do is to make up your mind to choose between calories and contour—and then go to it!"

So there you are!

Whiten Your Skin

Almost Over Night!



No more freckles, no more blackheads, no more sallow skin! A new discovery called Golden Peacock Bleach Cream clears and whitens your skin with amazing quickness! Now you can clear your skin of blemishes, roughness, blotches, mudiness or any blemish.



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There's hidden beauty in your skin. Dust, wind, and clogged pores may have injured it. But underneath—just waiting to be brought out—is a clear, vividly beautiful complexion. Banish freckles, pimples and blackheads this new way—don't let liver spots, moles, patches, tan or sallowness mar your beauty. Make this 3-minute-before-bedtime test. Smooth this cool, fragrant cream on your skin. The very next morning look into your mirror.

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"Almost overnight Golden Peacock Bleach Cream removed all tan from my face and when I got up in the morning my skin was clear and asked if I felt better because I had used the preparation and could hardly believe his words. I had looked the name up in the local Oak, Miss." — Mrs. J. C. Lee, Oak, Miss.

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So wonderful—so quick—are the results of this new scientific cream that we absolutely guarantee it! Send for a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Cream now—today. Use it for only five nights. Then if you are not delighted and amazed with the transformation, your money will be instantly refunded. Just enclose a \$1 bill with your order and mail direct. Don't be without the natural radiance of beauty that lies hidden in your skin.



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Fill out carefully. Be sure to tell the natural color of your hair. If possible, enclose lock in your letter. By return mail you will receive my Special Patented Free Trial Outfit.

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Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit, X shows color of hair. Blue, dark brown, medium brown, blond, auburn (dark red), light brown, light auburn (light red), blonde.

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is now more than ever the key-note of success, both in social and business life. Face, legs and neck—beardness and wrinkles—both young and old, will be glad to hear that my new splendor will successfully straighten, whiten a skin, tone, firm, and permanently without any pain, operation or discomfort. Works in 15 minutes. "Lim-Strauser," Model 18, U. S. Patent, is easy to adjust; its results will show you. First, a scientific, modern device to improve your personal appearance 100 per cent. (Model 18 is not like old-fashioned splints or braces, with bothersome straps, hard to adjust, but a scientific, modern device of proven merit, used and recommended for the last three years by physicians, and by the most eminent specialists.)

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Friendly Advice

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126]

MISS R. M., ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.

Diet, of course, will pull down your weight. Eliminate the starchy and sweet foods. Personally, I think that a girl with red gold hair ought to be able to wear almost any color. But you will have to be careful about the shades. Choose the soft shades of tan and blue. A pale rose is a lovely shade for any evening dress. Billie Burke, who has red hair, always affects this color and it is most becoming to her.

MRS. M. McC., DETROIT, MICH.

You are taking a great deal of exercise if you want to gain weight. Milk is the most fattening of foods and plenty of potatoes, macaroni and dishes with cream sauces are also good for you. Why don't you try resting for an hour after every meal? That's a good way of putting on flesh. Above all, get plenty of sleep and don't worry. Worry is just a habit and a very bad one.

EONA, WENHAM, MASS.

I am greatly amused by your description of yourself. It is not that your hip bones "stick out" but that they are not so well covered with flesh as they will be when you are older. Continue to live a healthful life and eat nourishing foods, and you will find that your figure will fill out. In the meantime wear long-waisted dresses that will not accentuate your pronounced waist line.

RUTH, AUBURN, N. Y.

I am sorry to have to deprive you of your favorite colors, but they will not do for you at all. Once in a long, long time in the evening perhaps, but in the daytime wear blue as much as possible. Drink more cold water, as much as you can before breakfast and three or four times during the day, to clear your complexion. Perhaps the treatment for hair on your face is not good for your skin. I should stop using it and see if you notice any difference.

E. L., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Don't wear high heels on your daytime shoes. For evening, the slender heel of medium height is most practical. I should think you would look well in a pink or bright green evening dress. You are not too young to go to mixed parties—if the parties are given at school or at the homes of your girl friends. But you are too young to think too seriously about the boys. If your arms are thin, why not wear an evening dress with short sleeves? Sleeveless dresses aren't attractive on school girls.

EVE, NEW YORK.

There are many good appliances on the market, advertised in PHOTOPLAY, for reducing the ankles and for removing a double chin. Swimming is also supposed to reduce the ankles. It would be well if you could lose ten or fifteen pounds. Don't eat too many sweets. You are rather young for a strict diet, however, and it might do you more harm than good.

LITTLE Lois Moran, who will make her debut in "Stella Dallas," is to be leading woman for Richard Barthelmess. Dick tried to sign her up before she left for the Coast; in fact, he discovered her almost as soon as she landed in this country from France. But Lois had other engagements at the time which kept her from working with Dick. But upon her return to New York to rehearse in Marc Connelly's play, "The Wisdom Tooth," Dick again resumed negotiations and engaged her for "Just Suppose."

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An exquisitely designed case, in gilt or silver. Worth many times its cost. Buy one at any toilet goods counter. If your dealer can't supply you, order direct from Norida Parfumerie, 630 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Illinois.



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Single Powder only \$1.50

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See Page 103

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Protect yourself against hold-up, rowdies, etc. with this clever cigarette case of light weight metal. Looks exactly like the real thing! Pull the trigger, back fires the lid showing your cigarettes. Lots of fun scaring your friends, and a great protector. Sold exclusively by us. **PAID POST** MAN \$1.75 on delivery plus postage. Money back if not satisfied. **Pat. Pending** PATHFINDER CO., Dept. J49B, 1165 Broadway, N. Y.



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YOU have doubtless marvelled at the extraordinary skill, grace and charm of dancers you see on the stage. But actually there is far more dancing talent OFF the stage than ON it!

Anyone can learn to dance if properly taught! Previous training or experience is absolutely unnecessary if you learn from Ned Wayburn, who staged the best editions of "The Follies" and "Midnight Frolics" in New York, and over 500 other Revues, Musical Comedies and Headline Vaudeville Productions. Mr. Wayburn will train you by exactly the

same method he used to help Evelyn Law, Ann Pennington, Marilyn Miller, Gilda Gray, Fred and Adele Astaire, Oscar Shaw and scores of other world-famous stars up the ladder of fame!

Every Type of Dancing Is Taught—at the Ned Wayburn studios—the largest and ONLY school of its kind in the world. And the tuition fee is surprisingly low. Our new illustrated FREE Booklet tells all about these courses. Write for it today. **Class or Private Instruction for Adults or Children, BEGINNERS or Advanced Pupils.**

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A Hollywood Cinderella

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

night when a much-tried heart had at last given up the unequal struggle against the endless cocktails—David Wallick invited Lucy to see the Scribblers' plays with him. Someone had given David a pair of tickets at the last moment when it was too late for him to invite anybody of importance in pictures.

Lucy Brill fished her lonesome evening gown from the battered wardrobe trunk, having decided that attendance at the Scribblers' program would not at this late date constitute any disrespect to her father's memory. Among the throng of players that night, Lucy recognized a number of faces she had occasionally seen on the screen. But she saw only one person there with whom she could claim acquaintance. That was Clarissa Corday.

Before the curtain rose Clarissa, gorgeously bedecked, was all about the veranda and the lobby of the club, ever the center of a group of admirers. She was losing no opportunity to make herself both seen and heard. When she presently came face to face with Lucy Brill, however, she grew abruptly silent and apparently for a moment nonplused. She accorded Lucy only the slightest of nods and a curt "Hello" and then hurried away to the opposite end of the little auditorium.

Lucy shrugged involuntarily. "As one of the Hollywood Ins," she thought, "Clarissa is acting true to form." She felt that it was scarcely worth while telling David Wallick even that she was acquainted with Miss Corday. "You really should be acting, my dear," Wallick was assuring her. "With all your charm and talent!"

"But," said Lucy, smiling, "I am a natural-born business woman."

"If you don't care for the acting end of it, then why in heaven's name aren't you writing for the screen? Look at the salaries some of these morons are drawing down!"

"I might try writing for the movies some day," Lucy confided to him. "If I ever thought I could do it and keep my face straight. No, David, leave me in peace to make an honest living by the sweat of my brow. I at least have the satisfaction of knowing that I'm the only girl in Hollywood who doesn't want to get into pictures."

SO each day from eight to five Lucy sat at her typewriter in the outer office of Tony Brawne's studio, except at such times as she was called here and there about the lot to take dictation.

Everybody knows all about Tony Brawne, of course. It has been several years now since the world began to refer to him as the Tragic Clown, the super comedian of the screen, whose advent caused Mr. Chaplin and Mr. Lloyd and their fellow fun-makers to shake in their exaggerated shoes. He is a unique figure. The world is at his grotesquely shambling feet. When he appears in public, staid citizens and citizenesses throw dignity to the winds, scramble for a glimpse of him, and tear off his vest buttons for souvenirs. When he locks himself behind the bronze doors of his marble palace in Beverly Hills, he becomes the nucleus of a vast network of rumors that grow into traditions and gossip that blooms into scandal. In short, it would be hardly over-stating it to say that Tony Brawne has in half a dozen years become the most fascinating of all the outstanding figures of moviedom.

It was often very quiet about that Brawne Studio on Calhoun Avenue. There were long intervals between Tony's pictures, during which he roamed away to Europe or the South Seas or Newfoundland, and business lapsed into uneventful routine.

But as soon as Tony had lit on an idea over which he could wax enthusiastic and had rallied his scattered forces, the studio turned



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pencils, cast a brief glance at her reflection in Miss Starett's mirror, and strolled over to the Boy's sanctum without even an extra pulse-beat.

"You're Miss Brill?" demanded the Boy, eyeing her swiftly. "Mr. Warren and I are thrashing out a story. We want you to take down our conclusions, if any—whatever sounds like an idea."

The Boy sat behind his huge walnut desk. His deeply lined face was tense in a troubled frown. His hands were alternately occupied with his cigarette and with his mop of tousled curls. He looked like a highly respectable, slow-but-sure telegraph in a third-class suburban bank. No stranger would ever have guessed that this serious, businesslike person was the Tragic Clown who had so often rocked the world with hysterical, tear-filled laughter.



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THE way in which Tony Brawne and Archy Warren "threshed out" their story was simplicity itself. Tony himself manufactured the tale with great mental effort, bit by bit, often retracing his steps to start anew, branching out here and there in a flash of inspiration, canceling one departure after another, and in a general way seeming to slip back two steps for every step in advance. From time to time Mr. Warren ventured a suggestion which often, it seemed to Lucy, was more pertinent than most of Mr. Brawne's. Invariably, however, it was met with a stubborn, almost angry resistance on the part of the Boy, who would pause fretfully to rip it into a thousand pieces and cast it into oblivion.

Then Miss Brill would glance out of the corner of her eye to see how Mr. Warren was taking this inhospitable reception of his ideas. And Mr. Warren would reward Miss Brill's curiosity with an amused, almost imperceptible nod that somehow contrived to be a kind of understanding between them. Although they exchanged no words directly, before the conference was over they felt tolerably well acquainted. Lucy was amused, too, by the diplomacy of Mr. Warren, who followed each of his own discarded suggestions with a hearty endorsement of the Boy's substitute notion. This policy had the effect in the long run of evening up Mr. Warren's score.

There is, of course, no more arduous labor than authorship. It was not surprising, therefore, when, after about two hours of this "threshing out" process, Tony Brawne abruptly and with an imperious gesture dismissed Miss Brill along with Mr. Warren. The Boy's mental energy was flagging. Moreover, the uncanny little mechanism beside him on the wall had just announced that Miss Clarissa Corday was waiting to see him—by appointment.

Warren and Lucy, leaving their employer's private office, found Miss Corday in the anteroom. Clarissa was vexed at even so short a delay. It added to her annoyance to see Lucy Brill here—and with Archy. Not that Clarissa cared a jot about Archy's associates. But somehow she felt afraid of Miss Brill.

A thousand times Miss Corday had cursed herself for having told Lucy about Morley Jocelyn's life. In the beginning he had got her several minor engagements with the Allenby and other studios, taken her out a few nights, given her a very small roll of bills for current expenses and a bottle of perfume, and then abruptly ceased, so far as Clarissa was concerned, to exist. That was Morley Jocelyn's way with young women who managed to attract his fickle fancy. The best thing he had done for Clarissa had been to interest that press agents' organization in her to the extent of naming her one of their "baby stars." Shortly thereafter she had suddenly found it impossible to locate Morley by telephone or otherwise. For a few days she had been in despair. And then out of a clear sky had come the summons to see Tony Brawne.

Tony, as usual, had merely wanted a reasonably good looking leading woman whose intelligence and talents would not be sufficient to distract any of the general attention from him-

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self. This fact Miss Corday did not fully realize. She simply felt that because of her irresistible charm and her native talent she had leapt almost immediately into the first place among movie queens. From now on her experience would be just one triumph after another. Scarcely ever did she pause to consider what had become of Tony Brawne's other leading women. Anyhow, if some of them had dropped back into oblivion it was because they lacked the essential gifts which Clarissa felt she so eminently possessed.

Almost nobody in Hollywood except Lucy Brill knew about Miss Corday's experience with Morley Jocelyn. Certainly none of the Allenbys would ever mention it. It would have mortified Clarissa to death to have the story get out—particularly to have Tony Brawne hear of it. To Tony she had been posing as personified Innocence. Yet here was Lucy, the one woman who could betray her, coming out of Tony's office—and along with that young Warren fellow who had had the audacity to fall in love with Clarissa and was making such a fool of himself about it!

MOREOVER, Miss Brill pointedly paid not the slightest attention to Miss Corday. Instead, Lucy was laughing gaily at some accidental remark of Warren's. They were apparently intimate—just what might be expected of a couple of menials! An angry flush suffused Miss Corday's pretty face. An impulse seized her. She ignored Warren's almost obsequious greeting and, rising, beckoned to Miss Brill. "Miss!" Clarissa exclaimed imperiously. "Would you be good enough to phone my house and ask my driver to bring the car around at five? Here's something for your trouble." And she presented the astonished Lucy with a half-dollar.

Before Lucy realized what she was doing she had mechanically accepted the coin.

"Mr. Brawne will see you at once," Archy was saying to Miss Corday, as he held the door open for her.

"Naturally!" observed that haughty young woman, sweeping grandly into the sanctum. Lucy felt that she must be blushing scarlet. For a moment she was tempted to burl the half-dollar after the disappearing Clarissa. Then Lucy's sense of humor asserted itself, and she burst out laughing.

Warren glanced at her in troubled sympathy. "Sudden luck will turn their heads," he observed. "She wasn't a bit like that before." He recalled gloomily his first meetings with Clarissa before she had been elected a "baby star." In those days she had been eager for his humble but possibly valuable acquaintance. "At least," said Lucy, displaying the coin, "she's given me an interesting souvenir. I'll keep it for her: she may need it in her old age. Well," she added with a little sigh, "Miss Corday's one of the Hollywood Ins."

That was to Archy a somewhat cryptic remark. By the time Lucy had explained it, which occupied only the hundred paces back to the outer office, she had necessarily given Warren a definite idea of who she was and how she came to be here.

"I started out as a newspaperman," he volunteered frankly. "In New York. First I was a reporter; then a rewrite man. Apparently a vein of humor cropped out in my stuff. Anyway, they got to giving me facetious assignments like stories of the zoo to brighten up the Monday paper and that sort of thing. You've no idea how trying it was to find out that in addition to reporting I was expected to be funny. Of course, it was the beginning of the end. I was actually getting a name as a humorist, and I cracked under the strain. Every day the city editor would call me in and hand me a statement like 'An ordinary telephone booth contains two hundred and forty-seven feet of lumber and forty pounds of mental' and say, 'There ought to be a couple of wise cracks in that, Warren.' Then a college friend told me Tony Brawne was looking for an assistant and I had been recommended. Well,



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It was a relief to get the job. But I don't see why I should be annoying you with all this personal history."

Arby Warren was, in fact, quite amazed to find that for once in his life he had been autobiographical with an almost total stranger.

However, Lucy was interested and said so. "I'm only a yes-man," Warren went on as they stood at the office door, "with an ambition to be a director. I begin by writing continuities—"

"Which," interposed Lucy gaily, "are not of the slightest consequence."

"I don't understand—"

She recalled vividly what he had so often heard her father declaim. "I mean that it is absurd to hire people to write out instructions to directors as to when they shall make their long shots and when their three-quarters and when their close-ups. That is, of course, assuming that the director has ordinary intelligence."

"But the story—" Warren protested.

"The story of any seven-reel motion picture," Lucy assured him gravely in the exact words of the late Helton Brill, "you ought to be able to write on your cuff."

Arby was thoughtful for a moment after this remark. And when he again glanced at Lucy Brill it was with a new interest.

"A motion picture," continued Lucy, as dogmatic as ever her father had been, "should be the product of one man's thought. Too many cooks spoil the broth—both in the making and in the cutting." And more to that effect.

Meanwhile, in the Boy's sanctum that great genius sat with his head in his hands, soliloquizing gloomily for Clarissa Corday's benefit. It was all about the unhappiness of being misunderstood, of having to work with little and unsympathetic souls, of trying against all sorts of obstacles to convey one's Message to a thick-witted world, of being to outward appearances a merry harlequin, when in reality one was heavy-hearted with the burden of deep thoughts and immortal longings.

"They call me the Tragic Clown, my dear," gloomed Tony, as he sought her little hand and held it to his flushed forehead. "And in a way the name fits. I am the greatest of all the clowns the world has ever known. I am the Alexander, the Caesar, the Charlemagne of clowns. And yet deep in my heart is rooted tragedy, the tragedy of the unappreciated, the tragedy of one who is harassed and hampered at every turn and who yet yearns to express himself as the embodied spirit of all mankind, to—to—to—" He made a sweeping gesture with his free hand that was intended to convey vast meanings to which mere words were inadequate.

"In short, my dear little child," he concluded with what seemed a bit of inspiration, "I am like a god who has come down to earth and shackled himself with all the limitations of time and space. Oh, yes, my dear, sometimes I feel it: I am not a mere mortal like these others. I must be a god!"

Miss Corday was quite taken aback by this startling declaration. She smoothed the tousled black curls as she felt she was expected to do. And opining that some sort of spoken reply was also required of her she murmured feebly, "I shouldn't be a bit surprised!"

There followed a half-minute of silence, during which Clarissa wondered what would happen next. Was it now that he would begin to make violent love to her? She was confident that that was coming sooner or later, and it might as well wait no longer. She had thrashed it all out many times in her own mind and for the sake of her career was prepared for whatever sacrifice might be exacted from her. She steeled herself with the forlorn hope that, since the Boy was now for the third time divorced, eventually she might become one of the Mrs. Tony Browns.

However, the great comedian's mood seemed for the moment not amorous, if he seemed a passionate self-love. Presently he had sprung

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to his feet and was striding theatrically up and down. "They talk of these little fellows as geniuses," he ranted. "Well, if they are geniuses, then surely I am no less than a divinity. They talk of their unguessed abilities for great and serious achievements—they even see this Chaplin person as a Super-Hamlet. Ha! Chaplin play Hamlet, indeed! Clarissa, I—Tony Brawne—shall one day play King Lear—but not now—I'm too much of an artist—not till I am old enough to look the part, not till my hair is naturally white.

Miss Corday, whose notions of King Lear were decidedly vague, tried to imagine Tony Brawne with a long gray beard. He would have to start growing it at least a year before he began shooting the scenes, she reflected in some dismay. Certainly by that time he would have found some other leading lady.

As for Tony, having for perhaps the hundredth time rehearsed his favorite scene, he felt that the desired impression had been made and the correct atmosphere established so that he might now proceed with all hope of success to the discussion of more intimate topics.

"Time wore on. That is one thing that Time does better in Hollywood than in almost any other imaginable place. At the information desk in the outer office of the Brawne studio, Miss Starrett began to note with interest that her hitherto indifferent co-laborer, Miss Brill, could now always stop to chat pleasantly with young Mr. Warren when he passed to and from as he did uncommonly often.

"Mr. Warren's such a nice young man," observed Miss Starrett one afternoon.

"Yes," agreed Miss Brill. "He's a very unusual type for Hollywood."

"Though I don't know why you've got it in for Hollywood," continued Miss Starrett puz- zledly. She had been born and reared with- in a mile of the intersection of Sunset Boule- vard and Vine Street, and she felt that nothing could be finer. "Anyway, Mr. Warren's wasting a lot of time and heartache over Corday."

"YES?" inquired Lucy, striving hard to appear uninterested.

"I was standing near the stage the other night when they were making those last shots," Miss Starrett rattled on glibly. "Warren and Corday were behind the log cabin. It was dark there, and of course they didn't know anybody was around. Well, my dear, the poor devil fairly got down on his knees to her!"

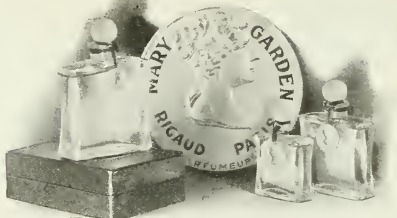
"Really?" Miss Brill struck two keys simultaneously, and her typewriter jammed.

"Oh, it was pitiful. He was asking her why she treated him so mean and begging her to marry him. And she was as cold to him as an oyster. What's the matter with the bird? Doesn't he know she hasn't got any time for anybody in the world but the Boy? Believe me, that Jane's goofy about little Tony! And you know how long she'll last with him."

Miss Brill made no reply. She had struck a whole handful of wrong keys, and there was nothing to do but snatch the paper from the machine and begin that page all over again.

It was that very afternoon that Miss Corday, chancing to note the approach of Lucy along the main path, risked the ruin of a pair of twenty-eight dollar shoes by cutting across the freshly sprinkled grass to avoid a meeting. Clarissa was by now distinctly afraid of Lucy. What had the girl told Tony Brawne? Had she blabbed to him about that now deplorable Morley Jocelyn business? Had she even told this irrepressible Warren fellow that Miss Corday's father had once been janitor of a schoolhouse back in Omaha? Clarissa was quite tortured by the thought of these possibilities. It was not in her nature to understand how thoroughly Lucy Brill had put her out of a busy mind. Clarissa had only herself as a criterion, and she felt keenly a menace in the very existence of this Brill girl with her regrettable knowledge.

It was, of course, a waste of nerve-racking emotion. Even had Miss Brill wished harm to



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her old acquaintance—which, heaven knew, she did not—there was no occasion for Lucy to make any attack upon her. Destiny itself presently took care of Clarissa's debacle. As most movie fans well know, after the release of Tony Brown's latest and greatest comedy, "The Roman Candle," Miss Corday went the way of most of his leading women. That is to say, she practically disappeared from the screen over night. "The Roman Candle" was acclaimed by even the most captious as well nigh a masterpiece. Not only Tony Brown's irresistible antics in this picture but also his deft and trenchant characterization and underlying pathos were the talk of filmdom for many a day. Presently Tony had sailed once more for the South Seas. And Lucy Brill in accordance with strict instructions daily forwarded his press cuttings to him as fast as they came in.

As for Archy Warren, with the departure of the Boy for the ends of the earth, he was compelled to look about him for employment. His connection with "The Roman Candle" had been insignificant enough. It had been officially said of him that he was the author of the continuity for that picture. In a sense that was the truth. But, contrary to the general custom, the continuity for "The Roman Candle" had been written *after* the picture was shot. That was how things were done in the studio of the Tragic Clown.

At any rate, Archy realized that he was distinctly one of the Hollywood Outs. For him had begun the long grind of job-hunting. His experience proved to be—in little—quite like that of the late Helton Brill. Evening after evening Warren was compelled to report to Lucy, now his constant adviser, much as her father had so often done, that he was getting nowhere fast. Naturally, the time came when Archy grew discouraged. He was still greeted everywhere courteously, but nobody had work for him. He began to fear that he would have to go back to New York and write humorous stories about the zoo to brighten up the Monday papers.

At first Archy had hoped that their common descent into oblivion would prove a bond between him and Clarissa Corday. But there was no change in her attitude. She still aimed far higher than any unknown scenarist (as they call them). She gave him sparingly of her precious time and made fun of him to her acquaintances among the successful.

So, all in all, there were generally despondent days for Archy. So he confessed to Lucy Brill one evening as they sat on the veranda of her Wilcox Avenue boarding-house, under the vaulted green of the huge pepper trees.

"You are right back where you started from—yes," agreed Lucy thoughtfully. "That is the magnates know no more about you now than they did before. But, between you and me, Archy, the magnates don't know any too much about anything. It's largely a matter of self-assurance and bluff. What do you want to be in pictures?"

"A director," repeated Archy doggedly.

"Good. Pick out the man you want to work for and tell him you're going to direct his next picture for him."

"And get shown the door?" he protested.

"Don't be. Tell 'em you've seen doors before—they're not a treat to you any longer. Wake up, boy. Take your nerve in both hands. Success is only a bulky and a coward." And more to that effect. With specific instructions.

THUS urged, Warren decided to take a bold chance. He wrote for an interview with Arnold Craft, of Positive Pictures, Limited—and got it.

"What can I do for you?" inquired Craft amiably as he stroked what is possibly the longest and most pendulous nose outside of fiction.

"I want to be a director," announced Archy simply.

"H'm," observed Arnold Craft. "Nothing unique about that. Have you ever directed a picture?"



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Archy smiled happily as he interrupted her. "You will, though, Lucy," he said. "Three-fifty a week to start with is so much better than you've been getting."

"I don't care—!"

"Besides, you've got to do it for another reason: I'd be terribly lonesome out there on the lot all day without you!"

And as there was no one about to observe them, Archy proceeded effectually to suppress any further oral protests on the part of Lucy Brill.

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112]

R. B. MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Write to Doris Kenyon at First National Pictures, 383 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

J. L. MARQUETTE, MICH.—Pauline Garon was born on September 9, 1903. Address her at the United Studios. Pauline isn't married.

M. J. M., TULSA, OKLA.—Some of your guesses went astray. I am a bachelor—by choice. Lillian Gish works at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif. Dorothy Gish may be reached at Inspiration Pictures, 505 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Aren't you proud of your famous relatives?

LU, ST. LOUIS, MO.—I'll pass on your fad, in case other fans may want to adopt it. You say "I wear a hat with 'Don Q' in rhinestones pinned on it. Of course, people know right away that Douglas Fairbanks is my favorite star." But you seem to have other interests as, for instance, Mr. Menjou. Yes, yes, Mr. Menjou is married. Perhaps his New Year's resolution only applied to screen girls. And "the man who played opposite Mary Brian in 'The Little French Girl'" is also married. As for me, I never forget, so come again.

"SMILES" AND "CHUCKLES"—Which of you owns the handsome writing paper? Are you as cheerful as you sound? You see, even though I am an Answer Man, I can ask questions, too. Now as for this business of going into the movies: Although I have received many tempting offers, I have promised John Gilbert, Rudolph Valentino and Ronald Colman that I won't interfere with their popularity. As for sending you that photograph taken of me in 1842, my grandmother doesn't allow me to send pictures to girls. She thinks it is forward and bold and wants me to be a nice, old-fashioned boy. Yes, Kudos and his wife are separated. You can't see what I can do about getting the editor to publish something more about Mary Carr. P. S.—I never have bobbed my hair.

MARIANNE, OGDEN, UTAH.—You have a practical ambition and I have a hunch that you'll get there. Some day you may be so ritzy that you won't write me any more letters. And then think how badly I'll feel! Colleen is indeed married. And so is Lloyd Hughes. Colleen was born on August 10, 1902, and Lloyd Hughes was born on October 21, 1897. So you wish that he would always appear in Colleen's pictures?

BETTY B., DENVER, COLO.—No one knows better than I that serious thoughts sometimes emerge from bobbed heads. After all these years, flappers can't fool me. Doesn't that prove that I am something of a grand-dad, even though I may not be "fat and faded"? If you can be serious in spite of your shingled hair and your short skirts, can't I be flipant in spite of my whiskers? Isn't that fair enough? Now for your one tiny question. Norma Talmadge never played "Tess of the Storm Country." Mary Pickford has been our only Tess.

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So that was why he had hurried her home! The distracting loveliness of her radiant young cheek had spoiled his pleasure in their autumn walk. Jealous of the admiration that she had aroused on every side! And now, in the cozy firelight, he frankly confessed his misery at sharing with any other the clear vividness of her youth.

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Wherever did I get my nerve? Where did that girl ever get her patience? I must have stumbled twenty times—and then in the middle, she winced with pain and stopped to rub her toes. "Jack—let's not finish this dance. I'm too tired anyway," she added, struggling with herself to be nice to me. I guess I turned a million colors.

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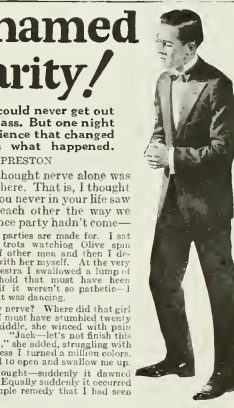
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M. K. SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Conrad Nagel is very American. He was born in Keokuk, Iowa. Ben Lyon is an American, too. Norma Shearer was born in Montreal, Canada. Colleen Moore is an American—of Irish descent—that's easy to guess.

O. R. W. OGDEN, UTAH—Eddie Phillips will be delighted to learn that there is "something haunting and mystifying about him." But to get down to plain facts, Eddie has brown hair and brown eyes. He was born in Philadelphia, Pa. Yes, he's married.

B. LA D., CINCINNATI, OHIO.—Watch for John Gilbert in "The Merry Widow." He was born on July 10, 1897. Divorced from Leatrice Joy. Address him at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

M. C., EL PASO, TEXAS.—Such flattery overwhelms me! I am, indeed, the village gossip. Marie Prevost has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Viola Dana's hair is also dark brown. John Harron has been in the movies since 1921. Address him at the Warner Brothers Studio, Hollywood, Calif. Mae Murray has no children.

C. A. OF NO PLACE IN PARTICULAR.—Cherio, yourself! Charles Spencer Chaplin, Sr., was born on April 16, 1889. No, old ben, Robert Frazer is not contemplating matrimony. He's enjoying it. That is to say, he's married. It's all right this time, but don't do it again.

I. E. P., ASTORIA, L. I.—You're right. Viola Dana has two sisters, Shirley Mason and Edna Flugrath. Flugrath is the family name. Edna has left pictures, but she used to play in foreign productions.

A. T., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Then we're really old friends. Write to Colleen Moore at the United Studios, Hollywood, Calif., and to George O'Brien at the Fox Studios, also Hollywood. Send a quarter with your requests for their photographs.

GUILAUMETTE, LOUISVILLE, KY.—So it's your hardest fall since Ramon Novarro removed his hat and said "Madame, my mother!" William Collier, Jr., is the adopted son of William Collier, the stage comedian. He's just an American but his eyelashes are his own. He was born in New York City on February 12, 1902. On the stage for four years before he went into pictures. However, he made several films, notably "The Bugle Call," for Triangle when he was just a boy.

CAROLINE, "HISPORT", N. Y.—Write for a photograph of Thomas Meighan to Famous Players-Lasky, 483 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Tell 'em that you want a snailin' one.

C. N. C., NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—Colleen and the Moore brothers are not related. Constance Talmadge is a gold blonde. That settles the discussion.

W. V. A., PORTSMOUTH, O.—To answer your most important question, I can only say, "why not?" Lois Wilson is twenty-nine years old and was born in Pittsburgh, Pa. She was educated in Alabama. Richard Dix was born in St. Paul, Minn., and educated at the University of Minnesota. He's thirty years old.

BLUE-EYED SALLY, ATLANTA, GA.—The best reason in the world. Jane Winton has reddish brown hair and dark grey eyes. Not married. No, she hasn't played in comedies. Of course, there is a William Collier, Sr. He's a very famous stage comedian. Such is fame! William, Jr., was born on February 12, 1902.

R. M. A., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Neil Hamilton was born on September 9, 1899. Yes, yes, he's married. That's always the way. Address him at the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif. He's been in the movies since 1917.



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Thank your lucky stars you have another man inside of you. He's the human dynamo. He fills you full of pep and ambition. He keeps you alive—on fire. He urges you on in your daily tasks. He makes you strive for bigger and better things to do. He makes you crave for life and strength. He teaches you that the weak fall by the wayside, but the strong succeed. He shows you that exercise builds five tissues—live tissue is muscle—muscle means strength—strength is power. Power brings success! That's what you want, and good darn your old haw, you're going to get it!

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It's up to you—Set your own future. You want to be the Human Dynamo? Fine! Well, let's get busy. That's where you come in. That's my job. Here's what I'll do for you.
In just 30 days I'll increase your arm one full inch with real live, animated muscle. Yes, and I'll add two inches to your chest in the same time. Pretty good, eh? That's nothing. Now come the work. I'll build up your shoulders. I'll deepen your chest. I'll strengthen your whole body. I'll give you arms and legs like pillars. I'll literally knock muscle up your stomach and down your back. Meanwhile I'll work on those inner muscles surrounding your vital organs. You'll feel the thrill of life shooting up your old backbone and throughout your entire system. You'll feel so full of life, you will shoot to the world. I'm a man and I can prove it.
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Subscription rates will be found on page 5 below contents.

B. E. KINGSTON, PA.—Arthur Houseman is an American. Larry Gray was born in San Francisco on July 27, 1900. Betty Bronson is, indeed, "the dearest person on the screen." Mary Fuller is said to be making a picture. Anyway, she has made plans to re-appear on the screen. But she hasn't confided all the details to me. Noah Beery is married to a non-professional.

S. W., SEATTLE, WASH.—Mae Murray was born in Portsmouth, Va., on April 10, 1863. She first became famous as the "Nell Brinkley Girl" in the Ziegfeld Follies and afterwards was a popular dancer in New York. She went into the movies in 1915. Write to her at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, Calif.

MYRTLE AND RUTH, NORFOLK, VA.—Jackie Coogan was born on October 26, 1914. Jack Hoxie is about thirty years old—and married. Margaret Livingston has Auburn hair and brown eyes. She is five feet, three and one-half inches tall and she weighs 120 pounds.

E. H. JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—Can't a woman be witty? Never mind, sometimes I doubt it myself. Conway Tearle was born in New York City. He is married to Adele Rowland. He's been an actor all his life; he was on the stage for a long time before he went into pictures. Naughty, naughty! Mustn't gamble!

MIRIAM W., POTTSSTOWN, PA.—Richard Dix is thirty years old and not married. How well I know it! He entered the movies about 1921. Jobyna and Esther Ralston are not related. Gloria Swanson has a daughter and an adopted son. Ben Turpin was born in 1874. Quite a young fellow for his age, isn't he? Chaplin is about thirty-seven. Lloyd Hughes is married. He was born in 1897. Mae Murray was born in 1893. May McAvoy is twenty-four years old. Colleen Moore is twenty-three and so is Lillian Rich. Mack Sennett's bathing girls, being professionals, may not enter amateur contests. However, they may go in some contests—at least I remember seeing Eugenia Gilbert in a contest. However, I am not up on all the rules of the Beauty Parades. They're not in my line.

J. C. D. KANE, PA.—Richard Barthelmess is separated from Mary Hay. The daughter was born on May 9, 1897. Dorothy Mackaill is unmarried; she was born on March 4, 1904. Colleen Moore never lived in Warren, Pa. Address her at the United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

"SHEIK", ALEXANDRIA, IND.—Attoboy! Mary Brian was born in Corsicana, Texas. Address her at the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

PEARL, TULSA, OKLA.—Ricardo Cortez is six feet one inch tall. He weighs 175 pounds. He has black hair and brown eyes. Write to him at the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

ELSIE BROCKDON, CHICAGO, ILL.—Yakima Canutt was born in Penawawa, Wash. Some name for a town, isn't it? And, come to think of it, Yakima Canutt is some name for a star. He was born on November 26, 1896. He is six feet one inch tall. Not married.

PEG AND E. R.—I should think that Ramon and Ben would be delighted to send their photographs to you. Address Ramon Novarro at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif. Ben Lyon may be reached in care of First National Pictures, 383 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Send a quarter when you write for the pictures.

W. M. N., SUFFOLK, VA.—He is sure one heap big Injun. Robert Frazer was born on June 29, 1891. He's married to a non-professional. Born in Worcester, Mass. Write for his photograph to First National Pictures, 383 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

HELEN LOUISE, SCRANTON, PA.—Not always so dumb and not always so foolish, Helen Louise. And if you could see my handsome Rolls-Royce, you'd change your mind. Betty Bronson went to school before she entered the movies. I certainly hope she is in pictures "for keeps." Anyway, she has many years of success ahead of her. Her next film is "A Kiss for Cinderella."

T. H., PELICAN RAPIDS, MINN.—Write to Richard Barthelmess, Inspiration Pictures, 505 Fifth Avenue, New York City, for a photograph of your favorite star. Enclose a quarter with your request.

T. S. M., SHELTON, CONN.—My, but you're the fussy fan! Clive Brook ought to feel honored. Write to him at the Warner Brothers Studio, Hollywood, Calif. He is five feet eleven inches tall and was born on June 1, 1891. He's married.

J. M. W., MEMPHIS, TENN.—The accent on the second syllable of Nazimova's name. You win the argument.

BEBS, BALTIMORE, MD.—Write to the Paramount Studio, Astoria, L. I., for a photograph of Gloria Swanson. She is five feet three inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. She was first married to Wallace Beery and then to Herbert Sornborn. The Marquis is her third husband. She probably receives so much mail that she hasn't time to answer all her letters personally, but I feel that she would like to get one from you.

SMOKE OF PITTSBURGH.—I've heard so much about it! Rudy and his wife are separated. It's a friendly agreement to disagree, whatever that means. Thomas Meighan is married. Lois Wilson and Johnny Hines are unmarried. If May McAvoy is engaged, she hasn't told me about it. The accent goes on the "Mac."

"BLUE BONNET JANE OF THE LONE STAR STATE."—If you'll write as interesting a letter to the stars as you did to me, I think that your letter will reach your favorite. The trick of writing a friendly letter to an unknown person is a gift and you'd be surprised how few persons possess it. Even when stars have a large mail from fans, the secretaries usually sort out the intelligent letters and pass them on to the stars. As a rule, the photographs sent out by the stars are eight by ten inches—self-out larger and sometimes smaller. But this is the usual size. Write to Fred Thomson at the F. B. O. Studios, Hollywood, Calif., for a photograph of Fred and Silver King. Thanks and call again.

STANTON B., WESTERN SPRINGS, ILL.—Betty Bronson is five feet three and one-half inches tall and weighs just one hundred pounds. She has brown hair and blue eyes. She was born on November 17, 1906.

PHOTOPLAY BOOSTER, NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Thanks and once more thanks! You've paid me the highest compliment—you think I look like Richard Dix. Ronald Colman is quite a romantic young man. I think most women like him for the very reason that you do. He is separated from his wife, Thelma Raye, an English actress. He was born in England on February 9, 1891.

G. C., RICHMOND, CALIF.—Viola Dana and Shirley Mason are sisters, but May McAvoy doesn't belong to the same family. The third sister is Edna Fluegrath, who used to play in pictures.

H. C., CINCINNATI, OHIO.—Lloyd and Gareth Hughes are not related. Alberta Vaughn and George O'Hara are not engaged. That's all off.

DAN.—Ben Turpin was born in 1874. Yes, Mr. Dan, his eyes are naturally crossed. That's a trick you can't fake.

S. M. CHICAGO, ILL.—“Confessions of a Queen” was filmed in Hollywood, in spite of its European atmosphere. Lewis Stone was born in Worcester, Mass., on November 15, 1870. He was educated at Georgetown University and has played on the stage since 1901. He’s married and has two daughters. He’s five feet, ten and three-quarters inches tall. John Bowers was born in Garrett, Ind., on Christmas Day, 1888. He was on the stage before he went into pictures. Six feet tall and married.

J. G. K., FOND DU LAC, WIS.—Stuart Holmes was born in Schweidnitz, Germany, on March 10, 1884. He played on the stage before he entered pictures in 1909. He’s married.

LEO, BURLINGTON, IOWA.—A thousand apologies! Here goes: Ian Keith was born on April 27, 1890. He has brown hair and grey eyes and is six feet, two inches tall. Great big fellow, isn’t he? He weighs 165 pounds. Address him at the United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

WILLE M.—I wouldn’t disappoint you for anything. Jackie Coogan is a great fellow. He was born on October 26, 1914, and has light brown hair and brown eyes. As for his height and weight, Jackie is growing so that I can’t keep up with him. Colleen Moore was born on August 19, 1902. She has dark brown hair and, strange to say, one brown eye and one blue eye. She is five feet four inches tall and weighs 110 pounds.

E. N., MARLBORO, MASS.—Corinne Griffith has light brown hair and blue eyes. She was born in 1901. Weighs 120 pounds. Address her at the United Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Doris Kenyon was born on September 5, 1898, in Syracuse, N. Y. Mae Murray is thirty-two years old.

MISS C., WILKES-BARRE, PA.—Thanks for your interest in our life history. Now that someone has inquired about the date of our birth we feel exactly like a movie star. PHOTOPLAY first made its appearance in 1911 as a Theatre program. It was issued first as a magazine in 1913. The department of Brief Reviews of Current Pictures was inaugurated in the issue of July, 1923. For back copies of PHOTOPLAY, write to the Photoplay Publishing Company, 750 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

ROSEBUD, CHEVIOT, OHIO.—Kin-tin-tin’s name is pronounced exactly as it is spelled. Sounds like the chorus of a song.

ME OF KANSAS CITY, MO.—No. I stick to my story. Pauline’s stationery is not too loud. Anna Q. Nilsson is five feet seven inches tall. Did you guess it? Claire and Bert are married. Right you are again. Clive Brook is married too, and so is Norman Kerry. Tough, isn’t it? Norma Shearer hasn’t bobbed her hair. Neil Hamilton is six feet tall; he was born on June 1, 1891.

BROWN EYES OF IOWA.—Is it a popular song? I am very well, considering my age. The little daughter of Mary Hay and Richard Barthelmess was born on January 31, 1923. Mary Brian was born in 1908 and Betty Bronson on the 17th of November, 1906. Mary was born in Corsicana, Texas. She is five feet tall and has brown hair and brown eyes. Betty was born in Trenton, N. J. She is five feet three and one-half inches tall and weighs 100 pounds. She has brown hair and blue eyes.

F. M. F., CHICAGO, ILL.—Mae Murray is divorced from Robert Leonard. She’s been married three times. Mae was born in Portsmouth, Va., on April 10, 1893. Address Antonio Moreno at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif. His newest picture is “Mare Nostrum.” Write to Pola Negri at the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Her newest is “Flower of the Night.”



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NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, a thousand eyes are fastened on her face. How does she keep her skin flawless—youthfully smooth and clear?

Of two hundred and fifty actresses playing this season in New York, an overwhelming majority—nearly three-fourths—use Woodbury's because of its purity and its soothing, non-irritating effect.

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An actress cannot neglect her appearance, even for a single day, any more than an athlete can neglect his training. Her success, not only as a woman, but as an artist, depends on a beautiful physical condition.

How does the successful actress of today take care of her skin? What soap does she use to keep it smooth and fine in spite of harsh make-up?

What they said when interviewed

We asked two hundred and fifty leading actresses of the New York stage, playing in 44 of this season's plays, what soap they used for the care of their skin.

One hundred and eighty—or nearly three-fourths of the entire number—said they were using Woodbury's.

"It is a wonderful soap for the skin"—"It doesn't sting as other soaps do"—"It leaves a nice, smooth finish"

—"It closes enlarged pores"—"Oily skin was cured by using it"—"I have a perfect skin. I have used Woodbury's for years."

These were some of the comments made by the actresses. Every one of the Woodbury users was eager to speak some word of praise for the soothing, non-irritating quality of Woodbury's.

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which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for absolutely pure ingredients. It also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap. In merely handling a cake of Woodbury's one notices this extreme fineness.

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The National Guide to Motion Pictures

N.S.P.

PHOTOPLAY

December

25 cents



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1916



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Kiss Two-Fold Compact (rouge
and face powder compacts) and
a unique double-faced mirror.



Read what the dentists say about gums

-then change your tooth paste habits from today!

Start to take care of your gums as well as your teeth! Switch to Ipana for one month and you can check the constant improvement!

THE next time you set foot in a drug store, try to remember the name of Ipana.

That may seem a request purely selfish, but so many people feel repaid that you, too, may be delighted by what Ipana is and what it can do for you.

It is good for your gums as well as your teeth

First of all, Ipana is good to the taste. Second, it is good, *very good*, in the normal work of cleaning the teeth. And third, it has a very beneficial effect in making and keeping your gums firm and healthy.

For, under a diet of soft modern food, our gums have become lazy. This food, devoid of roughage, covered often with creamy sauces, yields no stimulation to the gums. It gives them no exercise. Undoubtedly there is much loose talk about the prevalence of pyorrhea, but there can be no question that the prevalence of tender gums is due to this modern diet of ours—a diet too soft for our gums to remain in health.

But you can, by the use of Ipana, keep your gums firm. Simply massage them gently after you have cleaned your teeth with Ipana.

How Ipana strengthens weakened gum tissues

This massage will rouse the circulation within the gum walls. It will supply the stimulation not given by the mastication of food, and Ipana itself, because of its ziralol con-



It's the smoothest sauce, the flakiest pastry, the creamiest concoction, that modern taste demands. But this food is too soft. It robs our teeth and gums of the exercise and stimulation they need so much.

tent, will strengthen the gum tissue, rendering it more resistant to disease.

Ask your dentist about Ipana. He will be able to vouch for its benefits. For our professional men have called upon 50,000 dentists, and have demonstrated to them Ipana's virtues. It was by the recommendations of dentists that Ipana first got its start.

Ask your druggist for a full-size tube

IPANA has a delicious taste. Ipana will give you a new sense of oral cleanliness. Ipana will help you to have healthier, harder, firmer gums. So won't you ask for a full-sized tube when next you are at the drug store? There is a coupon in the corner, but, after all, the trial tube is small, mailing takes time, and you will find it simpler and better to give Ipana the full-tube trial which may change your tooth paste habits for life.

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Look over these professional statements

These opinions of men high in the profession serve only to confirm the fact that our modern diet is at the root of the troubles we have with our gums.

From an investigation on diseases of the gums:

"The rough, unprepared food of primitive man necessitated a vigorous and complete mastication, and this meant that the vascular and nervous supply received continual stimulation."

From an article in a dental journal:

"Another striking feature of this (gum tissue) circulatory system is the effect produced by pressure upon the teeth. This will cause blanching of the gum tissue, and blanching is followed by 'blushing' due to the influx of arterial blood. Thus normal mastication will provide the stimulation necessary for the highest state of health of these tissues."

An extract from a professional paper:

"If the gums begin to soften, the patient is instructed to massage his gums once a day until they are hard again, and then more thoroughly to masticate fibrous foods, such as raw vegetables and fruits."

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Personalities of Paramount

Douglas MacLean

AS the hero of "The Hottentot," "Going Up," "The Yankee Consul," "Never Say Die," "Twenty-three and a Half Hours' Leave," and "Introduce Me," Douglas MacLean needs about as much introducing as the sunshine.

The way comedy is divided up is very unfair. Some people scrape along on one smile per week and others you can hourly trail by the laughs they leave behind them.

Nobody ever proved to Douglas MacLean that there was any serious trouble in life that couldn't be laughed back to happiness, and ten thousand Paramount audiences are perfectly willing to be persuaded he's right any leisure hour of the week!

With Douglas, entertainment is not so much an art as a way of living. And you live it with him, and enjoy the plot, and everybody feels kinder young, and that's that . . . see you agin, Thursday night!

His latest Paramount Picture headed to your theatre is entitled "Seven Keys to Baldpate."



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Wouldn't you? The resources of a world-wide organization are yours to draw on.

All literature, past, present and prophetic, is combed for the ideal stories to star you in.

Your fame invades half a dozen more countries, applause following your fleeting image wave on wave.

The United States finds two or three million people any evening of the week to see your Paramount Picture.

The great screen artists are right.

They need a vast organization for the fullest presentation of their genius to the world, and Paramount provides it.

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

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Life Story
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*Adela Rogers
St. Johns
Picks the Ten
Handsome
Men
in Pictures*



*Growing Old
Gracefully*



*Do not miss
this issue—
it's a
Knockout*

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Rose Weinstein

First National

Sam E. Rork presents LEON ERROL with Dorothy Gish in
"CLOTHES MAKE THE PIRATE"

REMEMBER "SALLY"? If you thought *that* a gem of entertainment wait till you see Leon Errol as a swashbuckling, free lancing Capt. Kidd. "Tremble-at-Evil" Tidd they called him. When he found himself suddenly and against his will the head of a bloodthirsty pirate crew the thought of evil not only left him trembling. It paralyzed him.

Errol's gobs of humor. Dorothy Gish's whimsical sit-by-the-fire Priscilla character. The capable supporting cast of Nita Naldi, Tully Marshall and James Rennie. Maurice Tourneur's superb direction of thrilling throat-cutting fights. All these are reasons for passing a tip: don't walk — run to the nearest theatre showing "Clothes Make the Pirate."



Leon Errol as "Tremble-at-Evil" Tidd in his first starring picture, "Clothes Make the Pirate."



Tidd's murderous crew at left. Right, Dorothy Gish in "Clothes Make the Pirate."

"THE SCARLET SAINT"

PAINTED a lurid vermilion by pernicious gossip Fidele Tridon was a saint. Through all the passing flirtations of a New Orleans Mardi Gras—despite the bitter yoke of an enforced betrothal — she kept faith with herself.

Behind this inspiring theme of a girl who plays with the cards up, is the atmosphere of the racetrack, painted as only Gerald Beaumont could reveal it in his story "The Lady Who Played Fidele." Two historic tracks, the Empire and Belmont, with their capacity crowds of howling enthusiasts, were used in making the picture.

Through mists of misunderstanding and clouds of disillusionment the story ascends to love's shrine. Lloyd Hughes and Mary Astor are featured. George Archainbaud directed under Earl Hudson's supervision.



Lloyd Hughes (left) and Mary Astor (above) play the leads in "The Scarlet Saint."



Pictures

John McCormick presents
Colleen Moore in
"WE MODERNS"

COLLEEN MOORE'S recent trip abroad was an ovation for the dainty star. During her stay in England actual scenes were "shot" for "We Moderns." Behind this wealthy traditional setting of Buckingham Palace, Trafalgar Square and the highways and byways of London is a story of modern youth, revolting against Victorian conventions.

Miss Moore plays Mary Sundale who, with her brother, leads the rising insurgents. Heedless of warnings they ply their course among the ultra-smart set until catastrophe looms ahead. A crashing barrage of bitter disappointments and the sensational smash of airplane and Zeppelin bring the drama to an emotional and wholesome conclusion.

Jack Mulhall is leading man. John Francis Dillon, with June Mathis, editorial director, directed this picture from Israel Zangwill's stage success of the same name.



Miss Moore, Jack Mulhall and other players from "We Moderns" with a scene of the Zeppelin dance just before the crash.



Before — and after the bombing of the field hospital in "The New Commandment."

Robert T. Kane presents
"THE NEW COMMANDMENT"

SUCH a spectacular scene as the bombing of a hospital that features "The New Commandment," has seldom before been offered on the silent stage. Stern, realistic, harrowing—it brings its solace in the heroic thought of men and women who could be ennobled by such danger.

"The New Commandment" is the story of pampered wealth. Love, shattered in peace by parental edict, finds itself in the cauldron of war. Billy Morrow, who had been his father's rubber stamp, coins his own future through the crucible of battle.

Blanche Sweet and Ben Lyon are featured. Holbrook Blinn, and Claire Eames are in the cast. Howard Higgin directed this adaptation of Col. Frederick Palmer's "Invisible Wounds."





Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

ACROSS THE DEADLINE—Steiner.—Another feud story. It's mildly entertaining. (June.)

ADVENTURE—Paramount.—Fast action, good comedy and nothing serious to strain your brain. Pauline Starke and Wallace Beery are in it. (June.)

AFTER BUSINESS HOURS—Columbia.—Blaine Hammerstein and Lou Tellegen enact one of those far-fetched domestic dramas. (September.)

AMERICAN PUCK—Chadwick.—She is a princess and he is only a poor American prize fighter if there is such a thing—but love finds the usual way! (September.)

ANY WOMAN—Paramount.—A trite story of the penit of a refined working girl. Alice Terry heads the cast. (August.)

ARE PARENTS PEOPLE?—Paramount.—Daughter reunites her quarreling parents. The daughter is Betty Bronson; the parents are Florence Vidor and Adolphe Menjou. A thoroughly charming comedy. (August.)

AWFUL TRUTH, THE—Producers Distributing.—It is awful, at that, and not what anyone would call first-rate amusement. (September.)

BALTO'S RACE TO NOME—Educational.—A splendid re-enactment of Kasaan's fight through the frozen north to bring the antitoxin to stricken Nome. (July.)

BANDIT'S BABY, THE—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson and Silver King make this more amusing than the average Western. (August.)

BARE, SON OF KAZAN—Vitagraph.—Just one of those dog stories of the frozen north. Rather mediocre entertainment. (August.)

BEAUTY AND THE BAD MAN—Producers Distributing.—A gambler in a mining town plays benefactor to a girl with operatic ambitions. The grateful prima donna marries him. Good, if you can believe it. (September.)

BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK—Paramount.—S satire and fantasy so well directed by James Cruze that it is one of the most entertaining pictures of the year. (July.)

BLACK CYCLONE—Pathe.—Rex, the King of Wild Horses, scores one of the hits of the year. The remarkable action of the not-so-dumb animals makes this unusual amusement. (August.)

BLOODHOUND, THE—F. B. O.—What do you think the Royal Mounted boys do? He gets his man. The man is his brother. And—that's the plot. (September.)

BOBBED HAIR—Warner Brothers.—Silly but lots of fun. Kenneth Harlan and Marie Prevost, ably assisted by Louise Fazenda, put plenty of pep in a slapstick melodrama. (November.)

BRIDGE OF SIGHs—Warner Brothers.—Lugubrious hokum with Dorothy Mackail again bidding for your sympathy. (June.)

BURNING TRAIL, THE—Universal.—An out-of-date Western with William Desmond as the hero. (June.)

CAFE IN CAIRO, A—Producers Distributing.—Bang-up melodrama with Arabs and Priscilla Dean. (June.)

CALL OF COURAGE, THE—Universal.—Art Acord as a lazy cowboy, just for a change. The picture is helped by the dumb efforts of a dog and a horse. (November.)

CALIFORNIA STRAIGHT AHEAD—Uni rsal.—Very ordinary burlesque comedy rescued by the engaging ways of Reginald Denny. (November.)

CAMILLE OF THE BARBARY COAST—Associated Exhibitors.—Owen Moore and Mae Busch in a new version of the old theme. Not for the children. (September.)

CHARMER, THE—Paramount.—Pola Negri triumphs over a bad story and worse comedy. (June.)

CHICKIE—First National.—Dorothy Mackail gives an appealing performance of a poor working girl. (June.)

CIRCUS CYCLONE, THE—Universal.—A pleasant mixture of Western and circus stuff, with Art Acord proving he can ride. (October.)

COAST OF FOLLY, THE—Paramount.—Gloria Swanson in a modern role. In fact, Gloria in two modern roles—that of mother and daughter. Her work in this picture will be much discussed; so don't miss it. (November.)

CODE OF THE WEST—Paramount.—The city flapper and the noble Westerner are with us again. Attractively staged and well acted. (June.)

COMING OF AMOS, THE—Producers Distributing.—Rod La Rocque, as a big diamond man from South Africa, and Jetta Goudal, as a Russian princess in a Cecil B. De Mille romance of the Riviera. (November.)

CONTRABAND—Paramount.—Merry melodrama with bootleggers as the villains. Lois Wilson and Noah Beery are in it. (June.)

CROWDED HOUR, THE—Paramount.—A war story humanly told, and well acted by Bebe Daniels. (July.)

CYCLONIC CAVALIER, THE—Reed Howes, the star, is handsome—but that's about all. A melodrama of one of those South American revolutions. (November.)

CYRANO DE BERGERAC—Atlas.—A commendable film version of Rostand's great play, made by a French company, and excellently acted by Pierre Magnier. (September.)

DARK ANGEL, THE—First National.—A love story of the War, beautifully and touchingly produced by George Fitzmaurice and wonderfully acted by Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman. You'll want to see it. (November.)

DAUGHTER OF THE SIOUX, A—Davis Distributing.—Neva Gerber and Ben Wilson in an Indian story that may amuse the children. (Nov.)

DECLASSE—First National.—Corinne Griffith saves it from being rather tedious society drama. (June.)

DESERT FLOWER, THE—First National.—Colleen Moore's unflinching vivacity saves it from being just another one of those Cinderella tales. (August.)

DON Q—United Artists.—Douglas Fairbanks stages another great show. It has beauty, adventure and thrills. It's one of the treats of the year. (August.)

DRUSILLA WITH A MILLION—F. B. O.—It's hokum but it's the best comedy splendidly acted by Mary Carr. Be sure to take a handkerchief with you. (August.)

DUPED—The title tells all. Crook stuff played by Helen Holmes and William Desmond. Not so good. (July.)

EVERYMAN'S WIFE—Fox.—Marking the welcome return of Dorothy Phillips. Otherwise, just a trite domestic drama. (August.)

EVERY SECRET—Paramount.—Wherein the Duke educates a peasant girl and marries her. Another version of Pygmalion and Galatea played by Jack Holt and Betty Compton. (August.)

EVE'S LOVER—Warner Brothers.—The story of a modern American girl and her titled husband. Nothing extra as a picture, but Irene Rich, Bert Llewellyn, Clara Bow and Willard Louis are in the cast. (July.)

FAINT PERFUME—B. P. Schulberg.—Faint is right. A humble movie-sized version of Zona Gale's excellent novel. (September.)

FIFTY-FIFTY—Associated Exhibitors.—What happens when an American rove marries a French dancer. Lionel Barrymore and Hope Hampton are in it. (September.)

FIGHTING DEMON, THE—F. B. O.—Only the very glib will like this one. Richard Talmadge dashing through impossible melodrama. (August.)

FIGHTING HEART, THE—Fox.—George O'Brien as a prize-fighter in a fairly entertaining human interest story. The fights are great. (Nov.)

FINE CLOTHES—First National.—A subtle and human story ably acted by Percy Marmont, Lewis Stone, Alma Rubens and Raymond Griffith. (October.)

FOOL, THE—Fox.—Melodrama with a moral. A dull but impressive version of a stage success with Edmund Lowe in the leading role. (June.)

FREE AND EQUAL—A. H. Woods.—Pulled out of its grave for no good reason. The film is ten years old and deals with racial problems. Not for anybody. (July.)

FRESHMAN, THE—Associated Exhibitor.—Harold Lloyd's comedy of college life is so funny that it defies description. It's the liveliest and the most youthful comedy now on the screen. (September.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]

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

PROTOPLAY 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.

PROTOPLAY 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 PROTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

CONFESSIONS OF A QUEEN—Metro-Goldwyn.—Proving that kings and queens are only human, especially kings. Lewis Stone and Alice Terry once again in a royal family. (June.)

CRACKERJACK, THE—C. C. Burr.—Johnny Hines at his liveliest. There's no sense to it but it is lots of fun. (July.)

CRIMSON RUNNER, THE—Producers Distributing.—Exciting times in Vienna with Priscilla Dean as a fascinating lady crook. (June.)

Susanna Cocroft Promises You a BEAUTIFUL SKIN in 15 Days —or the Trial Costs You Absolutely Nothing

No matter how poor your complexion may be—no matter how rough, dull or sallow—how spoiled by unsightly blemishes, blotches or enlarged pores—no matter how many different treatments have failed to bring results—you can now learn, without risking one penny, of the splendid benefits Susanna Cocroft's remarkable new treatment holds for you. Miss Cocroft invites every woman to take advantage of this unusual Trial Offer. She guarantees you a new, clear, fresh, beautiful skin in 15 days—or the trial costs you nothing!

SUSANNA COCROFT has been called by some the "woman of a million friends." She has been called by others the "health through Nature specialist." Both titles tell you the story of her life work—the building of the health and beauty of American womanhood through Nature's methods.

For over 20 years she has been helping women to make the best of themselves. Thousands and thousands of them have come to her and gone away with sparkling new health and glorious attractiveness and beauty.

And while she has been helping them to regain health and beauty, she has also devoted many long years to the study of the chemistry of cosmetics, and to the structure, health and hygiene of the skin.

From all this study and experimentation she has perfected a skin treatment that is entirely different from anything used before—that she now guarantees will completely remove blemishes, coarseness, scrawnyness, sallowness and bring you a gloriously new, fresh, youthful skin in 15 days or the cost to you is absolutely nothing.

Her treatment accomplishes results in days that other treatments fail to produce in months. For it works on an entirely new principle. It is based on the fact that beneath the outer layer of skin, no matter how homely it may be, lies a complexion as clear, rosy and radiant as any you have ever seen on the most ravishing beauty.

The reason why ordinary methods usually fail to bring satisfactory results is because they treat only the surface skin and do not even attempt to draw out the glorious skin beneath the surface. Then, too, ordinary methods such as creams and lotions are helpful only while you are applying them



SUSANNA COCROFT, Famous Health Authority

For years Susanna Cocroft has been recognized by the U. S. Government as an authority on women's health problems. Through her book, courses and treatments she has already helped over a million women.

and for a few minutes after. Their action is short-lived.

Now, as every one knows, there is a constant cell change going on in the skin. The underskin of today is the outer skin of the future. The reason Susanna Cocroft's treatment brings such really remarkable results is because it hastens this cell-change process—bringing to the surface the beautiful, clear underskin in an amazingly short time, without giving such influences as sun, dust and wind opportunity to injure its beauty—and without resorting to harsh peeling methods or anything of the kind.

In addition, instead of working for you only a few minutes at a time like ordinary creams which you rub in, this new method works for you all night long. Every night—all through the night—it keeps drawing out the hidden charm and attractiveness of your skin, yet you are not even aware of the fact that you are taking the treatment.

Note the Surprising Results

If your skin is rough, coarse, leathery, dull or sallow; if it is disfigured by humiliating skin eruptions such as pimples and black heads; if the texture of your skin is spoiled by enlarged pores; if your skin is dry and scaly; if it is excessively oily, you will undoubtedly be surprised at the really remarkable way in which this new treatment banishes all these defects, giving you the clear, smooth, fresh and flawless complexion of youth.

Hundreds of women who have used this remarkable method report really astonishing

results even after the first night or two. Many of them have spent hundreds of dollars on other beauty treatments without results, yet this new method proved to them that to acquire a smooth, white, glowing skin is now one of the easiest things imaginable.

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That "Graustark" Script

New Rochelle, N. Y.

I request the privilege of shying a double sized brick at one Frances Marion, guilty of writing the scenario for "Graustark," Norma Talmadge's new film. It puzzles me to think why Miss Marion found it necessary to turn *Greenfall Lorry* into a "silly ass," and why she had a king in Graustark when the book informed its readers that *Yette's* father, the prince, had been dead fifteen years. Why, also, did she omit the very important incident where *Lorry* and his companion foil the abduction of *Yette*? Again, why was *Prince Loren*: omitted and why was *Dangloss* changed from Chief of Police, trusted by the Princess, to a stupid blackguard in the hire of *Gabriel*?

It seems to me that if Rex Ingram could get a scenarioist to transcribe "The Prisoner of Zenda" faithfully, it would have been quite possible for Mr. Schenck to have done the same for "Graustark."

I would be interested to know what your readers think of this picture.

EDWIN H. PULLMAN.

In a World of Stars

Chicago, Ill.

Speaking of resemblances to the stars and players, here is a list of folks I know who look like them. Robert Agnew collects for my newspaper. Ben Lyon calls for my laundry. Carlyle Blackwell takes my tickets at the neighborhood theater (he is said to be cousin of James Morrison, the actor). I collected some messages for my employer from Patsy Ruth Miller. Anna Q. Nilsson, an artist (Helen Johnson), painted a picture for me. Aileen Pringle (Anna Sandwick) paid her rent to me, and when I told her of her striking resemblance to the movie star, she became so confused that she blushed. Carol Dempster is teaching me mathematics.

Last but not least is Ricardo Cortez. He serves me daily in the fruit store in the building in which I live. When I told him that he was the living, breathing, walking image of Ricardo, he took an hour off to see "The Spaniard." He had never seen the star. He came back breathless, saying: "I look like him, sure 'nuff—like a twin. I wish-you-a-bet I really was him. You tell him if he want I double for him anytime he tired." His name is Mike Regos in the *Cosmopolitan* Fruit Market.

Don't you envy me?

VIOLA PAVILA.

Who'll Rescue Ralph Graves?

Miami, Fla.

I have just come from a theater where a comedy starring Ralph Graves was showing. When one thinks of his wonderful acting in "Dream Street" and then—to see him playing in a comedy! Really, it is a shame! I hope some producer will rescue him and give him back his rightful place in the films. Here's to him!

And just a few words in praise of Norma Shearer and Richard Dix. I think they are both marvelous and would certainly enjoy seeing them play together.

Success to *PHOTOPLAY*, the best magazine of the screen!

C. J.

The "Patty" Stories for Viola

Minneapolis, Minn.

To start the ball rolling as Mrs. Thomas Brougham of Hayward, California, suggests: I and many of my friends would like to see Viola Dana in "Just Patty" and "When Patty Went to College." I'll vouch for the entertainment.

RUBY EKBERG.

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.

Wants "The Sheik" Again

New York, N. Y.

In your October issue, I read with much interest a letter from Mrs. Thomas Brougham of Hayward, California. Her suggestion that picture fans might assist in selecting stories for actors is splendid and her first choice of "The Dope Doctor" by Richard Dehan as a vehicle for Thomas Meighan is a fine one. Might I add one—"The Fetters of Freedom" by Cyrus Townsend Brady, with Ramon Novarro as *Cottus Attilius*?

Just one more plea—couldn't we have "The Sheik" filmed again with James Kirkwood in the title role and anyone suitable—only not Agnes Ayres—as *Diana*? I am an ardent admirer of Mr. Valentino, but it appears to me that the *Sheik*, as pictured in the novel, is a good deal more mature than the one Rudolph gave us on the screen.

I thank you. ANNA G. EHRENSTEIN.

Two Big Brickbats

Buffalo, N. Y.

In my estimation, Doug Fairbanks and Rudy Valentino are about the worst players I have seen. I imagine Doug thinks he looks good when he laughs. I have a beauty shop and, of course, keep *PHOTOPLAY* in the shop. All my eight hundred customers dislike these two actors. Charles Chaplin is another who is disliked by nearly everyone. He is too silly. Harold Lloyd is liked by all. He is the very best comedian—very original and funny.

My favorites are, in order, Thomas Meighan, Clive Brook, Kenneth Harlan, Richard Dix, Milton Sills, Huntley Gordon, Harold Lloyd and Adolphe Menjou. Of the ladies: Norma, Gloria, Bebe, Jobyna Ralston, Ethel Clayton, Viola Dana, Claire Windsor and Connie Talmadge.

G. R. B.

Mr. Semon, How Could You?

Chicago, Ill.

Listen, folks, if you want to see something that will make you sick, see "The Wizard of Oz," played by our eminent comedian, Larry Semon. Ye gods! I have been reading and re-reading the Oz books ever since I was a little girl, and have been eagerly awaiting the advent of "the Wizard" in pictures. Of course, when I heard that Larry Semon was to play it, I had my misgivings. But I surely wasn't prepared for what I got—a regular Semon comedy under the disguise of "The Wizard of Oz." There were the usual gooey messes, flights and chases over houseposts, the shimmying, frightened Negro, in fact, every old comedy gag that has ever been used. And then, on top of that, the fat man who crawled into a pile of tin to escape his pursuers—and emerged the Tin Woodman! Atrocious and aged slang was used in every possible place. Was L. Frank Baum's story so poorly written that no vestige of the plot could remain? Why should it be set to the tune of slang, rotten eggs and mud?

Dear producers and all responsible for the pictures: When you are transferring a well-known and well-loved story to the screen, it is necessary needlessly to butcher the plot? Can't you learn to transfer it faithfully or not at all? Of course, I don't really mind a happy ending and such things being tacked on when they improve the story, but why, oh why, do you suppose the stories are as popular as they are? It is not because they are poorly written or the plots are faulty.

Larry Semon, you owe an apology to the people who have read the Oz books, and do humbly beg the pardon of Frank Baum's memory for the wrong you have done his story.

ALTHEA C. RUSSELL.

She Misses Pola

Columbus, O.

Why do we not see more photoplays starring the wonderful dramatic actress, Pola Negri? She is truly a born genius and she should have better pictures—pictures of more refinement and culture. I am a great admirer of Mrs. Negri, as to me she is the embodiment of rare personality—deep, mysterious, charming, burning with the fires of *Vesuvius* one moment and peaceful as a calm sea the next.

I wish Miss Negri much success, and may she attain the highest pinnacle in stardom, which I am sure she can do if given the chance.

BARBARA TITKOW.

Please Cheer Up, Percy

Bluefield, W. Va.

Just one little brickbat, although I am not meaning to hurt anybody's feelings. Yesterday I saw the worst picture I have ever seen—"The Street of Forgotten Men." I know several people who are sick and tired of seeing Percy Marmont at the downcast, the one who bears the brunt of everything. It may be his nature, but I know he could act better parts if he were paid in them. I would rather not see him at all than as he is.

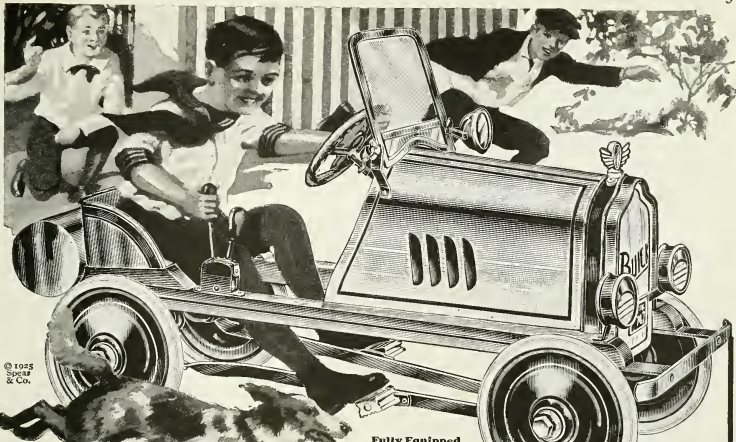
BILLY FRANKLIN.

Will Eleanor Please Fix Her Hair?

Chicago, Ill.

This is not intended as a real brickbat but only as a suggestion. Do you suppose Eleanor Boardman could be persuaded to be neater about her hair? She could be lovely if she paid more attention to this detail. I would like to offer praise for Raymond Griffith, Colleen Moore and Jean Hersholt, all of whom I consider real artists.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 98]



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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]



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FRIENDLY ENEMIES—Producers Distributing.—Waters and Fields do their stuff in a ready-made plot. (July.)

GIRL WHO WOULDN'T WORK, THE—B. P. Schulberg.—The hardships of a working girl are the basis of the plot. Good work by Marguerite de la Motte and Lionel Barrymore. (October.)

GOLDEN PRINCESS, THE—Paramount.—A charming story of California in the days of the gold rush. Betty Bronson is the heroine. (November.)

GOLD RUSH, THE—United Artists.—It marks the long-awaited return of Charles Chaplin to the screen. A great—but not the greatest—comedy of a fine artist. (September.)

GOOSE WOMAN, THE—Universal.—A fine psychological study of a striking but repellent character set in the atmosphere of a murder mystery. Superbly acted by Louise Dresser, Jack Pickford and Constance Bennett. (September.)

GO STRAIGHT—Schulberg.—A crook story dressed up with some off-screen views of the stars at work. Just fair. (July.)

GRAUSTARK—First National.—Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien in a new version of the old story. Good for those who are fond of sweets. (Nov.)

GROUND FOR DIVORCE—Paramount.—A French farce that just misses being delightfully funny. Matt Moore and Florence Vidor are in it. (September.)

HALF WAY GIRL, THE—First National.—Doris Kenyon in a story of the sordid side of the Orient. A ship explosion adds a much-needed thrill to a commonplace movie. (October.)

HAPPY WARRIOR, THE—Vitagraph.—The exciting sentimental, although it has its exciting moments. Malcolm MacGregor is good as the hero. (September.)

HAUNTED RANGE, THE—Davis Distributing.—Ken Maynard, a newcomer, joins the "heavy ridin' brigade." Just another "Western." (November.)

HAVOC—Fox.—Showing the disastrous effects of the war on London society. A dismal drama is relieved by George O'Brien. (November.)

HEADLINES—Associated Exhibitors.—A fairly interesting mystery story with Alice Gray, Virginia Lee Corbin, Elliott Nugent and Malcolm MacGregor. (September.)

HEADWINDS—Universal.—How to win a girl, with House Peters playing the caveman. Improbable plot but lots of action. (June.)

HEARTS AND SPURS—Fox.—Buck Jones in a riot of hard-riding. It has plenty of action, so why worry about the story? (August.)

HELEN'S BABIES—Principal.—A nice little entertainment for the children with Baby Face; furnishing most of the fun. (July.)

HELL'S HIGHROAD—Producers Distributing.—Cecil B. De Mille gives us the low-down on the lives of the rich. Leatrice Joy is starred. (Nov.)

HER SISTER FROM PARIS—First National.—Constance Talmadge, Ronald Colman and George Arthur make this one of the funniest comedies of the year. But not for the children; oh dear, no! (Nov.)

HIS BUDDY'S WIFE—Associated Exhibitors.—An Enoch Arden story of the World War, capably acted by Edna Murphy and Glenn Hunter. (Sept.)

HIS MAJESTY BUNKER BEAN—Warner Brothers.—Matt Moore does his worst with the title role. (November.)

HIS SUPREME MOMENT—First National.—Some beautiful colored photography, plenty of bad story and Blanche Sweet and Ronald Colman. (June.)

HOMER MAKER, THE—Universal.—A domestic drama with an unusually intelligent and thoughtful plot and fine acting by Alice Joyce and Clive Brook. (October.)

HOW BAXTER BUTTED IN—Warner Brothers.—Matt Moore as a sappy clerk who would be a hero. He gets his wish. An amusing comedy melodrama. (August.)

HUMAN TORNADO, THE—F. B. O.—Wherein the wild-riding Western again establishes his innocence of a lot of assorted crimes. (September.)

HUNTED WOMAN, THE—Fox.—A lady in search of her husband. Romance complicated by crooks. Nothing extra. (June.)

IF MARRIAGE FAILS?—F. B. O.—Another one of those society dramas. Clive Brook, as the rich man, falls in love with a fortune-teller, played by Jacqueline Logan. Not so good for the children. (August.)

I'LL SHOW YOU THE TOWN—Universal.—Another hit for Reginald Denay. A genuinely amusing farce. (August.)

ISLE OF HOPE, THE—F. B. O.—In which Richard Talmadge does his daily dozen. (Nov.)

I WANT MY MAN—First National.—Murdered version of "The Interpreter's House." Heavy heroics by Milton Sills. (June.)

JUST A WOMAN—First National.—Just a picture. Redeemed by some good acting by Claire Windsor, Percy Marmont and Conway Tearle. (August.)

KEEP SMILING—Associated Exhibitors.—In which Monty Banks again tries to prove that he's a comedian. (September.)

KENTUCKY PRIDE—Fox.—The biography of a race horse, interwoven with a human story. A pleasant novelty. (October.)

KISS BARRIER, THE—Fox.—Claire Adams and Edmund Lowe in a light romance. (July.)

KISS ME AGAIN—Warner Brothers.—An ideal picture for adults. It's sophisticated, witty and shrewd. Ernst Lubitsch directed it and Marie Prevost, Monte Blue and Clara Bow are in the cast. (July.)

KIVALINA OF THE ICE LANDS—Earl Rossman.—"Nanook of the North," another fine picture that was made within the Arctic Circle. (September.)

KNOCKOUT, THE—First National.—If you like Milton Sills, maybe you'll be able to believe that he looks like a light heavyweight champion. If not—well, here's your warning. (November.)

LADY WHO LIED, THE—First National.—A colorful production with a rather weak plot, ably acted by Lewis Stone, Nita Naldi and Virginia Valli. Not for the children. (September.)

LIGHT OF THE WESTERN STARS—Paramount.—One of Zane Grey's standard Western stories with Noah Berry doing his stuff as a swell villain. (September.)

LIGHTNING—Fox.—Much of the rare humor of the original is mysteriously missing from the screen version. It's rather mechanical and routine entertainment. (October.)

LILIES OF THE STREET—F. B. O.—Just white slave stuff which tries to be sensational—but doesn't succeed. (June.)

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY—United Artists.—In which Mary Pickford returns again as Queen of the Kingdom of Childhood. A thoroughly delightful picture. (October.)

LITTLE FRENCH GIRL, THE—Paramount.—A study in French and English morals, not particularly suited to the screen. But it has its interest. Alice Joyce and Mary Brian take the acting honors. (August.)

LITTLE GIANT, THE—Universal.—A nice little story of young married life with Glenn Hunter and Edna Murphy. (September.)

LIMITED MAIL, THE—Warner Brothers.—Monte Blue in a railroad melodrama that sometimes misses fire. (September.)

LIVE WIRE, THE—First National.—John Hines in the title role. Lots of "sags" and rough neck comedy. (November.)

LORRAINE OF THE LIONS—Universal.—The story of a little girl cast away on a desert island. Patsy Ruth Miller, as the girl, is rescued by Norman Kerry assisted by the long arm of coincidence. (October.)

LOST—A WIFE—Paramount.—Adolphe Menjou and Greta Nissen in one of those divilish "rench farces. Fairly amusing. (September.)

LOVE HOUR, THE—Vitagraph.—The heroine goes to Coney Island and wins a millionaire. It's one of the silliest pictures of the year. (November.)

LUCKY DEVIL, THE—Paramount.—Richard Dix dashes through an extremely dashing and entertaining automobile story. (September.)

LUCKY HORSESHOE, THE—Fox.—Wherein Tom Mix goes to sleep and dreams that he's Don Juan. Just another Mix success with Tony and, as an added attraction, Ann Pennington. (October.)

LYING WIVES—Abramson.—Lots of intense domestic trouble enjoyed by a batch of characters who seem to be half-witted. (July.)

MADAME SANS GENÈVE—Paramount.—Gloria Swanson in her greatest role. The celebrated story was filmed in its authentic French backgrounds. Don't miss it. (June.)

MAD DANCER, THE—Jans.—A mean trick on little Ann Penninger who deserves something better. Not for the kids. (July.)

MAD WHIRL, THE—Universal.—You'll be surprised to see Mae Murray in this story of the evils of cocktail drinking. May lead the crusade against the vic. (September.)

MAKING OF O'MALLEY, THE—First National.—Milton Sills glorifies the New York cop. Dorothy Mackall is the rich school teacher who marries him. (September.)

MAJOR AND MAID—Metro-Goldwyn.—One of Eleanor Glyn's dime novels. Unusually mild. (June.)

MAN OF IRON, A—Chadwick.—Lionel Barrymore attempts to prove that a man may be great in business but a dud with women. He does. (Sept.)

MANHATTAN MADNESS—Associated Exhibitors.—Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor revive the old Fairbanks success. Who is going to be silly enough to say anything about the champ? (Sept.)

MANICURE GIRL, THE—Paramount.—She tries to be a gold-digger but true romance wins. Bebe Daniels in a pert comedy. (September.)

MAN WHO FOUND HIMSELF, THE—Thomas Meighan goes to Sing Sing for a crime he didn't commit. Might be his most noble. (November.)

MARRIAGE IN TRANSIT—Fox.—Secret service plot No. 18. Routine entertainment. (June.)

MARRIAGE WHIRL, THE—First National.—Aster and rather tedious expose of the evils of society. Corinne Griffith is in it. (September.)

MARRY ME—Paramount.—James Cruze does his best with a slender story. Florence Vidor and Edward Everett Horton do good work. (September.)

MEEDLER, THE—Universal.—William Desmond as a rich Wall Street man who hits the open spaces and hits them hard. (July.)

MEN AND WOMEN—Paramount.—Stilted and old-fashioned drama which even Richard Dix cannot make interesting. (June.)

MERRY WIDOW, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A brilliant and gorgeous screen version of the romantic light opera with Mae Murray, John Gilbert and Roy D'Arcy contributing three of the finest performances of my year. (October.)

MY LADY'S LIPS—B. P. Schulberg.—A crook melodrama that is lively and often amusing. But we dare you to try to believe in the plot. (October.)

MY SON—First National.—Some real acting by Norman and Jack Pickford. Outside of that, just a movie. (June.)

MYSTIC, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—Aileen Pringle gives a good performance in this melodrama of a fake fortune-teller. (November.)

MY WIFE AND I—Warner Brothers.—Constance Bennett again as a home-wrecker, with Irene Rich as the wife. Another domestic drama. (June.)

NECESSARY EVIL, THE—First National.—Impetuous and far-fetched with Viola Dana and Ben Lyon to save the day. (July.)

NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET—Metro-Goldwyn.—Ama Stewart gives a poignant performance of a South Sea Island queen who loves and loses—but wins in the end. A colorful and popular picture. (October.)

NEVER WEAKEN—Associated Exhibitors.—A welcome revival of a Harold Lloyd comedy. (Sept.)

NIGHT CLUB, THE—Paramount.—Which proves that Raymond Griffith is one of our foremost young comics. Great amusement. (July.)

NIGHT SHIP, THE—Dumas.—It isn't supposed to be funny, but it is. (June.)

NIGHT LIFE OF NEW YORK—Paramount.—A round of sight-seeing in New York's hotels and night clubs. You are accompanied by Rod La Rocque, Dorothy Gish and Ernest Torrence. It's lots of fun. (September.)

NOT SO LONG AGO—Paramount.—Aside from the work of Betty Bronson and Ricardo Cortez, this is a rather dull story of Manhattan in its Age of Innocence. (October.)

OLD HOME WEEK—Paramount.—A Grade A Meighan picture—his best in a long time. George Ade wrote the story and Lila Lee is in it. (August.)

ONE YEAR TO LIVE—First National.—Aileen Pringle bears the secret of the secret about the cut-throat in Paris. It all turns out all right. (September.)

ONE WAY STREET—First National.—Just a dull picture. Not for the children and not for their fastidious elders. Anna Q. Nilson works hard, however. (June.)

ON PROBATION—Striner.—The escapades of a rich flapper. It's fair enough if you are not tired of goings-on of the younger set. (August.)

OPEN TRAIL, THE—Universal.—Jack Hoxie dresses up like an Indian and gives the young boys a good time. (July.)

PARISIAN LOVE—B. P. Schulberg.—Just another one of those things. In case anyone cares, it's the romance of an Apache girl. Not for the children. (October.)

PASSIONATE YOUTH—Truett.—Now, really, after all, what did you expect from the title? (September.)

PATHS TO PARADISE—Paramount.—Raymond Griffith again proves that he is a real star in this riotous crook comedy. (September.)

PEACOCK FEATHERS—Universal.—An intelligent story of a rich girl who marries a poor man; well directed by Sven Gade and capably acted by Jacqueline Logan and Cullen Landis. (November.)

PEAK OF FATE, THE—Frank B. Rogers.—A fine scenic—with an incidental love story—filmed in the Swiss Alps. (September.)

PERCY—Associated Exhibitors.—Charles Ray returns to the old homestead. A fine comedy performance by Charlie Murray. (June.)

PONY EXPRESS, THE—Paramount.—James Cruze directs another great story of the West. Wonderful acting by Wallace Berry, Ricardo Cortez and Ernest Torrence makes it one of the best of the season. (November.)

Pretty Ladies—Metro-Goldwyn.—A good human interest story plus the Ziegfeld Follies and an all-star cast. A treat for the eye and a fine show. (September.)

PRICE OF PLEASURE, THE—Universal.—In which Cinderella is high-hatted by the Prince's family. Some good comedy by Louise Fazenda and T. Roy Barnes. (August.)

PRIVATE AFFAIRS—Producers Distributing.—A charming story of small town life, accurately presented and well acted. (September.)

PROUD FLESH—Metro-Goldwyn.—Excellent satire, charmingly presented with three fine performances by Harrison Ford, Eleanor Boardman and Pat O'Malley. (June.)

RAFFLES—Universal.—A good crook story marred by some slow direction. House Peters heads the cast. (July.)

RAINBOW TRAIL, THE—Another Zane Grey story. Good for small boys. (June.)

RANGER OF THE BIG PINES—Vitagraph.—The usual Western with the usual fight, and a good performance by Eulalie Jensen to recommend it. (October.)

RECOMPENSE—Warner Brothers.—Sex stuff and grief with Monte Blue and Marie Prevost enjoying the agony. (June.)

RED HOT TIRES—Warner Brothers.—Just a mix-up of good, bad and indifferent comedy, played by Monte Blue and Patsy Ruth Miller. (November.)

REGULAR FELLOW, A—Paramount.—(Reviewed under the original title, "He's a Prince"). A gay burlesque of a party with Raymond Griffith as a pinc with democratic ideas. (November.)

RIDIN' THUNDER—Jack Hoxie as the leader of another war between cutlermen and rustlers. (July.)

RUGGED WATERS—Paramount.—Outside of a few good storms and some rousing sea stuff, it's just an old-fashioned melodrama. (October.)

SACKCLOTH AND SCARLET—Paramount.—A perambulating plot that fails to make its point. Alice Terry, Orville Caldwell and Dorothy Sebastian are in it. Not censor-proof. (June.)

SALLY OF THE SAWDUST—United Artists. D. W. Griffith proves that he can make great comedy. It's his gayest and most light-headed picture. Wonderful acting by W. C. Fields and Carol Dempster. Everyone should see it. (August.)

SCANDAL PROOF—Fox.—The story of one of those good but misunderstood girls. Sympathetically acted by Shirley Mason. (August.)

SCHOOL FOR WIVES, A—Vitagraph.—Proving that money is a curse, especially to Conway Tearle. Supposed to be a society drama. (June.)

SEVEN CHANCES—Metro-Goldwyn.—Another amusing one from Buster Keaton. (June.)

SEVEN DAYS—Producers Distributing.—The famous farce is given splendid production and it is well acted. Eddie Gibbon is especially amusing as a comedy burglar. (November.)

SHE WOLVES—Fox.—Old Home Week in the Paris fairs as pictured by a movie mind. (July.)

SHOCK PUNCH, THE—Fun on a skyscraper with Richard Dix romping about New York's skyline. A good show for everybody. (July.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]



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SHORE LEAVE—First National.—A genuinely funny comedy, a charming love story and Richard Barthelmess at his best as a tough gub. (September.)

SIGGE—Universal. Mary Alden and Virginia Valli in a powerful drama of two generations. Highly recommended. (August.)

SIEGFRIED—Ufa.—Perhaps the most ambitious undertaking of the screen. A spectacularly beautiful and slightly dull version of the Niebelungen legend. Made in Germany. (August.)

SILENT SANDERSON—Producers Distributing.—A really first-class Western with our old friend Harry Carey giving zest to the plot. (August.)

SLAVE OF FASHION, A—Metro-Goldwyn.—Wherein a guileless Cinderella gets her man. A silly but beautifully mounted story with the lovely Norma Shearer and the charming new Cody to make it pleasant for us. (October.)

SMOOTH AS SATIN—F. B. O.—Evelyn Brent looking her prettiest in an ingenious crook story. (September.)

SOUL-FIRE—First National.—Colorful plot and lyric romance with some fine acting by Richard Barthelmess and Bessie Love. (June.)

SARLES FOR SABLES—Tiffany.—A great display of feminine finery and a story of fair value. Good for grown-ups. Claire Windsor and Eugene O'Brien head the cast. (November.)

SPEED, WILD—F. B. O.—Maurice Flynn as a speed-demon thwarts the usual crook band. (July.)

SPOOK RANCH—Universal.—A mixture of melodrama and comedy that is fairly amusing. Hoot Gibson plays the lead. (July.)

SPORTING VENUS, THE—A lady of high degree marries the commoner instead of the prince. A routine story made passable by Blanche Sweet, Ronald Colman and Lew Cody. (July.)

SPORTING CHANCE, THE—Tiffany.—A good racing melodrama with plenty of speed and pep. (September.)

SPORTING LIFE—Universal.—A new version of an old melodrama of life in the fighting, racing and spending circles of London. (November.)

STEELE OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED—Vitagraph.—This time it's Bert Lytell who does his stuff in the great Northwest. (September.)

STORM BREAKER, THE—Universal.—A good story, some consistent character studies and excellent sea atmosphere make this a fine picture for adult eyes. House Peters, Ruth Clifford, Nina Romano and Ray Hallor in the cast. (November.)

STREET OF FORGOTTEN MEN, THE—Paramount.—A weird and unusual story of a professional beggar, well told by Herbert Brenon and splendidly acted by Percy Marmont. (October.)

SUN-UP—Metro-Goldwyn.—A strong story of the Southern mountains, excellently acted by Conrad Nagel, Lucille La Verne and Pauline Starke, and beautifully photographed. (October.)

TALKER, THE—A dull story of domestic mix-ups that is helped along by the acting of Anna Q. Nilsson, Lewis Stone and Shirley Mason. (July.)

TEASER, THE—Universal.—A comedy snappily acted by Laura La Plante and Pat O'Malley. (August.)

TEXAS BEARCAT, THE—Another Western and that's about all. Bob Custer and Sally Rand are in it. (July.)

TEXAS TRAILER, THE—Producers Distributing.—Harry Carey in that rare treat—a really entertaining and amusing Western picture. (September.)

THAT MAN, JACK—F. B. O.—Bob Custer again in a loyal and brave as ever and full of fight. (September.)

TIDES OF PASSIONS—Vitagraph.—A slow and old-fashioned story filled with grief and agony. Mae Marsh ought to know better. (July.)

TIMBER WOLF, THE—Fox.—Buck Jones doing his best in a regular, old-time thriller. (November.)

TOWER OF LIES, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A worthwhile picture spoiled by a too-conscious effort to achieve art. Consequently, a human story suffers from artificiality. Well played by Lon Chaney and Norma Shearer. (November.)

TRACKED IN THE SNOW COUNTRY—Warner Brothers.—Starring Rin-tin-tin. A conventional tale of the frozen North. (October.)

TROUBLE WITH WIVES, THE—Paramount.—A shrewdly amusing domestic comedy with Florence Vidor, Tom Moore, Ford Sterling and Esther Lalston. (October.)

UNDER THE ROUGE—Associated Exhibitors.—While it is not the choice, it is an gratifying and exciting crook story. (September.)

UNHOLY THREE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A striking and unusual story beautifully directed by Tom Browning and finely acted by Lon Chaney and Mae Busch. It's the thriller of the year. (July.)

VERDICT, THE—Tru-Art.—A far-fetched mystery story with William Collier, Jr., doing some effective acting. (August.)

WAKING UP THE TOWN—United Artists.—Mild fun. A small town story with Jack Pickford and Norma Shearer. (June.)

WANDERER, THE—Paramount.—It's a spectacularly beautiful production of the story of the Frodo and the Hobbit with William Collier, Jr., Greta Nissen, and Wallace Berry and Kathyla Williams in the cast. (October.)

WAY OF A GIRL, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—An original light comedy with Eleanor Boardman, Matt Moore and William Russell. Satisfactory. (June.)

WELCOME HOME—Paramount.—A brilliantly realistic story of an unwanted old man, finely presented by James Cagney and beautifully acted by Luke Cosgrave. (August.)

WHEEL, THE—Fox.—Harrison Ford, Claire Adams and Milton Hamilton in a good screen version of a popular play. (November.)

WHITE DESERT, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A stirring story of a Colorado mining camp, with some fine spectacular scenes. (September.)

WHITE MONKEY, THE—First National.—A riotous burlesque of Goldsworthy's novel with Barbara La Marr contributing to the massacre. (August.)

WHITE OUTLAW, THE—Universal.—Jack Hoxie, in a Western, is ably assisted by a horse and dog. Better than average of its type. (September.)

WHITE THUNDER—F. B. O.—A total loss and no insurance. (August.)

WIFE WHO WASN'T WANTED, THE—Warner Brothers.—Irene Rich in the victim of a plot that contains all the fine hooks ever presented. (November.)

WILD BULL'S LAIR, THE—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson and Silver King in the sort of Western melodrama that delights the children. (October.)

WILD HORSE MESA—Paramount.—A dashing melodrama, with fine scenery and an active plot. Well acted by Billie Dove, Jack Holt and Noah Berry. (October.)

WILD, WILD SUSAN—Paramount.—A sprightly and amusing comedy with Bebe Daniels and Rod La Rocque. (October.)

WILD-FIRE—Vitagraph.—Old-fashioned and badly presented race-track melodrama. With Aileen Fringle. (July.)

WINDS OF CHANCE—First National.—Plenty of thrills, plenty of story action and a large cast of popular players make this Alaskan melodrama your attention. (October.)

WINGS OF YOUTH—Fox.—A modern mother reforms her flapper daughters. Good acting by Ethel Clayton. (July.)

WITH THIS RING—Just one of those sexy affairs. If you're broad-minded and over twenty-five—all right. (November.)

WIZARD OF OZ, THE—Chadwick Pictures.—Larry Semon in a lively version of the popular classic. Great for the children. (June.)

WOMAN'S FAITH, A—Universal.—A dull and tiresome story that cannot be redeemed by the acting of Percy Marmont and Alma Rubens. (October.)

WOMAN HATER, THE—Warner Brothers.—Clive Brook and Helene Chadwick are the leading players in a story of fairly stormy love. (September.)

WRECKAGE—Banner.—A fairly entertaining melodrama made worthwhile by performances by Mae Allison and Holmes Herbert. (November.)

ZANDER THE GREAT—Metro-Goldwyn.—An amusing picture, in spite of too much hokum. Marion Davies at her best and merriest. (July.)



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tell why they are using this soap for their skin

TWENTY-FIVE years ago a little group of New York's loveliest debutantes organized a flower committee to distribute the gorgeous bouquets from their coming-out teas among the hospitals of the city.

Out of this graceful gesture grew the Junior League—today one of the most socially important groups in the country.

No one ever becomes a member of the Junior League who is not backed by flawless social credentials. It represents New York's aristocracy of youth; young girls and young married women whose names have a dazzling association of beauty, wealth, and distinguished ancestry.

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We personally interviewed six hundred leading members of New York's Junior League and Boston's brilliant and exclusive Vincent Club.

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they select as the best for keeping their skin soft, smooth, radiantly fresh and fair?

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Some of the comments

*"It keeps my skin smooth and free from oil."
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"It does not irritate a sensitive skin."*

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*New
Pictures*

DOROTHY SEASTROM is one of the screen's most striking beauties. Dorothy received her first roles because she was an ornament to any scene in which she appeared. Her exotic beauty won instant notice and now she has an important role in Colleen Moore's picture, "We Moderns."



Woodbury

AT the age of ten, Mary Jane Irving is a veteran of the screen. Since Mary Jane made her debut eight years ago, she has played over a hundred roles—quite a record even for a grown-up. She will be seen in Frank Lloyd's film—"The Splendid Road."



Edward Thayer Monroe

MAY ALLISON—who proves that both the camera and the public are partial to blondes. In "The Viennese Medley," June Mathis' great special for First National, Miss Allison has a role worthy of her delicate beauty and the sensitive and sympathetic quality of her acting.



Wm. Davis Pearsall

SHE is one of the prettiest girls that ever graced the gilded palaces of Cecil B. De Mille's pictures. Her name is Sally Rand. As yet, she is neither featured nor starred, but just one of the "added attractions" in Rod La Rocque's picture, "Braveheart."



Ruth Harriet Louise

CLAIRE WINDSOR probably will play opposite John Gilbert in "Bardelys the Magnificent." The picture will be made in colors, so for the first time the public will have a chance to appreciate the loveliness of Claire's golden hair and blue eyes.



Russell Ball

RICHARD BARTHELMESS sprang one of the surprises of the season in "Shore Leave," when he proved himself a front-rank comedian. Dick's high intelligence and his mastery of screen technique has kept him out of the fatal rut of "type parts."



Walter Fredrick Seely

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS wanted an unusually beautiful leading woman for his new production, "The Black Pirate." After a country-wide search among professionals and amateurs, he chose Billie Dove as the ideal type of romantic heroine.



How Beauty baffled the Marquis

"Fair lady, surely *this* will gain thy pleasure," said the Marquis, in a very pleading tone, as he presented his soap treasure, "for it brings the perfumes and colors of Oriental gardens. It is rich with the magic medicaments and nourishing oils of the ancients."

"How very sweet of you, Marquis," replied Beatrice. "And will it keep me beautiful?"

"Forever and ever!"

"I shall use it, then. Thank you. Return ten years from today, at this hour, and if I am still as beautiful as I am this moment, I *may* marry you."

But when Beatrice learned the truth—that, with all its perfumes and colors and oils and medicaments, his beguiling soap had none of the magic he had claimed for it—she grew very doubtful of the Marquis's reliability. So she married the nice young man who offered her a cottage by the sea and unlimited supplies of honest Ivory.

WHAT can a soap truthfully promise you? Magic? Of course not. Take Ivory. If you were to pay a dollar a cake, you could get no better soap.

But if Ivory, with all its excellence, should agree to transform your skin, or cure it, or "nourish" it with oils, that moment it would lay itself open to suspicion, would it not?

Ivory promises no magic. It simply protects the delicate bloom and texture of fine complexions by its purity and mildness. It leaves behind enough of the natural oil to keep your complexion clear and soft.

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PHOTOPLAY

December, 1925

Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

SOMETIMES I am amused at myself in my real enjoyment of motion pictures for, after ten years of constant reviewing, it would be no more than natural that one should become satiated and utterly blasé. But the philosophy of the real devotee is that of the seeker of happiness. Our great expectations are seldom realized, but we go on hoping it is just around the corner.

FAMILIARITY with the disappointments and heart-breaks of even the most sincere producers brings a tolerance of some of the failures and a keener appreciation of the fine and artistic efforts. For the motion picture mines are full of jewels hidden in with worthless sand and gravel. And, after all, without the contrast with the dross, we would never be able to perceive the beauty of the faultless gem.

Once in a while we are presented with such a one, and what a joy it is. What a relief from the banalities and stupidities we so often waste our time and money on. Forgotten, then, are the disappointments, as we gaze into the precious jewel, glowing with the fire of inspiration and genius.

IT was with this feeling that I sat in a cold projection room, with no music save the monotonous whirring of the projection machine, and saw "Stella Dallas" come to life in lights and shadows. It was Saturday afternoon. Samuel Goldwyn was waiting for me when it had finished. He had been there alone in his office for two hours, and when I entered he was pacing the floor. He didn't ask a question nor say a word of greeting, although I had not seen him for months. He had put a fortune and two years of thought and work into "Stella Dallas," and I was the first one outside his organization to see it. He was frankly nervous. When I told him I was proud of him and that his picture was, in my opinion, the most perfect translation of a novel to the screen in motion picture history, he turned away, and when he looked back there were tears in his eyes. His only question then was, "Will they like it?"

BY "they" he meant you folks who make or break a picture, whose approval or disapproval has made millions of some producers and broken-hearted failures of others.

I hope the two million devotees of the motion picture who read this magazine will register their appreciation as plainly as John Hancock's signature. Being some-

what familiar with your tastes, I am sure you will, and I am confident, too, that unless something in the form of a miracle picture comes along before the end of the year, you will go still further and vote it the Gold Medal of Honor for 1925.

ALOVABLE little Indian boy takes an important part in "The Vanishing American." He is introduced as the son of *Man Hammer* with an explanatory note that he will not be given a name until he does something to distinguish him in his tribe.

I hereby christen him "Good Actor."

HAVE you noticed that the so-called special production of a few years ago is the program picture of today? Do you realize that we are becoming a nation of critics and that it takes an unusually good picture to get a big public response today? It's so, and by your discrimination you are changing the whole method of production.

In the better studios the director is no longer permitted to be the final authority. Supervisors, men who are familiar with all phases of picture making, from the selection of stories to the printing of titles, are guiding the productions, each man having charge of one or more units, and the results are becoming apparent. Too many cooks may spoil a broth, but it needs more than one mind to serve up a good picture.

I CANNOT refrain from handing a bouquet to the producing heads of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company. They are Louis B. Mayer, Irving Thalberg and Harry Rapf. When actors and directors disagree with them they are called "The Unholy Three," that splendid production having been made by them. A high average during the past two years will soon be topped off with "The Big Parade," parts of which I saw in California studios and which I consider the finest war episode ever filmed. On top of millions already spent, some of it wasted, in the earlier phases of "Ben Hur," they have just spent a quarter of a million in making the chariot races. They weren't going to be pikers when they had gone so far.

ONCE asked one of the leading producers who was responsible for the consistently high quality of his pictures—himself, his directors, or his artists, or all.

"Well," he said, "when they are bad I get the blame."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 134]



Corinne Griffith



Mary Astor



Alice Terry

500 Newspaper Critics

"Applesauce," answer the reviewers when Herbert Howe makes his awards of the golden apples

HERBERT HOWE started something in the August issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE when he assumed the rôle of Paris and started handing out the golden apples to the ten loveliest ladies this side of Paradise.

There were those who agreed with Herb—
But there were those who said the golden apples were nothing but applesauce.

All of which goes to prove that the chief purpose of a beauty contest is to start an argument.

And Herb's one-man contest did start an argument. Five hundred motion picture critics of the leading newspapers of the country, urged by James R. Quirk, editor of PHOTOPLAY, either agreed with Herb or disagreed with him violently.

According to the five hundred critics, the ten most beautiful girls on the screen are: Corinne Griffith, Mary Astor, Alice Terry, Florence Vidor, May McAvoy, Norma Shearer, Gloria Swanson, May Allison, Marion Davies and Pola Negri.

The names are given in the order of the number of their votes—ten absolutely sure-fire sirens.

It seems that Howe's was only seventy per cent correct, which isn't bad, everything considered.

His list, in case you have forgotten, named Pola Negri, Corinne Griffith, May Allison, Florence Vidor, Greta Nissen, Mary Astor, Alice Terry, May McAvoy, Barbara La Marr and Nita Naldi. His fellow connoisseurs voted against Miss La Marr, Miss Naldi and Miss Nissen and substituted Miss Swanson, Miss Shearer and Miss Davies.

For the benefit of Chester B. Bahn, of the Syracuse *Telegram-American*, who dared Mr. Quirk to give his own list, thereby hoping to force him to retire from motion pictures, Mr. Quirk has come forth with his own selection, named in the order of their im-

portance to his eye. Here they are: Corinne Griffith, Florence Vidor, Vilma Banky, Alice Terry, May Allison, Norma Shearer, Esther Ralston, Marion Davies, Gloria Swanson and Billie Dove.

Mr. Quirk takes occasion to explain his list: "My list is made up from selections of thousands of close-ups of beauty, reviewed on the screen during the last five years."

And he also adds that, judging from Herb Howe's interview with Vilma Banky which appears in this issue of PHOTOPLAY, that if Herb had it to do all over again, Vilma Banky would be one of the leading Loreleis.

The upshot of all the discussion about the beauties is merely this: It's all a question of taste and opinion. And it proves less than nothing at all. What pleases a critic in North Carolina is poison to the man from Maine.

Moreover, the voting showed the workings of outside in-



Gloria Swanson



May Allison



Florence Vidor



May McAvoy



Norma Shearer

Pick Ten Most Beautiful

fluence. The critics in New York and Los Angeles were obviously influenced by the fact that they know all the stars personally and therefore judged them by their appearance off the screen. And in the case of stars like Vilma Banky and Greta Nissen, some of the critics of the middle-west had not seen them on the screen as yet.

Perhaps May McAvoy pulled the most surprising vote. She came in fifth in the list. Although May is lovely to look at, hers isn't a dazzling loveliness. She is better known for her ability than for her pulchritude. And yet May received many more votes than the more vaunted beauties. And most of her admirers were men.

As the voting was so close, it may save a few tears and heart-breaks to give the names of the lovely ladies who almost but not quite made the first ten. They are: Barbara La Marr, Norma Talmadge, Greta Nissen, Claire Windsor, Mary Pickford, Nita Naldi, Betty Bronson, Leatrice Joy, Anna Q.

Many a beauty contest is won by a nose. All of which goes to prove that, after all, beauty is merely a matter of taste—or a difference of opinion

Nilsson, Betty Compson, Lillian Gish, Bebe Daniels and Esther Ralston.

Most of the critics were willing to explain—or even defend—their choice. Nearly all of them were willing to give Herb Howe an argument. Some of them—as for instance William Fariss of the *Tennessean* of Nashville, felt that the younger stars

were neglected. Mr. Fariss wrote: "I think Mr. Howe did a brave thing in selecting these women and doubtless he will incur the wrath of the gods. He has made quite an excellent selection but seems to have leaned toward the older of the stars, leaving such as Marion Nixon, whom I think a very capable young star.

Helen de Motte, motion picture and dramatic editor of the *News Leader* of Richmond, Va., sent in two lists, explaining her position in a letter. Miss de Motte wrote: "Beauty is such an elusive thing under the camera and the expert cameraman can make such remarkable changes in even the most beautiful woman that I find it difficult to choose. Then, too, beauty is much more than features and figure. I have chosen the ten women who, to me, have photographed most beautifully the greatest number of times, but I have seen shots of those on my second list which surpassed any in the first because they carried a rich quality, indefinable except under the inclusive term 'personality.' Incidentally, I believe that Alberta Vaughn is going to be a second Gloria Swanson."

Miss de Motte's "camera perfect" list is: Florence Vidor, Mary Astor, Alice Terry, Laura La Plante, Mary Pickford, Madeline Hurlock, May McAvoy, Carmel Myers, Clara Kimball Young and Doris Kenyon.

On Miss de Motte's "personality" list are: Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, Jetta Goudal, Nazimova, Anna May Wong, Irene Rich, Pauline Frederick, Alberta Vaughn, Mary Alden, Lillian

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 120]



Marion Davies



Pola Negri

"Abraham Lincoln" Wins



Lincoln and Anne Rutledge—
one of the greatest love stories
ever translated to the screen

IN awarding the PHOTOPLAY gold medal of 1924 to "Abraham Lincoln," the readers of PHOTOPLAY Magazine have once more shown their appreciation of the best and finest that the screen can produce. And what is more significant, they have given the utmost encouragement to producers with ideals who venture into new fields to raise the standards of the screen.

PHOTOPLAY takes especial pride in the judgment of its readers in bestowing the highest honor in the motion picture world to a production which was undertaken in a spirit of idealism and faith. The awarding of the gold medal to Al and Ray Rockett for "Abraham Lincoln" is the final tribute to crown an achievement which reflects nothing but credit and honor on the screen.

It is not hard to understand why "Abraham Lincoln" won the honor of the year. The story of the Great Emancipator is one of the most beautiful and touching documents that the screen has produced. Absolutely accurate in its historical scenes and truly faithful to its subject matter, it was flawlessly produced. Its simplicity and its sincerity placed it in a class by itself. Moreover, it reflected American ideals and American patriotism at their very best and truest.

The history of "Abraham Lincoln" is a real romance of the motion picture business. It was one of those rare pictures that was filmed as a labor of love. In the face of the high cost of production and in spite of the advice of the cynics who said "it couldn't be done," Al and Ray Rockett had the courage and ability to carry "Abraham Lincoln" through to triumphant completion.

The idea of telling the life of Lincoln in motion pictures was a cherished ambition of Al and Ray Rockett even when they first became associated with motion pictures back in 1914. Coming from the Middle West—Lincoln's own country—they hoped some day to present the dramatic story of the most loved man in American history. It wasn't until almost ten years later, when both boys had gained much valuable screen experience, that they saw a way to realize their dream.

The Rocketts—and both Al and Ray are young men—



Al Rockett

*Photoplay's readers
distinction of merit
Al and Ray Rockett,
"Abraham*

started the production of "Abraham Lincoln" with almost no capital, but with fine confidence and boundless faith in the taste of the public. Using their own resources, they began research work in Washington and in the Middle West that lasted for almost a year.

Actual production was begun in Los Angeles. But before the work started, the Rocketts were obliged to find someone to prepare the script. It was a script that needed an expert mind, and, what was more important, a sympathetic and sensitive imagination. Fearfully and timidly, the Rockett Brothers approached Frances Marion.

Now Miss Marion is one of the most highly-paid writers in

Winners of the Photoplay Magazine Medal of Honor

- 1920—Inspiration Pictures for "Tol'able David"
- 1921—William Randolph Hearst for "Humoresque"
- 1922—Douglas Fairbanks for "Robin Hood"
- 1923—Famous Players-Lasky for "The Covered Wagon"
- 1924—Al and Ray Rockett for "Abraham Lincoln"

Photoplay Medal for 1924



*award the highest
in motion pictures to
the producers of
Lincoln”*

the business. She is in a position to name her own salary. However, the Rocketts ventured to ask her to write the script. Naturally they found they couldn't pay her the price she wanted.

But Miss Marion listened to the story, to their plans and to their hopes. After an hour's conversation, she came to an agreement. She not only agreed to write the script without compensation but she contributed \$50,000 in her own money to help along the production. And what is more, she gave up all other work to stand by during the filming of the story.

Of course, the Rocketts could not afford the luxury of a star; neither could they engage many well-known actors. For the rôle of *Lincoln*, they engaged an "unknown"—George Billings, who afterwards more than justified their tremendous trust in him. The very fact that Billings was unfamiliar to screen patrons aided greatly in keeping the illusion of the story.

Another player to give a performance of great distinction was Ruth Clifford, who played the rôle of *Anne Rutledge*, Lincoln's first love. In fact, the love story in "Abraham Lincoln" is one of the finest, the most delicate, and

Frances Marion wrote the scenario as a labor of love. More than that, she invested \$50,000 in it. Such was her great faith in its mission



Ray Rockett



The time of Lincoln's greatest trial—the dark days of the battle to save the Republic

the most touching the screen ever has seen.

Supervised by the Rocketts and directed by Phil Rosen, the production of "Abraham Lincoln" was a struggle against terrific financial odds. But never once did any member of the organization lose heart nor never did the Rocketts lose faith in their undertaking.

The picture completed, it was brought to New York and, on January 27, 1924, it was presented at the Gaity Theater. It came as an unheralded production. By the standards of Broadway, its presentation was not elaborate; it was advertised, for the most part, by the faith that the Rockett Brothers and Miss Marion had in it. Nevertheless, the picture immediately won the highest praise from the critics. PHOTOPLAY, in its review, expressed the general opinion when it said, "A ringing answer to the call for better pictures. One of the finest ever made, and one that should be seen and encouraged by taking the whole family."

After its opening in New York, First National obtained the picture for distribution, although the experts still insisted that it would never make a cent of money.

They were wrong. "Abraham Lincoln" was more successful in smaller cities than it was in New York. At the height of the craze for jazz pictures and highly spiced spectacles, the simple story of the Great American played to enormous audiences of young and old alike. It won new friends for the movies and new believers in the educational value of the screen.

Perhaps no other single picture has done more to raise the reputation of the screen in the minds of millions than has this one.

Today Al Rockett is manager of First National's Eastern Studios.

His brother, Ray, is assistant to Richard Rowland, production head of the same company.

And by the verdict of PHOTOPLAY's readers in voting the gold medal to "Abraham Lincoln," the cause of good pictures has been immeasurably advanced.

CLOSE-UPS and By Herbert Howe

Satire, Humor and Some Sense

LONG-SHOTS

FROM time to time this fireside publication boasts of my intimate, not to say shady, relations with celluloid creatures. This has caused me no end of harassment, particularly from bootlegger borgias who want introductions to my swell friends with the idea of poisoning them. I have decided, therefore, to exonerate myself and start life afresh with the following authenticated facts:

I rarely attend Hollywood parties, and receive invitations even more rarely.

I have seen Will Hays only once, and then at such a distance he couldn't say a word.

I have never been wed to Barbara La Marr or even slightly engaged.

I consistently dodge previews, free feeds for the press and discourses on love by Elinor Glyn.

I haven't a single autographed picture of a star on display in my town house, my beach cabin or my villa on the Riviera (wholly imaginary).

A telegram sent to me in care of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio was returned to the sender marked "party unknown."

In fact, I have the distinction of being the best unknown person in Hollywood. Some even suspect that I am but a pen name for George Bernard Shaw, who is ashamed of letting the world know how he earns his living.

DON'T let the above declaration wring tears of unmerited pity. I am not a forlorn figure, like Chaplin, whose loneliness has caused several writers to burst into sob, albeit I have never ventured into a cafe without finding him merrily judging a dance contest.

When I steps, I steps with aristocrats. Only last night my presence honored a party given by the Scottish nobleman, Malcolm McGregor (hundred per cent Scotch at his parties), with such guests as that queen of queens, Corinne Griffith, and the poised Alice Joyce, who ranks something better than a duchess.

It was a dinner in a Japanese joint up three flights of dubious stairs, in lower Los Angeles. We were served by geisha girls with ivory faces who might have been Madonnas and then again might not have been.

Now aristocrats passing the community plate are one thing and aristocrats putting with chop sticks quite another. The delicate languor of *la reine* Corinne melted quite away and she grew becomingly flushed as she flopped the *ski a ki* (Japanese for beef) in the general direction of nowhere. While the duchess Joyce shrieked for a spoon and a napkin in a paroxysm of terror lest she fresco her new Francis gown.

DESPITE Corinne's chopstick antics, she still remains my favorite lady of Hollywood. She doesn't do the Charleston.



Charlie Chaplin once chatted amiably about Bolshevism and was immediately suspected of packing bombs in his pantaloons

I VISITED Valentino's Russian set just as "The Lone Eagle" was being completed. Cossacks were gayly horsing about, and Rudy himself was dressed up like a million dollar samovar.

"Well, a lot has happened since last we met," he saluted in Italian, my native tongue.

"And so far as you're concerned," I returned in broken English, "that might have been yesterday."

More can happen to Rudy in twelve hours than to most people in twelve incarnations. "The Lone Eagle" looks like a strong swoop upward for the ill-fated signor. Under the piloting hand of director Clarence Brown it soars up to its name. It's a bird.

WHEN Ramon Novarro completed "The Midshipman," he was asked what picture he would do next. With a confidential air he whispered, "Ben Hur."

That's where Ramon has it over all the other stars. He will always know what his next picture is going to be. "Ben Hur" is the Peter Pan of the movie industry. It just won't grow up.

WEALTH used to be impressive. But now a man is valued more highly by his debts than his assets.

"She owes the company two hundred thousand dollars," was the awesome tribute paid a star. "And now she's signing with another company." "I'll bet that before she finishes she'll owe more than any star in pictures," breathed another admirer.

Such reverence is not misplaced. Anyone can make money, but it takes brains to owe it.

"I WAS just thinking," remarked the flapper—whereupon eight people dropped dead. "I was thinking that it has taken so long to make 'Ben Hur' that won't the costumes look a little old-fashioned?"

Believe it or not, but prodigy has read "Robinson Crusoe."

THE Chaplin genius cult set up with mad cries by the verbal dervishes is getting the goat of the honest working man who discovered talent under Charlie's derby long ago.

These giddy ecstasies behold more significance in one of Charlie's falls than in all the dialogues of Plato. Chaplin, though he may enjoy the foot-kissing, is canny enough to fear it. His screen footwear is big, but so was the foot of Michelangelo's "Risen Christ," and yet a bronze sandal had to be placed over it to keep the worshipful from kissing it away.

GENIUS is a word we apply to people whose eccentricities we like. When they cease to please us, we find the term damphool appropriate. Or, still better, the scathing word moron.

A writer's life isn't all gin and orange juice in Hollywood. Sometimes it's just plain lemonade or what have you

Words rule the world. They dominate and direct us. Genius! Moron!—Cries that we have inherited from the pithecanthropoid monkeys, masupial, and reptiles, our ancestors. It is a colossal joke, as the archangel said. But their power is a serious matter.

"I know now the difference between great director and bum director," said Ernst Lubitsch, leading me confidentially aside. "When it read in the paper that Lubitsch is great director, then Lubitsch is a great director. When it read in the paper Lubitsch is rot-ten director, then Lubitsch he go back to German?—quick!"

WHEN Mabel Normand went East to appear on the stage she listed her house for rent with the stipulation, "No movie people." So, after careful investigation, the agents rented it to Barbara La Marr.

HAROLD LLOYD has made such consistently great comedies that he is in grave danger. He is in danger of being taken for granted, a sort of angel child. There's never an adverse comment to rumple the surface of the stream and excite controversy.

Chaplin by contrast is always doing something a little mad that nets him calliope music from the press. He started by chatting favorably of Bolshevism. It was whispered that this funny little man might actually be packing bombs in his pantaloons. Then he was heard to chat fluently of Art and Literature. He suddenly took proportions of The Thinker. His next part was that of heart-swindling sheik, far outclassing Valentino in actuality. Then he knocked the wind out of the intellectuals with "A Woman From Paris," with the result that when they staggered to their feet they let out terrific blasts of "Genius!"

Harold Lloyd is a freak in Hollywood, inasmuch as he isn't one. He's so unobtrusive personally that you can't believe he is an actor.

Such modesty as he wears is as startling on an actor as a Salvation Army lid on Nita Naldi.

The only word I can think of for such eccentricity is—genius!

THE trouble with Lloyd is that he is as conservative as a banker. And bankers aren't geniuses. Only actors and directors are geniuses.

Yet my soul is so mundane that I cannot think of a greater work of art than those little figures wrought by Marcus Loew on his check book that produced such masterpieces as "The Four Horsemen," "Scaramouche," Rex Ingram, Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry.

CHARITY Appeal: I don't know a person who is satisfied with the motion picture as a life occupation. All my screen acquaintances say they will quit just as soon as they



"No movie people," said Mabel Normand when she rented her house. Whereupon Barbara La Marr moved in

have a hundred thousand dollars. And I feel that, if the public only knew, some of them would get the trifle immediately.

AFTER the purchase of Carl Van Vechten's "The Tattooed Countess" for Pola Negri, the story was found to be insufficient for the screen, so a sturdier tale was woven about the alluring title. Then Mr. Hays took a dislike to the title and prohibited its use. So it isn't quite clear just what Mr. Van Vechten was paid for. However, none can deny but that he did a very neat job of tattooing.

A PHOTOPLAY writer says Gilda Gray didn't learn to dance, she picked it up. Having seen her in action I'd say she shook it up. I was once her guest at the Rendezvous. She danced so close to my table that she shook her tum-tum talcum in my eyes. But that didn't prevent me from seeing her possibilities.

Gilda should go great as a movie—she always has.

ARISING young actress was invited to a party to meet John Barrymore.

"Sorry, I gotta date," she yawned.

"But this is a chance of a lifetime," persisted her friends, very much in earnest.

"I gotta date," she insisted stubbornly.

"But Barrymore wants to meet you," they pleaded.

"Don't you want to meet Barrymore?"

"Sure," she said, executing a Charleston movement.

"But I'm afraid it might turn his head."

THE young star who achieves the pinnacle of fame and wealth at twenty-five or thirty excites a profound pity. He is like Buchanan in Scott Fitzgerald's "The Great Gatsby"—"one of those men who reach such an acute limited excellence that everything afterward savors of anti-climax."

When Alexander had no more worlds to conquer he died. Few are so fortunate, or considerate.

BUT it's all the same in the end.

Charlie Ray at the crest of his career, with motors and servants and opera hats, once remarked plaintively to me, "I envy you writers. An actor has only a few years in his youth, but you can write until you're ninety."

"And I'll probably have to," I rejoined just as joylessly.

Herbert Howe writes exclusively for PHOTOPLAY. Don't be misled into taking a substitute when you ask for it just because your newsdealer has sold out. Order it from him in advance.

Not So Many Years Ago

Girls wore pompadours, curls
and skirts to their ankles.
Do you think they were
prettier in the old days?



Even eight years ago,
Gloria Swanson set the
styles. This model, cre-
ated for her, was made of
four yards of uncut lace.
Notice the hair!



Movie stars were supposed
to wear curls and so in
1917 Colleen Moore went
the limit. Where are they
today? Probably hidden
in a bureau drawer



Alma Rubens wearing the
latest and correct thing in
tailored suits — just ten
years ago



"Le dernier cri" — rib-
boned slippers and tulle
scarf. The elegant lady is
Dorothy Gish



Today she's Mrs. James Kirkwood and she has a young son. This is Lila Lee, the child star of 1918



Back in 1914, when Mae Murray wore this dancing costume, she was the sensation of Broadway. Imagine the greater sensation Mae would cause today in her "Nell Brinkley" outfit



The lace shoes, the low heels, the modest skirt, the school-girl collar—even in the old days Lillian Gish knew her pose. The vanity case is the only worldly touch



Anna Q. Nilsson's first "fan" photograph, taken when she joined Kalern in 1911. The hat knocked 'em cold



Doris Kenyon in 1916, looking very much like the talented heroine of a local high school play

Just a Page of Tricks



This little trinket looks like a set of store teeth. But it's really a wooden jointed dinosaur which Bessie Love uses to entertain Adolphe Menjou and other members of the company in "A King on Main Street"



Mary Brian doesn't have to turn her head to see who is following her. This automobile mirror, jauntily fastened on her hat, is both ornamental — and in this day of bold, bad curb-stone sheiks, very useful



Nobody wears black stockings any more. So Bebe Daniels fashioned this cat from a discarded pair



A Foxy dress, worn by Gertrude Astor. The head matches the neckpiece on Miss Astor's arm

"Hot Dickety-Dog" Set to the sublime music of a Schubert Serenade

*Life is Rosy
Again for*

*Herbert
Howe*



Vilma Banky, the heroine of this prose poem, in her first American picture, "The Dark Angel," in which she is co-starred with Ronald Colman

I LEARN many bea-u-tifool things in English, yez," mused Vilma Banky softly, and then with shy pride—"Hot dickety-dog!"

It sounded like a line from Shelley.
"Say it again, ah, say it again," I pleaded.
She concentrated for a moment, as for a celestial effort, like a great singer does on the verge of an anthem, then—"Hot dickety-dog!"

I tried to think of a line from Shakespeare as a come-back, but I couldn't. My English is so unromantic.

Vilma says that in a year she will—"Spik—speak Eengleesh like as an American."

Something should be done to prevent it.
What should be done is to compel all Americans to speak Eengleesh like as Vilma. Then all we'd have to do in case of war would be to stand up and say "Hot dickety-dog!" and our worst enemies would be disarmed.

Vilma can say many other bea-u-tifool things in English, but the publicity man asked me not to print them. I couldn't, anyway. That is, I mean, I couldn't print them as Vilma says them.

She once repeated something which sounded like "go-to-ll."
And a wise-cracker retorted, "Sure, have you got any messages?"

"Matches?" repeated Vilma politely. "No, but I get you some."

VILMA came from Budapest just six months ago. A very short time considering all the beautiful things she has learned.

"Before I come I think Hollywood very wickid," she murmurs.
"Well? . . ." I said.

Her eyes dropped tactfully but her smile spoke for them.
"Not so bad," she said.

Some people said Hollywood was very, very wicked; others that it was not so bad.

All the way over on the boat she would hear first one and then the other. She confesses she was greatly disturbed. Her only solace was an old German proverb which runs: "The good are good even in hell." Of this Vilma made her own screen adaptation: "The good are good even in Hollywood."

Really much better epigrammatically than the original, NICHT WAHR?

VILMA does not bob her hair, roll her stockings or smoke. All of which sounds as though she were good enough to be a "Mary Pickford successor."

But there's where you wrong Vilma. She likes wine—good Rhine wine. Very leetle—only so much—but often.

Here she does not have it, neither leetle nor often. There are some things in Hungary better than as in America but mostly she thinks America is better.

"American women are so pret-ty," she murmurs with an honesty which I fear is hereditary. "So many pretty women in America I was afraid to come."

When she saw the girls of the Ziegfeld "Follies" in New York, she wanted to go back to Budapest. "Too much competition here in America," she said.

Hollywood dismayed her even more. "Nothing but pretty girls!"

"But they do not all have charm," I suggested with self-conscious honesty.



"The Merry Widow" gave the ladies John Gilbert. "The Dark Angel" evens it up for the gentlemen connoisseurs by presenting Vilma Banky von Budapest

"American women," replied Vilma gently, "are a leetle manlike, I think, yez? Straight dresses, so—" she gestured with hands that were made for gesturing and so are employed as God intended. "And short hair from the barber's shop, yez?"

Never will Vilma bob her hair. Never. "I should feel me half naked," she shivered.

"Well?" I mused speculatively. "Never," she returned, like a mind-reader. "Never should I want to feel half naked."

Vilma is unabridged feminine, with all the delicate nuances.

She is what I imagine Marie Antoinette was, but probably wasn't. (All the historic ladies are turning out bad, according to late advices—Cleopatra was a good girl, they say, who looked like Pauline Starke.)

I would say Vilma is the quintessence of femininity had I not waved that phrase to tatters in celebrating Corinne Griffith. She is wholly unlike Corinne, yet quintessentially the same. The same instinctive refinement, effortless yet omnipresent.

Incidentally she thinks that Miss Griffith will prove to be one of the screen's greatest immortals.

"In Berlin they argue she is beautiful but not a great actress," said Vilma with delicate ardor. "But now come 'Declasse' and they say it no more. She grow greater each picture, yez."

And Gloria Swanson, she says, has the most wonderful face in all the world. "Once you see it [CONTINUED ON PAGE 98]



Over 30,000 readers of PHOTOPLAY sent in solutions to the \$5,000 cut-picture puzzle contest which ran for four months in recent issues. The photograph shows just a section of the whole extra floor in the building where PHOTOPLAY has its offices, devoted to the opening, sorting, card-indexing, and judging. The awards will be announced in the January magazine, out about December 12th, and the fortunate winners will receive their checks Christmas Eve by special delivery

What a cast Samuel Goldwyn put into this picture! Alice Joyce plays the lady who later becomes the second Mrs. Dallas



Stella Dallas

Comes to Life
On the Screen

After years of more or less mediocre parts and work, Belle Bennett was selected for the title role of the picture, and under the wonderful direction of Henry King, placed herself among the great actresses of the screen. Her characterization of the insipid, ordinary wife of the ambitious business man is her fortune



Ronald Colman follows up his splendid performance in "The Dark Angel" with one equally as good as Dallas. Lois Moran, another of Mr. Goldwyn's discoveries, establishes herself as a great dramatic possibility. She plays the daughter



Again Jean Hersholt gives a brilliant characterization to the screen. This time as the riding master, with whom Mrs. Dallas had a flirtation that caused all her troubles

STUDIO NEWS & GOSSIP



Here are William and Harold Beaudine when they played together in the rural wilds of the Bronx—twenty-five years ago. In those days squirrels were as thick as delicatessens are today north of the Harlem River and then, as now, you needed a gun for protection



And here are Bill and Harold today. The "props" are the same but the boys have changed. Bill has lost his curls and Harold no longer wears a Dutch cut. William is now director for Mary Pickford and Harold is making some of those fast and snappy comedies for Al Christie

RICHARD DIX Poisoned!
Don't get excited, girls, because it isn't really true.
It might have been, however, had Richard not decided to motor some thirty miles to Houston, Texas, that day instead of having luncheon with the majority of the company at a ranch that was being used for a location for Dix's next picture.

Forty-two members of the company suffered an attack of ptomaine poisoning which put twenty-two of them in the hospital for several days. All of the principals had gone in to Houston for luncheon, thus escaping.

JOHN GILBERT is to star in "Bardelys the Magnificent," a story by Rafael Sabatini that has been eyed enviously by most of the men stars. However, John, who is at this moment the high card in the industry, gets the prize. King Vidor will direct it, and it will be filmed in natural colors. Now Jack will appear in his true colors and the Answer Man need be deluged with no more questions about the color of his hair and eyes.

JOHN ROBERTSON is in Europe selecting a studio to use in filming the Ibanez story, "Queen Califa." Robertson is now associated with Jack Meador in a new company that will make special productions. Probably Robertson will direct Rudyard Kipling's great story, "Kim." It will be made in natural colors.

Curiously enough, Maude Adams, who has been experimenting in colored photography, will also be associated with the screen production of "Kim." Long before he became a movie director, Robertson was leading man for Maude Adams in "L'Aidlon." And a very handsome leading man, too.

"**L**O, Vola! Saw your ad in the paper. Gee, you got twice as much space on it as I did on mine. But then I never would hire a press agent."

Thus Eddie Sutherland greeted Vola Vale at luncheon the day the morning papers carried an account of her divorce from Al Russell, director and brother of William Russell.

WITH many tears and sighs of regret, Norma Talmadge got on a train the other day and left California for New York. She accompanied her husband, Joseph Schenk, who is going back on business for United Artists, and while there she expects to buy her clothes for "Kiki." Two days later, Constance Talmadge and her mother, Mrs. "Peg" Talmadge, Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton (Natalie Talmadge), and Mrs. Roscoe Arbuckle also started across the continent for the east. So Hollywood won't seem like the same old place at all for some time to come.

Everyone here is simply flabbergasted—it's the only word that will fit—the tremendous success of Norma's "Graustark." Not that everyone didn't like it, but the simple, romantic story, and the charming but entirely unpsychological love interest, were not figured to make for a big success. The story was Norma's own choice, by the way, as was the decision not to change the title. And it would seem that the public prefers Norma in romantic love dramas, of the old, reliable school, to any of the more advanced characterizations she has been doing lately. I do myself.

NORMA, Natalie and Constance Talmadge all arrived in New York in one week. The invasion was made very, very quietly and the Talmadges have kept much to themselves, as is the family habit. Norma is looking slimmer than ever; in fact, she verges dangerously close to thinness. As for Constance, she evidently parked her heart on the Coast for the night clubs have seen little of her. When Constance lived in New York, she was its best long-distance dancer. But now Constance has obviously promised someone that she won't step out during her absence from Hollywood.

RICHARD TALMADGE (whose name is no more Talmadge than mine is) arrived in New York to get himself a new contract. However, no subway trains jumped the track.

THE Divorce of the Month comes as more or less of a surprise. Anna Q. Nilsson is suing her husband, John Gunnerson, in Los Angeles. Gunnerson is said to be a shoe manufacturer, although at one time he planned to go into movie production. Anna accuses John of the disagreeable habit of "nagging" and claims that when she returned from the studio after a hard day's work, her evenings were far from pleasant. And so another "happy movie home" has gone on the rocks. Incidentally, she also accuses her non-professional husband of non-support.

AS soon as Jack Dempsey left Los Angeles to go to Chicago on business, the gossips started a separation rumor about Jack and Estelle Taylor. Both Jack and Estelle denied it vigorously and strenuously. The cause of

EAST AND WEST

By Cal York



They're newlyweds—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Edeson. Mrs. Edeson is a typical Spanish beauty and comes from a prominent family in Buenos Aires. Although she wears the new boyish bob, she dresses in old Castilian style. Mr. Edeson met her in New York several years ago



Tom McNamara, who wrote those funny subtitles for "Little Annie Rooney," is the gallant gentleman who is pulling Mary Pickford out of the swamp, where Mary has been taking a bath. Not that she goes in for alfresco bathing; it was just a scene from "Scraps"

the trouble—if there has been any trouble—is Estelle's influence on the career of the heavyweight championship. Certainly Estelle is not too crazy about the Ring. However, both Jack and Estelle insist that they are but the victims of malicious tongues.

NITA NALDI—the smart little girl—sailed for Europe in a heavy fog of mystery. Nita is not married, so the rumor hounds couldn't say that she was going to Paris to get a divorce. However, Nita allowed it to be whispered about that she was sailing to marry a handsome foreign count. The story probably was started because Gloria and the Marquis sailed on the same boat.

Maybe there is a count waiting for Nita, but our guess is that Nita has gone abroad for nothing more romantic than a movie engagement.

WATCH for it—the derby hat on the girls! They are doing it in Paris and it's only a question of time before the mannish style makes its appearance in New York and Hollywood. As soon as Nita Naldi arrived in Paris, she bought herself a grey derby, which she wears with a mannish tailored costume. Several other stars in Paris have adopted them too.

The derby for women is just like a man's hat, except that it has a bow on the side. If you are a brunette, you must have a grey one; if you are a blonde, then black is your color.

Another Paris style that is on its way is the jumper dress for evening wear. The skirt is of gold metal cloth, tightly pleated, and the bodice is of green satin, made exactly like the middy blouses that girl campers wear. However, the neck is cut lower and the jumper is sleeveless.

Now what brave girl will wear a brown derby?

THE death of Mrs. Ben Turpin comes as a crushing tragedy to the comedian, who left the screen almost a year ago to act as nurse to his invalid wife. The Turpins were simple, religious people, devoted to each other and entirely satisfied with their quiet manner of living. They were married seventeen years ago—long before Ben was either rich or famous. But when the money and fame came to them, it made small difference in their way of living and no difference at all in their mutual affection.

In fact, odd as it seems, the funny little man and his simple wife had a romance of their own that was far finer and stronger than Hollywood's more gaudy affairs. Mrs. Turpin thought Ben was handsome; she couldn't see why people considered his face so funny. To her Ben was brilliant, dashing and fascinating. As for Ben, he lavished a devotion and attention upon his wife that even the prettiest and most popular girl in Hollywood might envy.

Quietly, with no fuss, Ben gave up his work when his wife felt so ill that she could not stand his absences at the studio. Ben hoped to nurse her back to health. But the sacrifice was in vain, and now Ben is about the most lonesome man in the world.

THEY have surprise parties—even in the film colony.

The one I'm talking about was given by Peggy Snow, Jim Cruze's divorced wife, for Neely Edwards, whom she is engaged to marry, and Neely admits he was surprised.

A list of guests would look like "Who's Who in Comedy" and Mack Sennett would sure be glad to have them in an all-star cast. There was a charming musical program, not to mention the informal contributions to the evening's merriment by some of the guests.

MAJOR EDWARD BOWES of the Capitol Theater broadcasts this one: The casting director at the Metro-Goldwyn studio was looking for four men to appear in a Russian picture. The only qualifications were that the gentlemen must have whiskers and fur overcoats. Now "extras" with both whiskers and fur overcoats are as scarce in Hollywood as grass skirts in Iceland. But finally the director found four men who promised to appear the next day with the coats and the whiskers.

Of course, he was obliged to explain carefully that Russia is a cold country and that fur overcoats are as necessary there as they are for undergraduates at the Yale-Princeton game.

The next day, three of the be-whiskered "extras" appeared gorgeously clad in fur coats. But the



The very first photograph of Everett John McGovern, the young son of Mrs. Terry McGovern—formerly Mildred Harris Chaplin. The baby was born at Great Barrington, Mass. Mildred was married quietly last year. The baby weighed nine pounds



George C. Arthur and his daughter. She's a loud speaker and constantly broadcasting. As for Arthur, he wants to know how soon she will grow teeth. "As it is," he explains, "she looks so unfinished." But she wonders why they think her father is a comedian

fourth extra wore nothing but a thin cloth coat.

"What's the matter?" asked the director, "I thought I told you that Russia was a cold country and that the fur coat was absolutely necessary."

"I know it's a cold country," answered the "extra," "but I couldn't get the fur coat. Still, I can stand it because I put on two suits of heavy underwear this morning."

HELEN FERGUSON is in New York for the first time in years. Helen is playing the heroine in a serial which is being filmed in New London, Conn. The tragedy of the trip is that Helen was in the midst of building a new home in Beverly Hills. She was obliged to leave her husband, William Russell, in charge of the work, and so Helen spends most of her time worrying over the terrible things that are almost sure to befall the house under William's supervision. While William is a great big strong fellow and a lovely husband, what he doesn't know about interior decoration would fill a whole set of large books.

MICKEY NEILAN brought his new picture, "The Skyrocket," to New York. As yet, the Peggy Hopkins Joyce picture hasn't been shown in the East and no announcement has been made about its premiere. Anyway, everyone is all set for an argument about Peggy's acting ability. It's unfortunate, in a way, that Peggy comes to the screen with so many marriages to her discredit—or should it be credit? Peggy has lots of personality and she's just the right type for pictures. If she were an unknown—or a little less known—anyway, she probably will be hailed as a discovery.

Mickey has been very, very quiet in New York. He's only been reported engaged in three fights, five practical jokes and he seldom

eats more than one dinner in an evening. But stories have a way of cropping up around Mickey and while he goes around behaving like a Quaker, the legends of his prowess and his wit spring up out of thin air.

"**WHY** weren't you at the opening of 'Little Nellie Kelly?'" Bebe Daniels asked Eddie Lowe at the Tashman-Lowe wedding breakfast.

"We could have gone three places—to the opening, to see my wife's latest picture or to the circus. And we went to the circus!" brazenly stated Eddie.

Shades of modern marriages and open confession!

Anyway, it was a lovely party that Lilyan and Eddie gave in their rustic retreat far from the maddening boulevard and the cranking cameras.

And what a perfect hostess Lilyan is! Nor is Eddie such a poor host. Bebe Daniels was there—she's everywhere!—Florence Vidor, Katherine Bennett and quite an oodle of writing folks.

Lilyan and Bebe both wore frocks of pitch pine green—each one radically different and quite as becoming to dazzling blonde as to vivid brunette. Around Lilyan's shapely neck was a heavy choker of pearls that tied in front. A wedding gift, of course! And Florence Vidor—looking placidly dignified as usual—in a cool-looking caramel flat crepe ensemble suit with tricky left hat to match.

Poor Eddie was quite disconsolate—Lilyan had to leave for location in Alaska the following day. But such is film life. And location trips don't last forever!

SUZANNE VIDOR, six year old daughter of Florence Vidor, started to school recently and began her first contact with the world outside Mrs. Vidor's quiet and charming home and garden.

That evening Mrs. Vidor came back to the dinner table after having been called to the telephone to find Suzanne seriously and intently absorbed in the attempt to eat peas with her knife.

"Suzanne!" cried her mother, in horror.

Suzanne carefully shoveled a load of peas, balanced them and consumed them, before she said, "Mother, the girls at school haven't any use for a girl whose peas roll off her knife. They told me so. They're always singing a song about a girl that wasn't any good because the peas rolled off her knife, so mine sha'n't if I can help it."

WITH trunks and trunks filled with new gowns and dainty lingerie, beautiful Alice Terry is back in Hollywood after months in Nice, Italy, where she has been working in Rex Ingram's latest picture, "Mare Nostrum." Alice plans to spend two months here with her mother and will then return to Italy to make another picture with her famous husband.

THE preachment of her last picture, "Broken Laws," must have slipped her mind, at least temporarily, for Mrs. Wallace Reid had to contribute \$25 in the justice court of Glendale, a Hollywood suburb, on a charge of driving her car forty miles per hour in the twenty mile zone. Even the smiles of famous stars don't always work on the hard-boiled officers, it would seem.

NEVER again will Lillian Rich sign her name "Billie Rich." At least on hotel registers in small towns where the natives are hospitably inclined.

Lillian, whom everyone calls



Richard Dix jumped into the lake in Central Park for an episode in "Womanhandled." But before the next scene was taken, he sat in the sun and dried out. So one of the park gardeners obligingly ran for the sprinkling can and gave Richard another good soaking



The ornamental panel on Myrtle Stedman's evening dress conceals a mirror, a powder puff, rouge and a lipstick. From the panel, embroidered in crystal and rhinestone, a silver tassel hangs. A great idea for women who won't be bothered with a vanity bag

"Billie" just because they think her real name a bit too dignified, went on location recently to Russian River with the De Mille company and boldly signed her name "Billie Rich" on the guest book.

The inhabitants of the little valley city decided to honor the cinema visitors and hold a film festival. Gifts were to be included in the grand celebration. The women were to receive flowers and the men boxes of cigars.

"Billie Rich" received a box of tin-foiled Havanas!

BACK from New York, where he has been for several weeks doing a picture (and darn glad to be back, even if he did see a lot of good shows in the big town), Raymond Hatton has started work on the biggest rôle of his career, that of one of the soldiers in "The Two Soldiers." Wallace Beery will play the other soldier in the screen version of Hugh Wiley's humorous story, "The Spoils of War." This picture will also mark the return to the screen of Mildred Davis (Mrs. Harold Lloyd). Hatton and Beery should make a great comedy team.

TOM MIX tells this one on his little daughter Thomasina, aged three years, assuring us as he tells it that she isn't a bit mean but just like other little children—inquisitive.

"I came home from the studio the other afternoon just in time to hear a terrible howling. I was scared for Thomasina and dashed into the front room. She was there all right and in no peril but—

"It was not so with the cat, who adores the little girl. Thomasina had Tabby by the neck with one hand and

with the other chubby fist was tearing at her feline pet.

"I dashed in and separated them and the cat fled to the piano for safety.

"What's the matter, child; were you trying to slay poor pussy?"

"I didn't mean to hurt her, dad, I was just trying to take her apart to find 'the cat's meow' I heard you telling mother about last night."

IT seems that somebody is sensitive about something and, as a result, there are mysteries afoot. When Raymond Griffith's new picture was first shown, it was called "He's a Prince." All of a sudden the title was changed to "A Regular Fellow" because, apparently, there is no use rubbing in the fact that a Prince may be the hero of a slapstick comedy.

And Richard Barthelmess who is appearing in "Just Suppose" was suddenly made aware of the fact that the story—written about a royal visit to America—would be decidedly unwelcome in certain countries of Europe and that one sequence in particular—in which the royal hero of the picture falls off a horse—would be especially rude. Whereupon Dick was obliged to assure everyone that the plot of "Just Suppose" had been considerably amended and that the regrettable incident of the horse had been removed. Moreover, the Prince in the story has been changed from an Anglo-Saxon prince to a Balkan Prince. After all these years of musical comedies about the Balkans, Balkan princes no longer have any fine feelings. Or maybe they never had any in the first place.

However, it is probably just as well that our American sense of humor is not allowed to injure charming and amiable people.

THE filming of "Just Suppose" has just been one grand house-party for Richard Barthelmess. The company spent a week or so at

Southampton, L. I., taking polo scenes, and all the society people turned out to play "extras" in the picture. Among them was the Countess Salm (Millicent Rogers). The Southampton residents were very generous about allowing their estates to be used for "location," and Dick was invited to more social affairs than he had time to attend. Just a little later, Dick went to Philadelphia, where more scenes were taken on the famous Widener estate. And again Dick was treated like a visiting English celebrity. Mary Hay and Dick are still separated. Nor are they likely to become reconciled. Mary is appearing in Marilyn Miller's musical show, "Sunny." Mary loves the theater. As for Dick, his work and his social life are taking him far away from Broadway.

HAROLD LLOYD is riding for a fall. Some bright day another practical joker as good as Harold is going to knock him for a row of freshmen.

They were shooting scenes for his latest picture on Hollywood Boulevard the other day where double parking is as taboo as a baked ham sandwich in a synagogue. Bowling along the Boulevard came a friend of Harold's.

"Hi," yelled Lloyd. And the friend slowed down beside Lloyd in his car.

Along came an officer of the law and proceeded to present the friend with a tag. "But I'm talking business to Mr. Lloyd," protested the friend.

The cop looked inquiry at Harold. "Never saw the man before!" said Harold. "He stopped me and asked me about getting into pictures."

Gaylord Lloyd, Harold's brother,



This is the way those automobile scenes are filmed, with special lights in the car and the camera pointed through the window. Adolphe Menjou and Carlotta Monterey are the passengers, and Monta Bell, director of "The King on Main Street," is sitting in the chauffeur's seat



All set for Christmas morning. The proud father is Rin-Tin-Tin and the puppies in the hat box are his children. They are waiting for the canine Santa Claus to come along with a bag full of bones and extra rations of dog biscuits

stepped up. The friend beseeched Gaylord to intervene. But Gaylord was as hard-hearted as Harold.

"Don't know him!"

Then came "Red" Golden, Lloyd's fiery-haired assistant director. And he too disclaimed acquaintanceship with the tagged friend.

So the victim was presented with a five-dollar tag and now he is looking for a chance to retaliate.

THE Swedish invasion of the Metro-Goldwyn Studio is giving the Hollywood players and directors something to worry about. Here is a new Menace—not from Germany but from Scandinavia. Some of the new importations already have received important productions and more new players are on their way. Victor Seastrom has been chosen to direct Lillian Gish in "The Scarlet Letter," and a handsome Swedish actor, Lars Hanson, will be her leading man. Mauritz Stiller, another director, has been assigned to film "The Temptress," with Carmel Myers and the Swedish star, Greta Garbo, in the leading rôles.

WOEFUL wails resounded from the set where I knew Marshall Neilan was making "The Great Love."

Being inquisitive both by nature and trade, I rushed over to see what was the trouble. The noises were like nothing I had ever heard before.

And here is what I discovered. The wails came because of a case of colic—fifty square feet of colic, if you can imagine such a thing.

It seems Norma, the six-ton elephant being used in the picture, was the victim of a holiday debauch—peanuts, candy, cigar butts or what have you, which she had gorged from



Francis X. Bushman makes his return to the screen in a full-dress suit and a boiled shirt. You'll probably see him in "The Masked Bride" before "Ben Hur" comes to your theater. After finishing this picture, Mae Murray will go to Germany pursuant to her arrangement to work at the Ufa Studios

the hands of a holiday throng visiting the zoo.

No sooner had she arrived on the lot than her ailment smote her.

Norma doubled up and wailed—wails like a steam siren. A bucket of paragaric finally lulled her into a comatose condition and Viola Dana, Bobby Agnew and other humans of the cast were able to resume work.

"And can you blame her?" says Viola. "An elephant's stomach is about fifty square feet in area—and fifty square feet of colic is certainly no joke."

"THE GREEN HAT" has taken the place of "What Price Glory" as the favorite play of the movie visitors to New York. All last season, stars and directors from Hollywood rushed from the train to the theatre where "What Price Glory" was playing. This year, you are socially dead unless you have seen "The Green Hat."

Charlie Chaplin confided in me that he cared for it not at all. Charlie still lingers in New York because, as he so pitifully expresses it, when he goes back to Los Angeles, he'll have to begin work. He's having a wonderful time and the "misunderstood genius" pose—if he ever really had it—has dropped from him. Charlie is "being himself," and he confesses that it's the best vacation he ever had.

IT might have been worse, girls! Horrors, if he had broken that classical nose!

The Valentino wrist and ankle are painfully sprained and there are large and painful bruises on the sacred Valentino anatomy, but the face that thrills the flappers escaped untouched when the movie sheik was knocked down and trampled on by a runaway horse.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 82]

Some Last Crowns of Glory



As long as Jobyna Ralston is Harold Lloyd's leading woman, she must keep her curls. Like Mary Pickford she wants to bob her hair, but her contract forbids it



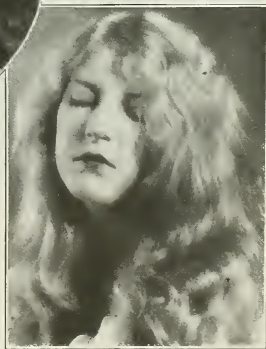
Norma Shearer is pointed out in Hollywood as "the girl with the long hair." Her hair adds distinction to her beauty. She wears it slicked close to her well-shaped head



Irene Rich is "the womanly woman." As a specialist in wifely roles, a bob would be a fatal mistake. If Miss Rich secretly yearns for a boyish cut, she must suppress that desire and avert her eyes when she passes — hurriedly — the tempting barber shop



Virginia Faire Brown likes long hair. Stylish or not, she prefers to be the poetic type



Catherine Bennett's gorgeous golden hair must go, because directors won't cast her in modern roles



HIS PEOPLE—Universal

A MARVELOUS picture dealing with the simple happenings from the everyday life of the Ghetto folks. The story is filled with the human interest stuff that is appreciated by so many fans. The Comisky family is no different than a goodly number of families now living on the East Side today. Many have the same high ideals as the father, a Russian immigrant. Realism is the keynote throughout the picture and never does it become stagey.

The production ranks high in quality, which speaks for the mastery direction of Edward Sloman.

The cast, consisting of Rudolph Schildkraut, Gordon Lewis, Blanche Mehaffey and Kate Price, is excellent. Schildkraut, as the father, gives one of the most impressive performances seen on the screen this year.

The Shadow Stage

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

A Review of the New Pictures



STELLA DALLAS—United Artists

PHOTOPLAY recommends this picture, without the slightest reservation, to every theatergoer, hoping that the public will demonstrate its appreciation of a great screen drama by rewarding its producer with unmistakable approval. Say it with tickets—the song of the box-office is sweeter music than the arias of the critics.

"Stella Dallas" comes nearer being a perfect translation of a novel to the screen than any picture in screen history. It is a masterful piece of work, reflecting credit on its producer, Samuel Goldwyn, its director, Henry King, its continuity writer, Frances Marion, its author, Olive Higgins Prouty, and every member of the cast and organization.

Here, too, is one of the greatest performances ever given to the screen—that of Belle Bennett in the title rôle. The rôle of the dowdy, ill-bred wife of a rising young lawyer, developing from a buxom girl of nineteen through to a tragic middle age and renunciation of her only child, is one of the most difficult that any actress has ever been called upon to do, and Mr. Goldwyn's selection of her for the part was a stroke of genius, as was the work of the director in guiding her through the characterization. As a matter of fact, nearly every performance in the picture ranks as one of the best of the month in a production that stands alone among its competitors on these pages this month.

Lois Moran flashes onto the screen as a glorious addition to our younger stars; Ronald Colman, Alice Joyce, Jean Hersholt, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., almost uncanny in his remarkable resemblance to his gifted father, all deserve praise far beyond the limited space of this report.

Go and see this picture or forever bold your peace about the art of the motion picture.



THE MAN ON THE BOX—Warner Brothers

WERE not going to call him Charlie Chaplin's brother any more. After this, he's just dear old Syd to us. He may not have the art, the finesse, the subtlety, the nuances or the what-have-yous of his famous brother, but somehow or other he makes 'em laugh.

The adaptation of Harold McGrath's story seldom comes within speaking distance of the original, but Syd gets a chance to masquerade as a parlor-maid and even if we were President Coolidge we'd laugh at Syd in skirts. Moreover, this lad takes a pretty fall and he's got all the tricks of English pantomime down pat. Of course, my dear Lady Chivvy, this film isn't what you and I call Art, and it's too crude for words. Nor has it what Elinor Glyn calls "It." Still, it is a very good way to spend the evening.



AN EXCHANGE OF WIVES—Metro-Goldwyn

THIS is light comedy, none too subtle, but still close enough to life to be amusing. It tells of two "Jack Spratt" marriages and traces the adventures of two ill-assorted couples who flirt mildly and apparently innocently with the dear old marriage tie. Lew Cody is particularly good as the devilish husband. Creighton Hale, Eleanor Boardman and Renee Adoree also shine.



THE MIDSHIPMAN—Metro-Goldwyn

IT will be welcomed because it brings Ramon Novarro back to the screen. But it is going to disappoint a lot of persons who like Novarro best in romantic rôles. As an Annapolis cadet, he's handsome and he does his best, but the comedy is quite beneath his standing on the screen. In fact, the whole story is childish; it belongs to the class of juvenile fiction.



WHY WOMEN LOVE—First National

TAKEN from the stage play "The Sea Woman" by Willard Robinson. Why the change in title is problematical. The development of the story is not especially well brought out. But a number of thrilling episodes save the picture from the boredom class. Throughout the picture there is a wealth of good sea atmosphere and a number of beautiful scenic shots.



LOVERS IN QUARANTINE—Paramount

MADE on the principle that if the "gags" are good, the plot or direction does not matter. Maybe yes, but maybe no. It's a tropical story of fun on a Bermuda boat, with Bebe Daniels at her funniest and Harrison Ford playing a foolish rôle with real intelligence. It's trivial, but the younger set will think it hot stuff. And perhaps the older set may be amused.



THE PLASTIC AGE—B. P. Schulberg

ANOTHER story of the carryings-on of the collegiate set. The novel was shrewd and had some distinction, but the film is just another one of those movies. The college atmosphere is implausible and Clara Bow is not our idea of a college girl. While Donald Keith is a good hero, there aren't enough convincing character studies to lift it above the level of the usual jazz drama.



BELOW THE LINE—Warner Brothers

HERE'S our old friend Rin-Tin-Tin back again, still going strong, and just as excellent as ever. It is really delightful to watch Rinny work. He is so realistic and human that it causes one to wonder at the cleverness of the animal. A splendid story enhances the acting values of the cast, which is headed by Johnny Harnon and June Marlowe.



THE CALGARY STAMPEDE—Universal

THREE cheers for Hoot Gibson and his director, Herbert Blache! Of all the excellent Westerns that Hoot has appeared in, this is by far the best—in fact it's a knockout. The action is decidedly different from the usual cut-and-ried Westerns. The most remarkable riding stunts are performed and we can just imagine the shouts from the young "fellas" when they see this. And, grown-ups, don't miss it!



WHAT FOOLS MEN—First National

THAT'S what we always said, but no one agreed with us. A nice little picture, but it doesn't leave much of an impression. All about an inventor who decides that his daughter shall be socially prominent. She becomes too prominent at the cocktail-shaking parties, only to be rescued by her handsome chauffeur. And here's the boy that is going to be popular, Hugh Allan, a clean-cut chap.



THANK YOU—Fox

AMOVIE producer's idea of small town life. A sincere story with a religious theme is turned into a silly caricature of church life which pictures most church-goers as bigoted idiots. Which they are not. Alec Francis redeems the picture by giving a fine and thoughtful performance of a minister who makes some astonishingly sudden—and perfectly unbelievable—reformatations.



SATAN IN SABLES—Warner Brothers

HES a Russian grand duke and his every look is an insult to a good woman. Nevertheless you like him because he's Lowell Sherman and a good actor. He meets a little rose from Montmartre (Pauline Garon). She's not like other girls—and that's the story. The film has plot and a certain dash. But don't forget that Sherman's public is not recruited from the kindergarten.



THE CIRCLE—Metro-Goldwyn

SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S play was too clever for them. You can't buy a sophisticated study in free love, make changes to suit the censors, and expect to please the public. A pointed comedy of a certain phase of society has been turned into a weak tea society drama that is neither interesting nor real. The acting is not distinguished enough to save it from utter banality.



A SON OF HIS FATHER—Paramount

FROM the story by Harold Bell Wright, this is the tamest of Westerns seen in some time. The hero is one of these easy going affairs who does everything to protect the heroine's honor even though it makes him look like a coward. 'Spouse that's true love. Some actors have been wasted here, for it's one of the dulllest pictures on record.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 115]

What Makes a Director?



Ernst Lubitsch, actor;
German importation,
one of screen's hopes



King Vidor, amateur
mechanic, odd studio
jobs; splendid director

By Terry Ramsaye

THE motion picture director rules a scintillating studio world, all a-whirl with beauty, romance, splendor and mystery. At the director's nod, men come and go, lovely women laugh and cry, armies march, mobs surge and fight, castles are built and cities are burned. At his command life, love and death are ordained in his world of make-believe. And for this the director receives fame, power and fortune.

Would you care to be a director and enjoy all his success? Doubtless you would. Also doubtless you would not pay the price for it. And yet, you may pay that price and become a director! So far in the short career of the motion picture art directors have all been made by that master director we call Fate.

If we are to judge from the careers of the greater directors the price is this—you have to go to hell first—and then come back. Most of them have, one way or another.

It is a trite commonplace in discussing successful careers to say "there is no royal road." But to success as a director of motion pictures there is no road at all, royal or rough. The way is through the wildernesses of experience with Chance, the narrow hope at the end.

The story of life can only be told on the screen by those who have lived it.

The director has to re-create life. We demand of the screen that it make us believe. The successful photoplay must give us the thrills and joys and fears and excitements of living. In the easy chair of the theater we ask of the director that he take us down to the depths and up to the heights.

No other art is so exacting of experience. The motion picture is so eternally definite. When we read, when we look at paintings and listen to the musician, we unconsciously put our imagination at work to help the artist. But we do not help the motion picture director for the film is ready made imagination. We must see what our eyes see, and it must be complete. Its very nature prevents contribution from our fancy.

All that a picture is to be must be poured through the single mind of the director, so he, of all men, must be the most "all things to all men"—and women.

WHAT manner of men are they, these directors of the motion picture? How do they come into their dazzling positions of power, vast salaries and great fame? What makes them worth salaries of one to ten thousand dollars a week? We discover here that not one of them aimed in advance for the goal at which he has arrived. Griffith, the actor, trying to write scenarios; Ince, the director, forced into wealth as a director of directors; DeMille, the playwright, who got his chance as Lasky's second choice; Von Stroheim, who left the Austrian



Herbert Brenon, student actor; responsible for "Peter Pan"



Eric von Stroheim, soldier, extra player; director of "Greed"

Let us survey the careers of directors and seek out the patterns of preparation and destiny that have led to their screen careers. There, if anywhere, we may find the answer.

First of all there is Griffith, because, in a certain general sense and popular opinion, the art of motion picture direction in the modern sense began with Griffith.

D. W. Griffith is the greatest unscreened star of the screen. Griffith is an impersonal mystery. Of the millions who know the screen personalities of Pickford, Chaplin and the rest so well, only an inconsiderable few would recognize Griffith. And yet he, just as truly as the stars, has made the screen a personal expression.

Certainly this man Griffith, so much the master of life's expression in the films, found no royal road to his fame. The truth is that Griffith had no notion of being a director and, until the very hour of his becoming one, resisted the urgings of destiny.

READ IT AND WEEP

THE newest foreign actress to arrive in Hollywood is Greta Garbo. Greta is straight from Sweden where actors and actresses are only plain, human beings.

Upon her arrival at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, the committee of welcome asked her where and how she wished to live. Would she have a suite at the Ambassador? Or a mansion in Beverly Hills? Or a cottage at the Beach? Or perhaps, all three at once?

Miss Garbo was overwhelmed by the courtesy. "If you please," she asked timidly, "I would like it very much if you would get me a good room with a nice private family."

Masters of the Make-Believe World, all of whom just happened into enormous salaries

army and drifted about five years in odd jobs in the U. S.—a motley array of mechanics, newspaper men and soldiers of fortune who have risen to rule the stages of the studios.

Here we learn that the only formula is to learn about life, and then expose yourself to opportunity.

Here is the story of some typical directors; not all the great ones are discussed here. And there are not enough great directors—the motion picture is still the land of opportunity.

JAMES R. QUIRK.



Clarence Brown, engineer; now Valentino's director



Monta Bell, a journalist who exposed himself to opportunity

Like many another screen success, Griffith's motion picture beginnings had their start in adversity. It was nearly twenty years ago Griffith the actor came into New York and cast about for things to do. He had had many of life's ups and downs, beginning in the days when he was a reporter out in Louisville, Ky., and on the road as a country book agent. There had been all the buffeting that come to a rambling, strolling player in stock and chance engagements. As Lawrence Griffith he had become just an actor, fair, average, ordinary. There was no promise of fame or even comfortable success in that, only a hope of a continuing nip-and-tuck struggle with the world. But all the while he had been learning of life in unknown preparation for the translation of life into pictures.

When fortune is at low tide with actors they dream dreams about a play. When one can find nothing else to do there is always writing and its long-shot rosy hopes.



Allan Dwan, engineer; made all recent Swanson pictures



Edwin Carewe, hobo, actor; maker of 100 pictures

So it came that D. W. Griffith went up to the Edison studio in the Bronx region of New York to offer an outline for a picture based on the plot of "La Tosca." The picture studios were beginning to be story-hungry then and they were, it was reported up and down Broadway, willing to pay as much as fifteen dollars each for "suggestions." These "suggestions" were of course just embryo scenarios.

Griffith's scenario on "La Tosca" was too good. It involved what seemed then far too many scenes and effects for a motion picture. But Griffith wanted something to do. He suggested that he could act. There was an argument about that, but Griffith prevailed and got a part. He played a woodsman hero in a one reeler entitled "The Eagle's Nest."

That was his introduction to the screen. Soon he was contributing scenarios to Biograph and now and then playing bits in pictures.

When the day came that Biograph wanted another director, Griffith was called into the office and offered the job. He refused it, considerably to the surprise of H. N. Marvin, the head of the concern.

Griffith wanted to let well enough alone. He was working steadily in the pictures under the senior director, McCutcheon, and making perhaps thirty-five dollars a week.

He was safe and comfortable. Now if he tried McCutcheon's game and fell down on it, he might be out of work again. Griffith thought it over and shook his head.

Marvin insisted. He handed over the script of "The Adventures of Dolly," a one reel story of a lost child, and told Griffith to go make it anyway.

"If it doesn't turn out to be a picture, I'll see that you do not lose by it," he assured the dubious Griffith. Griffith, of course, did make the picture, and went timidly down to see its first run one night at Keith's theater.

In the years that followed Griffith learned to make the motion picture an instrument of expression. Compared with his beginnings, however, the triumph of "The Birth of a Nation," "Broken Blossoms" and his other spectacular successes were minor victories. His big step came when he decided to take a chance on a thirty-five dollar job.

Cecil DeMille, conspicuously among the most famous of directors, was a faint hearted experimenter taking a long chance when he went out on the desert to make "The Squaw Man" with Dustin Farnum. It was the first picture for the timid and venturesome Lasky Feature Play Company.

JUST A BABY STAR

OF all the small-sized actresses in Hollywood, Anne Cornwall is about the tiniest. The other day Anne was clad in a pair of gingham rompers, preparing for a masquerade party to be given that evening. The doorbell rang. Anne answered it.

An old person selling Arabian tooth-brushes or embroidered shrouds stood there.

"Is your mommer at home, leetle gal?" queried the old person.

"No, muvver isn't home," said Anne.

"Is your big sister at home?"

"No, sir."

"Bless ye, child, for your gentle answers to an old man—here's a piece o' candy for your sweetness!"

The pupils have a gymnasium fitted up for their use. Reading from left to right are: Dorothy Nourse, Mona Palma, Harriet Krauth, Thelma Todd, Ethelda Kenvin, Marian Harris and Josephine Dunn



Some day you may be writing "fan letters" to Marian Ivy Harris, of Atlanta, Georgia. Here is Marian taking one of her first lessons in the art of make-up



Irving Hartley was a press agent



Robert Andrews, an assistant director

Waiting for the Starlight

By Agnes Smith

THEY are in the movies now—the sixteen students of the Paramount School of Acting. They have a director, they have a studio orchestra and—and you can't beat this for elegance—they have an author to write a story especially for them.

What more could the boys and girls want?

Some time in the spring you are going to see them on the screen. Famous Players-Lasky is going to present its first class of pupils in a regular movie which will be duly presented just as though it was one of Gloria's or Bebe's or Richard Dix's pictures.

Sam Wood, their director, calls them the "substitute team." They are waiting impatiently on the sidelines, ready to get into the game. As their coach, Mr. Wood puts them through their practice.

A few months ago, the pupils were sixteen amateurs. Their classes were most sedate, their manners were most modest. You could see them walking by the other sets at the Paramount Studio on tip-toe. They whispered some and giggled a little.

Today they have sets of their own. You can hear them working a mile away. When they're not working, they're dancing. The poor old studio orchestra pounds away all day long at "Collegiate."

Life is just one "wise-crack" after another.

The real stars no longer awe them.

16 Little Starlets
at the Paramount
school all set to
face the camera



Ethelda Kenvin,
artist's model



Harriet Krauth was
a chorus girl



Did you know that it takes a lot of skill to fall down stairs? An amateur can't perform this little stunt to the satisfaction of a director. Here is Miss Harris at practice

A year ago Thelma Todd taught school in Lawrence, Mass. She is now one of the most promising pupils in the school—and, besides that, she's a real beauty



Jack Luden, medical student



Charles Rogers, student

Mr. Lasky just had to let them make that picture; if he hadn't, his first class in the school would have gone up in spontaneous combustion.

When they are all gathered together in make-up and costume, you can't tell them from the regular studio workers. Not at first glance.

But when you listen to them talk, you can hear the difference.

A small group of students were clustered back of the camera discussing the joy and delights of Klieg eyes.

As yet, the school has not developed a

genuine case of Klieg eyes. But they won't be happy until they get it. Think of the joy of writing home and reporting that you are laid up with Klieg eyes! Of course, any regular studio worker dreads Klieg eyes more than the smallpox. Still, you can't persuade the student that a bonafide case wouldn't be the last word in professionalism.

Before a breathless audience, Mona Palmer, who has had some previous studio experience, explained the symptoms of Klieg eyes. And Josephine Dunn declared happily that she couldn't imagine anything more fun.

Byron Morgan, who wrote some of Wallie Reid's best comedies, is going to write the story of their first picture. Before he saw the classes in action—and action is right—he was inclined to side-step the assignment. One look at the pupils and he grabbed the chance.

"But it's going to be pretty tough," he explained, "writing a story to fit sixteen stars. And when they start to cast the picture, I'm going to leave town."

Sam Wood and Mr. Morgan spend most of their time with the school—even after the classes are over, Mr. Wood and Mr. Morgan keep up their interest in their pupils. They chaperon the whole gang to theaters; they talk to them, advise them and encourage them. Above all, they keep driving home the fact that the students are no longer amateurs.

When Mr. Wood first took over the school, he plunged his classes boldly into love scenes. After all, you know, there are love scenes in motion pictures and the pupils might as well be prepared for them.

On the first day that the classes in kissing were called to order, two of the girls were absent. They had never been kissed and didn't intend to begin in front of the camera. However, all the boys were present—right on time, too.

It took some little diplomacy and a great deal of tact for Mr. Wood to explain to the young ladies that while kiss-less girls are undoubtedly perfectly charming, there are nevertheless some sacrifices that must be made for art. [CONT'D ON PAGE 131]



Dorothy Nourse, department store clerk



Marian Ivy Harris, art student



Silver fox furs! For centuries worn only by royalty and still today the pride and envy of every woman. Expensive? Yes, but as alluring a frame for your face as they are here for JOBYNA RALSTON. PROTOPLAY will tell you more about silver fox furs if you will write for information

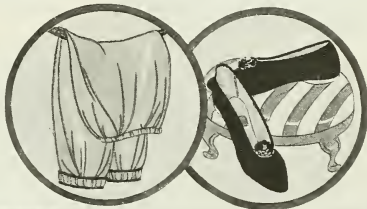
Give the Gifts You Like Best

PHOTOPLAY Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y., will purchase any of these lovely things shown here and on the next two pages. Send certified check or money order—no stamps. No articles sent C. O. D. Returns permissible only if articles are sent direct to Photoplay Shopping Service, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, within three days after receipt.

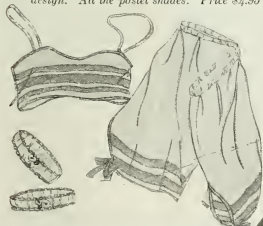


The smartest and newest in scarfs, such as COLLEEN MOORE is wearing, are of crepe de chine, narrow enough to tie gracefully, and are hand stenciled in striking designs and color combinations. Price \$2.95

Long knickers of silk jersey are finished off just below the knee with contrasting color elastic garters. Practical for winter wear and modestly priced at \$2.95. All street shades. 27-29 and 31-inch lengths. Good looking bedroom slippers of black velvet are lined with quilted satin in pink, blue or orchid. Sizes, 3½-8. \$3.00

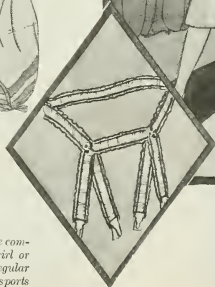


A dainty step-in chemise of crepe de chine has the new pleated front. Trimmed with lace and an embroidered design. All the pastel shades. Price \$4.95



Dance set of glove silk in pink, orchid, maize, Nile, peach and roseof, trimmed with contrasting shades. Consists of new step-ins, tying at the side, brassiere and garters. Sizes 34-58. Complete at \$5.00

The dainty new girdle garters are comfortable and practical for the girl or woman who does not wear a regular girdle. Especially good for sports wear and dancing. Price \$2.50



VIOLA DANA is wearing a crepe de chine, ostrich trimmed negligee. Pink, coral, rose, orchid, turquoise or French blue. Sizes 34-40. Price \$13.95

Winter comfort is in this boudoir coat of quilted satin SHIRLEY MASON is wearing, warmly interlined and lined. Rose, copen, orchid, peach and turquoise. Sizes 34-40—\$9.95; larger sizes—\$10.95

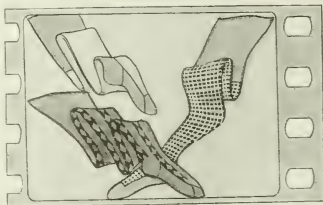
Hollywood Offer Christmas



Smart pins for smart hats, and dainty buckles to adorn pretty slippers. The pin set in sterling silver is effective on a scarf, too, and is priced at \$1.95. The stunning pearl dagger costs only \$1.25. The rhinestone bowknot buckles are \$2.50 the pair, and those of cut steel or bronze ore \$2.95

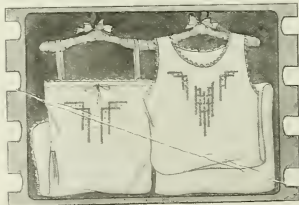


Three accessories that would make delightful gifts. A silk evening bag trimmed with ostrich, priced at \$5.00. Evening shades. The newest flower for the boutonniere is the shaggy chrysanthemum, which comes in the season's new colors—yellow, flesh, orchid and white. Price \$1.25. For the more conservative, the velvet gardenia in white, red, orange or green, \$1.00



For winter street or sports wear the smart woman will choose these woolen hose, in stunning patterns. Sports shades. Price \$3.95. Sheer silk hose with hile tops, of excellent wearing quality, are priced at \$5.00 the box of three pairs. Single pairs may be had for \$1.75. All shades

Semi-made nightgown of excellent quality hand drawn crepe de chine. You sew up the seams and put on the lace. Excellent value at \$5.95. Chemise to match is priced at \$3.95. Colors—flesh, orchid, peach and white. All sizes

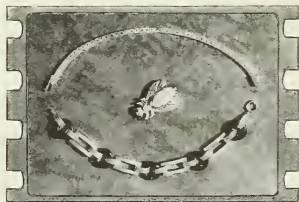


A pretty trifle to carry in the evening is this handkerchief made of a small square of georgette edged with ostrich. In all pastel shades—\$2.00 A graceful feather fan in a vivid shade adds just the right touch of contrast to the evening ensemble. This one comes in beautiful evening shades and has shell colored sticks. Special at \$5.00

The key-lock bag is smart in lizard calf, priced at \$4.95. The long, narrow bag has an adjustable handle that can be slipped over the wrist or tucked under the arm. All the new shades—\$4.95



and the Screen Suggestions

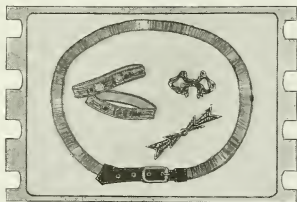


A bracelet of black rings with yellow, red, or blue enamel is copied from a London import. Price \$3.95. The flexible bracelet is of sterling silver set with rhinestones—\$3.95. The nicest thing in hat pins is this bee of imitation turquoise matrix, with rhinestone wings and head. Price \$2.50

THIS Shopping Service was started about eight months ago, answering the demand of many PHOTOPLAY subscribers for things seen on the screen, worn by stars and for articles and frocks similar to those from Hollywood wardrobes. The calls on this department have been tremendously gratifying, and whether you are a PHOTOPLAY subscriber or not does not matter; this Service is for all our readers and we want you to use it.

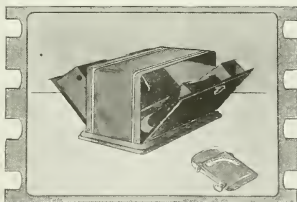


A group of moderately priced but smart accessories. The "Charleston" belt is of gilt mesh with red, green or blue leather ends. Price \$2.75. New garters of silk elastic have tiny wooden flowers embroidered in pastel shades. Price \$1.50. The tiny bouton pin is of sterling silver set with vari-colored stones, and costs \$1.95. A smart pin for the older woman is of rhinestones set in sterling silver, with a narrow border of black enamel—price \$2.95



Novel ways of giving the ever popular handkerchief. The doll's costume consists of six novelty linen handkerchiefs—all white or assorted colors. Price \$3.50. The bouquet holds four gaily colored linen handkerchiefs—priced at \$1.95. The gold plated pocket atomizer is a new way of carrying your favorite perfume. \$5.00

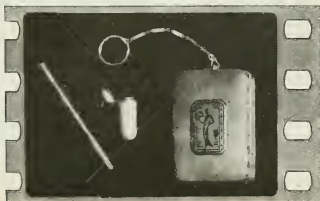
Beautifully made fitted suitcase of cobra grain cowhide, silk lined. The tray, with its eleven fittings in shell or amber, may be lifted out and carried separately as an overnight case. \$25.00



A convenient little miniature set comes in a leather case, silk lined, with ivory or shell colored fittings. Price \$3.50

Two useful gifts for the man in the case. Snake bit, in black, green or red, has space for cigarettes, matches and a removable ash tray. Plain, \$3.50; monogrammed, \$4.50. Print initials plainly when ordering. Pocket lighter, nickel finished. Price \$1.95

A gold plated cigarette holder with an amber mouthpiece is collapsible and fits into a small enameled case—price \$5.00. The sterling silver vanity is decorated with a silhouette in black enamel, and holds powder, rouge and lipstick, with space for bills or cigarettes. Price \$5.00



Photoplay's Honor Roll

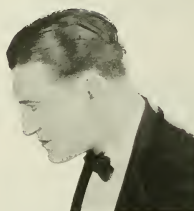
For 1925



Raymond Griffith



Gloria Swanson



Richard Dix

Ten players win two or more credits for "best performances"

FOR the twelve months beginning in the December PHOTOPLAY of 1924 and ending with the November issue of 1925, ten players received mention in "The Shadow Stage" for more than one "best performance of the month," five being cited three times and five twice.

According to PHOTOPLAY's reviewers, the five players doing the most noteworthy work of the year were: Gloria Swanson in "Wages of Virtue," "Madame Sans Gene" and "The Coast of Folly"; Raymond Griffith in "Paths to Paradise," "The Night Club" and "He's A Prince"; Richard Barthelmess in "Classmates," "Soul-Fire" and "Shore Leave"; Richard Dix in "Manhattan," "Too Many Kisses" and "The Shock Punch"; Lon Chaney in "He Who Gets Slapped," "The Phantom of the Opera" and "The Unholy Three."

On the list of those who received two mentions are Betty Bronson in "Peter Pan" and "Are Parents People?"; Carol Dempster in "Isn't Life Wonderful?" and "Sally of the Sawdust"; John Gilbert in "The Wife of the Centaur" and "The Merry Widow"; Colleen Moore in "So Big" and "Sally"; and Douglas MacLean in "Never Say Die" and "Introduce Me."



Richard Barthelmess



Lon Chaney



John Gilbert



Carol Dempster



Douglas MacLean



Colleen Moore



Betty Bronson



Russell Ball



A STATUETTE of youth and grace—Esther Ralston. These two new photographs are recommended for the consideration of those “fans” who are joining in PHOTOPLAY’s fascinating little game of picking the ten most beautiful women in pictures.



Harold Dean Carsey

JOHN BARRYMORE hopes to fulfill the ambition of a life-time by appearing in a screen version of "Don Juan"—the gentleman of a thousand loves. He may delay his return to the stage to remain in Hollywood for the production.



Ruth Harriet Louise

RUDOLPH AND MIMI—the immortal lovers of the Latin Quarter—brought to the screen by John Gilbert and Lillian Gish. Lillian had the good fortune to obtain the most sought-after actor in pictures for her leading man in "La Boheme."



Edward Thayer Monroe



HERE is "Miss America." The judges of the Atlantic City Beauty Contest pronounced her the most beautiful girl in the country. As a reward, Fay Lamphier will play the title role in Paramount's production, "The American Venus." Before her sudden rise to fame, Miss Lamphier was a private secretary in Sacramento, Calif.

The Failure's Wife

A short story for
Restless
Brides



To her own amazement, as she donned her only evening dress—a rose velvet, fashioned with her own hands—she found herself dressing for Roy

By Agnes Christine Johnson

Illustrated by Harley Ennis Stivers

ANN flushed guiltily, for the letter hidden in the bosom of her dress rustled loudly as she passed David his bread pudding. She had decided not to tell him until after dinner. It was the busy season at the studio and she knew he was overworking. Even with this new rebellion in her heart, she felt the old motherly pity for his fatigue.

His face brightened, as he told her the simple patter of gossip from the studio—gossip she usually reveled in when this terrible flood of revolt was not upon her.

"I engaged a new actress today for that small part in Bitzell's picture," said David.

"Is she pretty?" Mechanically Ann played their old game, assuming jealousy with an intensity that delighted David. His mild brown eyes twinkled joyously as he took up his part.

"Is she pretty? Well, I should say—"

"How pretty?"

David did not notice the dead quality of her voice. He leaned over and took her hand.

"Not half as pretty as my old Annie Laurie," he said, and he kept her hand in his as he drank his coffee.

"It's floor-scrubbing evening, isn't it?" he asked.

"Yes, but let it go," Ann answered nervously. "I'll do it myself tomorrow. You're too tired tonight. Besides, there's something I want to talk to you about after I finish the dishes."

He did not notice the subtly ominous note in her voice.

"Didn't I promise, when I married you, that you'd never have to scrub floors for a living?" he demanded with a twisted smile. "Of course I didn't know, then, that I'd be doing it myself—but Lord!—it's good exercise for me—keeps my waist line down."

Ann looked at his gaunt stooped figure as he rose from the table and went into the kitchenette to fumble around for the scrubbing things. There was a sneer in her voice as she rasped out, "Oh, all right!"

He turned and came to the doorway, a startled look in his mild brown eyes. But it melted quickly away as he saw her lift a heavy armful of dishes and hurried to assist her with them.

While he scrubbed, Ann washed the dishes and her thoughts clattered on in a bitter accompaniment. The hulking, scrubbing figure shuffling at her feet—to think she had actually been in love with him once! What a flaming youthful love it had been! And how resplendent with hopes and dreams! She had been glad to give up her ambition to become "the greatest emotional actress on the screen!" Wasn't she to be the wife of David Warren, the coming young director? He had been so jealous of her. And they had both seen enough of professional marriages where both husband and wife continued to follow their respective careers.

All of Which Proves that Pearls are

So, joyfully, Ann had let her great ambition for herself flow into a mighty hope and desire for her husband. At first she was as sure of his success as she had been of her own. He **MUST** succeed, merely because she willed it—because he would try so hard. And he did try hard. At first anyway. But now, looking back, she knew he *didn't know how to try*—to concentrate heart and soul on an endeavor and emerge undaunted under each new defeat. He let go too easily. He seemed almost lazy, of course, he didn't realize it was laziness.

David had always had a good excuse for failing. The first year, when he didn't "put over" that big picture at Goldstein's—the actors were impossible—the story fundamentally unsound. It was so easy to lay the blame on others and loyally Ann helped him to do it. She wouldn't admit he was a failure.

The next year there was a slump in pictures. Overproduction! Companies failing left and right. Many of the biggest directors were out of jobs and David had almost boasted of being in such distinguished ranks.

Finally, when they had been pushed to the wall for expenses, he had to sign on with the Sid Seifelt company—a notoriously cheap concern. And how could anyone expect David Warren to put over his rather high-brow ideas when he was with an organization headed by Sid Seifelt—Sid, who had spent his life in the business of manufacturing gloves? Of course his picture was a failure. There had been plenty of excuses that time. Ann had waxed vehement in them. And of course he lost his job.

THEN followed continual losing of jobs—always for some perfectly good reason. Until at last he was forced to accept the position of "casting director" for the New York Superpictures. No more an artist or creator, himself, he sat all day behind the gated office and interviewed minor actors and actresses who came for jobs. He painstakingly selected "vamps" and "heavies" and "country mothers" for other directors' pictures. Ann was thankful his disgrace had not occurred in Hollywood, before the eyes of all her friends. In New York, one felt more hidden.

They still kept up a pretence with each other that David was not wholly a failure. The job was only "temporary." David would have his own company soon, just as they had planned. It was only a question of time. But the letter from Ann's old chum had broken down the thin wall of self-delusion for Ann at least. The shabby little flat that she and David had made into such a home-like place; the stenciled flowers on the wall to match the cretonne curtains; the cheap chairs he had picked up from the discard of the studio prop rooms; the table and book-racks he had made for her himself, for David did have a knack with his hands—she hated it all now. It suddenly seemed cramped and poor and cheap. She was ashamed of it. Especially, as she thought of Madge's letter with its description of Madge's new home in Beverly Hills. How Madge's piquant little nose would have curled in scorn at the ugly noises and



When Roy brought Lala May up and introduced her, Ann wasn't so sure about the

views and smells of Ann's Bronx flat! Madge had married Roy Garrick, now the biggest director in the motion picture industry—Roy, the man Ann had turned down for David!

Ann looked down at David, now. He had almost finished scrubbing the kitchen. Disheveled, dirty, perspiring—the perspiration rolled off in huge wet balls from his thin cheeks and forehead as he raised his head. She could hardly believe that he had once been the fastidious, well-groomed and handsome young man she had fallen in love with. Ugh, how she hated perspiration, especially such ugly rolling balls of it!

And yet, as David proudly surveyed the spotless white floor, there was a smile of complete contentment and happiness on his face. It made Ann angrier than before. Why David actually seemed to enjoy life more now than he had settled down to a thwarted ambition than when he had been fighting for success.

Happiness! It wasn't just living, Ann decided, as she stirred the dish-mop in the pan and laboriously fished up the last of the silver with it so she wouldn't have to put her hands in the

Sometimes Easier to Get Than Love!



supercilious little star's being such a safe plaything

hot water. It wasn't just drifting along quietly without trouble, that made life worth while. Activity! Accomplishment! Her soul cried out for it.

David tucked away the scrubbing things with great neatness and put his arm about Ann. He did not notice her involuntary shrinking as she felt the clammy wetness of his perspiring body against her own.

"Ann dear," he said, "I've found the canary we've been talking about for so long. It's a thoroughbred, was exhibited at the bird show but didn't take the prize because the darned little rascal wouldn't sing a note all the time it was there. But the other day at the studio, while Marcella De Joy was doing an emotional scene, they simply couldn't keep him quiet, even when they darkened his cage. Marcella nearly went wild, and they couldn't move him out of the set because he had already 'registered' in the long shot. Had to send out and get another canary. I decided for him then and there—a bird that's plucky enough to go on singing in the dark!"

"Is Marcella still dissatisfied with Raymond Holt as a director?" broke in Ann, suddenly hopeful. "Has she said anything more to you about getting you to finish the picture?"

"Well, something—" he began rather lamely, "but she was just talking, I guess. And anyhow Mr. Stein came out and asked my opinion of Holt's work. Think of it, Ann, the president asking my advice about keeping a three thousand dollar a week director!"

Ann did not enthuse. She knew pictures too well for that. Big producers were never sure of their own judgment. They were apt to seek—and take—the advice of their lowest employees. The fate of a star or the purchase of a popular novel often lay in the answer of the stenographer or office boy.

"What did you tell Mr. Stein?" She stopped short in folding up her dish towel and faced him squarely. Little did he know that on his answer hung his fate. But even as she looked at him, she knew he had failed again. His thin cheeks flushed, his eyes avoided hers as he wiped the perspiration from his face.

"I couldn't say anything against him. I told Mr. Stein that he could never get a director that Marcella would not find fault with. And it's true. She was only kidding me. There's no one

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 74]

Choosing Chairs for Comfort



This month's horrible example. Dreary, commonplace and uncomfortable, these sets once were in almost every American parlor. But the producers have to do it sometimes for atmospheric realism

THE years between 1890 and 1910 were the dark ages of American interior decoration. The homes of the Colonial days were furnished with beautiful simplicity. The homes of the Civil War era, particularly in the South, were full of charm. But about 1890, a change, distinctly for the worse, came. Labor, particularly in the building trades, was so cheap that carpenters and cabinet makers evolved elaborate ways of keeping themselves employed.

With the coming of the scroll saw, they got in their deadliest work. The market was flooded with curlicued atrocities. The ambitious home-maker was persuaded she must have three, five or seven-piece "sets" in every room. The result was the ugliness that too great output and standardization always bring.

We are just emerging from this period to advance more and more toward originality, comfort and charm in our home decorating and nothing shows this good tendency more than the chairs we are now using.

In designing my movie sets I am delighted at the wide variety of chairs I find I am able to purchase today, in excellent taste and at moderate prices.

I am a firm believer in the idea that nothing can bring more charm to a room than a beautiful chair. Certainly there is nothing more comfortable than the right chair and nothing more uncomfortable than the wrong one.

When I start to furnish a movie room I determine, primarily, the uses of the room's chairs, for it is well to remember that a chair is first and foremost a practical object, no matter how decorative it may be.

A woman who uses an arm chair in a dining room

Here is the conventional three-piece living room set in mohair. It is comfortable, practical and correct, but not distinctive. Retail price, \$300

The second of a series of articles on adapting the fine furnishings of the movies to your own home

By Charles D. Chapman

and a straight, stiff chair in a living room deserves to lose her friends.

Take the two sets pictured on this page as an example of our changing taste. Below is the conventional three-piece set in mohair as it is done today. Frankly, I don't like it. It is suited to its purpose. It is practical, comfortable and comparatively inexpensive. It is in good taste. But it is about as distinctive as coffee for breakfast. However, it is such a great advance over the sets of yesteryear I can be slightly appreciative of it.

The room above is furnished with the remains of a 1910 five-piece set. I never saw these sets developed in anything except green or red plush.

I never saw one that wasn't an eyevore and nearly impossible to sit upon. Yet there were literally tens of thousands of them let loose upon our fair land, and I suppose they are still on sale in some shops today. Personally, I would rather live in an empty room than one furnished in this fashion. Contrast with

An excellent example of the "occasional chair." Little Clinton boudoir chair, today's best seller, can be purchased as cheaply as \$19

these two groups, the Queen Anne chair and the small chair of rose cut velvet that I used in a set created for Adolphe Menjou. Here is the combination of originality, beauty and luxury to which we are bringing our homes today. Both these chairs are highly decorative, an asset to any



and Charm

room. Yet they are made, above all, to be sat upon comfortably, the true mission of any chair worthy of the name.

The Queen Anne chair is of embossed velvet in black, old rose and gold. This is expensive but, copied in chintz, it would be equally charming and less than half the cost. The other chair is nearly as comfortable, one chair from a three-piece set. The remainder of the set was not used in the room.

I took even more liberty in the use of individual pieces in the library set for William de Mille's production, "Men and Women." Here are four period chairs, all of them colorful, all correct for the present mode and all in harmony with the others. The Italian needlepoint bench before the desk is developed in old red, blues and yellows. The tall chair behind the desk is Italian also, a somewhat elaborate example of oak carving. The Queen Anne wing chair, sometimes called a fireside chair, is of antique green damask and the small English tapestry chair is green, gold and red. They were really delightful together, bringing warmth and color to the room.

Incidentally, that stained glass window in the background was not my fault. It was necessary to the plot.



These chairs are all very smart. Italian needlepoint bench (foreground) is priced at \$50. English tapestry small chair, \$85. Queen Anne fireside chair, \$175. Italian high backed arm chair in modern copy, \$150. From "Men and Women"

Two lovely chairs. The Queen Anne chair (upper corner) costs, in embossed velvet, \$175. Copied in chintz, \$90. Small chair (lower corner) of rose cut velvet, one of a three-piece set, retailing at \$250 the set. Both in excellent taste. From "The King on Main Street"

The original Louis XVI chair, here shown, is very valuable. Copies sell for \$150



Decorators talk to you of "occasional" chairs, chairs that suggest pleasing contrast and that add comfort to a room, if rightly selected and rightly used.

But there is danger that in one's enthusiasm for a piece that is being considered only by itself, one may be oblivious to the fact that its suitability depends upon its setting and that it may not really be satisfactory for average daily use.

As an example of the "occasional" chair that must be selected with some caution, there is the early Italian antique. This style is becoming more and more popular, and with excellent reason, for it is highly picturesque furniture. Beware, in particular, however, of the formal hall chair in this style.

One thing is that such a chair sits too high from the floor to be comfortable for the average person. The explanation is that when they were first made, back in the early Renaissance, these chairs were always accompanied by footstools. Keep such a chair against the wall to be admired, but ask nothing more of it.

For practicability, consider the thoroughly modern little Clinton chair. These tiny, comfortable seats are selling like the proverbial hotcakes. They can be used in almost any informal setting, may be covered with any material and they sell at prices sufficiently inexpensive to endeavor them to any good shopper.

Finally, for real beauty, the middle chair. Here is a thoroughly feminine specimen, a particularly fine Louis XVI chair. Almost all women admire French furniture, I find. This chair is an original and practically priceless. It is exquisitely developed in upholstery of blue and gold flowered damask. The cushion seat is made of the same material and the wooden frame is of aged, mellowed wood in grey and gold. It could be copied, however, at moderate cost, and such a chair would render any room distinctive.

Made in Paris for Gilda



Jeanne Lanvin designed this gown for Miss Gray from rare pale pink satin over a hundred years old. It has a bodice of silver cloth with a Tuxedo-like collar. As you can see, very formal evening gowns will be long

A "Gilda Gray" velvet coat, trimmed with Chinchilla. The gown, from Lelong, is gray satin with bands of pale green on the pleated skirt



Lelong created this girlish model for Miss Gray. The skirt is of green Duvetyn. The blouse is beige Kasha cloth embroidered with metal rings



"Parade" — a gown of navy blue silk voile with crimson velvet bands and tastefully embroidered with blue, red and tan metal rings





Daughter of the Duchess and the late Duke of Rutland and direct descendant of that famous Elizabethan beauty, Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall, The Lady Diana Manners has twenty-four generations of noble blood in her veins. Great sculptors and painters for whom she has sat have found in her exquisite "cool blonde beauty" unusual inspiration.

The Lady DIANA MANNERS

believes in this complete means of rejuvenating the skin

- • • a deep refreshing cleansing
- • • a delicate finish and protection

ARISTOCRAT by birth and breeding from the crown of her golden bobbed head to her slender silk-stockinged ankles, the Lady Diana Manners is a true democrat at heart. She adores beauty for its own pure sake, but also for the happiness it brings to the whole world. And she is genuinely interested in the happiness, and loveliness of other women.

This famous English beauty who knows the importance of keeping her own skin as white and delicate as hepaticas in May, and who does it by bathing in a delicious cleansing cream, tells other women how they, too, can keep their clear-skinned freshness.

"Every woman," she says, "can have a fresh undimmed complexion if she'll take care of her skin, devoting a little time each day to keeping it supple and protected. I know that she can effectively accomplish this loveliness by using Pond's Two Creams."

Every night before retiring, and during the day, especially after exposure to the weather, cleanse your face and neck with Pond's Cold Cream, patting it lavishly over your skin. Let it stay on long enough for its pure oils to seep down into your pores and bring to the

surface the dust, dirt and powder which choke them. Wipe off all the cream and dirt and repeat, closing the pores with a dash of cold water or a rub with ice. If your skin is dry, after the nightly cleansing leave some of the cream on until morning.

After every cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream, except the bed-time one, finish and protect your skin with a delicate film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It is a perfect base for holding your powder—holds it evenly, smoothly and long and causes it to blend ever so naturally with rouge. Pond's Vanishing Cream protects the skin, too, from hurtful soot, dust, wind and cold, keeping it fresh and supple for hours.

Pond's Cold Cream now comes in large jars! Both creams in smaller sizes of jars and in tubes.



BEAUTIFUL WOMEN USE THESE TWO CREAMS

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

FREE OFFER—Mail this coupon for free tubes of these Two Creams and instructions for using them.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. M
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Please send me your free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

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Ward Crane

Makes a

Triple Play



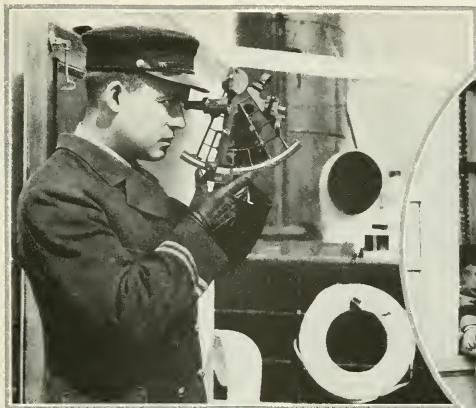
In "Classified," with Corinne Griffith, Mr. Crane donned the hard-boiled shirt and the soft-boiled society manner. His hair was slick and his words were slicker in his dressed-up role

Mr. Crane was the debonair — not to say nonchalant — young feller in "Under Western Skies." The lady trying to vamp him is Kathleen Key, who is using her prettiest and most persuasive manner



You'd hardly recognize him with the sheriff's hat, the drooping moustache and the seven-league boots. This is Mr. Crane as a rough diamond in "On the Frontier." The timid lady with him is Anne Cornwall. Do you wonder that he sometimes got a little mixed when he had to play three such roles in one week?





"I AM AN OFFICER in the Merchant Marine. Day and night, in fair weather and in foul, duty confines me to the bridge. Unceasing vigilance calls for sustained alertness of faculties. This means keeping clean inside and out. Two years ago I discovered Fleischmann's Yeast. To its daily use from that time do I ascribe my present condition of physical well-being. I have proved it to be an efficacious intestinal cleanser—wonderfully invigorating. This food keeps fresh for days in the refrigerator. I restock at all ports of call. I enjoy a clear skin, fine appetite and an orderly stomach—further benefits directly traceable to the proper use of Fleischmann's Yeast."

FREDERICK A. MACK, New York City



"ON APRIL THE 30TH, 1924, the little town of Ficklin was almost destroyed by a cyclone. For weeks after I was very nervous. This nervousness caused me to suffer from indigestion. Not properly digesting my food brought on chronic constipation and most unsightly pimples. I decided to eat yeast. For several weeks I took one or two cakes each day. I am now free from nervousness, indigestion, constipation and pimples. I feel that I have been rejuvenated by Fleischmann's Yeast."

MRS. G. N. BYRUM, Ficklin, Ga.

SO SIMPLE—It's Hard to Believe

Yet this fresh, new food works surely, naturally. Here is the whole secret of its power:

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals; on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three

days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. 12, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders. Start eating Yeast for Health today!

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"ABOUT THREE YEARS AGO I was very 'run down' and didn't have enough energy to do anything. The doctor said my system lacked something. Finally, I discovered I was getting boils. I was bedridden just thirty days when my physician insisted on my taking Fleischmann's Yeast. After a time the doctor noticed a change; the boils stopped appearing, my appetite was better, I became more cheerful, and was able to get about. I have never had a recurrence of the boils, and I am in excellent health. I still keep on taking Fleischmann's Yeast." Mrs. MILDRED MOLLER, Bellerose, L. I.



And Now he is a Slavic Lover

"The Lone Eagle"
takes Valentino to Russia



Rudolph as the pursued and not the pursuer. Catherine the Great (played by Louise Dresser) sees the young lieutenant. And the officer decides that it's a good time to quit the Court

Before the picture is over, Rudolph finds it convenient to pose as a French tutor, innocent of Court intrigue. Here is a fashion-plate of the early nineteenth century

Rudolph in the picturesque uniform of the Imperial Army of the Old Russia of the Tsars. The wicked knife with the enamelled gold sheath was even more useful than ornamental



C H R I S T M A S · G I F T S



Gay French Wrappers, Christmassy as can be, give a holi'ay spirit to those of the sets that are not in the decorative metal cases.

DECORATIVE METAL CASES

others . . . in Gay Christmas Wrappers—containing every requirement for the smart Cutex manicure



CUTEX MARQUISE SET—in a charming metal case with romantic cover decoration—contains Cuticle Remover, Liquid Polish, Cake Polish, Nail White, an excellent buffer, orange stick, cotton, steel nail file and emery boards. \$2.50 in the United States. \$3.00 in Canada.

GOLD and black and new as the latest vogue, these decorative metal cases, with their feminine equipment, are sure to walk straight into her heart—or at the very least to find a place on her vanity table.

So cunningly fitted are they with every essential for the proper care of her hands. And so modestly priced that you will want to give several away, and save one out for yourself!

The Five Minute Set, in its smart new metal case, is only \$1.00. And the Marquise at \$2.50 also comes in a charming metal case. For the friend who travels, Cutex Traveling Set at \$1.50 is a wise selection, and the dainty Compact Set at 60c is just the thing for the friendly greeting. Both are Christmassy as can be in their gay French wrappers.

Such easy gifts to buy—such lovely gifts to send. You will find these attractive sets at all drug and department stores. Northam Warren, 114 West 137 Street, New York.



CUTEX FIVE MINUTE SET—smartly decorative in its new metal case, with cover design by a well-known French artist—contains emery boards, orange stick, absorbent cotton, Cuticle Remover and two lovely polishes, Cutex Powder Polish and Liquid Polish, \$1.00.



CUTEX COMPACT SET contains nail file, emery boards, orange stick, cotton and small sizes of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cake Polish, Paste Polish and Nail White—only 60c.

CUTEX TRAVELING SET, shown wrapped at top of page, gives you the same attractive assortment as the Compact Set, and all packages are full size. A substantial gift for \$1.50.

CUTEX MANICURE PREPARATIONS

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

She felt sorry for Roy, as he paced up and down before the great fireplace in the lobby



who can handle her line of risqué comedies like Raymond." "He knocked you—at Goldstein's, when he was only cutting film. I've always believed it was his fault they let you go."

"Marcella isn't my line anyway," he responded quite cheerfully. "But when I get my chance—" the last words were spoken mechanically and Ann restrained a scornful laugh at his empty formula. She turned and hung out the dish towel where the sun would reach it the first thing in the morning, so that she could use it on the breakfast dishes. She had to be economical, even about dish towels. Then David followed her into the living room, putting his arm about her waist again.

"Isn't our little home cozy?" he said, lighting his pipe and settling in the second most comfortable chair.

"I tell you I'm a lucky man," he went on, "with such a home and such a wife. And when we get that canary—"

"David, I hate it!" and then as his brown eyes widened suddenly with alarm, Ann added quickly, "I mean I'm tired of it. I've got to get away for a little while. I heard from Madge today."

"Madge? How is Roy? I suppose she told you more about his great success than we could read in the papers. He certainly has made good, and I'm so glad. Roy needs to be rich. He and Madge both do. They wouldn't be contented with simple things. Have to have limousines and summer villas and all that. And now, head of his own company, the Roy Garrick Pictures, making the hit of the year, he can have all he wants and more too."

There wasn't even a spark of envy in David's eyes as he puffed on his old pipe and smiled into the fire. "Madge has asked you to visit her? That's a great idea. You need a change."

"Madge says Roy has a part for me in his new picture. It's just my type. An emotional rôle—a refined woman in the thirties. It's only a small part, so Roy thinks I can do it, even if I have been off the screen for such a long time."

"That's great; you'll enjoy playing again."

Ann was surprised and more irritated than ever at the readiness with which he consented. She remembered a time, when they were first married, when he had flown into a rage at the idea of her playing a small part in one of his own pictures.

"Of course it will be hard lines for me," David reached over and patted her hand. "But I've been darned selfish about making you settle down this way. And seeing you aren't going to keep it up, there's no reason why you shouldn't go into one picture. It'll be nice for you out there with Madge—a change from your pokey old husband."

How could she say more? How could she tell him that she was going for good? That she was tired of mediocrity, that the dullness of this life with him would kill her if she stayed any longer? Something tender and intimate in the atmosphere of their little living room made it impossible. She would tell him at the station. Railroad stations were adventurous and brave.

She packed the clothes she was leaving

WHEN not acting for a living, Casson Ferguson pens ideas and verse to amuse himself and, judging from this little sample, the lad is an amateur philosopher of no mean ability:

"The time of a woman in love is divided into three parts.

"First: Chiding her lover for not understanding her.

"Second: Fearing that he might understand her.

"Third: Seeing to it that he does not."



Ben Lyon

star with First National Pictures
is proud of his
Kum-a-part Cuff Buttons

Kum-a-parts click open,
snap shut! But not all
separable cuff buttons
are Kum-a-parts. The
genuine are die-stamped
Kum-a-part. They are
guaranteed for lifetime
wear. Accept no others.

KUM-A-PART
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the snap with the lifetime guarantee





Priscilla Dean,
popular motion
picture star.

The Useful, Handsome Gift

NO matter how extensively she has traveled, your Christmas gift can bring her a new comfort and convenience—the smart, light-weight DAISY BAG!

The DAISY BAG has freed thousands of women from the burden of heavy hand luggage. Though its average weight is but 20 ounces, it will conveniently carry 20 pounds! It may be packed in a moment with one or two extra hats, a dress or two, slippers, underthings and toilet articles.

Rainproof and dustproof, the DAISY BAG is made of best patent leather fabric, attractively lined, and has an inner pocket. The handle has a handsome silver-plated clasp which cannot come loose, although a slight pressure of the finger releases the catch.

DAISY DE LUXE MODEL, with patented hookless fastener, 16-inch, \$5.50; 18-inch, \$5.50; 20-inch, \$6.00.
DAISY BUTTON MODEL, 16-inch, \$3.50; 18-inch, \$4.00; 20-inch, \$4.50.

At leading department stores, luggage and specialty shops. If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct, giving us his name and address.

THE DAISY PRODUCTS, Inc.
366 Fifth Avenue New York

The **DAISY HAT BAG**



Georgia Hale, whose beauty and intelligence waited long for a chance in pictures

The Girl on the Cover

By Cal York

SHE has a rare opportunity—one that comes to few girls of her years. What is Georgia Hale going to do with it?

PHOTOPLAY has selected Miss Hale as its "girl on the cover," in spite of the fact that she has appeared in important rôles in only two pictures. One of those pictures—"The Salvation Hunters"—was a terrible flop. The other was "The Gold Rush," and Miss Hale was the leading woman for Charles Chaplin.

And yet PHOTOPLAY believes that Miss Hale is one of the most interesting young actresses on the screen. In spite of bad direction and a dreary story, she gave a striking and memorable performance in "The Salvation Hunters." It was a sheer triumph of personality. It would have been an achievement for an experienced actress. And yet the little extra girl, who hadn't been able to find a position in any of the big studios, ran away with all the honors of the strange production.

Oddly enough, her first screen test was made by PHOTOPLAY three years ago for the Goldwyn New Faces Contest. But the Goldwyn judge, Mr. Bowes, could not see her at all.

Charles Chaplin has engaged Miss Hale for his next production. He has great faith in her ability, although he believes that she still has much to learn.

But, most of all, Chaplin thinks that she needs assurance, ease and self-confidence. Georgia Hale's career has not been one to give her these qualities, for they are attributes that usually come only with continued successes.

Georgia Hale came to Hollywood several years ago. She had won a beauty contest in Chicago and she hoped to find a position waiting for her. But plunged into the midst of the unfamiliar life of the studios, she found that her beauty was useless and that her intelligence and her willingness to learn were of even less importance. She had hoped for recognition; she soon learned that she didn't even have a chance.

Just as she was about to give up the fight and go home, Miss Hale met Josef von Sternberg—the strangest fish in a queer sea. Von Sternberg asked her to play the leading rôle in "The Salvation Hunters," promising her a chance, even if it meant working without salary.

"The Salvation Hunters" made Georgia Hale, although only a small section of the public saw the picture. But it made her with the directors who hadn't been willing to try her out when she was an inexperienced extra girl.

In "The Gold Rush," the public sees Georgia Hale for the first time. And PHOTOPLAY believes that it isn't likely to forget her.



Don't miss winter fun

Have you ever been left behind when the rest of the crowd has set out for an afternoon or evening of winter sport?

Sore throat often does that. Yet it is so unnecessary. Sore throat so often can be avoided by taking the proper precaution at the right time.

There is one simple, safe and pleasant way to do this—by gargling systematically with Listerine, the safe antiseptic.

Use Listerine, the moment you feel that

first dry hitch on swallowing. It will usually help you dodge sore throat—also those more serious troubles that start with throat infection.

Make Listerine a daily habit during sore throat days.

Listerine, of course, has many other uses, too, that are described in the blue circular wrapped around each bottle. Take a moment to read it.—*Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis.*

LISTERINE—*never on speaking terms with sore throat*

Gloria's Dream of "Salome"



A "slavey"—a performer on an Ohio river Show Boat—that's Gloria Swanson's role in "Stagestruck." But where does the glamor—that necessary quality of every Swanson picture—come in? Well, for one thing, Gloria, the "slavey," falls asleep and dreams a colorful dream—and it is literally in colors. The "slavey" sees herself as the Greatest Actress in the World playing Salome



The Gloria of the dream, with blonde hair, a Russian head-dress, ropes of black pearls and a gold cloak. Here is the Cinderella vision of the "ten-twenty-third" trouper

At the left: With Gloria as Salome, the most famous dancer of them all, the dream episode will be all too short. It was one of the last scenes staged by Allan Dwan before Gloria sailed for Europe



Another moment from the "Salome" episode. When Richard Strauss' musical arrangement of the Wilde version was presented in New York, it was stopped by the police. A wit remarked that it had a run of one night. Since then Salome has been noted as a lady who can very successfully annoy the censors



*Youth—a flash of fire, a burst of flame
Dance and Song—a joy without a name.*



Fétiche

Youth's Own Perfume

The Spirit of Youth dancing with Love among the flowers. The rare, sweet fragrance of skies when the rain is done, Fétiche. . . .

In Essence, Eau de Toilette, Eau Végétale, Poudre de Riz, Twin Compacte, Poudre de Talc, Poudre à Sachet, Savon, Sels pour Bains (Bath Salts), Poudre de Toilette (Bath Powder), Crayon pour les Lèvres (Lip Stick)

At the better drug stores and toilet counters—to get acquainted send the coupon.

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I am sending 25c in stamps—please send me a "Get Acquainted" Package of Fétiche, containing bottle of perfume, Envelope of Sachet, Box of Face Powder, Basane "Sun Tan", the delightful new day-shade, and a copy of "Three Centuries of Beauty Secrets."

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PARIS, FRANCE
(Fondée en 1774)

Creators of World Renowned Parfums of Personality and Poudres de Luxe

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RIVALS THE BEAUTY OF

Red and Black Color Combination



THE SCARLET TANGER

Reg. Trade Mark U. S. Pat. Office



Do You Love Them Enough to Give Them Parker Duofolds

Beautiful Writers—Constant Companions

These Gifts will make Christmas a Glorious Success

And the Giver Not Forgotten

NO better place to start your List of Gifts than here. Not given today and forgotten tomorrow—but constant companions of the favored ones to whom you give them—that's the Parker Duofolds.

At the very first sight of these cheery lacquer-red barrels hearts will glow with joy and gratitude.

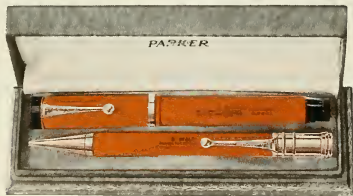
And it's characteristic of the Parker Duofold Pens and Pencils to win the devotion of their owners more each day, each year.

The Pen with the hand-size Grip, Over-size Ink Capacity, Free-

Swinging Balance, Invisible Filler, and 25-year Guaranteed Point.

The Pencil with Gold Crown Clip and Tip, Hand-Size Grip, and Non-Clog Propeller that turns lead OUT and IN.

A perfect match—a matchless Writing Team. Anything less—a copy or an imitation—is apt to be disappointing to those who have set their hopes on owning the real Parker Duofolds. So look for this stamp—"Geo. S. Parker," and accept none without it. Ready for Christmas at all good pen counters.



Parker Duofold Duette can be had in Black and Gold as well as Black-tipped Lacquer-red but we recommend the color for it makes them hard to mislay.
Over-size Duette, \$11; Junior Duette, \$8.50; Lady Duofold Duette, \$8
Satin-lined Gift Case de luxe included



\$7
Parker
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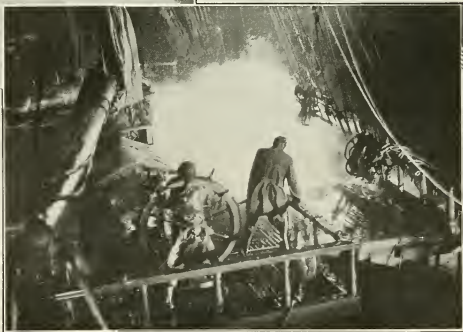
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A Romance of the Deep Sea



It isn't all a trick of make-up—this study of John Barrymore in "The Sea Beast." Make-up is a thing of the surface; Barrymore's character studies come from the brain

A touching moment from the film version of Hermann Melville's "Moby Dick"—the return of Ahab to his fiancée. Dolores Costello plays the role of Esther



Barrymore himself asked for a story of the sea. Much of the action takes place on the wind-blown, wave-swept deck of a whaler



"You are
A Marvelous
Hostess!"

"YOU are a marvelous hostess—
but you were never more mar-
velous than last night. I could have
sworn that you had summoned to
your drawing room the very at-
mosphere—the fragrance—of romance.
And there was about you an elusive
touch of mystery that was fascinating."

FROM HER DIARY:

"WELL—the party was a success.
There was really a thrill about
it. I wonder if they knew how much the
temple incense helped."

IT is an old, old secret, that the charm of
women and the pleasure of festivals are
the more irresistible when they are given a
setting suffused with the glamor of romance.
Vantine's Temple Incense breathes this deli-
cious, faintly fragrant atmosphere into any
room. Six subtle odors, at all drug and de-
partment stores.

What mystery will incense give to you?
Send 10 cents for sample of six fragrances.

A. A. VANTINE & CO., Inc.
(Dept. 3) 71 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK



Here is Charles Wakefield Cadman with some of the instruments he studied when he composed the musical score for "The Vanishing American." Cadman, who wrote "At Dawning" and "The Land of the Sky Blue Water," lived for years with the Osage, Navajo and Hopi Indians, studying their native music

Studio News and Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44]

Rudolph was on location when the scene de-
manded that he rush into the road and stop a
runaway horse in time to save Vilma Banky,
his leading woman, from grave peril.

Director Clarence Brown suggested a double
but Rudy scoffed. It was his own horse
Banky was riding, and he guessed he could stop
his own horse without calling for help.

Rudy may have been right. And again the
horse may not have recognized Valentino in his
bandit disguise. Anyway, when the dust
cleared away, the horse had stopped and fair
Vilma was safe but they picked Rudy up much
worse for the argument.

AFTER much arguing and bickering and no
little shedding of tears, young Tim Holt has
agreed to become an actor. Tim is to play the
part of a little Mexican boy with his father,
Jack Holt, and Florence Vidor.

When Tim was asked to become an actor he
wept bitterly. He couldn't understand why a
young man of six years should be forced to
grow up and assume such responsibilities. And
maybe some of the tears were because he feared
he'd steal the picture from dad.

Anyway, he wept copiously and refused to
sign.

When the tears had run out, Jack again tact-
fully took up the argument and finally won,
when Tim threw out his chest and said: "All
right, Daddy, but who is my director?"

And with this momentous decision, young
Tim took another step toward his "career."
Armed with the scissors, he went out into the
garden and cut an enormous bouquet. Then he
slipped through the hedge into the yard of

Florence Vidor, where resides one Suzanne
Vidor, also aged six years, deposited the flowers
on the front porch, rang the bell and ran for
home as fast as his legs would carry him.

Yes, little Tim Holt has grown up all of a
sudden.

NOISE comes high sometimes.

When Bill Hart, Jr., aged three years,
picks up his rosewood sticks and whangs his
birthday drum, the cat may dash under the
couch and the neighbors hold their cars, but
young Bill will know he's heating one worth
\$650.

The drum, with gold and silver decorations
and a gold plated stand, was a birthday present
from his dad.

It is said to be one of the finest and most ex-
pensive ever made. The swastika decorations
and the inscribed heart-shaped plate are of
gold and silver and the stand is of heavy quad-
ruple plate. There are two sets of sticks, one of
rosewood and the other of snakewood.

The drum matches the handsome silver in-
laid six guns and the silver mounted saddle and
bridle which Bill gave his boy for Christmas.

VIRGINIA VALLI is back in Hollywood
after a sojourn in Europe, where she ap-
peared in an English production. As she
stepped off the Golden State Limited, she fell
into the arms of her chum, ZaSu Pitts.

"What's your next picture, Virginia?" was
ZaSu's first of a flood of questions.

"I'm leaving immediately for Portland,
Oregon, where I'm to make a picture with
'Moomaw.'"



Two women met by a silverware window

ONE was depressed by the burden of Christmas shopping—the endless, tiresome search for just the right gifts for her many friends and relatives.

The other, with the serene face, had just come out of the silverware store—her shopping search at an end. They compared notes.

"Why, selecting the right things isn't so difficult after all," said the happy shopper. "You see, I made a discovery. I thought over the question of what my friends really needed and would really appreciate this Christmas. And I found that nearly every one of them lacked certain important pieces of silverware.

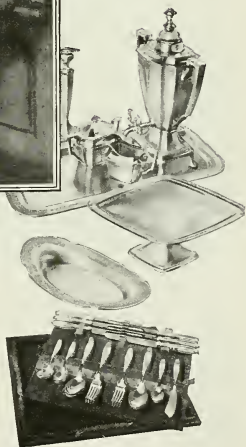
"So I selected the gifts in 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate—a dozen salad forks for one, a handsome dessert server for another, and for a third one of those smart

Utility Trays with the twenty-six 'silverware essentials.' Fred and Elizabeth and I joined forces in giving father and mother a complete new table service—vegetable dishes, platters, coffee set and even goblets to match the knives, forks and spoons. You'd be surprised how reasonable in price this fine silverware is."

"I'm glad we met," said the first woman. She turned into the silverware store.

* * * * *

You will find in the holiday displays of "1847 Rogers Bros." a beauty and variety that will make shopping a pleasure. You cannot say "Merry Christmas" more effectively than with gifts of this finest silverplate, which has been used and loved by fastidious hostesses for more than three-quarters of a century. Its durability has been accepted—always.



THE UTILITY TRAY, both silver rack and serving tray, is a convenient way to purchase 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate. It contains the "silverware essentials"—6 dinner knives, 6 dinner forks, 6 table spoons, 6 tea spoons, 1 butter knife and 1 sugar shell. Price with hollow handle knives, \$32.10—with solid handle knives, \$26.10.

Etiquette, Entertaining and Good Sense, a booklet full of suggestions for successful entertaining, is free. Write for booklet L-27. INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY, Dept. E, Meriden, Conn.

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERPLATE

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



Deodo is so gloriously, luxuriously feminine!

By Letitia Hadley

POWDER is delightful to use, don't you think? There is something fascinating about the very *feel* of it. If it were only possible to develop a really effective deodorant with the refinement, the luxury, of a delicate powder . . . a deodorant in *powder* form!

We asked 10,000 women whether they would prefer a new deodorant in the form of liquid, paste, or powder. *Ninety-six per cent said "Powder."* Deodo was made in accordance with their suggestions—by one of the foremost scientific institutions in the world.

Imagine how pleasant it is to apply a fine white powder—just to rub it under the arms and dust it over the body—and be assured of daintiness from that moment, throughout the whole day! This is due to Deodo's capacity for absorbing and neutralizing body odors. It does this, mind you, without sealing the pores, or interfering with their important functions. And it does more than assure daintiness—it is delightfully soothing to chafed, tender skin.

Outside of the important daily uses of Deodo, you will find invaluable its immediate and continued effectiveness on sanitary napkins. Surely it is a boon to *know* you are sweet and fresh, regardless of circumstances.

You will be glad to know that Deodo doesn't harm clothing in any way. It is sold at most druggists' and toilet goods counters—or I will send you a miniature container, holding a generous supply, free. Just fill out the coupon. Will you do this, please, now?



Deodo

A MULFORD PRODUCT
prevents and destroys body odors

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In Canada, address
H. K. MULFORD COMPANY, Toronto 2



It's young Robert Coogan's first Christmas, so it is still easy for Jackie to fool him by playing Santa Claus. When Robert gets a little older, he'll know that the real Santa Claus is a fat gentleman with a lot of bushy white whiskers

"Heavens, Virginia!" exclaimed the excited ZaSu. "you don't mean to tell me you're going to support a cow in a picture? It would be terrible enough to play with a real animal star like Strongheart or Rex."

ZaSu was pacified when she learned that Moomaw was the name of the producing company and that there wasn't a single cow in the picture.

WHILE attending the opening of his latest picture in a San Diego theater, Monte Blue received a telegram stating that his mother, Mrs. Louisitta Blue, was seriously ill at her home in Indianapolis. Then began a race across the continent, Los Angeles to Chicago by train and Chicago to Indianapolis by aeroplane, in which Death was the victor, for Monte arrived too late to see his mother alive.

MAC DOUGALL, assisted by MacKenzie, is teaching Douglas MacLean—no, you're wrong, not golf, but—Spanish. Can you tie it?

The reason is that MacLean and his charming wife, Faith, are planning a vacation in Havana, and Doug, while editing his latest picture, "Seven Keys to Baldpate," is trying to learn sufficient conversational Spanish so he can get at least food and drink while there.

Ever loyal to his Scottish ancestry, Douglas secured another Scot, Donald MacDougall, to act as his tutor, and the star gets his conversational work-outs with his cameraman, Jock MacKenzie, the only member of the MacLean staff who speaks Spanish.

No, MacKenzie isn't the cameraman because he's Scotch. Douglas is too much of a Scot for that. Jock really cranks a mean camera.

THE monthly one-act plays being given at The Writers in Hollywood are maintaining a high standard of excellence and are being more and more largely attended, both by a regular audience of theatergoers and by directors and producers in search of talent. They are given only for two nights and there is never a seat to be had. Of course nowhere in the world could there be found such talent to draw upon.

The last group of five presented revealed a very interesting new dramatic personality in the person of young Marjorie Bennett, sister of Enid and Catherine Bennett. In one act playlet by Al Cohn, she showed considerable beauty and a great deal of dramatic talent, which was hailed both by critics and audience. Since then I have heard that Paul Bern, who saw the play, has sent for her for his new picture.

"Merry Christmas to all and to all a good LIGHT!"



EVEREADY throws considerable light on the great annual problem. Because everybody, from six to sixty, wants an Eveready Flashlight. As a gift, the Eveready Flashlight has no superior. Its cost is small, its service big. Evereadys are more handsome today than ever. They have features found only on Eveready. Give Eveready Flashlights to everyone on your list. Save wandering and wondering. Improved models meet every need

Eveready in Christmas clothes! A special Christmas package for Eveready Flashlights, handsomely decorated, and providing a place for the name of the recipient and the giver. Attractive. Time-saving. (No further wrapping needed.) Ask for the Eveready Christmas package.

New! Ring-hanger in the end-cap of Eveready Flashlights! A hinged metal ring for hanging up the flashlight when not in use. Ring snaps out of way when not hanging up. Only Eveready has this big convenience-feature.



for light—indoors and out. There's an Eveready Flashlight for every purpose and purse, and an Eveready dealer nearby. For Christmas . . . and forever . . . Eveready Flashlights!

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EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS & BATTERIES

—they last longer



The secret of an artistic make-up

CAPTIVATING charm comes only with a knowledge of those deft touches that call attention to your beauty—not your make-up! Simple rules—such as never getting rouge too close to the eyes—selecting harmonious colorings—using the correct powder for a dry skin and another for an oily skin—make all the difference in the world between attractiveness and mediocrity.

Today beauty has become a science—and the leading spirit in this newer field of beauty is Helena Rubinstein. The effect of her scientific beauty preparations is transforming!

Two flattering powders created by Helena Rubinstein for differing skin textures

For normal or oily skins

Valase Complexion Powder—for the average skin or for the skin which is inclined to be shiny. This exquisitely fine powder keeps the delicate, leaves smooth, velvety finish. Tints to match every skin. **\$1.00, \$3.00, \$5.50**

For dry skins

Valase Nova Powder—for the skin which has a tendency to be "flaky" or lined. Fragrant—dingy. Designed to prevent further drying of the skin. Remarkably adherent. **\$1.00, \$3.00, \$5.50**

Finishing touches

Valase Red Raspberry Rouge—the fascinating shade originated by Helena Rubinstein—flattering to all types. **\$1.00**

Valase Red Geranium Rouge—Helena Rubinstein's newest shade, which is all the rage in Paris. Sparkling, youthful, vivid. **\$1.00**

Valase Lipsticks—most fascinating—in shades to match rouges. **\$1.00**

Write for "Secrets of the Perfect Make-Up," free. Very instructive. Address Madame Rubinstein, Madison 4, 46 West 57th Street, New York City.

"Every Woman's Beauty Box"

the perfect Christmas gift!

In a stunning Chinese Red container, Madame Rubinstein presents a collection of her choicest beauty preparations, forming a complete beauty treatment for the daily toilette. Price \$7.75. This beauty box contains:

Valase Pasteurized Face Cream
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Valase Complexion Powder
Valase Red Raspberry Rouge
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If you cannot procure "Every Woman's Beauty Box" at your favorite department or drug store, write direct, enclosing check or money order. Add 25c for postage.

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Gertrude Short, well-known on the screen as a comedienne, did a lovely and touching little piece of work as the colored heroine of "A No Count Boy," which was one of the plays awarded a prize in the Belasco competition in New York.

APROPOS of the as yet unsuccessful attempt to get a picture of a fight between Rudolph Valentino and a big, black grizzly bear for the current Valentino production, Fred Niblo told an amusing story the other evening.

In those days, Fred wasn't one of the screen's great directors, but a fairly obscure vaudeville and stage actor. He was playing at a big vaudeville theater in Brooklyn which he knew well and, getting up early one morning to go to the theater, found the place as yet deserted. With his suitcase in his hand, he made his way down some dark stairs into an equally pitch black basement and started to cross to his dressing room. Suddenly, he stumbled over something. Righting himself, he felt for it, and—it had gone. He stood for a moment, sensing things around him, and then struck a match. The faint light showed him one large bear directly in front of him, and six others artistically grouped about at no very great distance. Then it went out.

"That," said Mr. Niblo, "was the most exciting moment of my life."

He didn't dare move, but finally struck another match, and saw that all the bears were chained, and that he could manage to get through between them and back to the staircase. They were seven trained bears being used on the bill.

"We got to be friends later," he told me, "but at that moment I knew how Daniel felt in the lions' den."

Rudy borrowed a bear from Ringling Brothers' circus, but the stuff show wasn't satisfactory, and now they are returning said ferocious bruin from New Orleans, where the circus had gone, by aeroplane, for retakes.

TEAS—which have never been very popular in Hollywood, owing to the lack of time most people in this vicinity suffer from—have suddenly come into their own, it would seem.

This last month has been marked by several really charming affairs that come socially under the heading, and most amazing of all they have received considerable masculine attention.

Florence Vidor entertained with a welcome home tea for Nell Ince, who has just returned from Europe with her three sons, Bill, Tom and Dicky. The rooms were lighted with enormous candles, and masses of flowers everywhere made it a veritable bower. Mrs. Vidor wore a new Parisian frock of sealskin brown satin and printed chiffon in all the autumn shades, gold, yellow, russet, bronze, shot here and there with crimson. Mrs. Ince was in white chiffon and a big, white chiffon picture hat, and among the guests were Norma and Constance Talmadge, Enid Bennett, Dorothy Mackall,

Ilyan Tashman, Kathleen Clifford, Mrs. George Behan, Catherine Bennett, Mrs. Conway Tearle (Adele Rowland), Edmund Lowe, George Fitzmaurice, Fred Niblo, John Considine, Anthony Jowett, Mal St. Clair and Buster Collier.

Mrs. William de Mille's gorgeous gardens made the most delightful place for a tea the other day, when her cousin, Alice George, acted as hostess for Mrs. de Mille and her daughters, Agnes and Margaret, upon their return from a summer abroad. The guests included a lot of eminent authors and authoresses, as well as such popular screen favorites as Beverly Bayne, Claire Adams, Roberta Arnold, and half a dozen young leading men.

Mrs. Ince used both her wonderful gardens and her big house in giving a farewell tea for Mrs. George Behan, who has been her house guest for the summer.

THE shrinking violet of the screen, Sam Goldwyn, has put over another news beat—another fast one—it would seem.

Not so long ago the papers carried stories of a wild and romantic Polish baron and a millionnaire to boot (might as well make him a regular fellow) who was coming wooing one Vilma Banky, armed with a writ which he called a "Hungarian Habeas Corpus."

"Bad, Wicked Hollywood," was his wail. "It has taken my wonderful, my beautiful Vilma away from me." It seems, according to the baron's story, that Vilma had just come over for six months to work in the pictures and then was returning to Hungary to become Mrs. Baran.

Quoting from the purported interview, the baron said:

"Sam Goldwyn is the cause of my darling's ruin. She is of fine family and I have known her since childhood. We loved each other for years and were about to be married when the American producer came to Budapest. He depicted such golden prospects of glory and fame to the unsophisticated young girl that she obtained her parents' consent to spend six months in America."

This and much more was the baron's wail. It seems that Vilma was to return at the end of the six months and marry him, but she returned not. Just went blithely on making pictures.

The baron raved (in the story) and stormed and threatened. He even called names, both to Sam and Hollywood. He was coming right over and wrest his darling from the arms of the villain.

Vilma said "come" Sam said nothing. Neither did Hollywood. Hollywood just waited. It didn't care so much what the baron called Sam—that was quite all right—but what he called Hollywood was a horse of another color.

Hollywood believed. Hollywood would see about the baron when he arrived.

Now Hollywood no longer waits. She has forgotten. For the baron came not. Nor will

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]

WARNING TO OUR READERS

When you ask for your copy of PHOTOPLAY from your news dealer be sure to emphasize the fact that it is PHOTOPLAY that you want. Other magazines with similar names are now trying to imitate the cover designs of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, thereby occasionally causing confusion in the mind of the purchaser. So do not be misled by any similarity in cover design but tell your news dealer that it is PHOTOPLAY that you wish to buy.



Colleen Moore
a First National Star



A Modern of Moderns

COLLEEN MOORE, the "Flaming Youth" girl, is starring again in "We Moderns." She has studied the modern girl, her manners and moods and dress, until she has become the accepted model for the Younger Set.

The question now is whether it was the Younger Set or Colleen herself who set the fashion this season for mannish tailored Goodyear Welt ties finished with flat visible eyelets.

UNITED FAST COLOR EYELET COMPANY, BOSTON


Manufacturers of

DIAMOND BRAND

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FAST COLOR EYELETS

Diamond Brand Visible Fast Color Eyelets preserve the smooth style lines of the upper and promote easy lacing. They retain their original finish indefinitely and actually outwear the shoe.

Look for the Diamond  Trade Mark



Jewels that Shine

in

"The Midnight Sun"



The marquee ring might have been designed for Gloria Swanson. It's one of the unusual costumes worn in "The Midnight Sun" staged by Dimitri Buchowetski for Universal



Alice O'Neill shows the foreign designers some new tricks in these ballet costumes

"A pearl of great price" or why the lowly oyster breaks into society. One of the Fanchon and Marco dancers who take part in the ballet



The one jewel no woman likes to refuse — the diamond solitaire engagement ring. It's the cause of a lot of trouble in the world

The icicle of precious stones—the cold white diamond. However, it has been known to be successful in thawing out frozen hearts





CARMEL MYERS, now appearing in the latest Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer screen triumph, "Ben Hur," has thus signified her enthusiasm for the perfume of that name:—

"BEN HUR PERFUME, so exquisite, so delightfully different, is truly distinctive and pleasing."

Carmel Myers



Above, Carmel Myers, as she appears in the latest Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer screen production, *Ben Hur*, in the role of Iras, the beautiful Egyptian temptress. To the right, the Roman galley in which Ben Hur, the young Roman patrician, is forced to row.



Why Carmel Myers, appearing in **BEN HUR**, admires the perfume of that name

CARMEL MYERS, whose interpretation of the character of the beautiful Egyptian princess, Iras, in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer masterpiece, "*Ben Hur*," has aroused the enthusiasm of the most exacting lovers of the screen, is a woman of discriminating taste.

And it is no mere coincidence that she enjoys *Ben Hur*, the perfume which bears the name of the thrilling drama she is

now enacting. It is because, as she says, this perfume is "exquisite, different, distinctive."

The exotic character of this fragrance, which may be had in extract, toilet water and powders for toilet and bath, delights not only Miss

Myers but every woman who loves to add to her charm a little lurking touch of mystery.

Mysterious, yes, but surprisingly lasting, too. One touch back of your ear, on your hair, on the shoulder of your frock, will linger deliciously and long. It is appropriate for both day and evening wear, neither too heavy for the one, nor too delicate for the other. When smart women select it—as they do everywhere—they buy it again and again.



Ben Hur Jewel Case, containing Extract and a gold finish vanity case of latest design with compacts of Rouge and Powder.



Ben Hur Powder, sufficiently heavy to cling well, and satiny-soft in texture.

Ben Hur Extract, in a dainty blue-and-orange box, in one, two or four ounce sizes.

BEN HUR is sold by leading druggists and at the toilet goods counters of nearly all department stores. It comes in extract, toilet water, face powder (both compact and loose) toilet powder and dusting powder for the bath. Packages and boxes, gay and attractive, make charming Christmas gifts and gifts for remembering other occasions, too, \$1.00 to \$10.00. The extract also comes in miniature bottles, in bulk and in dainty little bottles to slip into your purse.

Wouldn't you like to try this delightful fragrance so in keeping with the mode? If so, write for free miniatures of *Ben Hur Extract* and *Face Powder*. The Andrew Jergens Company, Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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.

MIG, SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Neil Hamilton is six feet tall and weighs 155 pounds. He has brown hair and brown eyes. Twenty-six years old and married. Lloyd Hughes is also six feet tall. Weighs 150 pounds. Dark brown hair and dark grey eyes. Twenty-eight years old. Thanks and come again.

BLOODY, DENVER, COLO.—Let's see, now. You are just two inches taller than Greta Nissen. Greta is five feet, four inches tall. And you weigh two pounds more than the lovely Miss Nissen. Greta's weight is 118 pounds. However, that's pretty close and I think you're mighty lucky. I do not know of any persons in the movies of the names you mention. They may not be in the acting end of the business.

MARJORIE C., AKRON, O.—Barthelmess is pronounced as it is spelled: Bar-thel-mess, with the accent on the first syllable. No, he's not in Europe, as yet. His trip has been postponed for several months.

ELIZABETH H., STOCKPORT, N. Y.—Write to Bessie Love at the Paramount Studios, Astoria, L. I., and she'll send you her picture. Bessie was born on September 10, 1898. Not married. But Lloyd Hughes is married and I hope you aren't greatly disappointed. Do most "fans" like to have their favorites remain single? I can't send you a picture of myself because I promised my grandmother that I wouldn't. But you'll write me again, won't you, even if you don't get the picture? I am just crazy to find out the other questions you want me to answer.

MISS I., INWOOD, FLA.—I cannot have my picture taken until I have my whiskers cut off. And I don't like to do it in cold weather. Sure, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is good-looking in everyday life. I don't know exactly how tall he is, but if he keeps on growing he's going to be six feet tall when he is twenty-one. Doug was born on December 9, 1910. Address him at the Paramount Studios, Astoria, L. I. Congratulations on winning that prize.

L. W. LEGION, TEXAS.—The best way of getting started on the screen is to work as an extra. If you're good, the directors will notice you. As you have lived near the studios, you know it's

an uphill climb at first. So the "great open spaces" were convenient to the Sunset car line? Yes, Betty Bronson was a nice girl to answer your request for a photograph. Betty is like that. The others you wrote for probably have reached you by this time. Now to get down to your questions: May McAvoy is four feet, eleven inches and weighs ninety-four pounds. Just a miniature girl, isn't she? She has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Twenty-four years old and you'll see her soon in "Ben Hur," "My Old Dutch" and "Lady Windermere's Fan." June Marlowe is the lady's real name. She's nineteen. And correct for Mary Brian's address.

C. V. E., PAWUSKA, OKLA.—Edith Roberts is married to M. Kenneth Snookes. She's twenty-four years old. Address her at the F. B. O. Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

M. G. W., SEATTLE, WASH.—I can easily see why that lovely picture of Norma made you curious to know more about her. Miss Shearer was born in Montreal, Canada, on August 10, 1904. That's her real name.

F. H. P., HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—So Rod La Rocque is "fascinating and good-looking." And you wouldn't miss one of his pictures! He isn't married, so there!

E. M. R., TROY, N. Y.—Your writing is easy to read and your questions are a pleasure to answer. Ramon Novarro isn't married nor is he engaged. Write to Inspiration Pictures, 505 Fifth Avenue, New York, for a photograph of

Richard Barthelmess. Send a quarter with your request.

F. S., SANTA ANA, CALIF.—Florence Vidor was born in Houston, Texas, 1895. She is divorced from King Vidor, the director. Write to her at the Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Calif. Jackie Coogan was born in Los Angeles on October 26, 1914. Address him at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, Calif.

BROWN EYES OF WISCONSIN.—Now you see that it doesn't take much courage to write to me. My name is rather difficult to spell and pronounce so I never use it. Sometimes I forget it myself. You're not insulting or disloyal when you ask about the movie stars. Most of them are "just folks." They are not snobbish like some rich people, because most of them have had to work hard to get along and have known days when things weren't so bright, like the great majority of the people in this world. And most of them are not wild because they're too busy, and besides they've either got wives and children or mothers and fathers to consider just like other people. Now for your questions. John Barrymore is forty-three years old and he's married to Blanche Oelrichs (Michael Strange).

BETTY, PARK RIDGE, ILL.—Claire Windsor is a featured player at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, Calif. Perhaps Betty Bronson's pictures haven't been coming to your theater. Her latest are "The Golden Princess" and "Are Parents People?" Tell your theater manager that you want to see more of her pictures.

H. L. G., BELMONT, MASS.—Write to Richard Dix at the Paramount Studios, Astoria, L. I., for a photograph. Send a quarter with your request. Richard is thirty years old and six feet tall. He has dark brown eyes. I am sure that a "curly-headed blonde of twenty-four" ought to have a picture of him.

N. M. P., OF VIRGINIA.—Ben Lyon isn't married. He is twenty-four years old and has dark blue eyes. Norma Shearer is twenty-one. See the Studio Directory for the address. It is published in PHOTOPLAY every month. Do you think a married man would answer all the questions I am asked? [CONT'D ON PAGE 94]



Who said that movie actors lacked the inspiration of an audience? Here are a few of the workers necessary to film a small scene in a big production. Leaning on the camera is Cecil B. De Mille. The players on the right are Joseph Schildkraut and Jetta Goudal, who will be seen in "The Road to Yesterday"

What Makes a Director?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]



Always a Debutante! Retain Your Charm —the Glow of Youth

The strenuous social season is here again. How thrilling is its joyous round of dance and theatre, of cards and tea!

YOUTH—carefree, vibrant youth. That's the keynote of the current vogue. And with Princess Pat rouge, you can bring to every event the fresh young glow of the sparkling debutante. For your true personality is best expressed in such seemingly slight details.

Many a social triumph has hinged on just the final touch of color. And to be correct, make-up as well as costume should be in harmony with the time, the place, the occasion. So, knowing that true color harmony really finds its climax in a perfect complexion tone, the smart fashionable woman no longer limits herself to a single shade of her favorite rouge. On the dressing table of this clever dresser, you will find two or three tints of "Princess Pat." She blooms in Princess Pat Rouge F/VID when she wears that gorgeous party gown and a bright flush is appropriate. Princess Pat Medium Rouge is her choice when a soft pastel pleases her best. And when a natural orange tint is just the right shade, she rejoices in Princess Pat English Tint, which won such instant favor with stylish women everywhere.

Thus for theatre, tea, or sport, she is always prepared, always confident, always serene in the knowledge that whatever the time or occasion, she fits correctly into her surroundings.

Every good druggist has Princess Pat rouge. Should yours be temporarily sold out, send for a week's supply. F.R.E. Watch its amazing effect, how the youthful blush appears to lie below your skin, not on it. A single application lasts all evening. Not affected by moisture or perspiration, it cannot streak; the natural appearance is retained.



Princess Pat

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Free Mail this coupon for a liberal sample of Princess Pat Rouge.

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Please send me, free of cost, a sample of Princess Pat Rouge, as checked:

Vivid Medium English Tint

(Print) Name.....

Address.....

It was only an accident that made DeMille the first Lasky director, anyway. Jesse Lasky had gone seeking the services of William DeMille, who had the reputation of play successes behind him, when Mrs. DeMille prevailed upon him to give Cecil, then struggling with authorship, something to do.

Today James Cruze, crowned with the fame of "The Covered Wagon," is high on the tide of directorial success. Only a few years ago Jim Cruze was licked and down, with no remote hope of the success he now enjoys. He was worse than merely disappointed. He had attained great fame and success on the screen and lost it.

Back in the beginning Cruze started his contacts with the amusement world and the public with a medicine show out in Utah. He struggled his way along to work in vaudeville and on the stage. A chance at some meal-ticket work sent him up to New Rochelle to work in Thauhousson pictures one summer. There he became a widely famous screen figure in "The Million Dollar Mystery," the first great serial success.

Then an accident befell Cruze and he was off the screen for a long time. When he started back to work there was no work for him. The motion picture had swept on in its march of progress. The great day of the feature drama had come and great serial players were great no more.

A friend paid railway fare to the coast for Cruze and there he tramped about the studios looking for work as an extra man.

Now and then Cruze got a bit. His experience in the industrious days of the serial makers gave him background and won him recognition even in the mobs of the extras.

Jim Cruze's day of destiny came when Jesse Lasky sent him the script of "The Covered Wagon." It was a story of the West filled with the traditions that Utah and his boyhood had given Cruze. He poured himself into the picture.

But even then Cruze did not know he was on the threshold of fame. "The Covered Wagon" was completed and brought back to the cutting room at Hollywood, as just a program picture, one of the many of the season's output for the west coast studios of Famous Players-Lasky. Nothing great or remarkable had been expected of it, otherwise the script would likely have gone to DeMille.

But someone, likely Jesse Lasky himself, saw the inklings of epic quality in the picture. Cruze was sent back on location to make parts of the picture over again to bring it up to the greatness of the theme. Then "The Covered Wagon," as we of the screen audience know it, was made.

Cruze, the medicine show actor, is paid \$6,000 a week to make pictures. Remember he went to Hollywood looking for work as an extra.

THE greatest of financial successes attained by a director came to the late Thomas Ince, but in Ince there were two men, the director and artist, and Ince the business man. Fame came to Ince as a director. Fortune came to him as a business man and a director of directors. Ince began his working life as a bus boy in a New England resort hotel. He followed the family tradition to the stage and became an indifferently successful actor.

Ince's fortunes were at a low ebb when he went to work on a bit in a Biograph picture as a comedian. He saw just enough of the pictures to take a chance and won a job as a director with Carl Laemmle's Imp studios.

Then before he could lose that job, Ince borrowed a diamond ring of impressive size from "Doc" Willat and sought a new engagement from Adam Kessel, who had recently quit book making at Sheepshead Bay track to

try the new get-rich-quick game of the motion picture. Ince did not convince Kessel, but the diamond did. Ince went to California for Kessel's New York Motion Picture Company and became the master of fast western cowboy drama.

Ince's screen successes led promoters to capitalize his name and, seeking to spread his glory over the products of other lesser directors, made him from creative to executive work. He discovered himself a business man, after all, and built a fortune on his discovery.

Now and then the old creative impulse reasserted itself.

Back of that is a story the public never has heard. Only a few years back the Ince studios produced "Anna Christy." It was a desperate, sordidly realistic cross-section of life, and a faithful translation to the screen of Eugene O'Neill's play. It violated all of the box-office rules of the Pollyanna school of picture making. It won the approval and acclaim of the critics in terms that no previous Ince picture had achieved. But there were grave misgivings about its commercial career with a public which mostly demands to be reassured of life by a "happy ending."

Some months after "Anna Christy" had gone to the public, Ince entered his New York office. His eastern representative looked up from the books with a surprised smile.

"It looks like 'Anna Christy' would do a profit of about \$50,000," he remarked.

Ince made a gesture of indifference.

"I don't care what it does," he exclaimed in a burst of fervor. "It would be just the same to me if it lost fifty thousand. I made that picture for Tom Ince and the critics. I got tired of this talk, 'Ince can't do anything but movies for the box office.' I made that one to show that I could do it."

EDWIN CAREWE started his career toward motion picture directing by the least probable path of all—the errant wanderings of tramp life. Twenty years ago Carewe was a young "knight of the road" out in the desert country of Arizona and New Mexico. Then somehow he drifted to the stage.

"I got my technical training in the drama during the ten years I was in stock and on the road," says Carewe, "but my feeling of the essential and basic things of life goes back to my early wander-years when I faced the world quite alone. Don't forget, too, that for all his lazy shiftless ways, a tramp's life is intensely practical. If you do not think it takes ability to live two years on nothing at all, just try it. Most people find it easier to work. I here, and think those two years have proved more valuable to me than if I had spent them in school."

Carewe, by the way, is proud of a strain of Chickasaw Indian blood, and to it he is inclined to attribute those elements of feeling that have made him a director.

Eric von Stroheim, the maker of "Foolish Wives," "Greed" and "The Merry Widow," prepared for his motion picture career by proving mostly a misfit from his beginning as an officer in the Austrian army. The taste of life has been bitter to von Stroheim. There were chapters back there in the mad and desperate gaiety of Vienna too long to be recorded here, and the end of it seemed to be ruin. Von Stroheim came to America and drifted about for five years at odd jobs.

Von Stroheim is noted among directors for the violent Teutonic adherence to authenticity which makes his work so endlessly tedious and expensive. It is said of von Stroheim that he is never done with a scene until, in his eyes, it is perfect.

"The life of the Austrian army is stupid enough, but its insistence on small points has had its value in picture discipline," observes



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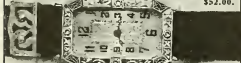
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von Stroheim. "Not nearly enough accuracy is demanded of screen productions. Intelligent people are often disgusted with the pictures because they are so incorrect in detail and are made in such bad taste. It is pure ignorance on the part of the picture makers, of course."

There is one word that all soldiers learn to know. That is "must." Von Stroheim knows it.

Clarence Brown, who will make the next Valentino picture, holds degrees in electrical and mechanical engineering and was once an expert on automotive power plants. He never was closer to the stage than the orchestra seats. Yet he directed "Smouldering Fires," probably the best of Pauline Frederick's screen productions.

To be sure, it was not just an overnight jump from the engineer's desk to the studio. Brown spent eight years as cutter of films and assistant to Maurice Tourneur.

"As a cutter working with scenes," Brown relates, "I discovered that my years of work with machines had given me a strong sense of mechanical rhythm. I found I had an instinctive feeling for what the experts call 'tempo,' that balance of scenes, long shots and close-ups, which makes a picture flow smoothly and escape monotony. Now I have, so far as conscious effort is concerned, forgotten all that, and when I am making scenes I am thinking in terms of the person out front in the theatre looking at the screen. All the rest, the technique, offers only the tools to produce that effect there in the theatre."

George Archainbaud was trained in France for the business end of the motion pictures. But when he went into the laboratories to learn that side of the business, he became exposed to the art of the motion picture, which is quite another thing. He became an assistant to Tourneur and to Albert Capallani in the old World Film Company in New York.

One day William A. Brady had Archainbaud make a reel of film to be re-made. "If you make good on this, I'll give you a picture to do," said Brady.

And so it happened. Archainbaud had learned how. It was ready for the opportunity when it came.

KING VIDOR'S screen career comes nearest to being deliberate and contemplated. He grew up with the films and started his first technical efforts in his own backyard, tinkering impartially with photography, chemistry, electricity, carpentry and play-acting. He tried scenarios and built experimental sets. Then he became a producer "on his own" and went exceedingly and completely broke. Now, in his early thirties, he is a directorial success of high rank.

"The director needs to know something about everything," says Vidor. "Few of us will ever live to learn all that we need to know. There are a few fundamentals, taste, executive ability and a feeling for drama. If you haven't got them you have to develop them, and, looking around at directors, I should say that it

does not make much difference in what career or surroundings you do your developing."

Ernst Lubitsch brought to America because of the well nigh diabolic cleverness of his work in German studios, but his education on the stage under Reinhardt, the producer of "The Miracle" and famed as one of the really great stage technicians of the century. Lubitsch spent seven toiling years under Reinhardt.

"Certainly I think the stage is the best training for screen work," says Lubitsch, "but the reason more stage directors do not make big successes in pictures is because they are not willing to learn. They think the older art is superior. It is not. The screen has finesse that the stage can not attain. Stage actors always over-act before the camera. The camera itself gives the accent, and they must learn to be economical, delicate, subtle. The stage director must be willing to learn everything all over again in terms of the new medium."

Monta Bell, now one of the principal directors of Metro-Goldwyn pictures, was once a newspaper reporter and saw service on the Washington Herald. He has carried the methods of the rapid fire "city room" of the metropolitan newspaper over to the motion picture set.

On a big city newspaper things are never done over. They have to be done quickly and done right the first time, if ever. Afterthoughts are no good because the paper has gone to press.

Bell gets his story in mind, then, with the camera ready, he goes on the set and shoots the picture. There is no rehearsing, no delay, just action, action. Every minute is a "deadline" with Bell. It sounds like a fine formula for failure, but Bell has a string of five swift successes to his credit.

"Work as a reporter teaches the newspaper man how people behave in crises of emotion," said Bell. "And that is drama. I remember once standing in a living room asking a woman dreary routine question about a son who lay dead in the next room. While I quizzed her, she stood with quivering lips while she wound and unwound a bit of thread about her finger. She had picked it off her son's coat. A half hour later she went mad and was taken away to the psychopathic ward. Scenes like that live forever, when you have seen them, but they have to be seen and lived. We make pictures out of such experience."

From all this the aspirant to directorship can make just one sure deduction: "Try to be something else and maybe the screen will get you." No great director started out with that as his goal. Every great director has learned a deal about life and work before propinquity and chance exposed him to opportunity. The only formula seems to be to learn something earnestly and thoroughly, and put yourself where the lightning may strike.

There is no snobbery in the art of the motion picture. It does not ask who you are or where you came from or what you have been. The screen asks only "What can you do?"

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91]

CHICKIE AND DICK, NEWCASTLE, NEB.—Lloyd Hughes was born on October 21, 1897. Figure out his age. He has dark brown hair and dark gray eyes. Six feet tall and weighs 150 pounds. Yep, he's married. Arthur Raney is twenty-five years old. He has black hair and gray eyes. Five feet, ten inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. Not married.

S. R., ST. LOUIS, MO.—Write to Norma Shearer at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, Calif. Be sure and send a quarter with your request for a photograph.

S. S., ST. LOUIS, MO.—So you like that dashing villain, William Powell. Mr. Powell is an American. He is six feet tall and has gray eyes and dark brown hair. Married to Eileen Wilson, a stage actress. His recent pictures are "My Lady's Lips," "The Beautiful City" and "The New Commandment." He's now working with Gilda Gray in "Aloma of the South Seas."

H. D., CINCINNATI, O.—Yes, yes, Lewis Stone is married. Don't be timid. Write me any time you want to.



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Triple, with lip
stick, is \$1.25.

V. G., SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Bebe Daniels may be reached at the Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Calif. Aileen Ray has blond hair and hazel eyes.

M. L. Z., WACO, TEXAS.—Ruth Roland is five feet, five and one-half inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. She has auburn hair and dark blue eyes. Not a bit of trouble!

J. R. M., GRANVILLE, N. Y.—Agnes Ayres played opposite Rudolph Valentino in "The Sheik." And Harold Lloyd married Mildred Davis, the leading woman in his comedies.

V. A., EDEN PARK, R. I.—Anita Stewart was born on February 17, 1897. She has brown hair and brown eyes. I'll tell the editor that you'd like to see a new photograph of her.

A FRIEND, TAMPA, FLA.—Richard Dix went to the University of Minnesota. His sister's name is Josephine. She doesn't play in pictures. I can't tell you whether or not he played foot-ball. Hey, Richard, did you ever play foot-ball?

GREEN EYES, OYSTER BAY, L. I.—Richard Bathelms works for Inspiration Pictures, 565 New York City. Dick was born in New York City on May 9, 1897. He was educated at Trinity College and entered pictures in 1916. He married Mary Hay, the dancer, but they are now separated. He has a little daughter, two and a half years old.

H. H., CHICAGO, ILL.—Jane and Eva Novak are sisters. You're both wrong; they were born in St. Louis.

"CHILD," ENOSBURG FALLS, VT.—If you write a really interesting letter, the chances are that the star will read it. No, Richard Dix hasn't made any further announcements of his matrimonial intentions. Larry Gray was born on August 27, 1900, in San Francisco.

LILLIAN B., CHICAGO, ILL.—Florence Vidor is five feet, four inches and weighs 120 pounds. Irene Rich is five feet, six inches and weighs 138 pounds. Gloria Swanson is the smallest of the three; she is five feet, three inches tall and weighs 112 pounds.

M. H., WILLISTON, N. D.—It breaks my heart to refuse to send you my picture. But no photographer dares risk his camera.

M. A., DENVER, COLO.—Tom Moore was Gloria Swanson's leading man in "Mandarin." He has also been seen in "The Trouble With Wives," "Pretty Ladies" and "A Kiss for Cinderella."

E. M., LAWRENCE, MASS.—Write to the Paramount School, Pierce Avenue and Sixth Street, Astoria, L. I., for the information that you desire.

MARGARET FROM TENNESSEE.—Carol Dempster is not married. She's just twenty-three years old.

E. G. F., HARTFORD, CONN.—The "1" is long in Clive Brook's first name. David Butler was born in San Francisco.

F. T., ATLANTA, GA.—Write to Evangeline Adams, Carnegie Hall, 57th Street and 7th Avenue, New York, N. Y., for information about the boroscopes.

D. D., ST. LOUIS, MO.—Here are the birthdays of your favorites: Fannie Ward, November 23, 1875; Eugene O'Brien, November 14, 1888; Percy Marmont is about thirty-five years old; Jack Muhlhall, October 7, 1891; Creighton Hale was born in 1892; Douglas Fairbanks, April 23, 1883; Milton Sills is about thirty-eight; Monte Blue, January 11, 1890; Jack Holt, April 13, 1888.

M. W., RED WING, MINN.—Richard Dix's real name is Ernest Carlton Brimmer. Aileen Pringle played in "His Hour."

E. F., ATLANTA, GA.—Percy Marmont may be reached at the Paramount Studios, Astoria, L. I. He is six feet tall and weighs 155 pounds. Light hair and blue eyes. He is about thirty-five years old.

JOHN F., CLEVELAND HEIGHTS, OHIO.—That's my middle name, Service. Am always glad to be of assistance to you. Write Dorothy Mackaill at the Biograph Studios, 807 East 175th St., New York City, and tell the little lady what you want. But be sure to enclose twenty-five cents! Yes, sir, Dorothy has just completed "Joanna" under the direction of Edwin Carewe. She is now on her way to New York to appear in "The Lunatic At Large" with Leon Errol.

JUST MARJORIE, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Aha! Another add to the list of admirers of George O'Brien. Well I don't blame you girls a bit. George can be reached at the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif. But I notice you don't go back on your old friend Rudy. You may write him at the United Studios, Hollywood, Calif. You have my permission. Ricardo Cortez and Alma Reubens are going to be married next year. Mr. Rod La Rocque is now working at the Cecil B. De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif. Rod's not married but Old Dame Kumort tells me he is a constant caller at the Negri residence. Thanks for your compliments. I appreciate them. Call again!

GERALDINE K., KENOSHA, WIS.—I have a sneaky feeling that you are thinking about going on the screen. Am I right? Betty Bronson, five feet, three and a half inches; Viola Dana, four feet, eleven inches; May McAvoy, four feet, eleven inches; Ann Pennington, ditto; Mary Pickford, five feet. How is it you didn't ask for my height? I feel slighted.

JOE, CANTON, O.—Dorothy Mackaill appeared with Bebe Daniels in "His Children's Children."

GLORIA G., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Tom Moore is thirty-nine years old and weighs 142 pounds. He is five feet, ten and one-half inches tall and has light brown hair and blue eyes. His first wife was Alice Joyce; his second, Renee Adoree. Twice divorced. Constance Bennett is not married at present, that I know of. She is twenty years old and is five feet, four inches tall. Weighs one hundred and eight and one-half pounds. Light hair and blue eyes.

N. W., GLASSBORO, N. J.—Farina is a boy. His real name is Allan Hoskins. Betty Bronson is neither engaged nor married. Weren't you lucky to see her? Richard Dix's newest picture is "Womanhandled."

PATTY G., BUFFALO, N. Y.—Corinne Griffith is twenty-four and married. Doris Kenyon is twenty-seven and single—at present. Enid and Constance Bennett are not related. I'll print the list of your favorite stars: Gloria Swanson, Jack Gilbert, Ricardo Cortez, Lloyd Hughes, Blanche Sweet and Doris Kenyon.

M. C., SPRINGFIELD, MO.—Here are your answers, and so now I am more wonderful than Richard Dix! Lois Wilson is not married. She has two sisters but no brothers. Diana Dana and Shirley Mason are sisters. Jackie Coogan was born on October 26, 1914. That's his own bobbed hair in his pictures. Poor little Lucille Ricksen died of tuberculosis—at least, that's what the doctors said. However, she really died of a broken heart after the tragic death of her mother. And the screen lost its sweetest and bravest little girl.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 114]



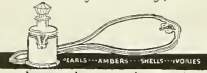
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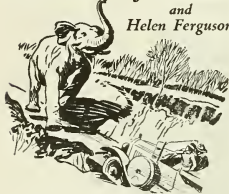
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ASK YOUR MOTION PICTURE THEATRE

"Hot Dickety Dog!"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

you never forget . . . and in Europe Miss Swanson is being, very being."

When Vilma came to America she wore no make-up.

"I go out on street just like I am." She shudders now at her indecency. Samuel Goldwyn, her discoverer and producer, gently rescued her by telling her she had better put on some powder or she would look dirty in contrast with the stuccoed mesdames of *cette ville* who, for the most part, are chalk reproductions of museum pieces.

"And he was right," appreciated Vilma with widening eyes. "I looked dirty."

"But you wear none today," I vouched, recognizing that here indeed was the complexion which rhapsodic advertisers declare is mother to the touch.

"No, only at night I wear make-up," she said. "In day time I go dirty."

What a wonderful thing is nature! thrilled I, who heretofore had considered lilies only as funeral props.

But then Vilma is not a lily. She is an exceedingly vivid, though delicate, pink rose. (I'll be writing poetry next, just as though I'd never taken the pledge.)

"The Dark Angel" is Vilma's first American picture.

She made several abroad—two in Munich which she says were terrible. So terrible that when she saw them she went right back to Budapest. Contract? Poof! What cares Vilma for contracts or checks if she doesn't like?

And she knows what Vilma likes.

She is as definite and unyielding as only the yielding feminine can be. She has a mind and quite obviously knows it—and speaks it both in Hungarian and Eenglish.

When the reporters came to the boat to interview her she observed with fearsome honesty that there was too much talk and not enough acting among players. From the

silence that ensued they gathered that Vilma had come for acting not for oratory.

Now that "The Dark Angel" has proved the eloquence of her silence, she is willing to speak, I'm grateful to say.

In "The Dark Angel" she hovers on sublimity, both emotionally and pictorially. Her face and body are pliantly attuned to every inner note. When those eyes went opal in tears I lassooed an unmanly sob from mid-air by recalling that very afternoon she had told me her forte was comedy, the subtle champagne comedy such as Molnar writes. The sob stopped dead at the shock.

It is true that her face is as plastic to humor as pathos. A typewriter can't catch the sense of it. It is a musing pervasive humor that speaks the camera language.

Vocally, she is Viennese music, of lilting light and shade.

She says she has learned many bea-u-tifool things in English. But the beauty is due to her alchemy.

Vilma is an exquisite. She has that rare, almost extinct, charm of the lady, quite different from the celluloid counterfeit so common to Hollywood.

At luncheon she wore an electric blue frock with bright brass buttons, an equally electric red coat and a spark of a hat. Vilma, I gather, likes colors. Their voltage is appropriate.

Prior to meeting Vilma, Hollywood was dull and drear, and the emul had me; I felt I must either succumb to the sleeping sickness or take flight into Egypt or Italy. Now I think I'll stick around.

Not since Pola Negri winged me with a glance in Berlin have I beheld such a riddling personality.

Vilma is the most precious discovery in three years.

Vilma, oh Zeus, is what we've been praying for.

Brickbats & Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

Appreciation for Chaney

Du Queen, Ark.

I write this with the hope that you will publish it, not for the sake of the writer, but because it is about a man who, in my opinion, is the finest actor on the screen today and about whom your fine magazine is strangely silent—Mr. Lon Chaney. Last week I saw "The Unholy Three" and, with regard to casting, acting and all that goes into the making of a picture, I have never seen a finer. I enjoy John Barrymore, Valentino and all the rest, but the actor who, for me, stands at the head of the list and whose pictures I would choose to see before all others, is Lon Chaney.

Miss Busch is fine, too, and another actor I admire greatly is Conway Tearle, not in his pictures with Barbara La Marr but in "Aches of Vengeance" and other earlier pictures.

MARION D. STUB.

Praise for George Arthur

Reno, Nev.

May I take up a little space in your most excellent magazine? I want to give a word of praise for George Arthur and his work in "Her Sister from Paris." He is a finished comedian and should be recognized and given roles worthy of him.

B. L. B.

Americans First!

Malden, Mass.

This is truly a bouquet! Being a young married woman and truly in love with my husband, you will know it isn't because of any silly infatuation that I write as I do. I enjoy all good productions and all the famous Latin lovers and I like to hear people sing their praises. But it seems to me that considering the American makes the best husband, please may we not hear proclaimed the glory of the great American actors, Richard Dix and Richard Barthelmess?

It has always seemed to me that Richard Dix stands for all that is American. May we see and hear and read more of him?

AN AMERICAN WIFE.

Praise for a Director

Tampa, Fla.

Last night I saw Monta Bell's production, "Pretty Ladies," and I wish to praise him for such a fine picture. I think he is a fine director. Please have him make more pictures. I saw Ricardo Cortez in "The Spaniard," and I think he is wonderful. But why did they put Jetta Goudal opposite him? Why not co-star him with Bebe Daniels again as in "Argentine Love?"

A. M. O.

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XMAS SUGGESTION
see page 153

Alice Is the Most Beautiful

East Ridge, N. H.

I have subscribed to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for the past three years and each month I seem to enjoy more its pictures, stories and interesting news. Now to begin! I want to make one statement and then throw a couple of honquets. First: The question has been asked so many times, "Who is the most beautiful woman on the screen?" I think there is but one—Alice Terry. Secondly: So many people have written to your magazine asking "Why aren't Wally Reid's pictures shown again?" If you know the answer, won't you please tell me and lots of others that have wanted to know for so long? In the winter I live in Boston and I know that thousands of Boston people want to see him again.

Lastly: I want to give a great big bouquet to Jackie Coogan. For the past five years this little boy has done wonderful work on the screen. He has made thousands of people all over the United States and Europe laugh and cry. I am sure none of his fans will forget him in his final child's part in "The Rag Man," and I sincerely hope that PHOTOPLAY will keep his name before the public until he appears in "Hamlet."

VIRGINIA HAYNES.

Bouquets for Everyone

St. Paul, Minn.

Just a few bouquets for your most estimable magazine and some words of appreciation for some of my favorite stars. To my mind, there is no comparison between PHOTOPLAY and any other in its line. Four cheers for the Answer Man!

I enjoyed very much the work of Wallace Beery in "The Lost World," Gloria Swanson in "Madame Sans Genie," Reginald Denny in "California Straight Ahead," Mae Busch and, of course, Lon Chaney, in "The Unholy Three," and Norma Shearer in everything. For the life of me, I can't see how Charles Dana Gibson drew his Gibson girls without her.

I also want to put in a good word for Willard Louis, a great actor, and pat myself on the back for having made sure of getting my PHOTOPLAY promptly for a whole year by filling out the little coupon.

S. E. M.

A Few Pertinent Remarks

Washington, D. C.

I agree with Mrs. Thomas Brougham, whose letter appeared in October PHOTOPLAY, that "The Dope Doctor" would make a fine story for Tommy Meighan. But what Tommy really needs (the same being true of all the other stars) is a human being to write the continuity for his pictures. No matter how good a story may be, if it is not handled properly, it will not make a good picture.

I have never met a continuity writer, so I do not know just what they are, but I do know that they are not human beings. They have not the slightest idea of what an ordinary mortal, in an ordinary walk of life, whose brain is functioning properly, would do under the most ordinary circumstances.

Of course, they really do not have to know any of these things, as all motion pictures are made by a standard pattern. This pattern is a two by four movie mould; and every picture from a slapstick comedy to an epoch-making spectacle has to go through this mould.

The first thing that is done to a story when putting it into continuity is to cut out all the originality, all the individuality, all the humaneness—this, of course, has to be done so it will fit the movie mould. The object in using this mould is to make the pictures just as artificial as possible and all just exactly alike, as this is what the public wants.

After removing every element of realism, originality and distinction from a story, it fits the mould perfectly. And this poor, miserable,

lifeless, unrecognizable shell or husk is called the continuity! From it, two kinds of pictures can be made. One is called a program picture: this is a motion picture wholly lacking in naturalness, realism, distinction, spontaneity, life, punch and flavor but with a popular star in the cast. The other is called a masterpiece or a spectacle: this is a motion picture with all the deficiencies of a program picture—minus the popular star.

But, thank goodness, they cannot put Tommy into their movie mould. No matter how poor the story may be, his performance is always fine.

GRACE WOOD.

Starring Our Big Cities

London, England.

May I hope to see these words of mine printed in your "Brickbats and Bouquets"? Firstly, a sincere tribute to Miss Pola Negri for her wonderful interpretation of the character of *Catherine of Russia* in "Forbidden Paradise." In my opinion, it was one of the finest pieces of acting ever seen on the screen. The aristocratic, imperious, lovable Queen was there before our eyes.

Secondly, a plea to one of the producers. May we not hope to have a series of pictures taken of the great cities of the world? Here in England, some of us long to see New York, Chicago, Montreal, Sydney, Berlin, Paris, etc. Surely our friends in the United States would like to see the cities of their own country and of others also. We cannot all afford to travel, but I believe we all wonder very often about the towns where our Friends Across the Sea have their homes.

MRS. VESTA HARRIS.

Dick Makes a New Friend

St. Paul, Minn.

I used to wonder what people saw in Richard Barthelmess. After seeing him wade through several pictures with a "have to do it" air, I went against my will to see "Shore Leave" and behold Richard—a comedian! He is human and acts as though he liked to play *Blige Smith*. And that's why I became a Barthelmess fan! Just a word to praise Richard Dix, Esther Ralston and Alice Calhoun. They make pictures worth going to.

IVAN ARTHUR.

Why Not the Old Favorites?

Montclair, N. J.

I have a bouquet. Guess for whom? For PHOTOPLAY, of course! It is such a clean, interesting magazine, let me say, that I enjoy it a lot. And here's another bouquet for my old favorite, Dick Barthelmess. I have just come from seeing him in "Shore Leave," "Why can't we see "Broken Blossoms" and "Way Down East" again? We would pay any price to see them.

M. W.

Some Classics of the Screen

Chicago, Ill.

A revival in this city of John Barrymore's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and Griffith's immortal "Broken Blossoms" is responsible for this outburst of praise. There never was as great an actor as Barrymore, for his "Beau Brummel" and "Jekyll and Hyde" were magical.

As for "Broken Blossoms," if I had viewed this picture privately, I would have screamed in terror over Lillian Gish in the closet scene. She is the greatest actress on the screen today. How can I ever finish praising her and Richard Barthelmess the *Yellow Man*. He had a most difficult role, and how he played it! Please, Mr. Griffith, take Lillian back and Richard, too, and give us another great work, for they are a joy and your pictures are art—real, true art!

MELVIN ARLERT.

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WARNER BROS.
Classics of the Screen

Toronto's Favorite

Approves of Jack's Taste

Toronto, Canada. On reading over the section entitled "Brickbats and Bouquets," I was very much surprised to notice that the star whom I consider the cleverest and handsomest actor on the screen was mentioned only three or four times. This seems very strange to me, because in Toronto I believe he is the favorite of about ninety-nine per cent of the theater-goers. (Of course, I am speaking for the girls.)

Wouldn't it be terrible if, after all this, I forgot to mention the most important thing—the name of our idol? But, then, I think you ought to know that it is Richard Barthelmess. I haven't missed a single one of his pictures since "Broken Blossoms," and my only complaint is that they are too few and far between. I have never been the least bit disappointed in any of his pictures, and "Soul-Fire" was simply wonderful. Well, good luck, Richard, and if you ever think of going on a tour, please don't forget Toronto.

JUNE SHANNON.

She Votes for Vesuvius

Wilkes-Barre, Pa. This letter is going to be short and to the point, so don't throw it in the waste basket, please. I am writing it to cast my vote for John Gilbert in the contest between Gilbert and Colman. One of your writers said that both of these men have what Elinor Glyn terms "it." Well, Colman may have "it," but, so far as I can see, it doesn't make any difference. That same writer said that one could not "label" Gilbert. I beg to differ.

Gilbert, not only on the screen but in his real life as well, is the living incarnation of that gay, daring, tempestuous firebrand of a Russian prince, *Grishko*, the part he played in "His Hour." I believe Elinor Glyn herself said, upon meeting the man who had been chosen to play the part, "I might have written the story around him."

They are, we will grant, to quote again from your writer, Vesuvius and the Sphinx. But who would choose to spend a lifetime with the Sphinx? Inscrutable, yes! But how monotonous! But Vesuvius is different. Life would never be monotonous. Its very fascination lies in its uncertainty. Its moods are unlimited.

D. B.

An Appreciation of "Siegfried"

New York, N. Y.

Through your columns, I would like to thank to those responsible for the presentation of "Siegfried" in this country. It was superb and, as a whole, marvelously done. I think that this Norse Saga, as portrayed on the screen, was truly wonderful, and was certainly helped by good timing, excellent photography and fine lighting. Indeed, it was so produced that it had our attention from the first reel and we followed with interest the adventures of the hero.

As for the cast, it also was excellent. Paul Richter certainly made a fine, convincing *Siegfried*, and the two women, *Brunhilde* and *Kriemhilde*, were finely portrayed by Hanna Ralph and Margaret Schoen, respectively. Theodor Loos is also to be commended for his *Thor*, the weakling king of Burgundy, and Hans Schlettow for *Hagen*.

F. SIMONE.

Call for Mr. Barthelmess!

San Francisco, Calif.

I have just come from seeing "Shore Leave." Richard Barthelmess was above par. He acts so well and he seems such a good fellow to work with. And how evenly he places the glory on each member of his supporting cast! If I were an actor, I certainly would enjoy working with him. Why doesn't he have May McAvoy or Norma Shearer for his leading woman instead of Dorothy Mackail or Madge Evans?

E. C. BATES.

Chelsea, Mass.

Through your columns, I want to express my admiration for the Queen of Them All. She is none other than Estelle Taylor, the ladylike vamp. I think she is the "Berries." Oh, boy! With those eyes and that mouth, can you blame Jack for falling for her? You can have your Negris, Swansons, and La Marrs, but give me Estelle or give me death! (You can sing that.)

By the way, PHOTOPLAY (you can sing that, too), haven't you been neglecting Estelle lately? Can't we have some pictures of her in the magazine soon? Now, make it snappy.

C. A. M.

We Share Honors with Gloria

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Well, here I am once again. But this time I have more than a few words to say. First of all, I'll give three reasons why I think your magazine the very, very best. 1. It has the newest and latest pictures. 2. It is very interesting. It tells the public what I call news. (Not just gossip.) 3. It doesn't offer a dollar for this and that and the other thing. It tells us things about the stars, which makes us real fans.

Now to begin what I have to say: Whoever thinks Gloria Swanson is a high-batter and a stuck-up has another thing coming. If people would open their eyes and read more about her, there would be fewer criticisms coming to her. Instead, there would be compliments. Did you read about Gloria and her company going to a lunch wagon for their dinner? Gloria is a real sport—nothing make-believe. I wish she would play in more pictures like "The Coast of Folly." She was great in it. I know she always is great, but you'll love her more than ever—although I couldn't love her more.

LILLIAN R.

Oh, Mr. Wheat!

Glendale, O.

Well, PHOTOPLAY, I am surprised! Have you ever, by chance, heard of Lawrence Wheat? I think he is a peach. Why don't you give us a picture of him? I think his work in "Coming Through" with Thomas Meighan was splendid. He always seems to take a back seat and he is much too cute to do that. For the benefit of a college full of girls, let's have a picture of him in your next issue.

BETTY MORRIS.

A Few Simple Requests

New Orleans, La.

I'd like to see: Jackie Coogan happy or not at all. More Wesley Barry. Less Elinor Glyn, Richard Barthelmess in another "Classmates." Marion Davies and Harrison Ford in another "Janice Meredith." No Rudolph Valentino except in costume pictures. Conrad Nagel as a natural man, preferably in another comedy. More Ramon Novarro. More Sabatini novels. A D. W. Griffith revival. Gloria Swanson without her hideous grin. Fewer jazz pictures. More Doug. More Mary, in costume or grown-up pictures only. Lots more Richard Dix, Doug Jr., Kin Tin Tin and Viola Dana. Fewer movie divorces. Ten movie couples married five years without a divorce.

C. M. S.

This One Is Aimed at Us

San Francisco, Calif.

It seems, as I look through each page of PHOTOPLAY, I invariably read something of either Pola Negri or R. Valentino. Of course, I'm not the movie public condensed in one, but I certainly would like some variety in tone. Why hardly a thing about Jack Gilbert or Aileen Pringle?

E. LUCILLE DEMPSTER.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]

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What the Stars and Directors Are Doing NOW

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(Unless otherwise specified studios are at Hollywood)

BUSTER KEATON STUDIO, 1025 Lillian Way.
Inactive.

CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIO, 1416 La Brea Ave.
Inactive.

CALIFORNIA STUDIOS, 1438 Gower St.
Harry J. Brown Prod. Billy Sullivan is working on "The Patent Leather Pug."

Reed Howes is working on "The Danger Quest" with Harry Webb directing "Dangerous Flats" with Jack Perrin.

CECIL B. DE MILLE STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.
Alan Hale directing "Braveheart" with Rod La Rocque and Lillian Rich.

Rupert Julian directing "Three Faces East" with Jetta Goudal, Robert Ames and Clive Brooke.
Paul Sizane directing "Made for Love" with Edmund Burns and Leatrice Joy.

FILM BOOKING OFFICES, 780 Gower St.
Tom Forman directing "The Midnight Flyer" with Cullen Landis and Dorothy Devore.

Production has started on "All Around the Fryin' Pan" with Fred Thomson and Elmo Lincoln.

"Light Fingers" with Evelyn Brent.
"Knight of the Range" with Tom Tyler.

Chadwick Prod. Arthur Gregor directing "The Count of Luxembourg" with George Walsh and Helen Lee Working.

Douglas MacLean Prod. Fred Newmeyer directing "Seven Keys to Baldpate" with Douglas MacLean and Edith Roberts.

Larry Semon Prod. Larry Semon directing "Stop, Look and Listen" with Larry Semon and Dorothy Dwan.

FOX STUDIOS, 1401 N. Western Ave.
Frank Borzage has completed "Wages for Wives" with Jacqueline Logan and Credition Hale.

Victor Schertzinger directing "The Golden Strain" with Madge Bellamy, Kenneth Harlan and Ann Pennington.

Buck Jones has completed "The Desert's Price" with Florence Gilbert, and will soon start "Her Cowboy Prince" with Diana Miller.

Albert Ray directing "Hold Everybody" with Hailam Cooley and Kathryn Perry.
J. C. Blystone directing "The Best Bad Man" with Tom Mix and Clara Bow.

INDEPENDENT STUDIOS, 1751 Glendale Blvd.
Jesse J. Goldberg directing "Shooting Straight" with Bill Cody.

William James Craft directing "The Power of the Weak" with Alice Calhoun.

LASKY STUDIO, 1520 Vine St.
James Cruze directing "Mannequin" with Zasu Pitts, Alice Joyce and Warner Baxter.

William de Mille directing "Magpie" with Bebe Daniels and Neil Hamilton.

Irvin Willat directing "The Enchanted Hill" with Mary Brian, Florence Vidor, Jack Holt and Noah Berry.

Clarence Badger directing "Hands Up" with Raymond Griffith, Marion Nixon, Virginia Lee Corbin and Montague Love.

Malcolm St. Clair directing "The Tattooed Countess" with Pola Negri, Holmes Herbert and Charles Emmett Mack.

Raoul Walsh directing "Hassan" with Louise Fazenda, Ernest Torrence and George Riias.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIOS, Culver City, Cal.

Tod Browning directing "The Mocking Bird" with Lou Chaney.

Jack Conway directing "The Reason Why" with Aileen Pringle and Edmund Lowe.

George Hill directing "The Barrier" with Norman Kerry, Lionel Barrymore and Henry Walthall.

Victor Seastrom directing "The Scarlet Letter" with Lillian Gish.

METROPOLITAN STUDIOS, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd.
George Melford directing "Roeking Moon" with Rockeffelle Fellows, Laska Winters and Luke Cosgrave.

James Hogan directing "Steel Preferred" with Vera Reynolds and William Boyd.

Harold Lloyd Prod. Sam Taylor directing Harold Lloyd and Jobyna Ralston in an East Side story as yet untitled.

PICKFORD-FAIRBANKS STUDIOS, 711 Santa Monica Blvd.
William Beaudine directing "The Baby Farm" with Mary Pickford.

Albert Parker directing "The Black Pirate" with Douglas Fairbanks and Billie Dove.

UNITED STUDIOS, Hollywood, Cal.
Alfred Green has completed "Spanish Sunlight" with Barbara La Marr and Lewis Stone.

Irving Cummings directing "Caesar's Wife" with Corinne Griffith, Percy Marmont and Malcolm McGregor.

John Francis Dillon directing "Irene" with Colleen Moore and Lloyd Hughes.

Eric Von Stroheim directing "East of the Setting Sun" with Constance Talmadge, Walter Pidgeon and Eric Von Stroheim.

Production will soon start on "Kiki" with Norma Talmadge and Ronald Colman.

UNIVERSAL STUDIO, Universal City, Cal.
William Crinley directing "The Radio Detective" with Jack Dougherty and Margaret Quinby.

Harry Pollard directing "Two Blocks Away" with Charles Murray, George Sidney and Vera Gordon.

Production will soon start on "Rolling Home" with Reginald Denny.

WALDORF STUDIOS, 5360 Melrose Ave.
Harry Cohn directing "The Penalty of Jazz" with Forrest Stanley, Dorothy Revier and Ethel Wales.

"Ladies of Leisure" with Elaine Hammerstein, Robert Ellis and Ernest Gillen.

WARNER BROS. STUDIO, 5842 Sunset Blvd.
Herman Raymaker directing "The Night Cry" with Rip-Tin-Tin.

Lewis Milestone directing "The Cave Man" with Maria Prevost and Matt Moore.

Charles Reiner directing "Nighty-Night Nurse" with Syd Chaplin, Patsy Ruth Miller and Gayne Whitman.

Henry Lehman directing "The Fighting Edge" with Kenneth Harlan and Pataty Ruth Miller.

Erle Kenton directing "The Agony Column" with Monte Blue.

Millard Webb directing "Don Juan" with John Barrymore and Mary Astor.

EAST COAST

COSMOPOLITAN STUDIO, 127th St. and Second Ave., New York City.

Robert Kane directing "Bluebeard's Seven Wives" with Dorothy Sebastian, Blanche Sweet and Ben Lyon.

Fred Newmeyer directing "Lunatics at Large" with Leon Erroll, Dorothy Miskall and Jack Mulhall.

JACKSON STUDIO, Jackson and Westchester Aves., Bronx, N. Y.
Charles Hines directing "Rainbow Riley" with Johnny Hines and Brenda Bond.

PARAMOUNT STUDIO, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.

Herbert Brenon directing "The Song and Dance Man" with Tom Moore and Beale Love.

Maurice Tourneur directing "Aloms of the South Seas" with Gilda Gray, William Powell, Percy Marmont, Harry Mirey and Sessie Hayakawa.

George LaCava directing "Womanhandled" with Richard Dix and Esther Ralston.

TEC ART STUDIO, 344 West 44th St., New York City.
Celebrity Pictures. Marshall Neilan directing "The Fighting Parson" with Bobby Agran and Viola Dana.

Inspiration Pictures. Kenneth Webb directing "Just Sapphe" with Richard Barthelme and Lois Moran.

WHITMAN BENNETT STUDIO, Gledale, L. I.
Whitman Bennett directing "Ermine and Rhinestones" with Niles Welch and Edna Murphy.

CHANGES IN TITLES

AL CHRISTIE:
"Madame Lucy" will be released as "Madame Behaves."

FIRST NATIONAL:
"Spanish Sunlight" will be released as "The Girl from Montmartre."
"The Sea Woman" will be released as "Why Women Love."

PARAMOUNT:
"Martinique" will be released as "Volcano."
"He's a Prince" will be released as "A Regular Fellow."

BUSINESS NEWS OFFICES

Associated Exhibitors, Inc., 35 West 45th St., New York City.

Associated First National Pictures, 383 Madison Ave., New York City. Richard Barthelme 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 Company, 10th Ave. & 58th St., 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 Diverser Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

B. P. Schulberg Prod., 117 W. 45th St., 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, Heckscher Building, 5th Ave. and 37th St., New York City.

Vitagraph Company of America, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

Warner Brothers, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

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Studio News and Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]

he ever—at least that's the way most of Hollywood feels.

And if there ain't no baron, well, what difference does it make what he says about Hollywood?

WELL, thank goodness, the Tom Mixes patched up their little family row and everything is once more serene and peaceful along that frontier. It simply wouldn't do if anything happened to the Mix domesticity, and to Thomasina.

The facts were these, as nearly as can be discovered. Tom and Victoria had one of those quarrels which happen to every married couple, and if they deny it they are plain prevaricators. Vicky did what many another wife has done, she packed up and went—not home to mama, but over to the Ambassador, where she and Thomasina took a suite.

Two days later, Tom began to besiege her suite with telephone calls, telegrams, flowers and diamond bracelets. And it wasn't long before all was serene and Mrs. Mix had moved herself back home.

But the news of a separation surely gave Hollywood an awful shock.

JACK GILBERT invented the popular name for Vilma Banky, the continental beauty who is being hailed by everyone in Hollywood as the year's great discovery. Vilma came from Budapest, and Jack calls her "The Hungarian Rhapsody."

I can't remember when sentiment hereabouts has been so unanimous as it is in the case of Vilma Banky. Samuel Goldwyn is hailed on every side as a public benefactor for bringing her to the screen.

After making "The Dark Angel"—her first picture—she was loaned to Rudolph Valentino to play the lead in "The Lone Eagle." And they do say that since Mrs. Valentino is taking a matrimonial vacation in Paris, Rudy is exceedingly attentive to the lovely Hungarian. At least they are seen frequently on the beach together and at dinner. But if you ask me, Vilma has a bit of a twinkle in her eye all the time, and when I saw her on the sands the other day listening to something Rudy was fervently pouring into her ear, her expression seemed to say, "Go right ahead, old thing. I've got my fingers crossed, and all this continental stuff isn't new to me. I was brought up on it."

KATHLEEN CLIFFORD, for years one of the greatest vaudeville headliners and musical comedy stars in the country and now a Hollywood resident, is the latest film favorite to go into "trade."

Kitty, who is a tremendous favorite with

everybody, has bought a chain of flower shops, two in the town's most fashionable hotels—the Biltmore and the Ambassador, and one in the harbor town of San Pedro, where the ships come and go.

Already she has cornered the film business—she is an intimate friend of Norma and Constance Talmadge, Bebe Daniels, Marion Davies, Madame Elinor Glyn and dozens of others—and she told me the other day that the business for one personal appearance made at an opening by a popular star was \$3,000, so the film business will be pretty important.

There are a lot of the movie folks in trade these days—Viola Dana has just sold her big garage on Hollywood Boulevard for five or six times what she paid for it, Pauline Garon has a cleaning establishment, Shirley Mason and her sister, Edna Flugrath, own a beauty parlor, Bebe Daniels backed a friend in a fashionable stocking and handkerchief and bag shop, and of course Mae Murray owns dozens of apartment houses and much store rental space.

THE latest rumor of domestic difficulties in the Hollywood colony concerns James Cruze, director of "The Covered Wagon," and his wife, Betty Compton. Tales of strife in the Cruze household have been many of late, but rumor is notoriously unstable and, if Betty herself is to be believed, this one has no foundation at all.

For Betty told me the other day that she and Jimmy were spending all their time nowadays getting ready to build a gorgeous new home on their country estate at Flintridge. The place had a comfortable home on it when the Cruzes bought it, which they have greatly improved and enlarged, but now Betty wants to build her own home and already has architects busy with drawings.

Incidentally, somebody who was dining there the other evening told me this little story, which would seem to indicate anything but matrimonial unhappiness. A group of friends were there that evening, all discussing as usual, for all Hollywood talks shop, their favorite pictures.

Betty said, "I think the picture I enjoyed most was one called 'One Glorious Day.' Will Rogers was in it and it was the only picture he ever made where he got over the personality that makes him so great on the stage. I don't remember who directed it, but it was my favorite."

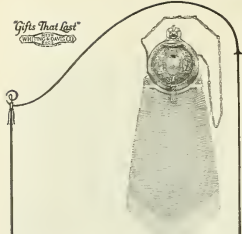
Her guests roared with laughter at Betty's astonished look when it was explained to her that Jimmy Cruze had directed the picture himself. Jimmy beamed and Betty blushed, and they looked the picture of lover-like confusion.

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All dressed up for Sunday morning—William Desmond, Mrs. Desmond (Mary McIvor) and Miss Desmond. Little Mary faces the camera fearlessly. Why shouldn't she? Some day she hopes to grow up and be a star herself

However, people do separate and get divorced on such a friendly basis nowadays that you really can't tell anything about it.

JUST another wild Hollywood party but the cops never arrived.

It happened at the home of Leatrice Joy and the occasion was the first birthday of Leatrice Joy II, whose father is the handsome and dashing Jack Gilbert.

Among the guests were more than a score of children whose parents are famous in motion picture circles. They ranged in age from three

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Watch Out for Film

That's where pyorrhea and tooth troubles frequently start now, say authorities

Run your tongue across your teeth; you can feel film if you have it. Now combat it without harsh grit—the new way.

DO you want whiter teeth? Do you want healthier teeth, teeth that are better protected from film-caused troubles? There is a new way—a way urged by leading dentists throughout the world.

Now, as a world-wide hygienic movement, a 10-day test is offered free. Send the coupon. See for yourself the amazing benefits it offers.

That dangerous film—how it fosters most tooth troubles—what to do to make dull and dingy teeth prettier, whiter

Look at your teeth. If dull, cloudy, run your tongue across them. You will feel a film.

That's a potential danger sign. If the dentifrice you're now using doesn't combat that film successfully, it's failing in its duty.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It hides the natural clearness of your teeth. It also holds food substance which ferments and causes acid. In contact with teeth, this acid starts decay. Millions of germs breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Now new methods control it

For years men of science have given

their best in seeking an effective combatant of that film.

Many 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 not combating film-coated teeth. To millions it offers daily a better protection against pyorrhea, tooth troubles and decay.

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Anna Q. Nilsson can't afford to let throat irritation from cough or cold depress her natural charm when she's acting—and sees no reason why it should when she's not acting.

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Keep a package of Luden's handy—and whenever the air is stuffy—or cough, cold or catarrh annoy you—place one on your tongue—inhalé deeply—and feel a lot better.

Five cents a package—everywhere.

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146

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As soon as he is old enough, Wesley Barry is going to apply for admission into the Naval Academy at Annapolis. Ever since he played in "The Midshipman" at Annapolis, Wesley has been hoping to get his name up for an appointment. Here's how he looks in his midshipman's uniform

months to eleven years. And some, the youngest, brought their own—you know what I mean—bottles and high chairs.

The party was an outdoor affair, under a huge canvas canopy, and it drew so many on-lookers that traffic was tied up for blocks. Pardon me, the cops did come. I had forgotten, but they came to straighten out the traffic jam and that doesn't really count as an official visit.

Among those present were Bill Hart, Jr., Barbara Ethel Roscoe, Ruth Marjory Nagel, Sidney Franklin, Jr., Edwin Hubbel, Diana Meredith, Missy Meredith, Loris Bennett Niblo, Guy Cooper, Jr., Lucretia Tenney, Helene Lucas, Allan Hale, Jr., Kerlen Hale, Neill Lehr, Mary Ellen Hughes, Betty Ann Armstrong, Gene Lewis, Barbara Ford, Patrick Ford, Sally Ann Rawlinson (Sally is three months old and had to stay in her baby carriage—that's why she couldn't come to the table), Estelle Farnum, Ned Barnes, Mary Gene Flynn, Jeanie Smith, Tom Smith, Jackie Smith, Richard Bayne Bushman and John Dillon, Jr. And, I almost forgot, they were so quiet, of course all of "Our Gang" was there.

IF you haven't played puff billiards, "you ain't seen nothing yet." At present, it is the Charleston's only daval as a social diversion in Hollywood. Viola Dana gets credit for introducing it, and it is becoming the rage.

It's like this—you have a round board, with a railing around it. On each side, there is a little tin cup, about an inch deep. Behind this cup is a large, rubber bulb with a long nozzle. The player stations himself behind the cup and takes the bulb in hand. Then a small cork ball is turned loose on the board. The object is to keep it out of your cup and shoot it into somebody else's, for every time it comes into your cup you lose a point. It may not be the most highbrow game in the world, but no other known occupation can be guaranteed to produce as much laughter.

Besides Viola, well-known devotees and experts at the art are Fred Niblo and his wife, Edith Bennett, George Fitzmaurice, the C. Gardner Sullivans (Mrs. Sullivan is Ann May), Mr. and Mrs. Douglas MacLean, Bebe Daniels, Marion Davies and Constance Talmadge.

YOU never can tell what success is going to do to them.

The old-timers sit back and watch this one and that one come from obscurity to fame in a few short months, and they wonder whether the head will be able to stand the new altitude. There is a theory in Hollywood that a swelled head is fatal to success. It has been proved over and over again. Harold Lloyd, Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson and Colleen Moore, are all modest and natural in the extreme.

I remember when a lot of girls were moved from the Lasky lot to make a "second string" program, to be called Fine Arts. These girls were made stars for the purpose. They included Mary Miles Minter, Bebe Daniels, Wanda Hawley, and I think, Constance Binney. I went to pay a day's visit to the studio one day, soon after this elevation. The only one who was normal and sane and hadn't suddenly acquired a lot of grand duchess airs and hybrid accents was Bebe Daniels. Today Bebe is a Paramount star of the first water. Where are the others?

THESE reminiscences are brought to mind by two cases that have happened side by side on one lot recently and have been causing a lot of comment. They illustrate perfectly the point of the differing effect of success and it will be interesting to see if the theory holds.

BON TON and ROYAL WORCESTER Corsets and Combinations



Twelve years in pictures and hero of a hundred films, "Pete," Harry Carey's horse, has been pensioned and retired to a life of leisure on the big Carey ranch. The only need in the oats is the fact that "Sandy," another horse, has been given his place in the Carey pictures

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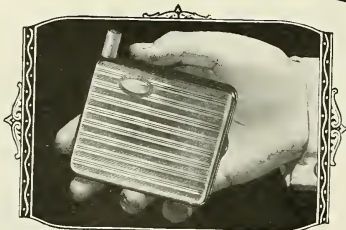
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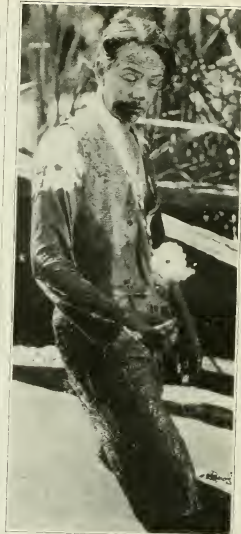
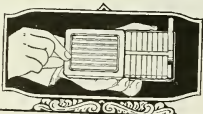
No trouble, no fumbling, or shaking. With one hand you get a smoke when you want it—or offer one to a friend in a snappy, impressive way.

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CIGARETTE CASE
Every Ejector guaranteed

The Lyons Mfg. Co., New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.



After taking this mud bath, Robert Agnew is an earnest supporter of cleaner pictures. You have heard, of course, of throwing mud at actors. Well, that is just what Mickey Neilan did in filming "The Great Love"

A year ago Raymond Griffith and Mal St. Clair were both of relatively small importance in the motion picture industry. Their names were practically unknown. Today, Griffith is a comedy star and Mal St. Clair, having directed that delicious "Are Parents People?" and "The Grand Duchess," is running Monta Bell a close race for honors as the best young director in pictures.

I knew Mal St. Clair when he was an office boy on the Los Angeles Times, tickled to death to get the job so that he could help his mother out with a weekly pay check. He hasn't changed a bit. I have known him to leave a big company limousine parked at the curb and grab a most disreputable taxi in New York, when he was with an old friend, for fear the friend would think he was putting on side. He manages all the jobs he can for the pals of the old days. He likes them to share his success.

Raymond Griffith seems to have taken success so seriously that it is quite the funniest thing he has ever done. He cannot forget that he is a comedy star long enough to be courteous to ladies of his acquaintance. His conversation consists chiefly of possible future titles for his pictures. He doesn't even play the game to the extent of differing with his director, if differ he must, in privacy, but openly asserts his own authority, as I have seen myself. Clever, brilliant as he is, he and his scenario writer now lurch in serene and entirely undisturbed state at the Montmartre.

Will the case of Fine Arts be repaired? I wonder. At any rate, an inflated cranium

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Cards, Stationery, Circulars, Paper, etc. Save money. Print for others, big profit. Complete outfit \$8.50. Job press \$15. Rotary \$16. All easy rules sent. Write for catalog presser type etc. THE PRESS CO., Y-43, Meriden, Conn.

never seems to work as well as one that retains its normal size, even under trying conditions.

SOMEDAY somebody is going to write a book of memoirs about the famous hosts and hostesses of Hollywood, and when they do Bebe Daniels is going to be prominently mentioned on every page. Being a motion picture star is a side issue with Bebe these days—she's between productions—and the chief business in life is being a hostess. Since Bebe came back to Hollywood from New York after spending three years in the east, she started to make up for being away from her friends so long, and the big white house on the hill which she bought just before going east and is now enjoying for the first time is about as gay as any place could be most of the time.

Her latest invention is a regular Sunday morning horseback ride and "brunch"—the word being a combination of breakfast and lunch, which is very fitting.

Every Sunday morning around eleven, Bebe and her friends start out over the hills and after a two or three hour ride return for baked ham, fried chicken, waffles and coffee.

The gang usually includes Florence Vidor, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Borzag, Kathleen Clifford, Jack Gilbert, George Fitzmaurice, Eddie Sutherland, Jack White, Lew Cody, Julia Faye, and half a dozen others.

"THE VIENNESE MEDLEY" was almost changed to a lullaby the other day when one of the extra women used in a mob scene presented the world with a lusty-voiced heir.

The casting director was a bit dubious about permitting her to work, but her plea was so genuine he finally consented.

A short time afterward a great commotion was noticed at the far end of the set, and it was discovered that Hollywood had one more soul added to its population. An ambulance and



Edwin Carewe saw her at an official ball in Mexico City and immediately asked her if she would like to go into the movies. After some persuasion, the lady—whose name is Dolores Del Rio—consented. Signorita Del Rio is not only beautiful but she is rich. She is just twenty years old and was educated in Paris. Carewe is so sure of her screen possibilities that he has placed her under contract



This Christmas —

Modernize Her Treasured Rings



The bride of several years ago can now also have an Orange Blossom wedding ring, without sacrificing the sentiment of the cherished gold band. Through the Traub modernizing process, the significant Orange Blossoms may be hand-chased either directly into the old-fashioned plain ring, or into a seamless platinum shell laid over it. The inscription remains the same. And, matching the modernized wedding ring, the Traub Orange Blossom engagement mounting is an exquisite setting for the original diamond.

What better time than Christmas to modernize her treasured rings? Jewelers selling Traub rings will give you the genuine Orange Blossom design.

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The daintiest gift you ever saw! At all toilet goods counters, or if your dealer cannot supply you order direct from the Norida Parfumerie, 630 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.



The Gift for Every Woman

YOUNG or old, blonde or brunette, every woman will be delighted with a Norida Vanitie for Christmas!

A Gift She Will
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Single, powder only, \$1.50
Double, powder and rouge, \$2.00

Not a Sifter Not a Compact



doctor were summoned and mother and babe were whisked to the hospital.

May Allison, playing *Corinne* in the picture, suggested that the mother name the infant Lot, for he was born on the United Lot, but Anna Q. Nilsson, heading the cast, demurred, saying that his future wife might be in danger of turning to salt if she ever looked back.

Which is subject for deep thought.

MADAME GLYN gives us her four favorite pictures. They are "The Mark of Zorro," "The White Sister," "The Big Parade" and "Her Sister from Paris." She gives a bough of laurel to Connie Talmadge in the latter picture and the rest of the tree goes to King Vidor, who she claims is a great artist. Now watch the arguments fly!

CAVALIER COMMENT, who, as you probably know, is a grandson of Dame Rumor, has been talking about the magnetic personality radiated by Conrad Nagel in Elinor Glyn's "Four Flaming Days." Well, Conrad has held the local cup for male godliness on and off screen for quite some time. Perhaps it is time he was giving us a bit of devilry on the screen. But if he carries it off screen it will surely wreck a lot of Hollywood traditions.

THIS was overheard at the Montmartre. There were a couple of actors, two directors and a writer lurching together, gossiping and telling interesting stories about themselves.

"Possibly none of you have ever had an amateur scenario writer corner you, where there was no chance of escape," said Albert LeVino, the writer. "I have, and it was in jail either."

"For seven years I was given my morning

A good old Friend

Remember the old-fashioned mustard plaster Grandma pinned around your neck when you had a cold or a sore throat?

It worked, but my bow it burned and blistered!

Musterole breaks up colds and 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 Musterole handy and use at the first sign of tonsillitis, croup, neuritis, rheumatism or a cold.

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Band Leaders! Write for Special Arrangement



The tennis champion of the film colony—Norma Shearer. If you would be slim and in perfect condition, try this on your tennis court. Miss Shearer plays every day and puts up a stiff game against such experts as Lew Cody, John Gilbert and Ramon Navarro



Florence Allen, Chicago girl, who won a beauty contest conducted in connection with a Chicago newspaper, stepped off the Golden State Limited the other day and was conducted to the Universal lot. She is now under contract with Universal

shave by the same barber. This was when I was on a newspaper in New York City.

"Then came the day when I joined up with the scenario staff of an eastern producing company.

"Of course the news spread among my friends. On my next visit to the barber following my good fortune, I scented myself in the chair and was lathered as usual. It was only when he had his razor well sharpened and was ready to start, that my barber sprung his bomb.

"At the exact moment when his razor hovered lovingly over my Adam's apple, its keen edge caressing my neck, that the barber shattered my reverie:

"I've written a scenario, Mr. LeVino. Will you let me tell it to you?"

"What could I do? What would you do under the circumstances? I heard the story out. It was terrible. I perjured my immortal soul and lost a splendid barber into the bargain."

THE historic land rushes in Kansas and Oklahoma during the opening of the Cherokee Strip in 1889, with three hundred wagons, more than a thousand head of horses and mules and nearly a thousand men, to say nothing of dogs and goats and other live stock, in a mad dash over the gently undulating prairie, will be reproduced on the screen when William S. Hart's first United Artists picture, "Tumbleweeds," is released.

With nineteen cameras trained on the scene, this thrilling fight for land was re-enacted at the La Aguero Rancho, some forty miles from Hollywood. And it had all of the thrill of the old west. It was hard to believe it was simply a picture.

At the shriek of a siren and blasts from army bugles, the great horde of vehicles and stock swept into action across the softly sloping hollow of the hills. Hundreds of spectators lined the neighboring hills and cheered them on, almost forgetting in the excitement that it was but mimicry.

King Baggot, assisted by J. H. McCloskey, directed the spectacle and so well was it handled that not a man or horse was injured.

Prevent this

Worried about the appearance of her teeth



**Good Looks Depart
When Teeth Decay**
Authorities Declare Preventive
Dentistry Protects Beauty as
Well as Good Health

Tooth decay truly is a menace to the nation's health.

If this sounds exaggerated to you, just ask your dentist. Let him tell you how prevalent it is and how serious are the consequences when tooth decay is allowed to undermine your health.

Use Colgate's—

It removes causes of tooth decay

PRESERVE the youthful charm of your smile by sensible care of your teeth.

Preventive dentistry—the combating of disease by the prevention of tooth troubles—is the new note in advanced dental practice. Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream has always been in the forefront of this scientific move for better teeth and health. Colgate's is a preventive dental cream. It removes causes of tooth decay.

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Colgate's contains no harsh grit—no dangerous ingredients. It "washes" your teeth gently and safely. Its principal ingredients are fine chalk and mild soap, the two substances recommended by eminent dental authorities. The fine chalk is the polishing agent. The soap supplies the needed washing action. The combined action protects by removing clinging particles of food from the teeth and edges of the gums.

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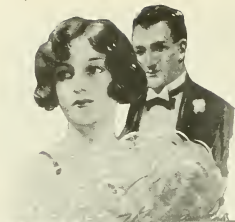
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Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son, New York



Something NEW for BOBBED HAIR

There is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well— which kind is yours? I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which are really no more actual color than sunlight. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send *any* direct to J.W. Koss Co., 646 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wn.

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Send for this Free Book

A FEW years ago he was an engineer.

Today he is one of the highest salaried and best directors in the industry with such pictures as "The Goose Woman" to his credit.

It is small wonder that Clarence Brown "believes" in the picture business.

"That's why I'm rearing my child to be an actress—a picture actress," explained Brown the other day as we stood chatting on the Valentino set while the cameras were being changed.

I had asked Brown if it were really true—that he was preparing his eight-year-old daughter, Adrienne, for a screen career. Not that I can see any reason why he should not, but it struck me as just a little different from the decision of the average picture parent.

WOULD you believe that Douglas Fairbanks' hands are covered with bigger callouses than a farm hand or a teamster?

Well, they are, and I saw him startle a crowd of movie celebrities the other day when he exhibited his palms.

He got them from using his long whip—"Don Q." It took months of tireless practice for the star to perfect himself with this whip—months of preliminary work before the picture started. He didn't give up practicing and pronounce himself ready until he could hit a fly with the tip of the whip four out of five times.

And this is true, for I've seen Doug give more than one exhibition of accuracy.

While we're on the subject of hands I might add that Rudolph Valentino packs a pair of mitts which are un-sheik-like in the extreme and wouldn't go so well at a petting party.

They are almost always scratched and scarred. You see, Rudy is an amateur mechanic—his idea of real sport being to do the work on his two cars himself in his spare time, and this in spite of the fact that he keeps two chauffeurs.

AT least one man prominent in the Hollywood colony admits he got his first start by deception. He is Robert Frazier, the only known leading man who can't dance. Frazier, who was a grocery clerk with histrionic ambitions, found that every time he applied for a job as actor he was turned down because he had no experience. He solved this objection by having a number of programs printed, prominently displaying his name in the casts.

HERE'S one they tell on Sam Goldwyn, and the man who told me swears it's true.

It was at the United Studios one Sunday afternoon, and my friend was trying to catch up a little on his work by toiling overtime.

His thoughts were harshly interrupted by heavy sobs just outside his window. He dashed out to investigate, and there, leaning against the building, face pillowed in his arms and sobbing and shaking as though his heart was breaking, was Sam Goldwyn. From here on the unnamed friend will tell his story:

"I had never seen such a sight—a strong

man torn with grief. I'd read about it, but here I was, face to face with it. What should I do? What had happened? Surely this was some stark tragedy I was intruding on. But I couldn't let him go on like that.

"My God, Sam, what IS the trouble?" I pleaded, as I grabbed him by the arms. I MUST console him.

"I'm ruined! I'm ruined!" wailed Sam. And off he went into another paroxysm of grief.

"Tell me, Sam! Tell me all! It will help." "Oh, that picture—that 'Stella Dallas' picture! It's ruined me! It's ruined me!"

"What, Sam, you a bankrupt? And I heard Henry King had made such a fine picture."

"That's just it," wailed Sam. "That Henry King and his picture—I ruined me."

"Before I could get the straight of it, along came Henry himself and joined me in my efforts to console the producer.

"Finally the sobs died down sufficiently for me to demand and get an explanation.

"Seems Sam had been so greatly moved by a sequence in his own picture—'Stella Dallas'—that he was crying his heart out. He was ruined. The picture was so darn good Sam was weeping his eyes out over it. Can you picture that? And I don't really think Sam knew I was in my office, for it is not my habit to work on Sunday."

IT was a great day for Jackie Coogan and the Hearst twins, Randolph and Elbert.

Just as Jackie was about to leave with his father for a hunting lodge in the high Sierras, two young callers were announced—the twins on their way to their school in the east had dropped in to say good-bye to the little star.

What a time they had, looking over Jackie's revolvers and small bore rifles with which he plans to slay numerous mountain lions and bears at the lodge!

All was grand, school and everything else forgotten until the twins' tutor broke in on the big game hunt. It was time to dash for the train, and the twins left Jackie after extracting a promise that the little star would visit them at their father's wonderful ranch next summer.

But this is not all Jackie promised. The twins are to get the skin of the first mountain lion which bites the dust when Jackie's rifle barks.

FUN is fun, but a paper dart—when it hits you in the eye—is nothing short of a tragedy.

This is what Jobyna Ralston, Harold Lloyd's leading woman, thinks and with good cause.

Recently Jobyna attended a dinner dance at a country club. The fun waxed fast and furious. The climax came for Jobie when someone flung a paper dart and it struck the little actress in the eye.

The physician who attended Jobyna pronounced it a conjunctival hemorrhage of the eye and, while very painful, not really serious. It will mean that she will be unable to work for at least two weeks, but her vision will not be impaired.

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96]

WIDGY, WARSAW, N. Y.—Better not let Constance Talmadge hear you talk like that about Buster Collier. According to the latest reports they are engaged. Evidently he likes blonde's too—that's the color of Connie's hair. But getting back to your hero—he was born in New York City, Feb. 12, 1902. He is five feet, ten inches in height; weighs 150 pounds; has black hair and brown eyes. Does he pass?

AMELIA T. S., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The January issue of PHOTOPLAY will be on the news stands Dec. 10th. Better order your copy now.

SKEEK, ISLE OF VIEW.—How could you say such a thing. A bother—why would I do without the letters I receive from the fans? Ben Lyon may be reached at the Biograph Studio, 807 East 175th St., New York City. Rod La Rocque was born in Chicago, Ill. Write him in care of the Cecil B. De Mille Studio, Culver City, Calif. Colleen Moore was born August 19, 1902. She is now working on "Irene" at the United Studios, Hollywood.

M. S., MANILA.—Gloria Swanson's daughter was born October 7, 1926. You're welcome.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 122]

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

FLOWER OF THE NIGHT— Paramount

THE combination of Negri and Hergesheimer should have produced at least a very worthwhile picture if not a masterpiece. Great things were expected, which makes the disappointment doubly keen after witnessing "Flower of the Night." Where the fault lies I do not know, since I am not familiar with the original Hergesheimer story, but the picture does not ring true. Photographically it is beautiful throughout, but the acting belies the motivation. It is difficult to obtain sympathy for the leading character as portrayed by Miss Negri because her introductory scenes stamp her as hard boiled and sophisticated. Consequently, many fine bits of acting which she contributes later in the story are ineffective.

The choice of Youca Troubitsky for leading man does not seem a particularly wise one, his chief claim to distinction being the largest Adam's apple in pictures and a marcel wave that would do justice to Mons. Marcel himself. Pola's personal fans will enjoy bits of this picture, her dancing, for instance, but Mr. Bern, director, Mr. Goldbeck, scenarist, and Mr. Hergesheimer, author, you have made us lose faith in Santa Claus.

THE WINDING STAIR—Fox

PASSABLE. A quick-moving romantic melodrama that falls short through the colorless performance of Alma Rubens and the remainder of the cast with the exception of Edmund Lowe. He's good and looks quite handsome in his sheik regalia. The story concerns a young French officer stationed in Morocco and his love for a dancer. He deserts his regiment in order to protect her, but during the World War he redeems himself again.

THE PACE THAT THRILLS—First National

THERE is not a word in the dictionary that will explain how perfectly terrible this is. Ridiculous! And you might guess who is in it.—Mr. Ben Lyon, if you please. Emphasis on the Mister. Mary Astor, as beautiful as ever, is wasted in this story of a young movie actor, who acquired much undesirable publicity because he refuses to take chances, demanding a double for the most trivial danger. But in the end all is cleared up happily.

THUNDER MOUNTAIN—Fox

WHERE folks live a simple life and keep a rifle within easy reach. Of course this theme is the favorite plot for many producers but we can honestly say that this is different from the other 869. The splendid humor that is injected into it will please the most critical audience. Madge Bellamy, Leslie Fenton, a newcomer, Arthur Houseman, ZaSu Pitts and Emily Fitzroy comprise the excellent cast.

THREE WISE CROOKS—F. B. O.

STARTS off with plenty of pep and then all the action ceases and the audience goes to sleep. Evelyn Brent does her best to rescue the picture but everything in the story is so agreeant that her work is in vain. Bruce Gordon is again her accomplice and John Gough goes through some supposedly funny antics. Frankly speaking—the picture is terrible.

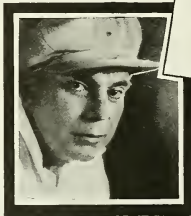
LAW OR LOYALTY—Davis Dist. Co.

AGAIN we have the famous Mounted Police struggling between friendship and duty. Especially when it develops that the mounty's friend was protecting his sweetheart from the villain. There's no need of my telling you what happened. A fair picture with enough punch behind it to keep one interested.

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May I take this occasion to compliment you on the excellent service and courtesy rendered, and the many conveniences on the Golden State Limited.

My recent trips over the Golden State have been delightfully enjoyable.

Sincerely,

James Cruze



CLEANS *the* HAIR while it FEEDS the scalp

*At one time and
for one cost*

WILDROOT TAROLEUM HAIR-WASH

EVEN healthy scalps deserve a certain amount of care. But few scalps—nowadays—are really healthy. Some scalps are starved, because the food supply from the tiny oil glands is insufficient. A great many scalps are choked with dandruff.

To be sure, there are complicated treatments. They take time—require expert service—and cost money.

Home treatments possible

Until recently, such costly treatments were the only road to scalp health—but all this has been changed by a scientific discovery. A

new double formula, called Taroleum, now makes it possible for you to give yourself a complete scalp treatment in your own home—for only a few cents.

Wildroot Taroleum Hair-Wash costs no more than an ordinary shampoo. It cleanses—y—removes dust, and dirt, and dandruff with a luxuriant lather. A wonderful shampoo!

Life-giving Crude-Oil

Taroleum is also a crude-oil treatment such as you might get from a scalp specialist. While the hair is still dry, a tablespoonful of the Taroleum should be rubbed into your scalp, with the finger tips. Under such a massage, Taroleum's life-giving crude-oil feeds your

scalp. Now takes some warm water, and shampoo the head. Like magic, there springs up a thick, white, cleansing lather. While it cleans and feeds, Taroleum also protects, because its healthful ingredients are mildly antiseptic. Your scalp gets the extra benefit of healing pine-tar.

Scalp young—hair silky

Rinse out your hair, and see how Taroleum has loosened up the grime. Your head feels new.

Clean hair should be soft—but easy to handle. It is—after Taroleum. You will be surprised at your hair's silkiness, and wonderful true color.

No stain—No odor

When the easy Taroleum shampoo is done, your hair is left sweet and clean, without any after-odor. And no matter how fair your hair—Taroleum absolutely cannot discolor it. White-haired mothers, and golden-haired daughters are enthusiastic about Taroleum.

Money back guarantee

Your druggist has Taroleum. If it isn't the wonderful shampoo, we say it is—we'll return your money. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.



PAINT AND POWDER—Chadwick

A TRITE story greatly padded that has been presented in a million different ways—the sweet little story of the good little chorus girl who becomes a star and marries the producer. The fans who insist on having their happy ending are going to be disappointed for the seemingly unhappy climax is the most forceful feature in the picture. Fair entertainment for those who aren't too fussy.

THE KEEPER OF THE BEES—F. B. O.

A WORD to the wise is sufficient: Don't be stung like we were. We can hardly imagine the late Gene Stratton Porter writing anything like this. Cheap! The whole picture has been presented in regular hackneyed fashion. The opportunities to make this a poignant story have been missed by the director and players. The action is sluggish, the performances are amateurish and in general everything is wrong. All we can say is—we were greatly disappointed. Gene Stratton, a girl-boy, is the most acceptable member of the cast.

BUSTIN' THROUGH—Universal

A WESTERN, of course—but at least it has plenty of action from the start to the finish. Jack Hovie rides and fights his way through the whole picture endeavoring to save his ranch from a grasping land company. Oh yes, there is another real estate boom breaking out in the western pictures.

FLYIN' THRU—Davis Dist. Co.

A THRILLING picture featuring Al Wilson, the stunt aviator. He performs excellent stunts—in fact we were sliding off the chair we so thrilled. The comedy sequences are a trifle overdone but there is so much pep in this story of the hero who rescues his father from prison and wins the girl, that one doesn't feel like being critical.

RIDIN' THE WIND—F. B. O.

FRED THOMSON, we're surprised at you. After all the fine pictures you've turned out and to wish this one on us—you must redeem yourself. Fred rescues his brother from an entanglement with a gang of bandits, returns all the stolen money and wins the girl. If you can stand this—you're good.

DURAND OF THE BAD LANDS—Fox

HOW is it that the heroes of the Westerns are always unjustly accused of deeds that the villain commits? Where is this fellow Justice, anyway? A picture filled with plenty of action but missing on all sides in story value. Buck Jones is an acceptable hero, and how he rides and fights. Marion Nixon is a pleasing heroine.

LET'S GO GALLAGHER—F. B. O.

INTRODUCING Tom Tyler, the new F. B. O. Western star. The familiar theme is crowded with action, such as fights, rescues and stunts. The story concerns a young cowboy who becomes foreman of a girl's ranch, prevents the villain from foreclosing and wins the girl. Tyler is a likeable fellow and will prove a winner with the boys.

THE EVERLASTING WHISPER—Fox

INSTEAD of taming horses Tom Mix makes a little society girl and by doing so takes her love him. There is nothing new in this picture and the action is very draggy. It will please only the Mix fans.

A BUTCHER'S thumb, weighed in the balance, is seldom found wanting.—Life.

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Wonderful home study music lessons under By Mail great American and European teachers. Endorsed by Paderewski. Master teachers guide and coach you. Lessons a marvel of simplicity and completeness.
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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. Slip on like a glove. No strips of rubber to bind and cause discomfort. Nothing to trim or massage. Only one step—wear over foot by morning. Works by prominent arteries. Sent \$2.25 and we will send you Lenor Ankle Reducers in padded package subject to your inspection. **LENOR MFG. CO. Dept. 12-Y 503 Fifth Ave., New York**

THICK ANKLES SPIL YOUR APPAREL

A Few More Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102]

Luck for Doug, Jr.

Boise, Idaho.

I wish to state that I am with the fourteen-year-old, Lucy Blackwell, on the subject of "Who will take Wallace Reid's place?" Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is a fine young actor and, as far as I can discover, is the only actor with any of the traits of Wallace Reid. I wish him luck.

ANOTHER FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD.

Again for Doug, Jr.

Waterbury, Vt.

I thoroughly agree with Lucy Blackwell when she says that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., will take Wally Reid's place in the heart of the public. Doug, Jr., was fine in "The Air Mail." I join Miss Blackwell in wishing him luck.

MARION O. SCOTT.

She Wants Mary to Grow Up

Seattle, Wash.

Everyone seems to want Mary Pickford to be a child always. I do not. Hasn't she as much as any other actress to prove her versatility by playing different kinds of roles? She's a truly wonderful star and she should be given this right.

MISS TWELVE-YEAR-OLD.

For Better Acting

Toronto, Can.

Just a word to say that I think the younger actors are getting far too much praise these days and are making the older, truer actors take a back seat. I am no good at remembering names, but I want to congratulate the man who played the part of the German innkeeper in Colleen Moore's "Sally" and the one who was the butler in "Man and Maid." It seems to me that people are being carried away by screen "sheiks." They don't have to act, for they are just in their natural element. But let any one of them be cast in a difficult and very different part and he would be an absolute failure! Of that I am certain, for his own self would be sure to show through and we would never lose track of the fact that it was Rudy or Ramon who was there before us and not the true character.

M. SHANNON.

Rod Is the "Oil Works"

E. St. Louis, Ill.

Here's a bouquet for dear old Rod La Rocque. I think he is just grand! He's my idea of a perfect collar advertisement. In "Night Life of New York," he was the oil works, all right. I offer him my heartiest congratulations.

Another thing—I do not agree with "Babe." Ricardo Cortez does not imitate Valentino. I should say not! Ricardo's smile and eyes in "The Spaniard" were nothing else but natural.

FRITZIE BOYLE.

A Suggestion for Marion

Los Angeles, Calif.

I am a constant reader of PHOTOPLAY, so I'd like to make a few suggestions and requests. Won't you please give us a picture of Lloyd Hughes in your Rotogravure section? Also one of Dick Barthelmess? And why don't casting directors give Ricardo Cortez a few chances to prove himself a hero, not a villain? His work was admirable in "Argentine Love," except the

Does the skin on your face look older than the skin on your body?

This important principle of complexion care will stop this "unequal ageing"—it will help keep your skin young and lovely—try it free

WOMEN often wonder about this. They compare the skin of their face and neck with the skin of their body. They realize that though their body skin is fresh, white and soft, the skin of their face, and neck and hands looks definitely older, slightly dry and harsh.

There is a scientific way to stop this "unequal ageing." A way that does for your face skin just what Nature does for your body skin. This way is Frostilla Fragrant Lotion. You can try it free.

For over fifty years Frostilla Lotion has been famous for keeping hands soft and white—for preventing chaps and dryness. It is just as effective for keeping the skin of your face and neck lovely.

Frostilla Lotion is chemically identical with the natural moisture that your skin provides. It is made scientifically just as the body makes it naturally. It keeps the skin soft in the same way.

You need Frostilla Lotion, because you need more "precious moisture" than your body can supply. Not for your body skin, because that is protected by clothing. But the skin of your face and neck and hands is exposed. Particularly cold weather, raw winds, artificial heat and dust dry out the moisture of the skin. More



Some popular uses

To prevent and soothe chapped hands and skin. Used by screen stars to remove make-up.
A base for powder and rouge.
To prevent rough skin from hard water and strong soap.
After all household duties. For cracked lips and fingers.
For men—after shaving.

must be added if the skin is not to become harsh, dry, old. Frostilla Lotion is the scientific way to furnish this additional amount. By using it regularly you can keep your complexion and hands as smooth and soft as the skin on your body.

Frostilla Lotion is quickly absorbed by the skin without leaving any stickiness. Its fragrance will delight you.

Test Frostilla Lotion yourself for a few days. Let us send you a generous trial bottle, absolutely free. See why thousands of women are praising this better way of caring for the skin. See how Frostilla Lotion—"precious moisture" can keep your skin supple, white, fresh. Simply mail the coupon.



Two sizes—35c and \$1.00

The larger bottle is the more economical to buy as it contains more than three times the 35-cent size. For sale at all good stores in the U. S. and Canada.

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Please send me your free bottle of Frostilla Fragrant Lotion, the lotion that keeps skin soft and young in Nature's own way.

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"To Restore Loveliness to Footwear"



Po-Go from Paree!

Po-Go is a genuine, hand-made, creamy, soft rouge—not merely made over there, but packed over there! Produced by a Frenchman and endorsed by France!

It gives you color without giving you away! It not only holds powder beautifully, but blends to perfection.

Blondes are buying Po-Go Brique (Naturelle shade). Ronce (a new Raspberry) is made for both brunettes and blondes. Both are made for beauty!

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Your Druggist has Po-Go. Insist on it. Priced 50c. Also sent promptly by mail from us.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT That Will Be Appreciated Throughout the Year

A 12 months' subscription to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

USE THE COUPON ON PAGE 153

end, which was a great disappointment to me and mine. Any why not put Marion Davies in a picture of today instead of those old-fashioned plays? She has talent and why not show it in a picture of today? Also the change of Walsh to Novarro in "Ben Hur" was a great mistake.

L. V. M.

Mr. Barthelmess and Mr. Blue

San Francisco, Calif.

I just want to give Richard Barthelmess a bouquet. I think he is the most handsome and best actor on the screen. Why doesn't PHOTOPLAY publish a picture of him? Monte Blue is also one of my favorites. They are my idea of real men.

SEVENTEEN.

All for Norma

Omaha, Neb.

I wish to offer a little praise for one whom I consider the screen's best actress. She is Miss Norma Talmadge. To me, she is marvelous. Her wonderful picture "Smilin' Through" is one that will live for years to come. It brought tears to my eyes, and I know it did to hundreds more. And I hope that in the near future we may have another one of these wonderful dramas.

FRANCES BEALL.

Look Out, Greta!

I've got a nice little brickbat for Greta Nissen. Did you see her in "In the Name of Love," opposite Ricardo Cortez? All she did was pose, pose, pose—not one bit of real acting. And as for being such a beauty, I couldn't see it. I hope she doesn't spoil any more of Cortez' pictures.

And now that I've given a brickbat, I think I'll take my full share and throw a nice, big bouquet. It's for Richard Dix. You're just wonderful, Mr. Dix, and I've enjoyed all of your late pictures very much indeed. Keep up the good work!

OBSERVER.

Our Own Bouquet

Newark, N. J.

I've just come from seeing "The Freshman" and absolutely agree with PHOTOPLAY's review of it. I simply howled! That's one of the reasons I usually grab PHOTOPLAY as soon as the month's edition is out. Your reviews are so fair and express so well the opinions of the average fan who is pretty well satiated with the terribly sugary things (or terribly naughty) that one sees so much of. Now—wasn't that a nice bouquet?

May I write how much I enjoy Herb Howe? Let's have more articles by him, even if it may make him a bit more concited than the average—person. (I almost made the awful faux pas of saying "male.")

I wish these professional pessimists would stop shouting to everyone who will pause long enough to listen that the movies are going from bad to worse. Expressing the opinion of many people, I can safely say that one merely has to look at the type of picture one saw ten years ago and then step into a modern movie theater, sink into a comfortable seat, and notice the ever-changing panorama that is being presented before him today. I don't mean that I am so much impressed by these lavish, spectacular productions. The things that really count are the simple stories of everyday life acted with real feeling and sympathetically by such competent actors as we have today. Not the "Follies" beauties, who are there merely to smile, nor the handsome fellow with a string of broken-hearts to his credit. It's the artists like Charlie Chaplin, John Barrymore, Carol Dempster, May McAvoy and Dorothy MacKail and many others who win the respect and admiration of people who appreciate the finer things.

I'm hoping that PHOTOPLAY continues to be all it is and I assure you that so long as it does, it will be one of the foremost magazines on our library table.

ETHEL KRUVANT.

"Hoot" vs. Tom Mix

Boston, Mass.

Here is a bouquet that is well earned. It is for Hoot Gibson. He is great and he sure does his stuff. Why should all the praise go to Tom Mix? Maybe he gets more publicity than Hoot, but at least Hoot is no show-off, if you get what I mean. Tom Mix is very good, no doubt, but not one bit better than Hoot, and Tom hasn't half the humor to his pictures that Hoot has. I'll bet PHOTOPLAY's readers that if Hoot went in for comedy, there would be none better. In some of his pictures he makes the audience roar, and at the matinees maybe the children don't clap for him! They certainly are his loyal friends. His pictures get over fifty times better than some of Doug Fairbanks' billion dollar pictures. That isn't the bunk, either, nor sarcasm—it's the truth.

SALLY
(Spokesman for her club).

Too Much Fighting

Elizabeth, N. J.

I am a regular reader of your magazine, and I enjoy Brickbats and Bouquets and also Herbert Howe's articles very much. I dislike the latest pictures Milton Sills has made. They are too much "when a man's a man" type. Why can't we have some more pictures on the style of "Single Wives" and "I Want My Man"? The last pictures have been nothing but fights and Mr. Sills is such a romantic star! I suggest Corinne Griffith as his leading lady.

E. M. C.

Down With the Dumb!

San Antonio, Texas.

In my opinion the screen is too cluttered up with dumb looking leading ladies. I believe that the majority of film fans enjoy seeing new faces, faces that are young and full of animation. Norma Shearer and Betty Bronson are the best examples I know of.

How could any sane company make a star of Milton Sills and let Percy Marmont remain merely a leading man? Percy Marmont comes nearer taking the place of Wallace Reid in my heart than the whole tribe of he-men from God's Country and Latin lovers from God Knows Where. If Ricardo Cortez and Rudolph Valentino would lumber up and smile once in a while, it might get that sick expression off their faces. They take their vamping too seriously.

"Shore Leave" is the best picture released in a long time. Richard Barthelmess is an actor worth setting on a pedestal. He, personally, never disappoints, even though his stories are flimsy stuff. Adolphe Menjou is a real artist. I hope that we do not tire of his perfect interpretation of the sophisticate. Here's success for Ben Lyon, Buster Collier and Raymond Griffith. Especially Raymond Griffith.

ALBERTA RICH.

The Unappreciated Miss La Marr

Woodhaven, L. I.

I want to say that I agree with E. M. L. in the September number of PHOTOPLAY that Harrison Ford, one of the screen's best actors, is not seen or heard of enough. I have watched his work for a long time and go to see every picture in which he plays. Why doesn't PHOTOPLAY publish some pictures of him?

Why is it that people continually knock Barbara La Marr? To me, she is a very clever and charming actress. Why don't her producers put her in a good picture for a change? Then the public would realize her worth. I wish Miss La Marr the best of luck and I hope that she will be as great a success as she should be.

D. M. F.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 132]

Decay Germs reach ALL your teeth— does your tooth brush?

Is your brush
hitting on all 32?

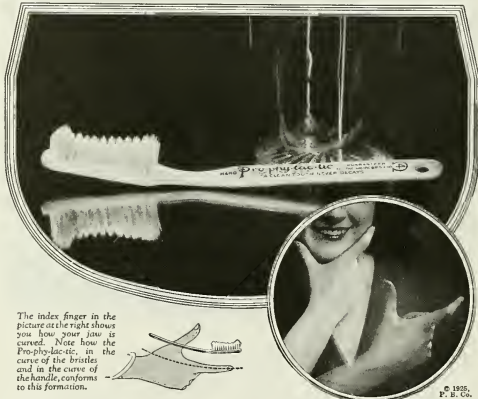
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The index finger in the picture at the right shows you how your jaw is curved. Note how the Pro-phy-lac-tic, in the curve of the bristles and in the curve of the handle, conforms to this formation.

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They put a cone-shaped tuft on the end of the brush. This helps you reach your back teeth. They curved the handle. That alone makes it easier for millions of tooth brush users to reach and clean every tooth in their mouths.

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Dept. 10-AA3	
Gentlemen: I suggest the following as a new headline for the advertisement from which this coupon was clipped.....	
.....	
Name (first name in full).....	
Address.....	

The Ten Most Beautiful

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20]

Gish, Norma Shearer, Greta Nissen and Carol Dempster.

Many of the critics carried the discussion into the columns of their newspapers. Margaret Bean, for instance, wrote an entertaining account of the argument in *The Spokesman-Review* of Spokane, Wash. We are going to quote from Miss Bean:

"Herbert Howe, who is one of the most discerning writers of things screenwise, contributed an article to PHOTOPLAY on the ten most beautiful women in pictures, and now the editor of the magazine is culling controversy by asking newspaper critics to send in lists.

"Mr. Howe selects his ten most beautiful women with a knowledge of their appearance off screen, so that possibly opinions of critics who see the stars only in pictures will not be able to stand the light, as it were. Personal appearances, we have observed, have a way of puncturing the illusions of beauty.

"But however that may be, these are the stars who impress Mr. Howe as the ten most beautiful women: May Allison, Florence Vidor, Greta Nissen, Nita Naldi, Mary Astor, Pola Negri, Barbara La Marr, Corinne Griffith, May McAvoy and Alice Terry.

"We don't know Greta Nissen out West yet. She is a young star from Norway or Sweden—we forget which—who has but lately come into prominence. And May Allison, if you don't remember her, belongs more to the immediate past than the present, although you won't be inclined to do much arguing with Mr. Howe if you saw her in Jane Murfin's 'Flapper Wives.' She photographed in that picture with such a radiance of beauty that we wondered at the time what had happened to dim her career.

"This estimate, we suppose, must accrue to the beauty yardstick and consequently oblige many beautiful women to lose by a nose, no matter what their other attributes of beauty. Noses are the most contrary of mortal features and handicap us considerably in making out our list.

"Diogenes would have had just about as fruitless a search for a beautiful nose as for an honest man. If you don't believe it (we don't mean to be personal) go through your family album—most family albums are alike—and try to find a perfect nose.

"In making our list we are aware of the fact that two of the noses will not measure up to classic conformity, but in the general ensemble what's a nose that is a trifle too large—for instance Norma Talmadge's—or a nose that tilts to the heavens a few degrees more than it should—say Barbara La Marr's.

"The noses on our list may not be able to take first place when arranged alongside those in Mr. Howe's, but still we are willing to put our list up against his.

"We agree with Mr. Howe in six of his choices: May Allison, Florence Vidor, Pola Negri, Barbara La Marr, Corinne Griffith and Alice Terry. But we disagree with Mr. Howe in giving May McAvoy a place against Mary Pickford; Mary Astor against Norma Talmadge, and Nita Naldi against Aileen Pringle. We have nobody to oppose Miss Nissen's place, as we have yet to see her. So, as our tenth, we would add Norma Shearer."

ANOTHER critic who disagrees violently is Edward T. Follard of the *Washington Post* Writing in the column of his newspaper, Mr. Follard said: "Herbert Howe, a writer for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, knew just what was coming to him when he set out to name the ten most beautiful women in the movies. He frankly admits he expected trouble. And, if my judgment is true, he is not going to be disappointed.

"Of course, it is all a matter of taste, as the

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corn drinker said to the gin enthusiast, but how in the world Nita Naldi gets into his beauty line-up is past me. Howe raves about her and compares her to Venus. It would be extremely ungracious of me to aim criticism in the direction of Miss Naldi, especially as I live in a glass house myself. But it does seem that Howe might have done better. How about Betty Compton? He didn't mention her. Or Norma Talmadge? Or Norma Shearer? Or Anna Q. Nilsson? Or Doris Kenyon? Or what have you?"

THE dangers of picking the beauties were fully realized by Louella O. Parsons, the critic of the *New York American*. Like Herb Howe, Miss Parsons is likely to meet any of the stars in the course of a day's work. And she knows 'em all personally. So in sending in her list, Miss Parsons wrote: "I can see that you do not care what happens to me. Well, anyway, here are the ten beauties. I think Vilma Banky really should go in that list, but you only want ten, so here they are: Marion Davies, Mary Pickford, Carol Dempster, Claire Windsor, Pola Negri, Corinne Griffith, Bebe Daniels, Norma Shearer, Greta Nissen and Lillian Gish."

Tena Jordan, the critic of the *Portland Press Herald* of Portland, Me., objected to the presence of foreigners, beautiful though they may be, in Herbert Howe's list. Says Tena Jordan: "I heartily disagree with Howe in selecting Pola Negri, who cannot under the ethics of real beauty be claimed as one of the ten beauties of screenland. Why not keep the beauty reign among those of our own country? Surely America produces enough lovely women! No one can acclaim Barbara La Marr or Nita Naldi in that class either, as they appeal to other senses and not to the beauty of the soul.

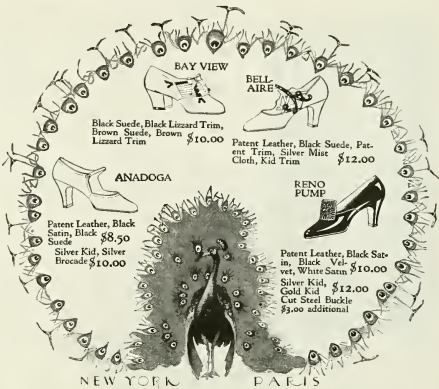
"My first selection would be Mary Pickford. Not a ravishing beauty, perhaps, but isn't beauty something more than skin deep? My definition of the word is that something which shines out from the countenance, grips and holds one fascinated, sends one home with a memory not easily forgotten. Lillian Gish's ethereal loveliness makes one desire to cherish her and preserve her from the world. Corinne Griffith has possessed beauty enough to lift the silliest and trashiest of stories to really memorable pictures.

"Claire Windsor has that something which appeals to the romantic side of one's nature. Florence Vidor has what we would term a "motherly instinct," even though she is young. Mary Philbin typifies unsophisticated youth. Betty Bronson steps right out of the fairy tales. Typical American girls we would call May McAvoy, Mary Astor and May Allison—just the kind one meets in everyday life, full of the radiance of young womanhood."

A few of the critics flatly refused to commit themselves. After all, you can't blame them. It's a dangerous thing to do. And why make enemies of two hundred women just to please only ten?

W. H. Landvoight, of the *Evening Star*, Washington, D. C., bashfully refuses to testify, and explains himself in a letter: "I would not dare comply with your request. I do not know how many women there are in pictures; but I am quite certain that every one of them is the most beautiful. Indeed, with this conviction firmly established in my youth, my life has been one long, persevering quest of the most beautiful and, like the ill-fated Tom Moore, 'folly's all they've taught me.'

"The women in pictures all have beauty of one kind or another. Some, it is true, may be beautiful but dumb. But there is beauty of face, beauty of figure, beauty of soul, beauty indescribable and sometimes beauty that even hideous ugliness cannot hide. What standard shall he adopt who undertakes to name the ten most beautiful women? There are some things that so delight the soul that it is a sin to talk about them. Beauty is one of them. Why talk? Why not let's forget it?"



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So there you are! Ten shining and luscious golden apples have been awarded ten beautiful women by five hundred critics. Mr. Howe and Mr. Quirk also have contributed additional awards of golden fruits.

And the result will be that every reader will make a list of his or her own "ten most beautiful" and none of the lists will be exactly alike. As Mark Twain said: "Difference of opinion is what makes a horse race." Difference of opinion also makes a beauty contest.

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114]

FRANCES, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—The rumors are false. I am not George Ade. But won't George Ade feel flattered when he hears about it? I know more about the age and weight of movie players than Mr. Ade will ever know if he lives to be two hundred. So Mary Brian is your "most beautiful." She was born in Corsicana, Texas, and is about seventeen years old. She has brown hair and brown eyes. Yes, I like your slogan "younger actresses for younger actors."

DON M., NEWARK, N. J.—Richard Talmadge has black hair and brown eyes. He is five feet, nine inches tall and weighs 175 pounds. Address him at the F. B. O. Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

MICKEY, ST. LOUIS, MO.—Here comes the peacemaker. Anita Stewart is twenty-eight years old. She is five feet, five inches tall and her hair is bobbed and naturally curly. Mae Murray is thirty-two years old. Mae Busch did not play in "Wine." Come to me the next time you get in an argument.

F. K., WASHINGTON, D. C.—Ben Lyon is twenty-four and Colleen Moore is twenty-three. Mae Murray is in California at present working in a picture called "The Masked Bride." "The Vanishing American" will be released in November or December, as far as I know. Norma Shearer is five feet, three inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. She has medium brown hair and blue eyes. Eleanor Boardman is five feet, six inches tall and weighs 125 pounds. She has light brown hair and grey eyes. Kathleen Key was born in Buffalo, N. Y., on April 1, 1903. She is a descendant of Francis Scott Key who wrote "The Star Spangled Banner." Are you related to her?

LOIS GWINN OF CHICAGO.—Are those curls really your own? Address William Haines at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Hollywood, Calif. It's too bad you didn't get your picture of John Gilbert. Maybe the request was mislaid. In the rush of a big mail, those things sometimes happen. It is customary to send a quarter when asking for a picture. Haines' next picture is "Little Annie Rooney," with Mary Pickford.

POLLYANNA, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Priscilla Dean was born in New York City. That's her real name. She is married to Wheeler Oakman, but they're now separated. Buster Collier's real name is William Collier, Jr. On last report, he was engaged to Constance Talmadge.

M. E., ETNA, PA.—That's my idea of a volcanic town. Dorothy Mackaill is five feet, five inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. She was born March 4, 1904. Not married. Address her at the United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

J. H., SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—Percy Marmont is about thirty-five years old. He was born in London, England. He's six feet tall and has blue eyes. Write to him at the Paramount Studios, Astoria, L. I.

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For a good
XMAS SUGGESTION
see page 153

ANNA M., KANSAS CITY, MO.—And why shouldn't Tom Mix let it be known that he's an American? Sure it's O. K. with him.

LUCILLE OF WISCONSIN.—You don't live up to your last name. You're all wrong about me—and that's the truth. Write to the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif., for a picture of Carmel Myers. Send your letter to the star herself—a nice, personal letter—when writing for photographs. Ramon Novarro has five brothers and five sisters. No, he's never lonely.

B. G., BURLINGTON, IOWA.—Beebe's name is pronounced Bee-bee. Just as simple as all that. Dorothy Gish was born on March 11, 1898. All about Betty Compton? She was born in Beaver City, Utah. Did you ever hear of it? She is five feet, two inches tall and weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds. Married to James Cruze, the fellow who made "The Covered Wagon." She has brown hair and blue eyes, and she was born on March 18, 1897.

DOMINICA, DAYTON, O.—You're wrong: it's the world's easiest job. I like it because I am just an old gossip. Tom Mix is about thirty-one years old. He has two children. Address him at the Fox Studio, Hollywood, Calif. Yakima Canutt is twenty-eight and unmarried.

G. P., ONTARIO, CALIF.—Write to Richard Barthelmess at Inspiration Pictures, 505 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. His "characteristic points"? Dick has brown hair and brown eyes and he is five feet, seven inches tall. Weighs 140 pounds.

VERA, WILLESSEN, ENGLAND.—I shall take your letter home with me to cheer me up. But you've painted too fine a picture of me. My hair isn't wavy; in fact, you'd hardly call it hair at all. Herbert Howe shall get your message. Pola Negri has dark grey eyes. And good luck to you, my dear.

J. M., HARRISBURG, ILL.—"Jacqueline" is pronounced Jack-que-lin. So you think there hasn't been enough praise for "The Pace-makers." I'll register your approval of Kit Guard and Al Cooke. Address Kit Guard at the F. B. O. Studios, Hollywood, Calif. John Patrick is, indeed, married as per report.

A. B. C., TEMPLE, TEX.—My alphabetical girl! John Barrymore and Conway Tearle are both married. So is Lon Chaney. Address him at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, Calif. Mac Murray, at the same address.

T. T. G., NASHVILLE, TENN.—You're a good fellow, T. T. G. But not too good. You are discerning. Sighting along the horizon we no longer see signs of an engagement between Pauline Garon and Sarazen. Pauline Garon's age is twenty-three. Her height is five feet, one inch, her weight one hundred and four pounds. Montreal is her birthplace. She was on the stage for two years before she began her popular screen career.

CARMEN, BOSTON, MASS.—To get into communication with the owner of Rin-Tin-Tin see or write Warner Bros. Studio.

TWO GEORGIA PEACHES.—Nothing would make me happier. I do everything I can to encourage the peach crop. Richard Dix was born in St. Paul, Minn., on July 18, 1895. Don't you girls ever get tired asking about him? Douglas Fairbanks was born December 9, 1893. Address him at the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

RUTH OF READING.—Lois Wilson isn't married—yet. She's still single by choice. Born on June 28, 1896.

MARY, NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Yours is a simple request. Hope Brown played the lead in "Hollywood."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 127]

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"THANK YOU"—FOX.—From the story by Winchell Smith and Tom Cushing. Scenario by Francis Marion. Directed by John Ford. The cast: *Kenneth Jamieson, George O'Brien, Diana Lee, Jacqueline Logan; David Lee, Alec Francis; Andy, J. Farrell MacDonald; Jamieson, Jr., George Fawcett; Mr. Jones, Cyril Chadwick; Mrs. Jones, Edith Bestwick; Millie Jones, Marion Harlan; Miss Blodgett, Vivian Ogden.*

"SATAN IN SABLES"—WARNER BROTHERS.—Scenario and adaptation by Bradley King. Directed by James Flood. Photography by John Mesall. The cast: *Michael, Eva Yorandoff, Lowell Sherman, Paul Verardo, John Harro, Collette Bretton, Pauline Garon; Dolores Sierra, Gertrude Astor; Victor, Frank Butler; Emile, Francis J. MacDonald; Sophia, Ex-Grand Duchess, Frances Raymond; Sergius, Otto Hoffman; Billee, Richard Botsford; Student, Richard Barry; Student, Don Alvarado.*

"THE CIRCLE"—METRO-GOLDWYN.—From the play by W. Somerset Maugham. Adapted by Kenneth B. Clarke. Directed by Frank Borzage. Photography by Chester A. Lyons. The cast: *Elizabeth, Eleanor Boardman; Edward Luton, Malcolm McGregor; Lord Clive Cheney, Alec Francis; Lady Catherine, Eugenie Bessier; Porcous, George Fawcett; Mrs. Shenstone, Eulalie Jensen; Arnold, Creighton Hale; Dorcer, Otto Hoffman.*

"A SON OF HIS FATHER"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Harold Bell Wright. Scenario by Anthony Coldeway. Directed by Victor Fleming. Photography by C. Edgar Schoenbaum. The cast: *Nora, Bessie Love; "Big Boy" Morgan, Warner Baxter; Charlie Grey, Raymond Hatton; Holdbrook, Walter McGrath; Zoberst, Carl Stockdale; Larry, Billy Eugene; Indian Pete, James Earley; Pablo, Charles Stevens; Dolores, Valentina Zemina; Wing, George Kuwa.*

"FLOWER OF THE NIGHT"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Joseph Hergesheimer. Adapted by Willis Goldbeck. Directed by Paul Bern. The cast: *Carlota y Villalon, Pola Negri; Don Geraldo y Villalon, Joseph Dowling; John Nasset, Youcca Troubetsky; Luke Rand, Warner Oland; Derch Bylandt, Edwin J. Brady; Mrs. Bylandt, Eulalie Jensen; Servant, Cesare Gravina; Vigilante Leader, Gustav Von Seyffertitz; Josefa, Helen Lee Worthing.*

"THE WINDING STAIR"—FOX.—From the novel by A. E. W. Mason. Scenario by Julian La Mothe. Directed by John Griffith Wray. The cast: *Marguerite, Alma Rubens; Paul, Edmund Lowe; Petrus, Warner Oland; Gerard, Mahlon Hamilton; Mme. Muller, Emily Fitzroy; Onery, Chester Conkline; Andrea, Frank Leigh.*

"THE PACE THAT THRILLS"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Byron Morgan. Directed by Webster Campbell. The cast: *Danny Wade, Ben Lyon; Doris, Mary Astor; Duke, Charles Beyer; Herkith Sims, Tully Marshall; The Director, Wheeler Oakman; John Van Loren, Sr., Thomas Holding; Mrs. John Van Loren, Sr., Evelyn Walsh Hall; Jack Van Loren, Jr., Warner Richmond; Paula, Fritz Brunette; Toreador, Paul Ellis.*

"THUNDER MOUNTAIN.—FOX.—From the stage play by John Golden. Adapted by Pearl Franklin. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: *Azalea, Madge Bellamy; Sam Martin, Leslie Fenton; Preacher, Alec B. Francis; Morgan, Paul Panzer; Joe Givens, Arthur Houseman; Mandy Coulter, Za Su Pitts; Ma Mac Birney, Emily Fitzroy; Pa Mac Birney, Dan Mason; Jeff Coulter, Otis Harlan; Mrs. Coulter, Natalie Warfield; Dick Babb, Maine Geary; The Clown, Jay Hunt; Sisk Pace, Russell Simpson.*



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"You fresh bum!" she shrilled . . .

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"THREE WISE CROOKS"—F. B. O.—From the story by John Brownell and Fred Kennedy Myton. Directed by Harmon Weight. The cast: Molly, Evelyn Brent; Ma Dickenson, Fannie Midgley; Spug Casey, John Gough; Dan Pelton, Bruce Gordon; Grogan, Wm. Humphrey; Don Gray, Carroll Nye; Betsy, Dodo Newton.

"LAW OR LOYALTY"—DAVIS DISTRIBUTING.—Adapted by Lois Zeller. Directed by Lawson Haris. The cast: Pierre Santei, Lawson Haris; Jeanne Dupre, Dolores Dorian; Davis French, Robert Walker; "Timber Wolf," Dick Sutherland; Grandpere Dupre, James Stevens; Little Pierre, Buddy Duce; Captain Thorne, Ray Brooks; Judge Gary, Thomas Price; Pete Jones, George Fox; John Martin, Steve Ludlow; "Blimey," Bertram Tracey.

"PAINT AND POWDER"—CHADWICK.—Story and scenario by Harvey Gates. Directed by Hunt Stromberg. The cast: Mary Dolan, Elaine Hammerstein; Jimmy Esaris, Theodore Von Eltz; Mrs. Esaris, Mrs. Chas. G. Craig; Mark Kelsey, John Sainpolic; Phillip Andrews, Stuart Holmes; Mazie Hull, Derelys Perdue; Tim McCardle, Pat Hardigan; Riley, Russell Simpson; The Cabman, Charles Murray.

"THE KEEPER OF THE BEES"—F. B. O.—From the novel by Gene Stratton Porter. Continuity by J. Leo Meehan. Directed by J. Leo Meehan. Photography by John Boyle. The cast: James Lewis, MacFarlane, Robert Frazer; Michael Worthington, Josef Swickard; Margaret Cameron, Martha Mlatto; Alice Louise Cameron "Lolly," Clara Bow; Molly Cameron, Alyce Mills; Jean Meredith, the "Little Scout," Gene Stratton; "Angel Face," Joe Coppa; "Fat Ole Bill," Ainsie Charland; "Nice Child," Billy Osborne.

"BUSTIN' THROUGH"—UNIVERSAL.—Written and adapted by B. F. Oxford. Directed by Cliff Smith. Photography by William Nobles. The cast: Jack Savage, Jack Hoxie; Helen Meyer, Helen Lynch; Harvey Gregg, William Norton Bailey; John Merril, Alfred Allen; Rudolph Romano, George Grandee.

"FLYIN' THRU"—DAVIS DIST. DIV., INC.—Story by Al Wilson. Adapted by George W. Pyper. Directed by Bruce Mitchell. Photography by E. J. Zerr. The cast: Lieut. Al Willis, Al Wilson; Anne Blair, Elinor Fair; Judson Blair, George French; Jim Willis, James McElhern; Melvin Parker, Clarence Burton; Sybil, Fontaine La Rue; Gladys Ainsworth, Zella Ingraham; Bill Goufus, Garry O'Dell.

"RIDIN' THE WIND"—F. B. O.—Story and continuity by Marion Jackson. Directed by Del Andrews. The cast: Jim Harkness, Fred Thomson; May Lacy, Jacqueline Gadsdon; Dick Harkness, Lewis Sargent; Leader of the Black Hat Gang, David Dumbard; Dolly Danton, Betty Scott; Sheriff Lacy, David "Red" Kirby; Silver King, by Himself.

"DURAND OF THE BAD LANDS"—FOX.—From the novel by Mabelle Heikes Justice. Directed by Lynn Reynolds. The cast: Dick Durand, Buck Jones; Molly Gore, Marion Nixon; Clem Allison, Malcolm Waite; Pete Garson, Fred De Silva; Kingdom Come Knapp, Luke Cosgrave; John Boyd, George Lessley; Jimmie, Buck Black; Clara Belle Sessel, Ann Johnson; Joe Gore, James Corrigan; Elen Boyd, Carol Lombard.

"LET'S GO, GALLAGHER"—F. B. O.—Story and continuity by Percy Heath and James Gruen. Directed by Robert DeLacey and James Gruen. Photography by John Leezer. The cast: Tom Gallagher, Tom Tyler; Dorothy Manning, Barbara Starr; Black Carter, Olin Francis; Thug Peters, Sam Peterson; Bendy Mulligan, Alfred Huston; Little Joey, Frankie Darrow.

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"THE EVERLASTING WHISPER"—Fox.—From the novel by Jackson Gregory. Scenario by Wyndham Gittens. Directed by J. G. Blystone. The cast: *Mark King*, Tom Mix; *Gloria Gaynor*, Alice Calhoun; *Gralton*, Robert Cain; *Old Honeycutt*, George Berrell; *Swin Brody*, Walter James; *Mrs. Goyner*, Virginia Madison; *Jarrold*, Karl Dane.

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 123]

DEV., BOSTON, MASS.—Sorry, but we can't have all the pages in the magazine devoted to Norma Shearer. But, outside of that, I'll do anything to oblige. Norma was born in Montreal, Canada, on August 10, 1904. She entered pictures in 1921. As yet, she is unmarried. Brown hair and blue eyes. Now, let's see; she is five feet three inches tall and weighs 112 pounds.

L. C. E., WAUKEGAN, ILL.—Dorothy Mackaill was born on March 4, 1904, in Hull, England. She is five feet, five inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. Her hair is a real blonde and her eyes are kinda hazel. Dorothy was on the stage in London and danced in the Ziegfeld Follies before she went on the screen, in 1921. She's not married. Her next picture is "Joanna with a Million."

N. S. AND J. J., OAKLAND, CALIF.—Neil Hamilton is twenty-six years old. He is six feet tall and weighs 155 pounds. Brown hair and brown eyes. Doris Kenyon is twenty-seven years old. She's five feet, six inches tall and weighs 127 pounds. Golden brown hair and gray eyes. Corinne Griffith is three years younger than Doris and three inches shorter. She weighs 120 pounds. Light brown hair and blue eyes. Gloria Swanson is twenty-seven years old. She is five feet, three inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. Gloria has brown hair and blue eyes.

IRENE, DORIS, PAT, MARY, MARJORIE, DOROTHY AND JANE., ELLSWORTH, KAN.—Is it a club? May I be an honorary member? Well, you have a right to ask a lot of questions. So here goes: Ian Keith's latest pictures are "The Talker" and "The Tower of Lies." I do not know how much Joe Cobb weighs, but I should say that before he's many years older, he'll tip the scales at 200 pounds. Ramon Novarro is not married. Now, he isn't in the least like John Gilbert, although they're both romantic young fellows. Both Mr. Colman and Mr. Gilbert are charming men and everyone likes them. Incidentally, they are good friends. To go back to Joe Cobb—he was born on November 7, 1916. Bill Hart's name was always William S. Hart. Yes, he played in the stage production of "Ben Hur" quite some years ago. Norma Talmadge is twenty-eight years old, and Ben Lyon is twenty-four. Ramon is twenty-six, and Mae Murray is thirty-two. Richard Barthelmess is twenty-eight and Richard Dix is two years older than the other Dick.

NORA, JOPLIN, MO.—Sure enough, you live in Pauline Starke's home town. Write to Pauline at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif. Raymond Griffith may be reached at the Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Calif. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., was born on December 9th, 1910. Yes, that's right, he's only fifteen years old.

BOBBY, PETALUMA, CALIF.—Glad to meet you! Now that we're good friends you must call often. You're right about the handsome fellow that you mention. Oh, my, yes! But let's keep it a secret between us, should we? Colleen Moore has one green eye and one brown eye.



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FRIENDLY ADVICE

From
Carolyn Van Wyck

H. A. S., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Dresses with long, straight lines should be becoming to you, as they would add to your height. Try the lighter shades of lipstick and powder. As for your colors, blues and greens would be pretty, with pinks and roses for evening wear.

DESPONDENT, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

With so much natural beauty, you ought to be an extremely happy girl. Your complaint is that you look well when you are made up but that you look very plain when you first wake up in the morning. You seem to be taking good care of your skin and the powders you are using ought to be becoming to you. But how about your diet? If you are sallow, why not eat green vegetables and fruits and raisins, that contain plenty of iron? Try going without meat for awhile and live on milk and vegetables. Take some exercise every day—a brisk walk or a swim and get plenty of sleep. Sleep is the chief thing that takes that dull look from the eyes. Good health is the basis of good looks. It is idle to turn to cosmetics for help unless you have the clear skin that comes from the correct diet, regular hours and a healthy interest in life. You are the right height and the right weight. As for your full lower lip, it is very hard to change the shape of the mouth. You can make it firm by watching your habits of using your mouth. Don't let your lip sag. Hold your mouth firm. Consult a dentist about your discolored teeth; or you will find some good preparations advertised in this magazine. As for the colors of your frocks, wear pinks and greys and lavenders. But please do not worry any more about "deceiving your friends." Try the vegetable diet, discontinue tea and coffee, and drink milk. I think you'll soon notice the change in your skin.

In any sort of facial treatment, it is well to remember that it plays an important part. The creams may do you a world of good and they are, of course, absolutely necessary, but it is well to bear in mind that if you eat too much meat or if you are a confirmed coffee drinker, you will not have a firm, white skin of fine texture.

For the woman who feels that she cannot afford regular face treatments or who hasn't the time for them, I should advise a few trips to the beauty shop for education and information. There are many little tricks that may be picked up from the expert and practiced most successfully at home. Compared with the benefits to be received, the cost is small and it is the start of a habit that may be of life-long service to you.

F. M. B., NEWPORT, R. I.

A good diet of vegetables, salads and lean meats will reduce you about ten pounds and then you ought to be the correct weight for your height. You won't need a strenuous diet to reduce; merely be careful not to eat too many sweets or many starchy foods. And never eat between meals. This diet will help your complexion. Fruit and fruit juices are also good foods for you. Brown, red, orange and yellow would be pretty colors for your dresses.

THE fashion of bobbed hair—whether you like it or not—has cultivated an extremely good habit in American women. It has made the beauty parlor an institution. Only a few years ago, the beauty shops were confined mostly to the large cities where the salons were luxurious and the prices extremely high. Consistent care of the hands, face and skin was the habit of only comparatively few women.

And now there is scarcely a town so small that it does not have at least one good beauty shop. What has bobbed hair had to do with it? Well, for one thing, if your hair is bobbed you are obliged to have it clipped, shampooed and curled once a week. Otherwise, the bob grows to that ugly half-and-half stage.

While the beauty shops may specialize in the care of the hair, most women can easily be tempted to try a facial treatment. And one treatment usually leads to the habit. In this case, it is a healthy and beneficial habit.

But you must not depend on the beauty shop to do all your work for you. It is extremely necessary to have a small beauty shop of your own at home. From the expert who gives you the facial treatments, you may acquire a great deal of useful information about the care of your skin. You may become educated in the correct use of the various sorts of cold creams and skin tonics. And you may learn much of the value of caring for not only the skin but the muscles of the face.

Remember that in any sort of facial treatment, it is well to remember that it plays an important part. The creams may do you a world of good and they are, of course, absolutely necessary, but it is well to bear in mind that if you eat too much meat or if you are a confirmed coffee drinker, you will not have a firm, white skin of fine texture.

For the woman who feels that she cannot afford regular face treatments or who hasn't the time for them, I should advise a few trips to the beauty shop for education and information. There are many little tricks that may be picked up from the expert and practiced most successfully at home. Compared with the benefits to be received, the cost is small and it is the start of a habit that may be of life-long service to you.

L. S., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Pale flesh powder and a light shade of rouge—one without too much orange in it—would match your complexion.

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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 a flapper, business woman, or wisest and mother. 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

Ernest Pehle
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MARION A., MENOMINEE, MICH.

I imagine that you are too sensitive about some very minor defects. Your mother is quite right when she tells you to go ahead and have a good time, without too much thought of the blemishes that are now worrying you. I do not know anything about the remedies you are now using, but there are several good astringents now on the market. Those advertised in this magazine have been tested. Use an astringent on your nose before you retire at night and after washing your face. And rub your face with ice. When you apply powder, pat it on your nose; do not rub it hard. Hard rubbing with a powder puff only enlarges the pores. It takes time and care to make the pores close naturally, but do not be discouraged.

PATRICIA, PELHAM, N. Y.

As you have plenty of natural color, I should advise you to get a lipstick the exact shade of your lips. Try a flesh powder and a medium shade of rouge. The colors you are wearing sound attractive to me, particularly the lavender and rose. All browns with a slight golden tint would be pretty on you, and green ought also to be most becoming.

V. C., FAIRFAX, CALIF.

If I were you, I'd try a rose rouge, bright lipstick and flesh-colored powder. As for the thin eyebrows, rub white vaseline on them at night. Give your hair a thorough rinsing in hot water and rub the scalp vigorously.

M. C., DETROIT, MICH.

You are slightly overweight; you might easily lose five or six pounds. Both green and orange would be becoming to you and also a rich dark brown. Try an oil shampoo for your hair. Most of us have a way of losing our hair in the Spring and in the Fall. As you are taking such excellent care of your scalp, the trouble probably isn't permanent.

D. B. D., VINCENTS, IND.

If you could lose about four pounds, you would be just about correct. However, you are a good build now. For the pimples on your forehead, I should advise you to give your face a good washing with hot soap and water. Then rinse carefully, first with warm water and then with cold, and afterwards rub ice on your forehead. Lavender and apple green should be very pretty on you, as well as all shades of blue. As for the breath purifier, there are some excellent remedies advertised in this magazine. Bad breath is also caused by bad teeth or by stomach trouble. Consult a dentist and watch your digestion. Most of us eat too many rich foods and then wonder why our skins aren't in the best of condition.

VIOLA, FALL RIVER, MASS.

Obvious, as you are thin, pale and have circles under your eyes, you are in need of a tonic. And the best tonic I know is plenty of milk, plenty of rest and lots of fresh air. If I were you, I would drink at least a quart of milk a day. You complain of a lack of appetite, but you really must teach yourself to eat. Never sit down for a meal when you are upset, worried or hurried. If you cannot eat hearty dishes, have some rich cream soup or custards made with milk. The more milk you can drink, the plumper you will get and the better you will feel. Fruits and salads would be good for you, too, because they give an edge to the appetite. Try relaxing completely for an hour after dinner at night, and, when you feel like exercising, take a short, brisk walk.

MUBS, RENO, NEV.

A weekly shampoo is not bad for the hair. Keep it well brushed and apply a good tonic. Those advertised in PHOTOPLAY magazine have been tested. You would look best in the darker rose shades of rouge. Walking and dancing are good exercises to enlarge the calves of your legs. As for the question of dimples—the "boy friend" is right!



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NANCY LEE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

I think you can help yourself a lot, if you will learn to breathe correctly. Drink plenty of milk and take deep breathing exercises every night in front of an open window. Swimming and rowing are other exercises that do a great deal of good. You might try a gentle massage with cocoa butter.

MARGARET, EASTON, PA.

The only thing for you to do, my dear, is to overcome your self-consciousness when you meet the boy who seems so important to you. Make up your mind to consider him merely as a friend and be natural and unaffected with him at all times. Perhaps he is too young to consider love seriously. If, so he, has the sensible idea and you must be sensible, too. Don't confine all your interests and affections to one boy.

BEATRICE C., OAKLAND, CALIF.

Greens, rich browns, orange and yellow would be becoming colors to you. For evening, you would look well in apple green, canary yellow or geranium pink.

JOSEPHINE G., FOREST CITY, N. C.

In making friends in a strange city, you will have to use a little tact. Simply try to be friendly and unaffected and do not try to force any sudden friendships. Cultivate your powers of observation and try to find out what your neighbors are interested in. And then make yourself congenial to them. For blackheads: Cleanse the face thoroughly with soap and hot water, rinse several times with hot water and then apply cold applications. Ice and astringents are very good for closing the pores. Blues, pinks and lavenders would be becoming to you. And dark blue for your everyday dresses. Any of the pastel shades are pretty. No, you are not overweight for your age. As for letting your hair grow, it might be best to consult a hairdresser and have her arrange a headdress for you that will suit your mother.

CURIOUS, NEWARK, DEL.

As a rule, only girls with regular features should part their hair in the middle. But this is a problem that only your mirror can decide. Flower scents or very light perfumes are best for young girls. Brown, red, green, orange and yellow would look well on you.

E. A., MT. SHASTA CITY, CALIF.

Don't you think that it is best to lose a little easy and cheap popularity, rather than forfeit your self-respect? I feel quite sure that you know in your heart that your present course of conduct is the only correct and sensible one. In the end, you will win real friendships and the respect of those who are truly worthwhile. Cultivate a genuine interest in outdoor sports and select your friends from the persons whose tastes and ideals are like your own. Don't be superior with the boys and be friendly and natural in your attitude toward them. After all, the likes and dislikes of any younger set are shifting and impermanent, and as the boys and girls you know become older and wiser I think that many of them will come around to your way of thinking.

OLIVE O., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Of course, you will need some strenuous reducing. Eat only vegetables, salads and lean meats—no sugar, starches or sweets. Your breakfast should be light and a salad should be sufficient for luncheon. You are sensitive about your size and you must work to overcome your self-consciousness. If you will wear large hats, I think you will find them both comfortable and becoming. Wear dresses with long lines and low-heeled shoes. If I were you, I would consult a good doctor and ask his advice about reducing. You have so much weight to lose that it would be best to reduce under the care of a physician. As you grow older you will get slimmer, if you do not allow your weight to get the best of you.

VAN, GREENWOOD, S. C.

Try diluting the creams you are using. Double strength would be hard on a sensitive skin. Browns, tans, greys and reds would be pretty for your dress.

JUST PUZZLED, ELKHART, IND.

Your velvet dress is quite suitable for fraternity dances, but black is rather odd for a young girl. You would look well in rose pink or deep blue chiffon. You need a fluffy dress and one with sleeves. Flowing cape sleeves that come almost to the elbow are very pretty and often seen on fashionable models. The bodice of your dress may be cut low but filled in both front and back with a thickness of chiffon, so that it is really a high-necked dress with a low-neck effect. The chiffon will make you less conscious of your neck, and the full sleeves will make you more comfortable about your elbows. Wear a full skirt, circular effect. High heels, of course, are quite all right.

E. B., WESTFIELD, MASS.

You ought to weigh about 110 or 115 pounds. However, your best weight is your average weight, so the doctors tell us, if it is within ten pounds or so of being standard. Simply look out for any sudden gain or loss in your weight. There are some excellent tonics recommended in the advertising section of PHOTOPLAY. An oil shampoo is helpful, too. See an oculist about your eyes. With properly adjusted glasses, reading should not be harmful, provided you are careful not to overdo or read by the wrong light. But take the advice of an oculist on a question of this sort. If your eyebrows are very thick, have them plucked, but be careful not to have them plucked too fine. The fad has almost gone out and it was never a very pretty one.

D. B., GROVE CITY, PA.

You have defined exactly the qualifications of a good hostess. I am going to quote from your letter. "Doesn't being a successful hostess mean making people comfortable and getting the right people seated together and inviting congenial people at the same time, rather than giving an elaborate affair with un-congenial people?" That's it, exactly, my dear. Now for your problem of entertaining the young man. Certainly, it is proper to invite the man to call on you at your boarding house. A boarding house parlor isn't usually an attractive place, but perhaps your landlady would allow you the use of a sitting room for an evening. If you know a girl and another man who are congenial, you might invite them for a little card party and serve light refreshments. It isn't, of course, proper to have the man come to your own room. But if you can arrange your room to look more like a sitting room than a bedroom and if it is large enough to be attractive, you might use it to entertain a party of four persons. Of course, you must get your landlady's permission and you must conduct yourself so that there could be no possible chance of criticism. And, too, you must take care not to offend or disturb others in the house. But put the problem up to your landlady and ask her advice and help. All comic supplement jokes to the contrary, landladies are often extremely sympathetic and kind to girls with problems similar to yours, and, with tact, I think you could arrange to have a sitting room for an evening to give your little party.

T. W., CLEVELAND, O.

No, indeed, you are not overweight and, as you are the outdoor type of girl, you aren't in much danger of getting plump. As for your skin, you are probably sunburned. There are some good bleaches advertised in PHOTOPLAY, and also some creams for removing freckles. Your hair is probably sunburned, too, and that is why you notice the light streaks in it. Oranges, tans and yellows are becoming colors for you.

MARJORIE, KANSAS CITY, MO.

All the stars I have had the pleasure of meeting have well cared for complexions. They exercise great care as to their diet. They eat little meat, much fruit and many of the watery vegetables. Ultimately such a diet will clear the complexion.

M. R., CHERRYDALE, TEX.

If you have wrinkles about your eyes at eighteen I fear you have brought them there by squinting, my little friend. Stand before the mirror and watch yourself in the act of speaking and laughing. You will discover how the wrinkles come and will check yourself in the act of causing them. Ask the members of your family to tell you when you are "making faces." Your weight may be one hundred twenty or less at that height. You should look well in any of the brownish or reddish shades. Nature has given you an effective color scheme, for which be very thankful, my friend.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 135]

Waiting for the Starlight

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

"And," said Mr. Wood, "it's funny, but those two reluctant pupils turned out to be the stars of the class. Do you suppose they were kidding me?"

Under the direction of Mr. Wood, the classes are becoming less formal but the work is taking on professional speed. In one scene, there was a second's delay.

"Hey," called out Mr. Wood, "what do you think you're doing—making 'Ben Hur'?"

This strictly movie joke went over big. Comedy is the chief ambition of the pupils. Most of them want to be comedians and play in light modern farces. They have a real aptitude for it. For instance, in one scene Marian Ivy Harris and Buddie Rogers staged a little impromptu incident that would have done credit to any pair of stars.

Miss Harris, by the way, is perhaps the most striking of all the pupils. When she first came to New York, she spent most of her time crying; she was so homesick for the folks in Atlanta, Georgia, that she nearly quit the school after the first week. Finally, the authorities solved the problem by sending for her mother. With her mother on hand, Miss Harris is the life of the party.

ANOTHER girl who stands out from the group is Thelma Todd. Thelma is a real beauty with a crown of gorgeous golden hair. Only last year she was a school teacher up in Lawrence, Mass., and when she first came to the school Thelma was very much the New England school teacher. Now she is the first on the dancing floor when the orchestra starts the strains of "Collegiate."

While Marion Harris is the emotional type, Thelma Todd is the mental type. And the guardians of the school are anxiously waiting to see the result of the unconscious race between them. And both these girls are very much in the running.

As for the boys, there is Jack Luden, whose wealthy father sent him to Johns Hopkins University to study to be a surgeon. But Jack ended up at the Paramount School instead. And there is Charles Brokaw, who once actually played on the stage—with Jane Cowl in "Antony and Cleopatra." He plays the suave society villain in all the little sketches. Walter Goss, once a reporter on a New York newspaper, started under a handicap; he knew too much about the movies. He wanted to be a second Conway Tearle or a second Richard Dix. And the hardest thing he has to learn is to be merely Walter Goss.

The professional players in the studio are not encouraged to talk to the students. They are



Safeguarding the lanes of speech

The New York-Chicago telephone cable has been completed and is now in service. A triumph of American telephone engineering, the new cable is the result of years of research and cost \$25,000,000 to construct. Its first reach extended along the Atlantic seaboard, then steadily westward until this last long section to Chicago was put into service.

To the public, this cable means dependable service irrespective of weather conditions. It is now not likely that sleet storms, which at times interfere with the open wire type of construction with 40 to 50 wires on a pole, will again cut off the rest of the nation from New York or from the nation's capital as did the heavy sleet storm on the day of President Taft's inauguration.

The new cable means speedier service, as it provides numerous additional telephone circuits and will carry a multitude of telephone and telegraph messages. It would take ten lines of poles, each heavily loaded with wires, to carry the circuits contained in this most modern artery of speech.

This cable, important as it is, is only one of the Bell System projects that make up its national program for better telephone service to the subscriber. It is another illustration of the System's intention to provide the public with speedier and even more dependable service.



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All Fagged Out?

A good brisk Bodi-Rubdown turns the trick. It's a genuinely good rubbing alcohol.

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At Home—It's Easy**

Just think—\$50 to over \$250 a week paid to good cartoonists for work that's fun! And YOU can easily learn cartooning at home—no matter if you've never touched a drawing pencil. Write for interesting FREE Book describing our easy simplified method. Also details of special Free Outfit Offer! Send postcard today to Washington School of Cartooning, Room 5812-C, 1112-15th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.



BATHASWEET

A Lovely Christmas Gift

For just the right Christmas gift—one that will be appreciated far more than many a more expensive present—we suggest Bathasweet in its new topaz-glass bottle, illustrated above.

This is a pretty ornament to any dressing table. And if you have used Bathasweet, you know how fragrant and irresistibly tempting it makes the bath; how soft and luxurious it makes the water; how rich soap lathers with it; and how thoroughly refreshed and alive you feel after stepping from your tub—with that indefinable "science" perfume clinging about you for hours afterwards. All drug and department stores carry Bathasweet. The topaz bottle illustrated above sells for \$1.50 and contains enough Bathasweet for fifty or more baths. There are also cans that sell for 25c, 50c and \$1.00.

A free introductory card if you write us.

C. S. Welch Co., Dept. P. M., 1901 Park Ave., N. Y.

Banishes Gray Hair in 15 Minutes



WITH invariable success hundreds of thousands of American women are regaining the youthful glory of their hair by using INECTO RAPID NOXON. And the success of these is guiding thousands more to use this, the one tint that is perfectly natural and perfectly safe; strictly scientific, conforming with the most exacting laboratory standards.

It is specifically guaranteed to impart to gray, streaked or faded hair all its former harmonious beauty of lustre, of silken texture and shade. Its use cannot be detected. It is guaranteed permanent; its color withstands any condition or treatment that Nature's will—scrubbing, rubbing, shampooing, sunshine, salt water, perspiration, Turkish baths, permanent waving, marceling and curling. It is safe, it causes injury, texture or growth; it contains no paraphenylenediamine. The ease of application enables anyone to apply it in the privacy of her own home.

If you are concerned about your hair, Jeanne Ruere, expert of the greatest hair coloring manufacturers in the world, is ready to give confidential advice on your particular problem.

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Please send me without cost or obligation full details of INECTO RAPID NOXON and the Beauty Analysis Chart Form A-6.

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Address _____
City _____
State _____



allowed to be friendly—and to mix with them, but not to give them advice. The guardians of the school are afraid of imitation, of hero worship, of outside influences; it is highly important that the students be left to find their own types without the help of even the friendliest outside advice.

The first strict discipline of the school has relaxed a little and it has been a good thing. During the experimental months, the guardians were frankly nervous at the project of managing sixteen young boys and girls. The pupils were chaperoned and the rules were far stricter than those of the average boarding school.

But now the pupils have proven that they

can be trusted and they have shown that they are well-bred. In a few months they are going to be professionals and the authorities feel that you cannot expect actors and actresses to be too prim.

The other day Byron Morgan found Buddie Rogers smoking a cigarette. He was none too clever at it.

"What's this, Buddie?" asked Mr. Morgan.

"Buddie looked apologetic. 'I don't enjoy smoking,' Mr. Morgan," he explained, "but it's like this. Some day I'll have to smoke a cigarette in a scene, so I thought I'd better rehearse a little on the side."

A Few More Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 119]

All the Girls in Sweden Love Him

Stockholm, Sweden.

I am a Swedish Valentino fan. I will tell you that in Europe Rudolph Valentino is the most popular of all the American stars. John Gilbert and Novarro are not so popular as Valentino. Here in Sweden all the girls love Valentino and we now anxiously await his next pictures. "Monsieur Beaucaire" was a wonderful picture and so was "A Sainted Devil." I wish he will dance in all his pictures.

L. HERMON.

He Sees the Darker and More Tragic

S. Brisbane, Australia.

I have been a regular reader of PHOTOPLAY for three years and it certainly has improved wonderfully during that time. A few months ago a paragraph concerning Mr. Stroheim contained a reference to his queer mental twist that inspires him to show "dead cats instead of morning glories." Why should he show morning glories in preference to dead cats if he sees life that way? Surely there are enough and more than enough directors in the industry who can adequately produce the "morning glory" type of picture without asking the one man who is courageous enough to present the darker and more tragic side of life on the screen.

ESTELLE G. THOMPSON.

Movies and British Society

Eastbourne, New Zealand.

This is a complaint against directors who misrepresent British society; they not only make them dress in bad taste but make them behave in bad taste. They seem to have no manners, they seem to be mid-Victorian, and they are made out to be snobs. British society, like American society, dresses correctly and in taste, has good and polished manners, is gracious (not snobbish), and is quite as modern as American society.

Thus, the curse of the movies is insincerity. And while there are uneducated narrow-minded producers and directors there will be little improvement. No wonder Americans sometimes laugh at the English—they think the English are just what they are in the movies. And the bad American movies (yes, there are many) give the British a poor idea of the Americans. What's wrong with the directors?

F. R. FISHER.

A Month's Salary Is Sometimes A Lot

New York City.

The ten pictures which I believe to be the finest ever produced are "Greed," "Driven," "Wild Oranges," "He Who Gets Slapped," "Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," "Enchanted Cottage," "Woman of Paris," "Broken Blossoms,"

"Foolish Wives," and "Merry-Go-Round." The greatest motion picture director I believe to be Eric von Stroheim. The worst picture in recent months was "Code of the West." It was trite, stupid, boring. "The Covered Wagon" was greatly over-rated.

I would give a month's salary to see a film starring Miss Negri directed by Eric von Stroheim.

FRANK SEVERN.

Forget the Battle of Life

San Francisco, Calif.

In a recent issue of PHOTOPLAY one Harry J. Hokanson of Nelleville, N. J., threw a brickbat at "Peter Pan" and I want to say just a bit about it. Just because Mr. Hokanson did not enjoy it is no reason why he should include the entire audience and speak of it as "mature and lured." He shouldn't have gone to see it in the first place for he surely must have known before he entered the theater that it was a fairy tale. Perhaps if he had invested his good money in a "girlie-girlie" show he'd have felt he got his money's worth. It seems to me that if more people would endeavor to forget the "battle of life" by turning to fairy tales once in a while they would improve their disposition and be in a far happier frame of mind.

LOUISE WENZEL.

Husbands Should Quit

Chicago, Ill.

The work of Blanche Sweet and Ronald Colman in "His Supreme Moment" in their love scenes to me was one of the most exquisite bits of romantic acting I have ever seen on the screen. Why can't we see them often? The dark type of Ronald Colman, the blondness of Blanche Sweet, both fine actors in splendid contrast, yet with that subtle adaptability to each other.

All people are not suitable to play together—the powers higher up should consider that. I speak from observation and conversation with many. The fans want Blanche Sweet and Ronald Colman. But please don't let Marshall Neilan direct. He spoiled them in "The Sporting Venus." In my opinion husbands should quit directing wives.

RENA WEBB.

Should Be Arrested or Learn Better

Medford, Mass.

I think the producers of "Salome of the Tenements" should either be arrested or else learn better. This is without doubt the worst picture I have ever seen. If I saw one more like it I think I should give up being a fan forevermore. Please refrain from any more "anti" or "pro" propaganda pictures of the kind of "Salome of the Tenements."

HELEN Y. THOMPSON.

Why Richard Dix Is My Favorite

Richard Dix is my one and only movie favorite and has been for over three years when I first saw him play. He then and there displaced the popular Rudolph from my throne and since has reigned supreme.

MILDRED MACKENZIE.

On One Hand

St. Charles, Mo.

I think that "Beggan on Horseback" is truly a wonderful picture. The dream was wonderfully directed. Paramount should be proud of such a picture.

FLORENCE.

And on the Other

Philadelphia, Pa.

Brickbats? Well, here's a whole brickyard, and I am going to tumble them all on James Cruze for "gypping" the fans out of good money to see that terrible picture, "The Beggan on Horseback." Where, oh where did he ever get the courage to release it? If this is art, then we don't want it.

I saw the picture two weeks ago and I am still trying to extract some sense from it. If any of your kind readers will help me out, I sure will appreciate it. I am going to say again that it was the worst picture I ever saw, which is saying a lot, and I hope Mr. Cruze reads this and resolves "Never again!"

I want to say before I sign off that I love PHOTOPLAY, Dorothy Mackaill and Sid Chaplin, whom I met personally at Catalina Island during the summer.

LADY DUFF.

Darn, Herb Howe!

Pitkin, La.

Darn, Herb Howe! Gloria ought to be in the ten or make it twelve most beautiful women! Several of us would love to see the "Last Days of Pompeii" with Gloria Swanson as *Nydia* and Nita Naldi as the *Jewess*; and Gloria really ought to give us a *Cleopatra*. Give us more pictures of Gloria, Nita and Rudy—and we never get too much of Herb Howe's wit. We adore Mae Murray, Norma Talmadge, and Viola Dana because they give us so many hours of joy.

ROBERT MORRIS.

Where Was Norma?

La Crosse, Wis.

In the August issue, Herbert Howe made a serious mistake in selecting the ten most beautiful women. Norma Talmadge was not among those present. How could anyone dare to leave out Norma?

BILLYE.

For a Newcomer

Ilebestor, Md.

Fans! Have you seen that delightful picture, "In the Name of Love"? And if you have, did you notice the unusually nice looking man who played the rôle of *Douglas*? Richard Arlen is his name, and I can think of nothing nice enough to say about him. He gave a splendid portrayal for a newcomer, and he has the clean, healthy sort of good looks that the movies need. Here's to a brilliant future for a very deserving young man!

EMILY S. MACKLIN.

The Ten Most Handsome Men

Cincinnati, O.

In the August issue, Herbert Howe has been kind enough to give us his selection of the ten most beautiful women on the screen. Why not give us now the ten most handsome men? Here is my list: First of all, John Gilbert, then Ramon Novarro, Rudolph Valentino, Edmund Lowe, Ricardo Cortez, Reginald Denny, Norman Kerry, Richard Dix, Eugene O'Brien and Matt Moore.

MRS. C. W. BROOKS.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 134]



PETITE COFFRET. A small compact assortment, showing No. 75A Rouge, No. 100A thin metal Compact Powder, No. 7 Lip Stick with hinged cap, revolving type.... \$2.50

No. 4A. This set consists of 1/4 oz. Sachet, 2 1/2 oz. Toilet Water, No. 100A thin metal Compact Powder, No. 75A Rouge, No. 7 Lip Stick with hinged cap, revolving type, 1/2 oz. Fancy Bottle of Extract, Champagne color satin-lined box.....\$7.00

What to give Her?

YOU wonder what you should give her this Christmas. You want your present to be just the right thing.

You will find no gift more acceptable than Rigaud's Mary Garden Presentation Sets, containing the wonderful rouge—so natural—the new thin compacts, lip-stick and sachet powder—all delicately scented with that ever popular odeur, Parfum Mary Garden. Also, the extract and toilet water—all so attractively packaged.

Just as many articles as you would care to give her—small sets or large sets—ranging from \$2.50 to \$7.00.

How women do love all their toilet articles to carry the same odeur! And when that odeur is Rigaud's Mary Garden, they are more than delighted. Your druggist or department store has these Rigaud's Presentation Sets.

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No. 2A. This set consists of 2 1/4 oz. Bottle of Toilet Water, 1/2 oz. Fancy Bottle of Extract, No. 75A Rouge, No. 1A Face Powder, with puff, and Bottle of Talcum Powder. Champagne color satin-lined box.....\$5.00



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Speaking of Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]



French Girls

Cultivate their beauty

By Edna Wallace Hopper

I have just returned from Paris. It was my 34th trip in a 40-year search for the utmost in beauty helps.

More than ever I was impressed with the average beauty of French girls, and the youth of French matrons. They live where science studies beauty. And where I found the beauty helps which gave me my great career.

Those helps have cost me a lifetime of searching, and a fortune. Now I am placing them at every woman's call. Druggists and toilet counters everywhere supply them in my name. They are sold at modest prices, and each combines many helps in one. In this way I am trying to aid millions to the benefits I got.

One is my Youth Cream. It is the utmost in a face cream. Products of both lemon and strawberry are in it. Also all the best that science knows to foster, feed and protect the skin.

It comes in two types—cold cream and vanishing. I use one at night, the other in the morning. Never is my skin without it. If it does for you what it does for me, you will be delighted.

Let me send you a sample. Compare it with the creams you know. You will realize at once its supremacy. You will be glad to know it in all the years to come. My latest Beauty Book will come with the sample. Clip coupon now.

For Trial Tube

25 P

Mail this today to Edna Wallace Hopper, 536 Lake Street Drive, Chicago, Illinois, for postage and packing on a sample of Youth Cream.

Name

Address

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 at a four ounce bottle if all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

LIQUID ARVON

Enlarged Pores, Blackheads, Red Nose, Oily Skin, Salow Complexion and other miserable local skin afflictions will be quickly remedied and overcome with M. Trilet's B. A. Lotion, leaving the skin in a clean, clear and natural healthy condition. No sticky or oily substance, but refreshing and fragrant. Applied at night, no wash, but a good receipt of \$25. Address M. Trilet, 15 W. U. Bldg., Birmingham N. Y.



GLORIA ran smack into an embarrassing situation in France. Some of the newspapers attacked the validity of her husband's title, because it wasn't mentioned in his birth and marriage certificates. As a matter of fact, this proves nothing. Titles are not recognized by the Republic of France, and such certificates being government documents, it is not customary to use titles in them. Henry is a sure enough Marquis, but he is still "Hank" to the folks who know him.

Recently I heard an acquaintance of Gloria's address her as "Marquise." "Quit your kidding," she said. "I've just sent the coronet to the dry cleaners."

DURING a recent trip to Hollywood the greatest egotists I met were a real estate man (pardon me, a realtor) and a producer. Compared to them any of the many stars I met were suffering from inferiority complexes. The real estate man told me how he was the hero of a hundred business battles in which he, because of his sound judgment and daring, emerged

the winner, and the producer proclaimed himself a genius. They convinced me of only one thing—that one was an insufferable bore and the other was a congenital idiot.

A RUSSIAN tells me that, when the Bolshevik officials threw out the images of saints from the Moscow cathedrals, they replaced them with such deities as Tolstoy, Tchaikowsky and—Charlie Chaplin, realizing, as they did, the human need for idol worship is what you might term the Americanization of Russian religion.

Our movie gods are rapidly converting the heathen and bringing the whole world to the true worship.

The same gentleman of Moscow says that, while the Russians adore Chaplin, they are amazed by our dramatic features.

"They cannot understand," he says, "how a girl can always be saved from the soldiers in the nick of time."

"Soldiers do ruin a girl quickly," they insist, "even though she is Lillian Gish."

A Few More Bricksbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 133]

Isn't It Inevitable?

Moline, Ill.

Isn't it inevitable that, when an actor succeeds especially well in a certain type of rôle, he is held to that type until the public positively clamors for a change? Witness Lon Chaney in "He Who Gets Slapped," "The Monster," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" and possibly several others that Universal will prepare for him in the near future.

Witness also Percy Marmont in his long-suffering rôles. Every time he actually smiles in a picture, I receive a positive shock. I think everyone would enjoy seeing him "do his stuff" in a more cheerful atmosphere.

L. L.

Don't Judge Her by Just One Picture

York, Pa.

I really can't see why they ever killed Lincoln and let such as Elinor Glyn live. "Man and Maid" was positively terrible. I certainly do admire Rod La Rocque. I think Constance Bennett is cute and as for Pola Negri, words fail me.

BEE LEE.

Remarks

Montclair, N. J.

I admired Rudy in "Monsieur Beaucaire," but he disappointed me in "The Sainted Devil." No actor takes the place of Richard

Barthelmess in my heart. I enjoyed the following pictures very much: "So Big," "Peter Pan," "The Swan," "Broken Laws," and "The Goose Hangs High."

MARIANNE.

Can You Tame Wild Women?

Jacksonville, Fla.

I'm not a regular movie fan, but have always admired Valentino. However, I must confess that after seeing "The Spaniard," I'll hand my bouquets hereafter to Ricardo Cortez. He impressed me as a real be-man, and I hope I may some time have the pleasure of seeing him "tame" Aileen Pringle, who is so lovely and such a queen.

DORIS SNOW.

Beauties, Past and Present

Boston, Mass.

Herbert Howe's list of the ten most beautiful women on earth failed to take into consideration the beautiful women who were the favorites several years ago. So I am taking the liberty of amending it and sending a list of the ten most beautiful women ever seen on the scene. Here they are: Pauline Frederick, the late Olive Thomas, Clara Kimball Young, Irene Castle, Ormi Hawley and Alice Joyce. The four modern beauties to complete the list are: Marion Davies, Norma Shearer, May Allison and Corinne Griffith.

T. L.

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Friendly Advice

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134]

E. M. J., NEWTON, MASS.

You ought to weigh about 120 or 125 pounds. It is difficult to advise you about your hair. The hair dressers threaten to bring long hair back into style, although most women prefer the bob for its neatness and its convenience. Ask the advice of a competent hair dresser and have him arrange a becoming cut for you, in case you decide to have it short.

D. A. F., SACRAMENTO, CALIF.

Perhaps you are naturally small and slight. Don't worry about your height. Quite likely you haven't attained your full growth. With plenty of exercise and lots of nourishing food, you will develop.

E. H. V., NEW YORK, N. Y.

You can compromise on your dresses by wearing skirts with a slashed or flared hem. Skirts with a flare are fashionable now, and they are far prettier than the short, tight skirt. Don't avoid swimming because you are self-conscious because the exercise would reduce your legs. Why don't you swim in a pool? There are plenty of good ones in the city.

A. S., ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

You are lucky to have such pretty curls. But you are a little old to wear them down your back. Why don't you catch them up in a cluster at the back of your neck, much as Mary Pickford wears hers. Blue, taupe, sand-color and green should be becoming to you. Try a lighter shade of powder and lipstick.

CELLE, DENVER, COLO.

As far as I can tell, you are worried because you are so perfectly happy. But now for the boy problem. The boys probably think you are young for your age or perhaps they think you don't take them seriously enough. I have an idea you don't put yourself out to please them; you seem to have enough fun without them. That hurts their vanity. Why not get up some informal parties for the girls and boys of your acquaintance? Anyone with your sunny disposition is sure to make friends of both sexes. Aren't you just a little indifferent?

WILDA McF., OAKLAND, CALIF.

Brown and tan should be charming colors for your business dresses. For evening, you should look well in yellow or deep rose shades. Both jade and apple green should become you.

M. G., COLUMBUS, MO.

You can reduce your hips by rolling—taking the exercise at morning and at night. But I think when you begin your dancing lessons, you will find your hips will diminish. You are too slender for strenuous reducing.

MOTHERLESS, FALL RIVER, MASS.

Be cautious about applying any sort of make-up. Try a light shade of rouge and a light, flesh powder. There are many good depilatories on the market, but to remove surplus hair requires constant care.

BONNIE.

Horseback riding is supposed to reduce the hips. However, it makes you muscular and if the fat accumulates again, it is hard to lose. Eliminate starches and sweets from your diet and try living on vegetables and salads. However, you are not greatly overweight for your height. Part your hair on the side and bring it well down over your forehead. As for the troublesome pimples, an application of hot water and soap will help you if you rinse off the soap carefully and rub with ice. The vegetable diet is also good for clearing the skin. Why don't you wear heels of medium height? They are quite fashionable.

Restful Sleep at Night and buoyant days



*A new way to banish wakeful nerves and sleepless nights
and keep your youthful looks and spirit*

Over 20,000 leading doctors recommend this simple way. See what 3 days will do. Make this test.

When you go to bed do your nerves stay up! Leaving you dragged out on the morrow—your morning logy, your energies drained by afternoon?

Modern science has found a *natural* means to overcome this: a way to restful sleep that quickly restores your tired mind and body.

Morning finds you a new woman. You are fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. Youthful in looks and spirit. And you have the energy to carry your right through the day and the evening's social activities.

A 3-day test will show you. We urge you to make this test. It is well worth while.

Luxurious Sleep That Restores

Taken at night, a cup of Ovaltine brings sound restful sleep, quickly and naturally.

This is why:

First—it combines in easily digested form, certain vitalizing and building up food-essentials in which your daily fare is lacking. One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.



OVALTINE

*Builds Brain,
Nerves and Body*

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"Ovaltine" certainly works wonders. I can touch for it and I take great pleasure in spreading the "good word." It has given me my first restful night's sleep in three years.

Letter from
Mrs. S. T. FASCOTT
Chicago, Ill.



Second—Ovaltine has the power actually to digest 4 to 5 times its weight in other foods which may be in your stomach. Thus, a few minutes after drinking, Ovaltine is turning itself and all other foods into rich red blood.

There is quick restoration for your tired mind and body. Frayed nerves are soothed. Restful sleep comes.

In the morning you awaken, looking and feeling years younger. You are a new being for a new day. You are alive with energy to carry you buoyantly through the day.

Doctors recommend it

Ovaltine is a delightful pure food drink. It has been used in Switzerland for 30 years and is now in universal use in England and its colonies. During the great war Ovaltine was included as a standard war ration for invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today it is used in hundreds of hospitals. More than 20,000 doctors know and recommend it not only as a restorative but also for nursing mothers, convalescents, invalids, backward children and the aged.

Many take a cup of Ovaltine two or three times a day for its natural stimulation. It's truly a "pick-up" drink.

A 3-Day Test

Drug stores sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or drink it at the soda fountains. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send in the coupon with 10c.

My husband has had trouble sleeping for more than a year. He sleeps 1 usually all night now and is full of "pep" and feels just. I am very glad we discovered Ovaltine.

Letter from Mrs. G. R. BIGELOW
Pittsburgh,
Pa.



THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. 1712
37 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing.
Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....
(One package to a person)

Send for 3-Day Test

EDITH, MANTOWOC, WIS.

Can you get up some attractive parties for the girls of your acquaintance and also include the boys? Why don't you give a skating or a hiking party—a sort of fall or winter picnic? Boys like to be entertained. You will have to work hard to overcome your shyness. Boys generally "take to" the girls who show a real interest in them. Try to be as natural with the boys as you are with the girls. The real root of such trouble is usually an acute amount of self-consciousness. But you are certainly attractive enough and entertaining enough to have more faith in your own powers to please.

ESTELLE Y., NORFOLK, VA.

Your skin needs a nightly application of some good skin food. Such cold creams do not grow hair. In fact, none of the reliable creams do; that's an outworn superstition. Pat the cream on your face every night and notice the quick improvement.

BARBARA, SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

You are young to be "really and truly" in love, but first love is an important thing. Upon it depends much of our attitude in later life. The only thing for you to do is to wait and see if this affection is lasting. Wait for three years. In the meantime, do not do anything or do not say anything that is apt to make this friendship or the memory of this friendship bitter or unpleasant. You ought to go out with other boys; that is to say, you ought to have other boy friends. And you must allow him the same freedom. Don't be prompted by jealousy into making demands upon him that you have no right to make. It will be hard, perhaps, but by tact and understanding, you can make this friendship a fine—and perhaps a lasting—thing in both your lives.

MITZIE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

As you are only sixteen, you have a good chance of losing some of your weight naturally. Many girls are stouter at sixteen than they are when they grow older. A strict and sensible diet is better than exercise. No sweets, sugars or starches, Mitzie! No eating between meals. A light breakfast—tea without sugar and gluten toast. A salad for luncheon. And green vegetables, meat without fat and fruit for dinner. Why don't you consult a physician and ask him to recommend a regime for you?

MILDRED N., SOUTH BEND, IND.

For enlarged pores, rub first with ice or very cold water. There are also some good pore creams on the market. Vanishing creams and ice are good for an oily skin. Hot oil shampoos are excellent for dandruff.

CASSIE M., DETROIT, MICH.

An application of hot towels is good for blackheads. But be sure to rub your face with ice or apply extremely cold water afterwards. And be sure to remove every bit of the soap. To help your complexion, go on a vegetable diet for a while. Eat plenty of greens and salads and do not drink coffee. Milk is a great beautifier for the skin. Greasy and sweet foods are exceedingly bad. Wash your hair once a week, and try a hot oil shampoo. There are many excellent preparations for the hair advertised in PHOTOPLAY.

MRS. P. L., HARTFORD, CONN.

Do not tell me anything of the details of the texture of your skin or your coloring, so I cannot give you explicit advice. There are so many varieties of good cold creams to select from, that you have a wide choice. There is no sort that is predominantly popular among actresses. Cleansing creams are removed immediately after the vanishing creams are rubbed into the skin and allowed to remain. Most night creams, which are skin tonics, are patted on the face and left for the night. There are many good soaps and face powders advertised in PHOTOPLAY magazine. They have been tested.

IRENE H., FALL RIVERS, MASS.

You are not as overweight as you imagine. But your hips are too large. Too much exercise is apt to do you more harm than good. But rolling and massages are excellent for reducing the hips. And if you could be fitted to a good rubber girdle, I do not think you would find it uncomfortable, and it would help a lot. Are you sure your diet is correct? Do not eat sweet, starchy or heavy foods, and beware of anything fried. As for the fat figure being fashionable, to be strictly correct, it isn't. Not any more. You may take comfort in the fact that for the first time in years many women are complaining to me because they are too thin. The rounded figure has definitely come into style and many of the new dresses are being made to fit it.

DARRELL, PADUCAH, KY.

Deep shades of red, rich yellows and green should be becoming to you. Be careful of the flat tones of any colors. Brunette powder and lipstick go well with your complexion.

A. L., VICKSBURG, MISS.

A lemon rinse is an excellent way of keeping blonde hair lustrous. Mix it with a bowlful of warm water. I have never known it to damage the hair. The bruises on nails are often a sign of some constitutional disorder, but sometimes they are merely an indication that the nails need nourishment. Try rubbing them with olive oil and soaking the tips of your fingers in the oil.

IRENE, HOLYOKE, MASS.

I do not know anything about the preparation you mention. However, all the remedies advertised in PHOTOPLAY have been investigated.

EDITH BRUNETTE, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Any vivid shade would become you. The popular yellows and oranges are very pretty with your complexion. I think your prejudice against cold creams is quite unfounded. They cannot make the face baby if applied properly. Usually this fault is the result of over-massage. Skin builders and creams recommended for their tonic qualities would be good for you. Be careful of very hot water. If you don't care for creams, why not try a softening lotion? After you lose several more pounds, you can drop the strenuous reducing, only being careful to watch your diet.

CLEO, ALBANY, OREGON.

An eye wash assisted by means of an eye cup is splendid for soothing tired eyes or strengthening the muscles of the eye ball. Be sure to use a wash that you know is good or that your doctor advises. Use a good freckle cream for tan or freckles. And unless the hair on your face is very noticeable, let it alone.

JOAN, PENNA.

A satisfactory way to reduce is to take a great deal of exercise and eat fresh vegetables and fruits and avoid fats and all sweet treats. Rubber garments help, and the reducers advertised in this magazine have been investigated and found to be good.

E., MESA, ARIZONA.

You do not tell me how much you weigh, but at your age, and with the height you give, I should say that from 145 to 150 pounds would be normal weight. Of course, the bone structure must always be taken into account in determining the correct weight, as a person with large bones has a higher weight average than one with small bone structure. Cereals and milk are among the fat-producing foods. If you wish to lose weight you must eliminate from your diet all starchy foods, such as potatoes, rice, cereals and macaroni. Pastries, cream, ice cream and fat meats are also in the fat-producing list. Whole wheat bread, fresh vegetables and fruits may be eaten. If you are under a doctor's care at the present time you might ask him to prepare a dietary table to meet your special needs.



Unsightly Hairs Banished

Thru Dr. Irwin's Remarkable Home Treatment for the Removal of Superfluous Hair

Objectionable hair on face, neck, arms or legs can now be removed—in an amazing, scientific way that checks the growth. No electricity, no nuss, no bad odors, no unbearable pain. You simply spread a soothing balsam over the unwanted growth, and in a jiffy, every unsightly hair lifts right out—leaving the skin adorably smooth and white.

This new discovery has been perfected after years of research by Dr. F. C. Irwin, prominent physician. It is not simply a "surface" method that removes hair temporarily. It actually discourages any regrowth of hair. The whole process is quick and simple—absolutely safe and harmless—almost as easily applied as cold cream.

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Free Trial Bottle

Try it first, prove the way to restore

Gray Hair

You are right to be skeptical in regard to any preparation offered to restore gray hair. So many can't do the work—so many only further disfigure your hair.

A trial on one lock of hair is your safeguard, and this I offer free. Accept this offer and prove for yourself that your gray hair can be renewed safely, easily and surely. I perfected my Restorer many years ago to get back the original color in my own gray hair. Since, hundreds of thousands of gray haired people have used it. It is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. Nothing to wash or rub off. Application easy. Renewed color even and natural in all lights.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Send today for the absolutely Free Trial outfit, which contains a trial bottle of my Restorer and full instructions for making the convincing "single lock" test. Indicate color of hair with X. If possible, enclose a lock of your hair in your letter.

Please print your name and address

FREE TRIAL COUPON
 MARY T. GOLDMAN,
 4708 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
 If X shows color of hair, Black, dark brown, medium brown, Auburn (dark red), light brown, light Auburn (light red), blonde.

Name.....
 Street.....City.....

Thin Women!! Gain!!

Three to five pounds a week

Beautiful, firm flesh which will stay on produced healthfully and rapidly. Write for free information (enclosing 2-cent stamp) to The Star Developing System, Dept. 122, Springfield, Ill.

GRACE, GREENWOOD, S. C.

You could easily weigh six or seven pounds more. Your arms will fill out as you grow older. Rubber garments are very good for reducing.

I. MC., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

You should weigh around one hundred and ten pounds. You are doing the right things to reduce but not thoroughly enough. Exercise more—regularly every day—and be very careful not to eat fattening foods. I know it is hard but it is only perseverance and intelligent care of yourself that makes you lose superfluous flesh.

GERTRUDE, NEW YORK.

You must not be embarrassed when your mother tells people your correct age. You make a mistake in wanting to go to parties while you are still so young. By the time you are eighteen people will think you are much older, for they will remember your going about as an older girl for four years. You are fortunate in being popular, but take things gradually and don't try to be grown up too soon.

MAE, OAKLAND, CALIF.

Training of some kind, either individual or in a class, is essential to success on the stage. Go to some good dramatic school where you can soon learn just how much talent you have and along what lines it will be best to develop that talent.

D., CHICAGO.

Your hair probably is very pretty just the way it is. You must judge for yourself whether it is more becoming to you to part your hair on the side or in the middle.

STELLA, BUCKHANNON, WEST VA.

You would probably do better to go to college now and prepare for teaching. With your lack of experience and training in other things you would not be able to go far. You could dress well in browns, white, rose and green.

BARBARA, MUSCATINE, IOWA.

Exercise more—at least an hour a day. Play strenuous games such as tennis, and swim as much as you can. That makes your body healthy and will also give you a greater appetite so that you will eat more and gain. Wear white in the summer time and in the evening during the winter. Green will bring out the color of your eyes and make people notice that they are green. Wear bright colors also.

NAOMI.

On the contrary I think life has dealt rather well with you if you are attractive looking and everyone likes you. Use a freckle face-bleach, and a facial astringent for large pores. It is a good thing also to peel the face. Wear rubber garments for reducing particular parts of the body. You can wear grey and mauve very well, orchid and blue also.

MARY MARGARET, ILLINOIS.

I am inclined to think that you should weigh from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and twenty-five pounds. All pastel shades are becoming to blondes; I should avoid heavy colors although you might wear vine color and purple in the winter if you are very fond of them. Use white powder and light rouge and lipstick. If you are very tall you should not dress your hair too high upon your head. Faint, subtle perfumes are best for blondes.

POINSETTA, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Five feet, three inches is not at all too tall. Girls taller than you wear very high heels. Put a little lemon in the last water in which you rinse your hair; this brings out the lights in blond hair. Frequent water waves are necessary to keep a permanent wave looking its best.

BARETTE, NEW YORK CITY.

Use rubber reducing garments. I think you will find that they will greatly help you.

Worth while Xmas Gifts

Buy NOW

pay NEXT YEAR



M128. Ladies Spred-top Solitaire: 18K White Gold mounting, constructed to make blue-white diamond look better. \$45



M129. 14K Solid Gold Solitaire: AAI One Little Blue-white Diamond. Price \$45.



M130. Solitaire Cluster: 14K Solid Gold; 7 AAI Blue-white Diamonds mounted to resemble big Solitaire. \$48.50.

M131. A bargain—18K White Gold lace-work design. AAI Quality Blue-white Diamond. \$29.50.



M132. The Love Nest—20 18K White Gold Engagement Ring, hand-carved Hearts and Arrows. AAI Blue-white Diamond. \$59.50.

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Now you can get worth-while gifts for Christmas. Simply send \$2, with your name and address, mentioning number of your choice—we'll open a charge account for you and your selection will come for your approval and 15 DAY TRIAL. Convince yourself of its value—try to duplicate it elsewhere at our price. If satisfied, pay balance in 10 equal monthly payments. Otherwise return and your deposit will be sent back.

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Your credit is good with us. No difficulty—no inconvenience or red tape—our Charge Account Plan is simple and easy. All Transactions Strictly Confidential. MAIL YOUR ORDER TODAY.



M133. Princess—a beautiful floral design in 18K White Gold hand-carved and pierced. AAI Quality Blue-white Diamond. \$49.50.



M134. Try to duplicate this ring elsewhere at our price. 18K White Gold Dinner Ring; 3 AAI Quality Blue-white Diamonds; 2 Triangular-cut Blue Sapphires. \$42.50.



M135. An Ideal Gift—the Latest Style in 18K White Gold Wedding Ring, hand-carved, set with 5 sparkling, brilliant, blue-white Diamonds. \$29.50.



M136. Lucky Clover Oxy Ring. 18K White Gold hand-carved mounting; Gold Clover set; genuine Oxy; 4 regular-cut Blue-white Diamonds. \$45.



M139. Gents Spred-top Cluster: 18K White Gold pierced mounting, set with 7 AAI Quality Blue-white Diamonds to resemble big Solitaire. \$57.50.



Bulova Watch—on Credit—at Cash Price

M137. 14K Solid White Gold hand-engraved case. Guaranteed 15 Jewel movement. \$37.50.
M138. Same Watch in Bulova White Gold fitted case. \$28.50.



M140. Gents Extra-heavy 18K White Gold Ring set with 2 Blue-white Diamonds and Blue Sapphire. Price \$67.50.



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M141. Gents 14K Green Gold Ring, White Gold top. Blue-white Diamond. \$62.50.

M142. 8 piece Boudoir Manicure Set Pearl-on-Amber. An ideal gift. Set consists of: Comb, Brush, Mirror, Nail Buffer, Nail File, Buffer-Book, Cuticle Knife and Rouge Box. \$18.

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It's Yours FREE

New Self-Massaging Belt REDUCES WAIST -Easily!

Substitutes good, solid tissue for bulky, straggling, distending fat, yet does it so gently you hardly know it is there.

Formerly those who wished to reduce without dieting or strenuous exercise had to go to a professional masseur. His method brought about the desired result. But it was expensive and time-consuming and few could take advantage of it.

Remarkable New Invention

At last a wonderful new invention brings this same effective method within the reach of all. The Well Scientific Reducing Belt by means of specially prepared and scientifically acted rubber is so constructed that as you wear it every breath you take and every movement you make imparts a constant massage to every inch of the abdomen. Working for you every second, it reduces much more rapidly than ordinary massage, saving both time and money.

Actually Removes Fat

It does not merely draw in your waist and make you appear thinner. It actually takes off the fat. Within a few weeks you find 4 to 6 inches gone from your waistline. You look and feel 10 to 15 years younger.

The Well Method of reducing is used by dietitians and jewelers because it requires no special rubber. It restores their strength. Highly endorsed by physicians. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

Write today for full description and Special 10-Day Trial Offer. **The Well Company, 3212 Hill St., New Haven, Conn.**

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Gentlemen: Please send me, without obligation, complete description of the Well Scientific Reducing Belt and your special 10-Day Trial Offer.

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Jeweled and regulated Wrist Watch studded with Deelite Brilliant and Sapphires.

Only a down payment of 10c required and we make immediate shipment of this beautiful engraved Wrist Watch.

WE TRUST YOU Shipment Same Day NO REFERENCES NEEDED

For a genuine diamond watch of this kind, you would be required to pay elsewhere upwards of \$150.00. For ours pay only \$12.00 and you may pay \$1.00 per week. Make first payment to postman when he delivers package. Send name and address and receive your Deelite Watch by return mail. A guarantee with each watch.

O. F. Deelite Co., 530 Broadway, New York

CUSPIE, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Your dancing lessons are very good to keep you in good health. Do not give them up. It may be that they are a little strenuous and keep you from weighing quite what you should. Eat as much cream and butter as you can. Drink rich milk with every meal and before going to bed. In the winter have this bedtime milk heated. The rouge and powder and the colors of your dresses are right for your complexion.

CAROLYN, OREGON CITY, OREGON.

Blushing is a natural tendency more developed in some people than in others. There is no way of stopping it. However, most girls consider blushing an asset; it can be very charming. Be informal in accepting an invitation to dance or you will sound stilted and without poise. When a young man asks you to dance, say "Yes, I should like to very much," or "I'd love to," or something to that effect. When the dance is finished and your partner thanks you, make any polite remark such as "I enjoyed it too." You can be a little more effusive if you have enjoyed the dance very much.

NELLIE, LOUISVILLE, KY.

The young man does not sound like the kind you should know. He does not want to come and see you, or he would ask if he might. You had better not think any more about him. You dream about things that happen during the day or that have been in your mind for a long time and often they get mixed up and the result is a foolish muddle. Bright colors are best for you.

"FOURTEEN," LOS ANGELES, CAL.

You are very young to think of love, and your ideas will change many times in the next few years. If the young man goes away and wants to continue your friendship, he will ask permission to write to you.

HAZEL.

Choose a smart-looking tailored dress that is cool and still appropriate for motoring. Have it made with short sleeves. Wear with it a small felt or straw hat and low-heeled street shoes. Take with you one or two afternoon dresses and shoes to wear with them when you stop to spend the night with friends along your way. Every night when you stop cleanse your face with some cold cream; those advertised in this magazine are all good.

BETTY, MUSKOGEE, OKLA.

The bleaches and cold creams and perfumes advertised in this magazine are excellent and very popular. Use several and then decide on the ones you like best for your own use. Never try to reduce too quickly for the results are injurious. Do it less strenuously for a few weeks until your neck fills out again.

ROSLYN.

Consult a face specialist or beauty expert about your difficulty and ask her to recommend a treatment.

MILLICENT, NEWBURGH, N. Y.

Wear dark and light brown and all shades of red. I think your weight must be correct. Rachel shade of face powder is right. Use orange rouge and medium dark lipstick.

PAT, NEBRASKA.

As nearly as I can tell without knowing you, I should say that you weigh nearly twenty pounds too much. That is a good deal to lose, but consistent dieting and exercising will do wonders, you will find. To reduce your ankles, hold your leg stiffly in front of you and with your foot describe a circle. Do this twenty or thirty times morning and night and keep it up until you notice results. You can wear blue and pink and all pastel shades. The blackhead remedies advertised in the columns of this magazine are very good.

JEAN, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

You have both acted very foolishly and are making a big mistake. You can be happy at college together if you only will. The young man was doubtless hurt by your coldness and he wanted to make you jealous. And he has succeeded, hasn't he? Now you are putting yourself in a false position, for you pretend that you do not like him, while you do. The next time you see him ask him to come and see you; tell him you are sorry to have been rude to him. You will find that that is just what he is waiting for. Then you can both go away this fall to college, be on friendly terms, and help each other start your college life.

TELL ME, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Your height and weight seem to be right for your age. I think you might look well with bangs; train them so that they curl slightly and look thick and fluffy. Part your hair on the side. When the man you love tells you he loves you, you will know what to say without my telling you. A dancing career requires, in the first place, great talent; then long, hard training and years of experience. If you want to do it badly enough these prerequisites will not seem like obstacles.

G. B., NEVADA, MO.

You may grow during the next two years. Some people do not attain their full growth until they are in their twenties. Use stretching exercises. But I do not see why you should be dissatisfied. I know a number of girls who would like to be as small as you are.

VIRGINIA, RICHMOND, VA.

It will help your appearance if you use a little face powder. Use a dark Rachel shade. Rub your face briskly with ice several times a day. This will stimulate circulation and make the color in your face more evenly distributed, and you will have more color in your cheeks. Continue to train your hair and you will find that it will curl as you want it to. Part your hair in the middle and arrange it simply.

SUNNY, MCHENRY, ILL.

Wear high heels, except for sport, to make yourself look as tall as possible. Why don't you let your hair grow long and wear it high on your head. This will add to your height and will be very good with your profile. The perfumes advertised in these columns are very popular.

MRS. W., RICHMOND, VA.

Perhaps you are eating too many starchy foods. Give up potatoes and bread and cereals. Eat green vegetables but do without butter and cream. Special exercises are splendid for reducing particular parts of the body. Have you ever taken a course in specialized exercises? The ones advertised in PHOTOPLAY are known to be good.

BARBARA, DENVER, COLO.

Wear pastel shades almost entirely. This will accentuate your type and make you more distinctive. Your self-consciousness, no matter how slight, probably gives you an air of diffidence. Be interested in those around you in school, show your willingness to know them and you will find they will respond.

ROMA, MOWESTOWN, O.

I do not think you should hob your hair unless such a step would greatly improve your appearance. Your hair would doubtless look well hopped and in time it would grow out so you would lose nothing. But if your hair is pretty as it is and you arrange it becomingly, I do not see that you have anything to gain by cutting it off.

NATHALIE, NEW ORLEANS.

Blue is indeed your best color. Green, too, is good for you. Persist in not being the "petting kind" and you will see that men will like you anyway.

A Few More Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134]

Applause for Gloria

Dover, Del.
Why is it that the critics just won't give Gloria Swanson anything on her acting ability? I had the long-awaited pleasure of seeing "Mme. Sans Gene" the other evening and I was delighted with every phase of it. It established Miss Swanson as a marvelous actress more than ever or at least in my estimation. It is quite true that Rejane, Bernhardt or Ellen Terry might have done it better, but Gloria Swanson has not acquired the technique that those artists had this early in her career.

KEMBLE KNIGHT.

A Growing Industry Needs Many Workers to Choose From

Atlanta, Ga.
A while back the cry for new faces on the screen was the discussed topic. I consider our beautiful screen stars as my idols, I look upon them as a class not picked up every day as now seems to be the case. Of course, I believe in new stars occasionally, but don't let this most wonderful profession get too piled up. We, as a public, just love the stars who worked exceedingly hard for their places and we want to see them more. We love them for their fine acting.

ROBERTTA GODDIN.

Does Criticism Never Help?

Pueblo, Colo.
Here comes a whole box of bouquets for the stars. I agree with A. E. T., if people can't say nice things about the stars, they should say nothing. After all, if a star's acting is "rotten," the public's severe one-sided criticism certainly isn't going to help it to be any better.

Richard Dix, Barthelmess, Lyon, Novarro and all the good looking ones have the double attraction of some woman's "ideal" and the ability to act along with their personal charm and personality. Lewis Stone and Monte Blue are my favorites. They appeal to me as being men's men but I sing their praises higher for purely personal reasons because the serious type appeals to me more. However, I think the rest are great, each in his own way.

L. K.

A Remedy

Bronx, N. Y.
Pola Negri on American soil has lost her fire of "Du Barry." She has been wasted in a cycle of mediocre pictures. La Negri is a vivid personality and an incomparable artist. The remedy is good stories to harmonize with her histrionic abilities.

Gloria Swanson since discarding fancy features has developed into a glorious mimic. "Manhandled" was her best picture. Thomas Meighan is the George M. Cohan of the screen. He has not as yet eclipsed his fine performance in that classic, "The Miracle Man."

NOEL C. MILLER.

Chicago Fans

Chicago, Ill.
Why don't we see more of Pauline Starke? She entertained us so very much in "Adventure" and several other pictures that we want to see her again and soon. I think, while it is true she resembles Gloria Swanson in personal appearance, her acting is very original and we are wild about her curly head and the way she tosses it. She's splendid.

CHICAGO FANS.

Watch This Column

"The Phantom" Thrills New York



Crowds jamming their way into Astor Theatre, New York, despite rain-storm

What the other fellow says of your product is more effective than what you say yourself. And so, instead of telling you of the magnificence of "*The Phantom of the Opera*," I will give you here what the critics of the New York newspapers published after the premier New York showing. When you read them, you will doubtless appreciate the advisability of seeing "*The Phantom*."

New York World (Quinn Martin)—"Charged with that mysterious element of ghostliness to cause it to be clasped to the bosoms of great hordes of the population."

New York American (Louella Parsons)—"One cannot but compliment Carle Laemmle on the magnificence of his production."

N. Y. Herald-Tribune (Henrietta Underhill)—"In construction it is peerless. We urge everyone to go."

N. Y. Daily News (Mildred Spain)—"Has a thrill for everybody. It's all of those B & B movies (Bigger and Better.)"

N. Y. Evening Journal (Rose Pelswick)—"An ambitious effort. The film is great entertainment. You'll enjoy it."

N. Y. Graphic (Regina Cannon)—"The most startling picture of the year. Strange, weird and fantastic."

Evening World (George Gerhardt)—"From a viewpoint of sheer beauty, gorgeous settings and weirdly grotesque characterizations, Universal's super-spectacle ranks with the best in motion pictures."

N. Y. Telegraph (George Bradley)—"Universal has made a picture that it is a pleasure to look at. Unquestionably *The Phantom* will please most any type of audience."

N. Y. Evening Sun (John S. Cohen)—"A successful pictorial melodrama. Unquestionably *The Phantom* is a thriller."

The New York Times (Mordaunt Hall)—"It will strike popular fancy. A well-dressed thriller."

Do you notice that there is not one "criticism" — not one jarring note? It is most unusual for all the critics to agree. They all praised LON CHANEY most highly—also NORMAN KERRY and MARY PHILBIN—in fact, every member of the all-star cast. Better ask your favorite theatre when "*The Phantom*" will be shown.

Carl Laemmle

President

(To be continued next month)

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Enthusiastic Praise from Illinois

I never noticed Eugene O'Brien until I saw "Frisivolous Sal" and "Dangerous Innocence." He can act. Please let us have more about him in PHOTOPLAY, also Ethel Clayton, Dorothy Phillips, Charles de Roche, Clive Brook and J. Warren Kerrigan. Here's one star taking Wally Reid's place in the hearts of the public: our own Tommy Meighan! Here's also to the three greatest, our Norma, America's Sweetheart and Lillian Gish.

B. J.

More Arguments

I sincerely believe that all the people who go to moving pictures would appreciate pictures of Wally Reid. In the first place Wallace Reid was an actor in a class by himself. There is no actor at present who can come anywhere near his acting because he had a certain personality that no one could imitate.

G. S. LAWRENCE.

Perhaps It Only Seemed Touch His Face

I have always been a movie fan and I'm glad to watch the steady progress of the film industry. However, there is one fault to be found with all the film producers; they don't use common sense. I recently saw one of Richard Dix's pictures, "The Shock Punch." The film was very amusing and Mr. Dix's acting as usual was brilliant. But there is one scene where Mr. Dix is perched on top of a girder, catching red hot bolts and handing them to the workers. One of the bolts strikes Mr. Dix on the right side of his mouth. Now this piece of metal was supposedly red hot or even white hot. Yet, Mr. Dix calmly resumes his position and after work is over hasn't a mark on his face. Let's have more reality and common sense in our films.

MARIAN KUCHEN.

The Typical American?

Since seeing "Proud Flesh" I'm fit for Pat O'Malley. He's the typical American. My favorites are Richard Dix, Ben Lyon, Milton Sills, Ramon Novarro, Lloyd Hughes and Tommy Meighan.

DOROTHY DOUBLEDAY.

Character Actors Do Not Go Unnoticed

Every time I see Ernest Torrence and Noah Beery I like or hate them more. They can be the most despicable, the most diabolical, the most hateful of villains and yet at the same time you cannot help admiring their acting. I must particularly praise Noah Beery's noteworthy acting in "The Devil's Cargo." They are both insurpassable in their particular field.

SUSANNE BARRY.

A Novel, as Is, Doesn't Always Make a Good Movie

I am moved to express my opinion on the way stories are cut up and altered when made into pictures. "Chickie," for example, was changed beyond recognition, characters left out or badly chosen for the parts. Altogether a good story ruined by the way it was presented.

Another thing I've had on my mind is the slow pictures Tom Meighan has to play in. I wish he would never use another George Ade story; they are so much alike and no acting is required in them. Anybody could walk through them. I think Mr. Meighan is equal to more than is required of him in this sort of story.

ALICE EDWARDS.

A Roll of Honor

It seems to be quite the thing to send lists of *The stars* to Brickbats and Bouquets. Do you consider my list worthy of publication? For the men, I chose first of all Richard Barthelmess—the greatest and most versatile of them all. Then Ramon Novarro, John Barrymore, Thomas Meighan, Douglas Fairbanks, George O'Brien (he's coming fast!), Richard Dix, John Gilbert, Ben Lyon and Lloyd Hughes. Perhaps I should have added Charlie Chaplin but—well, one sees so little of him! And should I add Valentino? Yes, I believe I should.

And for the actresses, I choose Mary Pickford—first, last and always! Also, Norma Shearer, Mary Phillip, Norma Talmadge (the wonderful), sweet Lillian and darling Dorothy Gish, Bessie Love and—who shall it be?—I cannot choose. Mae Murray? Never! Gloria? I think not. Pola? Well, maybe. Ah, I have it! Betty Bronson! I sincerely hope she's as modest as she's "press-agented."

I saw "Classmates"—marvelous picture—twice, or was it three times? And "The Lady" I saw more than once. I'm impatient for "Shore Leave" and "The Beautiful City." Isn't Dick wonderful? In "Soul-Fire," he was superb.

AN ARDENT FAN.

Those "Improvements"

"Light of the Western Stars" by Zane Grey has been one of my favorite books for years. I went to see the movie recently played by Billie Dove, Wallace Beery and Jack Holt and I never was so disappointed in my life. All the best parts of the book were omitted. That beautiful character of the up-to-date western girl, Florence Kingsley, was left out entirely. If I were Zane Grey I would refuse to have my books screened if they were treated so and I would sue those responsible in this case.

Jack Holt's acting in this was a masterpiece, Wallace Beery was excellent, but Billie Dove was sure the dreamy, lifeless stick—no more like "Majesty" Hammond of the book than ice like fire. How I wish "Light of the Western Stars" could be screened, following the book closely and with Jack Holt and Wallace Beery still playing in it. But have Anna Q. Nilsson, Corinne Griffith, Florence Vidor or Alice Joyce for the part of Madeline Hammond and Ethel Clayton, Dorothy Dalton or Pauline Frederick take the part of Florence Kingsley, and have Harrison Ford, Milton Sills or Pat O'Malley take the part of Hammond. It would be a picture that would live forever.

MRS. JAMES B. STUART.

One Mean Brickbat

Little Rock, Ark.
Allow me to present a huge bouquet to Jack Gilbert, the most perfect man on the screen. Also one for Claire Windsor. I think she is beautiful and, by all means, should be chosen one of the most beautiful women on earth. Now a brickbat for Nita Naldi. She's no good. If we must have vampires, let's have somebody like Aileen Pringle.

ANNE.

Again Paging Mr. Gilbert

Harrisburg, Pa.
About a year ago I went to see John Gilbert in "Cameo Kirby" and have not missed one of his pictures since. In my estimation, he is the best actor on the screen today. He is real—the Man of the Hour. How I would have liked to see Gilbert portray the character of *Monstieur Beaucaire* instead of Valentino. Will we ever see any more pictures like "The Count of Monte Cristo" and "Cameo Kirby" with my favorite—John Gilbert?

E. C.

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name, and an open bake-oven for barbecues—they're all the thing nowadays—and grass growing between the bricks on the walks. My Dad used to give me pennies to pull the grass out from between the bricks back in Kansas, and now we pay to have it put in. Isn't it the limit?"

"But you haven't told me about Roy."
"Roy? Oh, yes, his pictures certainly do make money." Ann thought Madge's tone was less enthusiastic than when speaking of the garden. "He's successful, all right." And then Madge busied herself with her lipstick, a tiny triumph of the jeweler's art in platinum set with emeralds.

Ann stifled a resentful pang. Madge didn't appreciate Roy. Oh, how Ann would have thrilled to have been able to boast about David. Madge had certainly changed. Perhaps it was the make-up. It made her eyes look hard.

"But you don't act in Roy's pictures any more. Don't you miss it?"

"Me miss working?" Madge laughed outright. "I should say not! Roy says it would look like too much family stuff if he tried to drag me in on every picture, and I can't see myself chusing around trying to get parts on the outside. Anyway, it takes all my time to keep myself decently dressed and to fix up the house. I've been remodeling it for two years to get it to suit me. Those interior decorators certainly do stick you, if they know you've got money. It's nice now to have to really worry about the price though, and the young man who did my lower floor was a sweet youth. He deserved all he got."

She lit a cigarette and leaned back among the cushions, but then a moment later was alert again.

"But you haven't told me about David! Is he just the same old dreamer?" Ann thought she detected a note of embarrassment in her voice, yet couldn't blame her. It is always embarrassing to ask about people who have "dropped" in pictures.

Loyally, she defended him. "Oh, David's just fine. He—he really is going to have his own company before long. Marcella De Ray wanted him to direct her last picture, but politics interfered. You know how those things are! And it takes time to get what you want. He's learning a lot at Nuart—Mr. Stein consults him about everything."

And yet even as she talked, Ann made up her mind to confide completely in Madge, very soon—to ask her advice about the letter she was going to write informing David that all was over between them.

But they had already reached Beverly Hills—the fashionable suburb of Los Angeles, where the picture people had bought up vast estates and built palace-like dwellings. And now they were stopping at Madge's house—the house Roy had given her.

"You've got to see the house before you even take off your hat," insisted Madge. "I've been doing to show it off to you ever since I got it."

AND somehow the trip through the great mansion—an exquisite and perfect achievement of the decorator's and furnisher's art—was not conducive to confidences. Ann revealed in it, even as she envied and secretly resolved to have such things, too, some day. And then, to her own amazement, as she donned her only evening dress—a rose velvet, fashioned artfully with her own hands—she found herself dressing for Roy! She had always dressed for some one, when she was a girl, starting out on her career—dressed with eager anticipation, striving for a subtly enticing effect, so that someone would be attracted to her—and help her with her great overwhelming ambition. And then the time came when she had dressed only for David. But she had stopped that so long ago.

Roy had changed: Ann realized it instantly when he sauntered into the dining room late, polished and correct in dinner clothes. He was handsomer. Perhaps the dinner clothes helped

that. And he wasn't as thin as he used to be in the old "starving times." As he took his place by her side, cool and unruined, although the night was heavy with humidity, she could not help but contrast him with David—David scrubbing the floor, flushed and disheveled—with great balls of perspiration!

She remembered that she had once dreamed of David wearing a dinner coat every evening. She had even made him buy one, though he had never had much use for it. And it had worn out long ago, from too much loaning to young actors who had to do society scenes and couldn't afford the clothes.

AT first Roy was abstracted and hardly seemed aware of her existence. But he turned her with great interest when she asked him about his picture and as he talked at it at length, she sat and listened in rapt attention. It was like a battle call to her soul—the old "shop talk"—the old enthusiasms.

"Your part isn't very big, but it will be the hit of the piece if you put it over," he said. "Everyone thinks you are hard and empty—just a society butterfly, flitting around, enjoying yourself in society. But after the party, when all your guests are gone—your little girl friend in tears—she's the star—because you've vamped the lead away from her just out of deviousness. When they've all gone, thinking you're a cold, hard woman, I shoot you upstairs in your boudoir with the moonlight streaming through on your hair. I'm glad you haven't cut your hair, we can get a much better effect with it long—well, anyway, then you take out some baby toys. They belong to your little daughter, who was lost at sea when she was a baby. And you cry over them, real tears—no glycerine, mind you—and that's the way we get over to the audience that you aren't really hard and mean, but just doing it for the little girl's good—to save her from the lead, who's a bouncer. Of course, in the end, you discover she's your own daughter. A peach of an idea, isn't it?"

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Ann, and really believed it. "When did you ever get it?"
"My own," he responded airily, "and just one of the things that'll knock 'em dead in this picture. I sat down and rewrote the whole scenario in one evening. The author spent a month at it—he's a Broadway playwright, too—but I couldn't use half his stuff."

And thus responding to Ann's enthusiasm Roy began to treat her as if she were really a person instead of just a dining room chair. He began to enjoy himself to the utmost, because she made him talk about himself and his work. There was a strange glow in his eyes as he looked at her. Ann knew that he was deciding she was "awfully clever and appealing." It was an old cliché of hers—the "listening one"—it was almost always successful especially with men, but this time she really believed in the speaker and enjoyed listening to him.

Madge, at the other end of the table, kept up a conversation with the two young actors who had dropped in to dinner, and didn't seem to hear one word of what her husband was saying. Ann watched her rather scornfully. Madge's "buddies," as she called the young men, were evidently frequent guests at the house, and it was easy to see that they were anxious to gain the favor of the great director through his wife. Madge seemed perfectly well aware of the reason for their attention, yet enjoyed it nevertheless.

Immediately after dinner Roy left for the studio. He was having a conference with the scenario writer. He hurried out with a rather theatrical kiss for Madge and a squeeze of the hand for Ann. There was rather a gap after he had gone. Ann couldn't listen to the banal stupidities of Madge's buddies. She was in a happy day of thought—her part—the way Roy had looked when he talked to her—how wonderful it would be working under his master hand!

Madge sent her guests home early in her car. There was a little awkward moment as the two

friends sat alone together before the fire. Somehow Ann couldn't confide to Madge her disappointment about David—her resolve to leave him for good. Instead, she chattered on in a nervous way, speaking of David's devotion, of the cozy little home they had together.

"Of course it wouldn't seem like anything to you, with this—" Ann's eyes swept the beautiful drawing room, "but we really have lots of fun planning and dreaming. And there's the canary and the baby blue eyes—and David says he's just as much in love with me as he has ever been—and more."

"It's nice having them devoted," Madge spoke behind a cloud of cigarette smoke. "Roy's great stuff at making a noise like a devoted husband."

She went to a little wall safe and took from it a great jewel box. Ann gasped at the beauty of the display Madge set out for her. All of them presents from Roy! The last was a magnificent string of pearls.

"They cost sixty thousand," said Madge. "I haven't worn them yet, although I'm silly not to do so. They're insured." She sat for a little while fingering the costly trinkets and enjoying Ann's admiration of them, and then she put them all away and closed the little safe with a careless snap. That was all Roy and Roy's love seemed to mean to Madge—money, jewels, the prestige of being his wife!

And then imperceptibly the talk drifted back to "old times." The past grows rosier as it steals further away, and in their laughter was a sigh of wishfulness.

"Weren't we silly then?" Ann said. "So ambitious and so much in love too."

"Roy was stuck on you at first," said Madge. "He didn't switch off to me until you had fallen so hard for David and, even then, I think it was a case of sour grapes." There was no resentment in Madge's voice, however, for she knew well what Ann would reply.

"Why, Madge!—Roy was simply mad about you—he and I had just been pals. But you—remember the wrist watch he saved so hard to buy you? He did without lunches and cigarettes—and then, when he got a job, he always sent you telegrams every day even though he saw you every evening. And when he was directing his first picture, he used to make you come over and sit on the set with him, just for inspiration. Do you remember that first picture with all the cowboys and Indians?"

"Yes," Madge puffed smokily. "That was a great picture—for those days—wouldn't it be laughed at now?"

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ANN found it hard to write the letter to David which would break things up between them. She was busy preparing for the part; selecting her costumes; interviewing the publicity department; and best of all, rehearsing under Roy's magnetic direction and having long, soul-stirring talks with him about the picture. She just managed to scrawl David a hurried line every day in response to his long, gossipy letters which she hardly had time to read. Her conscience troubled her a bit. It wasn't right, she knew, to let him go on thinking that she was coming back to him after this picture, when really she had no intention of doing so. But in the mad hurly-burly of moving picture life a conscience qualm is apt to be dismissed for greater, more throbbing emotions. And when the Cooper-Hewitt lights blazed forth in a mass of scintillating blue flame upon Ann, and she heard the dull important grind of the camera turning on her first close-up, there was no room for anything in her soul but happiness.

Roy was quite worried about the star, Lala May, whom every one nicknamed "Dolly Dumbbell." He often had to take over her scenes at night, because her stupidity made her day's work hopeless. So when he began to work on Lala's scenes, Ann saw less and less of him. She found herself leaning forward to the times when he would reach the part of the script where she had scenes again.

As the picture progressed, Madge gave a

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Roy was horribly nervous. He brushed aside Ann's words of assurance that the rain would not last.

"It never does when the drops are large like this," she said from the window.

"No weather signs are any good in California," he responded, "especially when you have a company on location."

But he listened avidly when she switched the subject to his work.

"So you really think we've got something on this picture?" he inquired, his scowl flicking into a pleased smile.

"Something—why, Roy, it's stupendous!" Enthusiasm welled up within her. "I don't know how you do it. You're a genius, that's all."

"I do get pretty original effects, I guess," he said, and his restless pacing changed to something akin to strutting. Ann liked it. It reminded her of an adorable small boy.

"I've trained myself to think in terms of effects," he continued. "I try to get something new and striking in every scene. If it isn't comedy or tense drama, some human touch or perhaps some artistic camera work. No dead wood scenes of people walking in and out of doors. Of course I don't always succeed."

"Yes, you do." Ann spoke with an intensity that brought tears to her eyes. "That's exactly what you do—every little scene of your pictures—every two feet of them—is inexpressibly beautiful in itself."

He fairly beamed, and sat down close to her on the settee.

"I get pretty stale sometimes, though," he sighed. "I lose my confidence somehow. We're never sure of ourselves, we directors. We've got to have someone around us all the time who believes in us."

"But everyone must believe in you?" exclaimed Ann with a mothering note in her voice.

"They do now more than they did. But they all thought I was crazy at first. I showed them, though!" Up and strutting again. "I just had to bludgeon my way through. Why, old Henshaw wouldn't even let me into his office when I first went to him about an engagement. Do you know what I did?" He paused in front of Ann, hardly able to wait for her eager question. "I picked up his office boy and threw him out—out of his own office. Then I walked in and old Henshaw was trembling like a leaf. He signed that contract—and on my own terms, before I got through with him."

"How splendid! And now you get everything you want."

"Yes, but I've got to look out. They're like a lot of wolves, always watching the leader of the pack, hoping he'll make a slip so they can jump on him. I get lots of knocks and they all hurt. Sometimes I think I can't stand it. That's funny, isn't it, for a man in my position to say?"

"No—I understand what you mean." Ann's eyes met his with that strange communion of spirit. "You're never certain, never satisfied, because you're a true artist. You're really big."

"You do understand, old Ann," he exclaimed, and continued to pour out his troubles. "Why, do you know the New York office had the nerve to criticize. 'The Dread of Desire'—said it was conventional. The nerve of them! I sent them a hot telegram. Told them that Roy Garrick *couldn't* make a conventional picture. Told them they were all dumbbells. Have you seen it yet?"

"No," Ann admitted, feeling very guilty, although she had left New York before it had been released there and it had not reached Los Angeles yet. "But you are right, Roy, you *couldn't* do a conventional picture."

"Lord, Ann, you certainly do know how a fellow feels." He bent over her and took her hand. "What an inspiration you must be to David!"

"Yes—" Ann spoke rather dully. "He

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says I am—but of course David hasn't had a decent chance for so long." But she stopped short, for Roy wasn't even listening. He was pacing up and down again, absorbed in his own affairs.

HE paused and stood in front of her again, a mighty conquering figure, beside whom the memory of David was pitiful and puny. Roy was a sort of modern day Napoleon—making his way by force into the private sanctuaries of the mightiest powers in filmdom. Why, David would never even knock on the door of Mr. Stein's office if he thought he might disturb that august personage at the wrong moment.

"You've done fine work in this picture, Ann. You mustn't give up acting again—at least not until David does something worth while. I'll tell you what—I'll make a part for you in my next picture, no matter what it is. You'd do any story—a woman of your brains and refinement!" There was a strange, frightening expression in his eyes as they looked into hers. Ann's heart seemed to stop for a moment. She was almost relieved to hear Mike, the young assistant, come clumping down the open stairway into the lobby.

"Mr. Garrick, sir," he said, "D. D. is all through having her massage and she says she's ready to see you if you want to rehearse her in those scenes."

"I'll be with her in a jiffy," said Roy, still looking at Ann. "Listen, dear," he said with a tender note in his voice, "if it clears up we'll have to start at dawn for that mountain top to get just the right lighting on your scenes. Come with me in my car. You can talk to me and holster me up again like you did today. It'll be a great sport, riding out together through the sunrise, just you and me—"

Then he left her and hurried through the lobby, pausing to buy a chocolate bar at the newsstand for Lala. Mary Ann turned resolutely to the stairs and went to her room to write the letter which would end everything between herself and David.

"Dear David," it read, "you've always said you loved me so much that all you wanted was my happiness. I've believed that for a long, long time, and I guess you thought that you were trying to make me happy. But David, you didn't love me as much as you think you did. Because your love for me hasn't given you strength to fight for me. I know you feel you have tried, but dear, you don't know what trying means. And I simply can't be happy without success. I've got to make it myself, if you won't make it for me."

"I'm going to stay on in Hollywood and follow my career. Of course, when I think of you at home, in our little flat, and that canary (there were suspicions of tear-drops here) it's awfully hard, but when I'm at home in the flat, I hate it. And David, I've got to confess it—I was getting to hate you, too. So I just had to come away and I just have to stay away."

"You will try to understand, won't you, David? You seem to adapt yourself so well to adversity. You'll probably find it quite easy to settle down and accept this separation with contentment."

Ann.

She crossed the last paragraph out once and then wrote it over again. Finally she sealed the letter and stamped it. There was a peculiar lightness in her heart—almost a dizziness—something akin to the sensation she had felt when she first reached the high altitudes of Yosemite. Only this feeling was mental, not physical. Well, hadn't she reached the "heights" of her soul—or at least wasn't she climbing towards them? Love—home—heart-break—were all very petty things, belonging to men who were—creative work—it put one up among the gods.

When she came down to the lobby with her letter, she found the last mail, which had to be carried down the mountain on pack trains, had left half an hour before. "I'll mail it for you," spoke up Mike from the doorway. "Me and Mae are going down to the valley for dinner and we'll pass right by the post office."

Ann thanked him and gave him the letter, but as the couple went chuckling out the door she was on the verge of calling Mike back. The way they caught at each other's hands—the glory that shone in their faces as they laughed into each other's eyes, reminded her so much of herself and David long ago. But how silly!

That was only youth, and how quickly it all died!

Ann left an order to be called at dawn, but it was unnecessary. She hardly slept that night and she had a strange feeling of unreality as, bundled up in Roy's roadster, she bounded along through the rising mist, up, up to the top of the mountain where the sunrise was waiting for them. Roy drove swiftly but surely, rounding the perilous curves of the slippery road with a confidence that took all fear from Ann.

As they stood "at the top of the world" and watched the long rays of rosy sunlight separate the river of mist in the valley, Roy looked at his watch and laughed. "I made it in forty minutes," he said. "The cameras won't be here for an hour. Great stuff! We can have another talk."

He spread the motor robe on a dry rock and they sat very close.

"Ann," he spoke with that tender quality in his voice again, "you made me feel like a king, when you talked to me yesterday. But then you always did inspire me. Do you remember the old days, before you threw me down for David, how you used to jack up my courage when I was low? Gad—what a team we would have made together, Ann!"

Ann did not speak. A madness was surging within her.

Roy went on. "A man can't be blamed for wanting inspiration—someone who believes in him. Take little Lala May, for instance—they call her a 'dumbbell,' but at least she's loyal to her friends."

Ann felt as if a rainbow bubble had burst somewhere. "I didn't know—you and Lala were friends," she said.

HE looked a little ashamed. "Oh, she's a good kid," he threw out carelessly, "and darned loyal to me, and there was no one else, until—until you came, Ann—but now, dear, it's only you!"

"No, Roy—no—" She tried to evade the sudden tense grasp of his hands on her shoulders. She shook with a whirling fear—a fear that thrilled her. She felt the pungent wetness of his leather coat almost against her face, and then suddenly he stepped back from her sharply. She saw his face white and drawn with terror. "Look out!" he spoke in an anguished whisper.

Ann turned, expecting anything in the world but what she saw. It was a huge lumbering bear and her cub coming straight down the path towards them.

She almost laughed. "Why, it's only a bear—they're harmless—they're tame. Nobody's allowed to shoot them in Yosemite, and they come down to get the garbage at the Inn every night."

But Roy spoke in a strained whisper behind her. "They're tame—and safe, except when their cubs are with them. A man was clawed to death here last spring, but they hushed it up. Keep as quiet as you can, Ann."

Ann caught his fear and edged away as the great beast came silently down the path. There was no escape for them, for the rock on which they stood overhung a cliff two thousand feet high. There was an ugly light in the brown marble eyes of the animal, and her ivory teeth showed in a snarl. Ann shuddered and turned to look at Roy.

He stood on the edge of the rock, a cringing figure of fear. He was hardly the same man. Then suddenly he changed. His hands were still hunched into the pockets of his coat, but he pulled himself up squarely and stepped forward, a quiet commanding figure, towards the bears, shouting at them in sharp tones. The

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mother animal stared for a moment, growing furiously, then, whacking her nub to send it scampering, she turned tail and ran.

Before Ann could congratulate Roy, a motor roared under the curve and the whole company, including Lala May, was clustered around them. One word from her about Roy's bravery and he was instantly surrounded and relating the tale himself, with perhaps a few embellishments—such as a small strutting boy would use to adorn a tale.

Lala May was the only one who did not join in the fuss made over the director. She sat huddled up in the car, a sulky little figure in her red leather motor costume. Ann suddenly remembered that the star had no scenes in this location and wondered why she had come. Then Lala May beckoned to her. Puzzled, Ann walked over to the motor.

"What's the idea?" demanded Lala, her big eyes firing steely blue. "You—horning in on my sweetie like this? I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself—you're a friend of his wife's, aren't you? And living in the same house? Talk about rotten stuff!"

Ann could hardly speak for fury. "You little fool—you finally blurted out, 'haven't you enough sense to see that there couldn't possibly be anything between Roy and me no matter how we—wared? Can't you see—I'm not that sort!'"

"Hah," sniffed Lala scornfully. "don't try to put anything over on me. Just remember this—lay off Roy Garrick—for the present, at least—and if you do any more horning in—"

Ann turned her back upon her. The world seemed suddenly ugly. She was glad when Roy stopped long enough in his tale of the bears to take her few scenes and she could go back to the Inn.

AND two hours later the whole company returned without the director. "Mr. Garrick's gone off to a camp in the High Sierras for a couple of days," exclaimed Mike. "He's going to cut out the rest of the out-door scenes. We all start home this afternoon, but he asked me to tell you to wait here at the Inn for him, so's he can go back to Hollywood with you and talk over the scenario." Ann thought she detected a queer gleam in Mike's eyes as he gave the message. And perhaps because she felt, lurking back in the dark woods of the subconscious, a rebellious yearning—a dangerous wish that she were "that sort"—she packed her bag and went back to Hollywood with the company.

But she could not forget Roy. Roy—Roy—her thoughts went round and round and led always to the same spot—the same rebellious wish. Was this what she had come to Hollywood for—broken off with David for? Was this her ambition—that she preferred to play the part of a maid in one of Roy Garrick's pictures than to be starred in one without him to direct her, with his compelling voice, his magnetic, soul-communing personality!

When she reached the house she was glad to hear that Madge was, as usual, out at a party with her "buddies." The matter tried her amusement for the evening. Would she join Mrs. Garrick at the "Plantation"—or play Mah Jong with Mr. Garrick's secretary—or, if she cared, the Garrick's private projection room was at her disposal and there were several new pictures there.

"Have you a copy of Mr. Garrick's new one—'The Dread of Desire'?" she inquired.

"We have a complete library of Mr. Garrick's pictures!"

The very thing! With her whole being longing for Roy, Ann felt the next best thing would be to feel his personality through watching some of his work. Delighted, she hurried into the darkened projection room. As the film unwound she watched, completely absorbed, suspending with deep emotion to the slightest suggestion of drama or pathos.

Then, breaking into the spell—the door opened and standing in the broad shaft of light that penetrated from the other room—Madge;

looking almost child-like in her simple white chiffon gown with its tiers of ruffles, and, instead of the usual dangling earrings, only a pure white camelia over her ear.

"What are you doing?" She came forward and switched up the lights. Ann saw that she wore Roy's pearls. "Seeing Roy's picture! For goodness sake!"

"Please let me watch it to the end," Ann spoke almost with irritation, "it's so absorbing."

"Of course, if you insist," Madge laughed and, turning off the lights, slipped into a seat beside Ann. But she kept up a running talk in accompaniment to the picture.

"How was Yosemite?" she finally demanded after she had chattered for her own affairs.

"Wonderful—and your husband proved a hero—he did the bravest thing—" Ann told the story of the mother bear and her cub.

"How brave!" There was almost a sarcastic tremor in Madge's comment and she asked no further questions about the accident, but continued with, "but how about the cast—were they working all right. How was Lala June?"

This was the cue Ann had been longing for—the opportunity to read Madge a lecture on appreciating and holding a husband, especially such a husband as Royal Garrick. If she could be nothing to Roy, at least she could try to make him happy—to help reform his wife into a sympathetic and helpful companion—to save him from the dangerous insipidity of Lala May. The nobility of this course of action intrigued Ann and stilled the mad yearnings of her heart. Yet somehow it was hard to hurt Madge.

"Dolly Dumbbell?" she began lamely, "why, she was as dumb-bellish as usual. Roy had to release her—"

"Don't pretend to me," came Madge's voice, cutting sharply through the darkness. "I'm on, you know. You can't hurt my feelings, only you might tip me off just how far it's gone."

Ann suddenly blazed forth. "I don't know how far it's gone, Madge, but I'll tell you one thing—whatever happens, it's your own fault."

"Mine?" There was an insolent tilt to Madge's voice.

"Yes, it is." "You have a wonderful husband like Roy Garrick and you don't make the slightest effort to keep him. You don't even listen to him when he wants to talk about his work. You allow him to slave for you while you gad around with your silly gang and think of nothing but yourself and clothes and furniture. You don't even try to understand him or sympathize with him—" then she stopped short at the strange ugly sound of Madge's laugh.

"So he's got you too—well, I guess no one is safe within a mile of him—"

"Madge, you don't dare—"

"Oh, I know, you've just listened to his ideas and his tale of woe and admired his dashing bravery. You wouldn't go further than that, I know, Ann, but they all start that way."

"They?"

"Yes," continued Madge. "You don't think Lala June is the only one, do you, my dear? Why, there are dozens of them—every new actress, every pretty stenographer, every woman who crosses his path. It doesn't really matter who she is, even if she isn't pretty, as long as she tells him she's wonderful."

Her voice sank to a plaintive whisper, so that the burr of the projection machine might conceal her words from the operator in the booth at the back of the room.

"Oh, don't you see, Ann?" she said. "Roy doesn't want my sympathy or understanding. It isn't enough for his egotism. He tired of it in a few months, after he began to succeed. The way he looks at them—tell him he's wonderful. Some of them are sincere about it, like you—hero-worshippers. Others are cold-blooded. They go after him deliberately. He knows it, too, deep down, but he kids himself most of the time. He thrives on flattery. It bolsters up his self-confidence, makes him feel he's a great man. He knows he isn't. He

knows he's mostly a bluffer and a bully. His pictures are just bags of tricks, but he bullies the company into letting him spend so much money on them that people don't realize he's just doing the same thing over and over again, with a different locale or different characters."

AS Madge talked the picture unwound itself before Ann's eyes and she followed it even as she listened. Was this wonderful masterpiece she had so admired five minutes before merely a bag of tricks? She could not surrender the idol she had made of Roy so easily.

"But, Madge, do you really appreciate him? Haven't you just got too used to him? If you could have seen him in Yosemite, for instance—that ferocious heaving coming straight towards us and he turned and went up to her so bravely—"

"Oh, Lord!" there was bitterness in Madge's laugh, "if you knew what a horrible coward he was, Ann. I found it out long ago, although I tried not to believe it at first. That bear and her cub—there was nothing to fear from them. That's only a story about the man being clawed to death, which Roy elaborated to make himself more of a hero in your eyes. He had no cause to be afraid, because he always smuggles an unsealed revolver into the park with him, and he never goes out without it in his pocket."

Like a flash it came back to Ann. The cringing, fearsome figure—then the man striding forward with his hands in his overcoat pockets.

Then with a snap the picture on the screen before them ended, the lights flickered up and Ann turned to see that there were tears in Madge's eyes. With her own emotions still numb, Ann rose and put her arms about her chum.

"Madge, dear, I didn't know. But don't worry about Lala. I'm sure that anything that was between them is all off now. She came home with the company and he went to a camp in the High Sierras for a rest."

"Oh, no, she didn't come home," said Madge. "She may have made it look that way, but her drawing room was empty after the first station, where she could get a branch line up to the High Sierras. I know all about it. I have people watching for me. Although I don't know why. I don't think I could bring myself to leave him. Someway or other, I still care. And hope too, perhaps. He's sorry—quite often. He tries to make it up to me in different ways. 'These pearls here—they're because of Lala June, I think. And all the rest of my jewelry—conscience balms. If you only knew how I wish we were back in the old days. That funny little gumback wrist watch he saved so hard to buy for me—I wear it now, whenever I have on long sleeves."

Madge was straightening herself up now and powdering her nose from a delicately jeweled vanity case. "Don't think I blame Roy," she concluded, "it's just success—especially success in this funny mushroom picture game. You have to work so hard for it, and keep such a high tempo of self-confidence, that you can't stand it unless you're made of wonderful fiber. Everyone's not like that, of course. A few men are big enough—like David—"

"But David's a—" Ann began, but Madge stopped her.

"I know you think he's a failure," she said, "and you probably despise him for it at times, Ann, but you don't really know how very lucky you are. When a man is poor and humble he means much more to his wife. 'When he becomes a success, love is crowded out—he doesn't belong to her any more. He belongs to the world. But I shouldn't have said all this to you. I'll discourage you about pictures. I'll make you self-conscious in front of Roy."

"No," Ann spoke up and there was a ring in her voice. "Don't worry about that, Madge, dear. You've made me see things—I'm homesick. I want to go back to David. When is the very first train in the morning?"

Ann didn't send a telegram to David to announce her arrival. After the letter she had

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written him from Yosemite, there was nothing
she could say in a telegram. And then, per-
haps, he wouldn't even be in the little apart-
ment by now and she couldn't stand knowing
he was not there, with so many hundreds of
miles between them. Oh, train, fly faster! She
must get to him before he went away—before
all his love for her went, at least—the love she
so little deserved.

How blind she had been! She had thought
David was a failure—weak! Now she knew
he was strong—so strong. It took strength to
sing in the dark. A failure in his work, per-
haps, but, oh what a success at Life! And per-
haps now she had lost him by her own deed!
She closed her eyes and caught her breath.
The porter came to tell her they were at Kansas
City, where the time changed. Oh, blessed
time that was put forward a whole hour!

She took a taxi from the station, determining
it would be her last extravagance. And it
seemed to take her hours to get to the shabby
apartment house. She hurried up the often
despised stairs. She paused on the landing and
turned the knob breathlessly. The door was
unlocked. At least David hadn't gone away,
yet. And inside she heard a canary singing.

"DAVID—David!" Now he was close
against her heart and loving her more
than ever.

"My old Annie Laurie," he said, "I knew
you'd surprise me like this some day, so I got
the canary this afternoon you left. Here, take
your hat off and then come out in the kitchen
while I get dinner for you. You must be tired.
My dear, my dear, how good it is to see you
again!"

"But, David—" Ann followed him to the
door of the kitchenette, "that letter—didn't it
come?" He was rattling the chop skillet and
didn't hear her correctly.

"No letters," he answered, "except the
usual bills—and, oh yes, there was one for you,
addressed to Miss Ann Wainwright, a fan
letter, I guess."

Ann found it on the desk, a bulky envelope
with her professional name penciled on it. She
opened it. Her letter to David, written from
Yosemite, fell out and with it a penciled scrawl:
"Dear Miss Wainwright, it is read, 'I forgot
to mail this that night you gave it to me. Mae
and I didn't get it as far as the post office. It
was such a darned spiffy moonlight night. The
letter just lay in my pocket until we got back
to L. A. Then I found you'd gone home, so I
thought I'd better send it direct to you. Please
excuse. You know how it is with a couple of
nuts in love. Yours truly, Mike."

Ann tore her own letter to bits and then
went into the kitchen where David ensconced
her in the best chair and made her sit there
while he got every bit of the dinner. He talked
as he worked.

"I engaged a very pretty actress at the
studio today—"

"How pretty?" Ann's voice leaped with
sudden tenderness, as she played the old game.

They laughed as they talked, and David
struggled with the chops on the hot gas stove
until his face was streaming. Ann watched
him with a loving content and thought that the
great balls of perspiration rolling down his fore-
head were not unlike the pearls Roy had given
to Madge.

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Norfolk, Va.
I agree with Nellie B. Rigg's letter about "More From ZaSu Pitts, Please" published in the August PHOTOPLAY. I, like many other fans, have lots of favorites but ZaSu Pitts has always headed my list since I met her in "Daughters of Today" and also "The Fast Set" and "The Gold Fish." I surely do hope some director will give her a chance in a leading rôle. I am sure she would make good.

R. L. PHILLIPS.

Ideals

Salt Lake City, Utah.
Just a few lines of praise for Richard Dix. Oh, but I think he is wonderful. I saw him in "The Shock Punch" and if ever an actor made a hit with me it is he. I do not think that the movies are going from bad to worse as long as we have an actor of such ability, one who so thoroughly seems every such a man as Richard Dix. Around him I have created ideals.

AN OLD FASHIONED GIRL.

San Francisco, Calif.

I saw "Sinners in Silk" the other day. If ever I saw anything worthy of mention it was the scene with Eleanor Boardman and Adolphe Menjou enacted at his roof palace. Menjou is always excellent as is Eleanor Boardman, but this time I think Miss Boardman climaxed everything else. Her portrayal of fear and her endeavor to hide it were positively wonderful—it could not have been better.

One other thing I want to mention. I got quite a shock of disappointment upon seeing "Gold and the Girl" with Buck Jones. I wish someone would tell him to discontinue wearing gloves like that dude, Tom Mix. Buck did the same thing in "The Trail Rider." One of the hundred things I admire him for is his brown hands and now he covers them with dude gloves. If he has to cover his hands at all, let it be with gauntlets; that is more cowboyish. But gloves or no gloves, I will stick by Buck always.

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Richmond, Va.
One will have to admit that Rudolph Valentino is a good actor, but Mr. Valentino will have to remember that he isn't the only one and that the American public is not so loyal as it might be. We are getting a little tired of the everlasting wrangling in which he seems to be eternally involved. In the meantime there are other actors taking his place, Jack Gilbert and Richard Dix.

But none of the black headed sheiks can ever take the place of our Val. Let me join in the increasing demand that his pictures be shown again.

M. E. G.

Page May Allison

Chicago, Ill.
Where has May Allison been? I just saw her in "Wreckage" and she is much lovelier than ever. She stole the picture. What's all this producer talk about difficulty in finding stars when they could star her? She has been my favorite since she played with Harold Lockwood even in spite of some of the bad stories they put her in later. I shall await "The Viennese Medley" with great pleasure. She is beautiful and is a splendid sincere actress.

GERTRUDE SHORT.

Comedies Are Developing and Finding a Real Place

Chicago, Ill.
I just returned home from a neighborhood theater where I saw "The One Way Street." In the scene where Ben Lyon is accused of cheating two aces of spades are shown. When the deck of cards is found in Miss Nilsson's waste basket another ace of spades is in the deck and the ace of hearts is missing. The three aces are shown in a close-up and Ben says, "The ace of spades is missing."
Surely such a mistake is very careless.

DEL HALLEN.

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Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1925.
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M. EVELYN McEVILLY,
(My commission expires January 3, 1927.)

A Bouquet for Ricardo

New York City.

Rudolph Valentino used to claim my attention—all of it—but Ricardo surely has it all over him. "The Spaniard" was supreme because he made it so. He is a good actor, wonderful looking and I'm sure I'm not alone in saying that one of these fine days he will be at the top of the ladder of fame with Rudy, Doug, Antonio, Ramon and all the rest.

BETTY EPPS.

A Connoisseur in Kisses

Lomita Park, Calif.

I have been puzzling over the problem for days and I still can't make it out. Everybody was harping on the kiss between Richard Dix and Frances Howard in "Too Many Kisses." To my mind it can't compare with the kiss of Reginald Denny and Mary Astor in "Oh Doctor." That was perfect if any ever was. My four favorites are Bebe Daniels, J. Warren Kerrigan, Wanda Hawley and Ben Lyon. I also want to give a wonderful lot of praise to PHOTOPLAY.

ALMA REITMANN.

First Response to Dorothy's Question

Inglewood, Calif.

Please tell Dorothy Devore not to bob her hair. She has much more charm with her marcelle and she can never again have such beautiful hair.

MARTHA HALL.

The Finest of Success

Annapolis, Md.

I never liked Nazimova, but her "Madonna of the Streets" recaptured me to her. She is a fine actress with lovely facial expressions. Milton Sills, too, but he is just himself. Never was a man more sincerely liked than he. I cannot write very well all the things I'd like to express in words about him. May they both have the finest of success.

MARION SHEARMAN.

You See How Opinionous Differ

Windham-in-the-Catskills, N. Y.

Why do you not publish a full page picture of our beloved Valentino? I look eagerly through each succeeding magazine hoping to find an illuminating article about him. Where is he, what is he doing? Don't be so silent about him. He still comes first. Let up a little on Richard Dix; I don't like him at all. I would delight to see more about Percy Marmont with a nice new picture of him. And how about our old delightful favorite, Alec Francis?

E. M. CLOSE.

What'd'ya Mean Sex?

Louisville, Ky.

I should like to call producers' attention to the four sex dramas which have won the PHOTOPLAY medals, "Humoresque," "Tollable David," "Robin Hood," and "The Covered Wagon." If that isn't proof that the public likes the risqué, I'll see every Doug Fairbanks sex picture from now on.

J. F. H.

No Fan Should Miss It

Vancouver, B. C.

I have just had the pleasure of seeing "The Unholy Three." I wish to hand an extra big bouquet to Lon Chaney for his wonderful acting, both as *Echo*, the ventriloquist, and as old *Grandma O'Grady*. He is undoubtedly one of our finest character actors. Mae Busch did a splendid piece of acting as *Rosie O'Grady*. No fan should miss seeing "The Unholy Three."

D. J. L.



Send Me To Friends For Christmas

I am not just a little Christmas card, or a present that turns green with the spring. You can't lose me because on the 15th of every month I go to your friend's house and say, "Phyllis sent me here again because she wants you to remember me all through the year." I know you will like me because everybody does. I won't allow any season to snuff me out. I am Santa Claus throughout the year. You can't send a more economical or more pleasing gift. Just make out a list of your friends, attach them to this coupon, and send them in right away. You can send one or twenty. There's no limit. Get your Christmas shopping off your mind.

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1924: "The Ten Commandments"—a stupendous spectacle, still playing to crowded houses. No one can afford to miss it.



1922: "Man of Tomorrow" brought to Meighan a new leading lady and to the public a new idol—Leatrice Joy.

And now! "The Road to Yesterday", DeMille's first great independent offering through the Producers Distributing Corporation, Adapted by Jeanie Macpherson and Beulah Marie Dix from the play by Beulah Marie Dix and E. G. Sutherland.

A LITTLE over ten years ago, Cecil B. DeMille was putting in his second year in the moving picture field, and he was working feverishly to prove that there was a place in motion pictures for bigger and better films.

In between those first desperate days and the present time, is a record of achievement which has been equalled by no other producer.

With each succeeding DeMille triumph, it has seemed as though the topmost pinnacle of Motion Picture perfection had been reached, and yet when it seemed as though there were no further heights to which he could climb, there burst upon the world, two years ago, that greatest of all DeMille spectacles—"The Ten Commandments"—a production so vast and so absorbing that it held audiences breathless and convinced them that DeMille must, indeed, be a worker of miracles to have wrought so stupendous a masterpiece!

WHAT will Cecil B. DeMille do next? DeMille is looking forward to even more glorious achievements in the future. He and his Associate Directors have planned a series of pictures, each one of which

will be a notable event. The finest stories have been secured and they will be interpreted by artists who take pride in upholding the DeMille tradition of Supremacy!

The clean, fresh beauty of Leatrice Joy and the charm of Rod La-Roque have been captured for these DeMille pictures. And there are hosts of other well known names, each a guarantee of quality in itself: Joseph Schildkraut, Jetta Goudal, Lillian Rich, Noah Beery, Henry B. Walthall, William Boyd, Vera Reynolds, Robert Ames, Robert Edeson, Theodore Kosloff, Rockliffe Fellows, Clive Brook, Edmund Burns, Julia Faye, Trixie Friganza—just to mention a few.

NEW talent being developed in the DeMille Stock Company: In addition to those artists who have already made a place for themselves, Cecil DeMille is constantly working new personalities into his pictures. He has a glorified Stock Company in which promising youngsters are drilled, encouraged and shown the way to make the most of their own possibilities.

All Cecil DeMille productions, and those of his Associates, will be released through the Producers Distributing Corporation. There is untold wealth of entertainment ahead of you. Watch for future announcements.

A magnificent picture magnificently acted by Joseph Schildkraut, Jetta Goudal, Vera Reynolds, William Boyd and Julia Faye.



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PRODUCERS DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION

The Spell of Irresistible Youth

BEAUTY speaks to the eyes. The mind is moved by finer things... expression... poise... rhythm... perfume. The clever woman makes herself an artist in the use of these aids to charm—aids as subtle as the caress of a night-wind—as certain as tomorrow.

She lays greatest stress on the choice of her perfumes. For she knows that more depends upon them than upon what she says, or does, or wears.

For this woman Chermay has created two odors that are destined to be far more than mere fragrances... Chermay, that house so rich in the perfume traditions of Old France, has created "The Perfumes of Youth."

Perfumes of Youth...

The first is *Cappi*—a bouquet, complex, mysterious, inscrutable—as meaningful as a glance from the eyes—as colorful as sunset in the gorgeous East... The second is *April Showers*—the freshness of springtime—a silvery laugh in the moonlight—a magic spell—part music, part color, part poetry...

Each of these odors is loveliness incarnate, yet just enough different, that the two may accent by delicate contrast the charm of your varying moods... To your inner consciousness they whisper the secret of a vivid personality—a self-confidence and assurance—that is the very soul and essence of *Irresistible Youth*.

CHERMAY

NEW YORK

Cappi and April Showers

CAPPI PERFUME—sparkling vials of sorcery—\$1.25, \$2.50 and \$5.00. **CAPPI BATH SALTS**—to perfume and soften the water of your bath—\$1.00 and \$1.25. **DUSTING POWDER**—rich in the lovely Cappi fragrance, with a big woolly puff—\$1.25. **DOUBLE COMPACT**—a jewel of usefulness for your purse—\$1.50.

A gift of distinction in this lovely six-piece Cappi set: **Perfume, Toilet Water, Face Powder, Scented Bunsler, Soap, and Single Compact**—in a handsome silk-lined box—\$1.50.

These lovely toiletries and beautiful gift sets—may also be had in Chermay's other "Perfume of Youth," *April Showers*.



P E R F U M E S O F Y O U T H

COMMUNITY PLATE



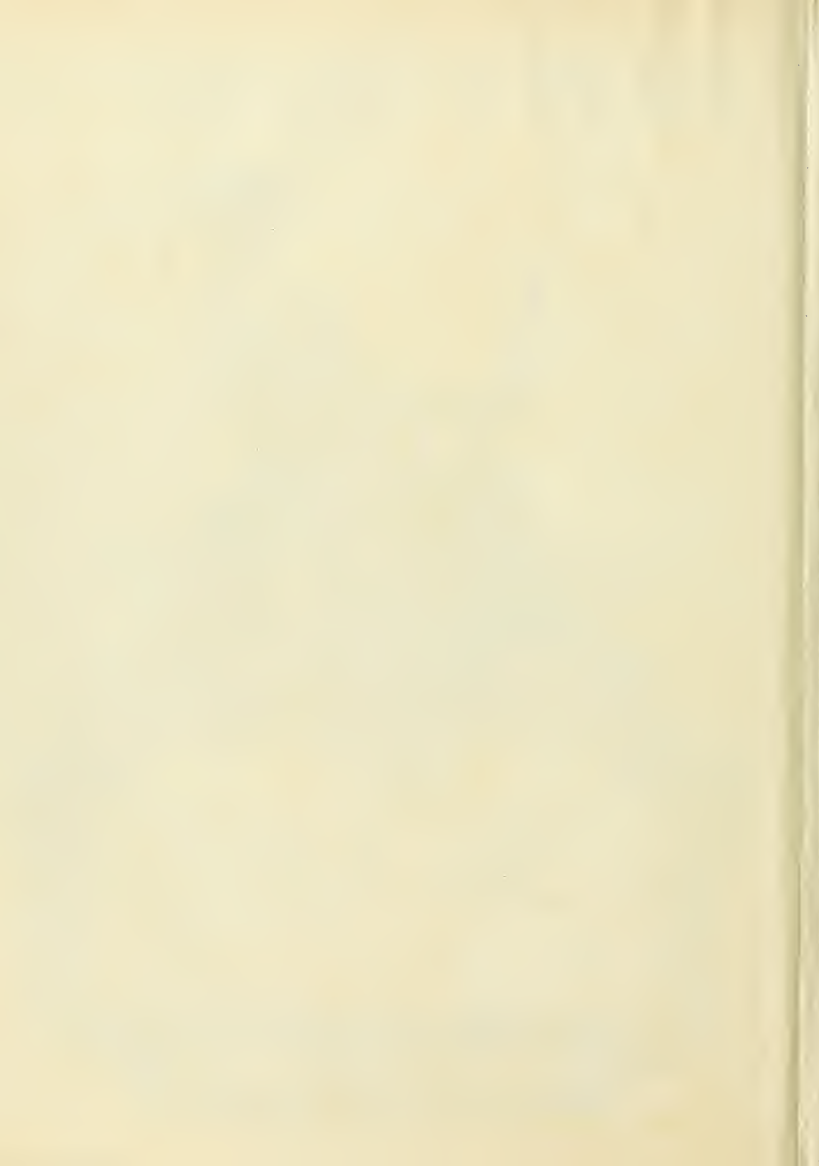
"WHY so high hat, Babs?"

"High hat is right! Observe, look and gloat.
The family just gave me a complete chest of
COMMUNITY PLATE."

"Marvelous! Wire Bill you will marry him tomorrow."



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