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Complete for Every Picture Reviewed in This Issue
Addresses and working programs of the leading motion picture studios will be found on page 118

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—

“Hollywood Wears the High Hat” in the August issue of PHOTOPLAY

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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.

"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.

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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," "Declasse," "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."

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"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 talks herself 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.

Richard Barthelmess 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 You Ought to See

"Chickie"—Dorothy Mackaill in the title role of a vivid picturizing 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 Zie Andrews 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 Phil Rosen.

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

"His Supreme Moment"—Ronald Colman and Blanche Sweet are featured in a spectacular picture of love, adventure and mining 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 Archainbaud.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Broad Reviews of Current Pictures

ACROSS THE DEADLINE—Selwyn.—Another real story. It's mildly entertaining. (June.)

ADVENTURE—Paramount.—Fast action, boil- comedy and nothing serious to strain vital links. Pauline Starke and Wallace Beery are in it. (June.)

AIR HAWK, THE—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 thrilling story of battling adventures in the government's air service. (May.)

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

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

ARGENTINE LOVE—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels brilliant in this South American romance. (June.)

BAD COMPANIONS—First National.—Marge Kennedy and Cora Withnall are quite bi. The excellent work of the cast makes up on deficiencies of plot. (February.)

AS MEN DESIRE.—First National.—A colorful, pseudo detective melodrama of the South Sea isles. (April.)

BAD SERVICE.—First National.—Mae Busby taken off. (March.)

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

BATTING ORIOLOS, THE.—Pathé.—Brisk, amusing in many places, but a bit tiresome. (January.)

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

BOOMERANG, THE.—Schuberg.—It might lose its luster but it is Anita Stewart and Bert Lytell who lead the cast. (May.)

BORN RICH.—First National.—The younger son to the farm 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 Latty Flynn as the quick-draw, hard-hat hero. (May.)

BRIDGE OF SIGHS.—Warner Brothers.—Lap- broni in book with Dorothy Mackaill again bailing for your sympathy. (June.)

BROKEN LAWS.—F. B. O.—Mrs. Wallace Reid's new picture lacks the special sparkle of her star, but makes a good family love story. (June.)

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

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

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—Preferred.—A pro- paganda picture with first-class capital punishment. 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. Ray Chapman becomes a perfect screen comedian. (April.)

CHARMER, THE.—Paramount.—Pola Negri triumphs in a fast story and wavy comedy. (June.)

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

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

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

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

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

CONFessions of a Queen—Metro-Gold- wyn.—Proving that kings and queens are only human, especially kings. Lewis Stone and Alice Terry count scandal in a royal family. (June.)

COURAGEOUS COWARD, THE—Capital Prod.—Wealthy man's wife goes to the wide open spaces to remove his yellow streak and does. Children will enjoy it. (February.)

CRIMSON RUNNER, THE.—Producers Distr.—Exciting times in Youth with Priscilla Dean as a fascinating lady rebel. (June.)

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

DADDY'S GONE A-HUNTING—Metro- Goldwyn.—Good, imaginative story and dynamic acting by Alice Joyce and Percy Marmont. (May.)

DANCERS, THE.—Fox.—Nothing out of the ordinary for Evelyn Haines and Evelyn Shah with her sweetheart only to find her a victim of the jazz craze. (June.)

DANGEROUS FLIRT, THE.—F. B. O.—Inte- grating story with a dash of the risque. Evelyn Brent is good. (February.)

DANGEROUS INNOCENCE.—Universal.—Ad- justed from "Anna's an Idiot." Nice light romance with Laura La Plante. (May.)

DARK SWAN, THE.—Warner Brothers.—A not a world beater. Another variation of the ugly duckling with full sisters in love with the same man. (April.)

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. (April.)

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

DENIAL, THE.—Metro-Goldwyn.—Clara Windsor plays as melodrama and given her best effort. But there's a good Spanish-American war sequence. (May.)

DEVIL'S CARGO, THE.—Paramount.—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 the Tom Merton did. (April.)

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

DRESSMAKER FROM PARIS, THE.—Paramount.—A fashion show with seventeen count- en beautiful models. Leatrice Joy is featured. (May.)

EASY BIRD, THE.—C. B. L.—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-truck magistrate. (February.)

FAST 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 laughter 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. Usual ending. (February.)

A special service to its readers, Photoplay Magazine inaugurated this department of tab- led reviews, presenting in brief form critical comments from 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 over- comes 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.
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 sensational 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. Stupend. (April.)

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

FOOL, THE—Fox.—McKee 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 of a queen who loved not wisely but too well. (January.)

FORTY WINS—Paramount.—Don't miss this picture. There is much entertainment in it, but the title implies. Story hinges on the recovery of coast defense plans. A get-up 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.—Bette 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 bandits who are robbing the gold mine. Leave it to Buck, every time. (May.)

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

GOLD HEELS—Fox.—A ditty 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 slender mystery tale in which a young girl writer of murder stories saves the life of a heart patient 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 quiet "Italian Main Street" production. (April.)

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

HEAEDWINDS—Universal.—How to win a girl, with House Peters playing the cuvain. 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.— vigorously comic. Connie Talbot simply excels 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 pathy and Blanche Sweet and Ronald Coleman. (June.)

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

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]

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 Pusher" 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 associate 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.

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

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When you write to advertisers, please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Says Rudy Isn't the Same

"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, a role once even worth doing was his role in "The Four Horsemen." Since then he isn't the same. Jack Gilbert in my opinion is far superior as far as acting is concerned. I am sure of his portrayal in "The Snob" won him many admirers. I admire his courage, so courage he must have to characterize such a hateful role as a snob. I wonder if Valentino would have accepted that role. 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. This 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 roles 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 "looking good," 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? I, 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 marvel movie screen heroes in Hoody. 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 good a story as Hoyt.

HAROLD LLOYD, too, is out on his own. I’d never miss one of his pictures. I also like Thomas Meighan immensely.

MARTA ANSFORD.

Want 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 giving 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"

Fittkin, La.

After seeing "The Sainted Devil." I wish to express sincere 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 Dina Fiorencio.

ROBERT MORRIS.

A Disappointed Fan

Salt Lake City, Utah.

Saw Gloria Swanson in "Madame Sans Gene" last night; there was a lot of money spent on this picture, and while this feature may appeal to some who like a 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.

Brickbats &
Bouquets

LETTERS FROM READERS

The readers of Photoplay are invited to write this department—no registration 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 will publish them just the same; Letters should not exceed 200 words and should bear the writer’s full name and address.

Chic &
ago 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 lights 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 GERARD.

Here’s Where We Take a Curtain Call


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 enjoyed "Laurel of Bele 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 members of Photoplay hear more about Mr. Cortez? I have only seen his picture in the magazine twice!

Here’s 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 the same 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.

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If you like to draw, try your hand on this drawing. Capable artists readily earn $80, $75, $100, $150 a week and upwards. Hundreds of ambitious young men and women have doubled and trebled their incomes through the Federal Home Study Course, recognized by authorities as America's Formost 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 15 year 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 6 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 postmarked in Minneapolis by July 15, 1925. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness. Entry members of Federal Schools Inc. All contestants will be notified of prize winners.

FEDERAL SCHOOL of Commercial Designing
352 Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

CONTINUED FROM PAGE I

HOUSE OF YOUTH — Producers Dist. Corp.—Story of running yacht that today is the hero and heroine quit the wild life to open a fresh air farm for poor children. 

HUSBANDS AND LOVERS — First National.—A delightful little study of a married couple. The couple is superbly done by Lewis Stone and Florence Vidor. 

HUNTED WOMAN, THE — Fox.—A lady in search of her husband. Romance complicated by crooks. Noma Line, star of this in an authentic background. 

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

IF I MARRY AGAIN — First National.—Doris Kenyon and Lloyd Hughes make this romantic comedy worthy of better actors. 

INEZ FROM HOLLYWOOD — First National.—Title will attract, but this story of a screen vamp (Ann, n. Nicholson) is rather what she painted in a trip overdone. 

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

ISLE OF VANISHING MEN, THE — Adler.—Like among the comelies, which is considerably more interesting to look at than to listen. 

ISN'T LIFE WONDERFUL? — United Artists.—A Griffith production that approaches perfection. You live through the tragedies and triumphs of a family of Polish refugees settled in Germany after the War. 

I WANT MY MAN — First National.—Murdered version of a home life. Heavy heroine by Mila Slick. 


KISS IN THE DARK, A — Paramount.—Exposition that is sometimes tiresome. But that overdone thing with the family. 

LADIES OF THE NIGHT, THE — Metro-Goldwyn.—A well told story of the two worlds with some good comedy. Excellent acting by Norma Shearer, who makes dull roles interesting. 

LADY, THE — First National.—This mother love novel proves Talmadge to be a great emotional actress. Be sure to see it. 

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

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 clearly enough. 

LAUGHING AT DANGER — F. B. O.—The much vaunted gig in Kid is not in the big feature in Richard Talmadge's fight to win the girl. Action and athletics are fine. 

LEARNING TO LOVE — First National.—Constance Talmadge endeavors to show modern girl the various ways to capture a husband. Good comedy. 

LET 'ER BUCK — Universal.—Hoot Gibson sags through this as a hero of the great out- doors and the girls. Enter Rin-Tin-Tin and all is saved. 

LIGHTHOUSE BY THE SEA, THE — Warner Brothers.—Runners up to frustrate U. S. Revenue officers by subduing the keeper and his aides. Enter Rin-Tin-Tin and all is saved. 

LILIES OF THE STREET, THE — F. B. O.—Just white story which is very emotional—

LOCKED DOORS — Paramount.—In which the husband unwillingly agrees to a divorce when his wife falls in love with a young gallant. Theodore Roberts is his saw. 


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


LOVER OF CAMILLE, THE — Warner.—Taken from Sach's. Gutt's dramas of a famous subtlety. 


LOVE'S WILDERNESS — First National.—The "wilderness" is ridiciously depicted, but the "love" is convincing. Corinne Griffith, as the heroine, makes an unfortunate choice the first time, but finally marries the man she loves. 

MADAME SANS GENRE — Paramount.—Gloria Swanson in her greatest role. The celebrated story will fill its star with authentic French backgrounds. Don't miss it. (Jan.) 

MADONNA OF THE STREETS — First National. Making the return of Nazimova but otherwise a drab and noddle tale. This is not for children. 

MAN AND MAID — Metro-Goldwyn.—One of Edwin G. Vou's dimes novels. Milder than usual. (Jan.) 

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

MANSION OF AGING HEARTS, THE — Selby—An unexciting story that shouldn't have been filmed. 

MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY, THE — Fox.—The famous Edward Everett Hale story of the young army officer who cursed his country. Adequately brought but not brought. (March.) 

MARRIAGE IN TRANSIT — Fox.—Secret service plot No. 4. Routine entertainment. 

MEN AND WOMEN — Paramount.—Stirred and out-fashioned drama which even Richard Dix cannot make interesting. 

MIDNIGHT EXPRESS — C. E. C.—A first-rate thriller plus an improbable story. 

MIDNIGHT GIRL, THE — Goldwyn.—Shows that old story of a mother trying to save her runaway son and not her children. 

MIDNIGHT MOLLY — F. R. O.—Evelyn Brent's new dual role plays to be rather interesting. 


MIRACLE OF THE WOLVES — Special.—A nor- mous story of bravery, love and duty. 

MISS BLUEBEARD — Paramount.—Plenty of action scenes come out of the love affairs of a young couple. 

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

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

MY WIFE AND I — Warner Brothers.—Constance Bennett again as a home-sweeter, with Irene Rich as the wife, another domestic drama. 

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

NEW LIVES FOR OLD — Paramount.—Fine entertainers. Well worthy of dite and fine photography. 

NEW TOYS — First National.—A comedy of mar- riage. Deanna Durbin, Estelle Winwood, Mrs. Bartholomew are the married couple. (April) 

NIGHT SHIP, THE — Dumas.—It isn't supposed to be tums but it is. 

NO GUN MAN, THE — F. R. O.—Lefty Flynn is too tame a reformation hero. It will please the young boys, though. (March.) 

NORTH OF 36 — Paramount.—Gripping drama of pioneer adventure. Features a great cattle drive. (February.)
OH, DOCTOR!—Universal.—The story of a hypochondriac 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;217;fastidious elders. Anna Q. Nilsson works hard, however. (June.)

ONLY WOMAN, THE—First National.—A trite story of a young girl forced into a loveless marriage with a wastrel. Norma Talmadge’s acting is adequate. (June)

ON THE STROKE OF THREE—F. O. —Irvin. 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,纨绔子弟, 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 and fails. Not so good. (May.)

PARISIAN NIGHTS—F. O. —Latin Quarter stuff in neat gay Paree with Apaches and nab-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 old man is being swindled out of his well, but bravvy son saves the day—and well. (February.)

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

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

RIDDLE RIDER, THE—Universal.—A new serial with a lasso who is a newspaper editor by day and mysterious “Riddle Rider” at night. The serial material makes action possible. (January.)

RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE, THE—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 around the feud between cattlemen and miners. Too much mystery for a conventional plot. (January.)

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

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

ROMOLA—Metro-Goldwyn.—George Elliott’s novel comes over as a poor vehicle for the Gaa sisters, Elsbeth Florentine settings, but little human interest. (February.)

ROUGHENKE, 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-leader made good as a cowboy, if that means anything to you. A Hoot Gibson film. (May.)

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

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]

Girls! Women! win $3000 in cash prizes and a part in a Pathé serial at $100 a week

Sunken Silver

BEAUTY CONTEST

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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.

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You should see every one of the 10 big weekly chapters of this enthralling, amazing Pathé serial. 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 you seeing this greatest Pathé serial ever produced!

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If Fate has jibbed 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 satisfied to go slumbering wearily to your work with run down, half dead body? Are you willing to admit defeat—to allow your unfitness to keep you forever down and out, just struggling for a bare existence, scared by your boss, a disgrace and a hindrance to your wife and family and ashamed to be seen by society wherever you go? If so, you are destined to misery and failure. You are destroying your chance for wealth, happiness, success, and all to which you are legally entitled. No, no, no! You have a right to fight! Hit back! Hit back like a bully! You are far better equipped for this reasonable challenge to your manhood than was your all, that glorified a thousand years ago when they called me the greatest fighter the world had ever seen. But didn't I bring the clout of the strongest man in the world to the challenge of the biggest ring in physical supremacy, the championship of the world—was beaten down the floor by that bantam, that flyweight, that flyweight, that lightweight, and I was eliminated. Hit back. For the day is coming when you have not stopped hitting back. And here’s the way I’ve done it. By scientifically studying the famous body and actually working out the marvelous and unanswerable methods of physical development that have been revealed once more to the whole world. You can do it in your spare time, at your leisure and at your leisure and leisure. In about 30 days, I have reduced my method of physical development to four simple illustrated lessons together with such great success that I am now devoting practically all my time to spreading my invaluable teachings to men and boys and girls and men everywhere. I can possibly reach by letters.

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Sounds to me that your booklet, entitled “New York’s Hit Back. My Life in the Ring,” will be of interest to me. I enclose you please send me a copy in confidence. I am interested in your book and I have heard a lot about it.

SALICY—First National. A scientifically and beautifully photographed version of the popular musical comedy, with Colleen Moore as the delightful, dancing heroine.

SALOME OF THE TENEMENTS—Paramount. How Soreya of the East Side captured the heart of a wealthy man. She was a gaudy gypsy wench, with Jocasta in the leading role.


SANDRA—First National. A weak story, the best woman is a crook, especially to Conway Tearle. Supposed to be a society drama.

SEVEN CHANCES—Metro-Goldwyn. Another triumph from Buster Keaton. A true joy.


SILENT ACCUSER, THE—Metro-Goldwyn. A melodrama with a plot, Peter the Great, as the star. The dog’s a wonder, as is the one-sawing grace.

SILK STOCKING SAL—F. O. O. Story of a woman, quick on the trigger and vanquish enough to have the best from the electric chair for a crime she never committed. (May)

SIREN OF SEVILLE, THE—Producers Distributing Corp. An enjoyable picture of old Seville with a romance, a song, and a light touch. With woman lights. Frischka Dean proves herself one of the screen’s best actresses.

SLEEPING CUTEY, THE—F. O. O. Two pals substitute in a baseball game. They know nothing about the game and their maneuvers are a scream.

SHOULDERING FIRES—Universal. Don’t know where the picture is but it is a winner, a comedy, and a winner with a woman who can act and a man who can talk. (April)


SO BIG—First National. A thoroughly enjoyable picture. Colleen Moore steals the show. The picture is full of action and humor. (May)

SO THIS IS MARriage—Metro-Goldwyn. A very good picture of modern life, with a message about modern life. (April)


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 keep the whole audience on the edge of their seats. From Photoplay’s worst picture story. The winning title is the one which now superseded the original title. (January)

SUNDOWN—First National. Suffer by comparison with other easts of the West. Cast is excellent, but story is weak and repetitious.

SUPER SPEED—Rayart. All the hokum of the old melodramas pried into this picture. Hard on the eye. (April)

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

TAMING THE WEST—Universal. Whorin the great open spaces reform another bad boy. Again Hoot Gibson. (May)

TEETH—Fox—Duke, the dog, is the latest addition to the Tom Mix clan. He is a man in love with one girl and is love by the millions with a dog and with no dull moments. Not for the children. (March)

THEFT IN PARADISE, A—First National. The woman in paradise as a man, falls in love with one girl and is love by the millions with a dog and with no dull moments. Not for the children. (March)

THIS WOMAN—Warner. This almost wins the belief and beauty for lack of plausibility. Full of moving machinations. (April)


THUNDERING HOOFs—F. O. 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 snazzy finish. (March)

TONGUES OF FLAME—Paramount. Tommie Meighan wins plaudit through his acting as the lawyer who protects a good woman from unscrupulous capitalists. (February)

TOO MANY KISSES—Paramount. Richard Dix goes to Spain and finds romance, thriller, and all the usual suspects for two weeks. Much dialogue. (January)


TORNADO, THE—Universal. House Peters as Tornado. All the usual suspects. A good picture. Will please average audiences. (February)

UP THE LADDER—Universal. Fair. A man becomes a successful investor and then forgets all about him. But he comes down off his perch at the end. (April)

WAGES OF VIRTUE, THE—Paramount. Glosh-Sondors gives a real performance of the boy in “Camelot.” Here we have a wealth of comedy. (February)

WAKE UP THE TOWN—United Artists. A little story with Jack Pickford and Norma Shearer. (June)


WHITE MAN—Schubert. Alice Joyce, after an engagement of many years, finds true love. The action cleverly conceives a man’s honor and respect for a woman. An excellent cast. (January)

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


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

WITHEROUT WARNING—Paramount. This title was the $2,500 prize in Photoplay’s $5,000 contest. It offers nothing but “The Scar at Without Warning,” which is which the picture was first released. See above under original title for Brief Review of this film.

WIZARD OF OZ, THE—Chadwick Pictures—A genuine first picture in color and the popular classic. Great for the children. (June)

WORLDLY GOODS—Paramount. A young woman is aaffles with the fees of her idle life. Divorce threatens, but then he makes good and all is joy. (July)

YOUTH AND ADVENTURE—F. O. O. Richard Talmadge is a hunk and Mary Miles is the wears of his idle life. Divorce threatens, but than he makes good and all is joy. (July)

Watch for “Hollywood Wears the High Hat” in August Photoplay

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1
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—what is a priceless solution of all the personal 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, commonplace critics will say the book is not fit to be read—that it ought to be suppressed. Others will claim that Elgin Glyn should not have dared to write such a bold and breathtaking subject—that she has handled delicate problems with too much frankness. But we want you to read the book before passing an opinion. You can do so at our risk—without advancing a penny!

Priceless Secrets Revealed in "This Passion Called Love"

-How a man can keep his husband in love.
-How to win the girl you love.
-How a blind girl who plays cards properly can be more alluring than a dazzling beauty.
-What to do when marriage seems a failure.
-How husbands and wives can avoid the pest of cheatered-out happiness.
-Fearless advice to those about to marry.
-How to be a better husband.
-Mistakes of the honeymoon.
-How wives trick their husbands.
-How a woman may always remain desirable.
-How to satisfy a man in a burning passion.
-How to keep a husband and—what they mean to her.
-How to make someone love you.
-How the busy housewife may keep herself attractive.
-What success the marriage of the worst type can mean.
-How to recognize a person who could not remain true.
-What words to young men.
-How to make a single girl know.
-How to avoid grave dangers.
-How to juggle a mate's fitness for marriage.
-And hundreds of other priceless revelations.

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 polycystic nature of man? Why do most people lose their charm at 30, when they still could be fascinating at 50?

Would you like to be the kind of man all women want to marry? Do you know how to keep a woman in love? Do you know the little things that make women love 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 you detect if she is being deceived? What about birth control? Should the number of children ever be limited? Is marriage happiness a man's or a woman's privilege? Do you know how to make yourself popular? Do all men make love to—or are you a "wallflower"? Do you know how to use properly the successful method of "campfires"? 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 want 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 "manipulate" men, but not seem to. How to attract people you like. How to tell when a man really loves you. How to saturate yourself with love appeal. How to win 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 and in fidelity, dishonor, or despair. And best of all, she reveals in plain words and in complete detail all the secrets of marriage, and gives countless fresh suggestions that will enable all men and women—both married and single—to live the divine happiness of perfect mating and to get more joy out of it than was ever dreamed of!
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 any other soap; and among Philadelphia debutantes, seven times as popular as any other.

"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.

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)."

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, 107 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont. English Agents: Quench and Gambles, Ltd., Blackfriars Road, London, S. E. 1

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

City........................................State..................................
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.
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.
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."
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.
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.
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 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 woolens 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 ¾ 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 9/100% PURE

CAKES

FLAKES

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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 rack 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 gun, 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 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-reeler 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.
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 wasn’t 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 Condraye, 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 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 Beatrice 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 blonde and blong in chiffon.

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 Fiesta 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, in 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 silk rosebuds; Buster Collier and Constance Talmadge, Mrs. Elinor Glyn, in [CONTINUED ON PAGE 18]
Now, Did You

That Clara Beranger and Geraldine Farrar are almost doubles?

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

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

When Elina Glyn noticed that Adela 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 La Rocque 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.

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.
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.

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 godfather. 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.

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Here you see Ruth Mix with her pony, "Man." She's almost as much at home on horseback as her illustrious father.
The Orient claims its own, as this short story proves

Illustrated by
Harley Ennis Stivers

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

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 Noel, 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

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 hot, 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.
prosaic raw material of May Lou H'wang (the daughter of a lai-tuck, man), 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 when she 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 would not if Conrad Noel, who made stars, had suggested it?

In connection with Noel's plan for building up a personality around May Lou something happened which seemed to be a matter of import.

Whether it really was fortunate or not is a matter of which Director Noel himself is the best judge.

The something which happened was an introduction to Lou, 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 Noel'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 Noel, 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 Suei Sing Song Wong, the property of the world's handsomest man.

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

"Gee," she said, dropping her character inaudiently 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 tlickee no washece, allec samee first chop laudlee'?

"Here, here," interrupted Conrad Noel, 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 matteer 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 was quivering "like a dinge at Ku Klux necktie party," as she told

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 chaffed 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 artificial 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

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.

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

The Vildors 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 Murray, 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 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 shied 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 Polynesians.

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

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.

W RITERS 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 cabinets, 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 hoofer 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 chung to it, declaring that if he had any personal distinction the public would learn to pronounce it. The name, now glily uttered, is that of Mr. Richard Bartholmess. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 132]
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 dunned 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 110]
Hollywood’s “Four Hundred”

By Nathan S. Dyches

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 Montti and the “Duchess” Stellas de Lanti, whose patrician charms add distinction to Corinne Griffith’s “Love’s Wilderness.” Miss Montti created the rôle of the Spanish Infanta in “The Sea Hawk,” following it with 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 of us who 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 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
"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 soubrette of the stage; and with the men they run to butlers, office boys or other parts of menial 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 supposed to be a small bit. It was in "Flaming Youth," during the Bacchanalian debauch in the Fen-triss home. Patrick, in a moment of alcoholic frenzy, adorned himself with a lampshade and pranced his way deliriously to fame.

Not a few of these atmosphere players of familiar men started their screen careers more auspiciously—and now wait with varying hopes for a revisitation of Providence to give them another start.

Virginia Adair, often called the best-known

extra girl in Hollywood, was once a leading lady, in the days when Westerns were at the height of popularity. An unwillingness to submit to the insolence of a director—one of the few who, with others of his ilk, have since met the retribution 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 ayaah, supporting Milton Sills and Viola Dana in First National's "As Man Desires"—played it, indeed, with such effectiveness that Director Irving Cummings promised her a real role 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." Hers 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 saucier-like eyes, and her sweet, sunshiny blonde features are recognized at first sight. Fronzi has had screen credit! She recalls the occasions—Lasky's "Gentleman 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 winning a beauty and popularity contest. She stopped off in Hollywood to visit her sister, Jerry, who was working in pictures. 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 plum burlesquing a New York male modiste in Mae Murray's "Circle." 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...
MADONNA

By Margaret E. Sangster

Drawings by Cameron Wright

O H, 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 futile 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!

O H, 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 scene, 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 sneered
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 grooping 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 Duc 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 every!
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 pucker'd brow grew soft as a new born rose,
Its eyelids drooped and its fragile hands groped up to the woman's hair
And listened 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 scorning word, for even the extras left
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 Duc—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 only 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!
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 NEGI 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 90 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 inaudible 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 an author lived near Pango. Pango, ridid has become oyed 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.
After six months' separation, Alice Terry joins her husband, Rez Ingram, at Nice, France, where Rez is filming "More Nastrum." 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 Photoplay 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 shopworn 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 Endy, and Ivy Shilling, noted English dancer, the two Talmadges, Norma and Connie, Norma Shearer. Lois Wilson and just seads 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 Melody," which is to be First National's most ambitious effort of the year. June Mathis, who was swept into 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 Lilian Gish called "Annie Laurie." He adopted 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 Wonderer."

United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. Like Barthelmes' "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 role 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 Compson, even though she does wear a heavy blonde wig. Although Miss Compson is a star, she plays a small role in her husband's picture. I suppose it was wisely done 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 mionion, "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."

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.

MARIAN 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. "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 air 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?"

"He'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 Mild, "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 heads to another company.
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 asked, battling for time and hoping for a reprieve.

"To Clyde Cook," he said.

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

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, I'm the hero of Lew 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. Natasha 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.

Ervin 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 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 colluded on the dance floor.

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

"S'great 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 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 seemed to succeed. 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

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 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 comedians, 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

Six-year-old Joey Cobb is the youngest heavywtight comedian 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
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.

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 says, 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 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, 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 weight 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 herself 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.

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 avadupots and funny need not be synonymous.

"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.
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 Oxford 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 Brant Tintype)
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 deviltries 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 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 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.
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 roles 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 Rubes, and it has Louise Fazenda as a loving lady of Spanish propensities, Wallace Beery as a knife-throwing bandit and Vera Reynolds in the role 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.

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.

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.

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 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.

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.

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.

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 cracksman, 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.

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 SPORTING VENUS—Metro-Goldwyn

HEY 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.

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

"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 crossword 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 flies 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 125]
Inside Life Stories
of Photoplay Staff Writers

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 artists 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 seized 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 summing 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 she 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 quick 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 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 HOWE
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 Galashad 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 the food conditions.

A direct descendant of Sitting Bull, Mr. Howe has more than upheld the tradition of his ancestor by consistently out-setting 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 blazing 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 kidde 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 steepelchase 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.
Verse and Prose

By John V. A. Weaver

A Most Annoying Delay

O H, 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—

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

F our 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 on 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 sun-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 freak little Helen Driggs thought she was kidding me when

she said I could shew 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 son of "Prince Karl," if I do say it myself. That's the sort of play I can eat up, that "Old Heidelberg"! Two rows in a row—"Jimmy!" and then this!

And then this Driggs kid has the nerve tooller 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 Boomergang" next week!

Oh, this is the life, I tell you! What if we do have to do 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. Who? 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 grows and roars, and you see all those faces down there smiling at you, or the handkerchiefs blossoming out, and the hands beat wild 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 Berdoo Sunday. Well, well. 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," kissed 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 who 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 ingénue 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 got a picture of Viola's small, 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 roles. 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 119]
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.

And one is not blue eyes, and she is turfed,
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 lassooing wild colts,
And at capturing feminine hearts.

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 lassooing wild colts,
And at capturing feminine hearts.

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 horses to a land far away.

$5000.00 in Prizes
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 compete. You do not have to buy a single issue. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in Photoplay Magazine and assemble the pictures from the copies. Copies of Photoplay Magazine may be examined at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

5. Aside from accuracy in assembling and identifying cut puzzle pictures, neatness in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. The thirty-two cut puzzle pictures or their drawn duplicates, must be cut apart, assembled and pasted or pinned together, with the name of the player written or typewritten below.

6. The judges will be a committee of members of Photoplay Magazine's staff. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of any one connected with this publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone everywhere.

7. In the case of ties for any of the first five prizes, the full award will be given to each tying contestant.

8. The contest will close at midnight on September 20th. All solutions received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears to the moment of midnight on September 20th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with Photoplay Magazine. Send your answers as soon as possible after the last set of cut puzzle pictures appears in the September issue, which will appear on the 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

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 pitiful 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?"

"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. Someday 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 realised 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 thing 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 at any time.

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.
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 gaiety 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 heartbeat, 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 role 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 nightdress, 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 role in "The Miracle," refuses to clear her friend's name. The next day Mrs. Harmon files her divorce suit, naming Sylvia correspondent. International officials inform Sylvia they cannot allow her to play the role, 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 piano 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 shoo 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 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 her author claimed, in the interests, the defense, of the good women of the screen, it played 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 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 novelty made a carking 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.
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

Madeline Hub-loc'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.

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.

A saucy bathing cap flaunts its own rubber earrings. All bathing colors such as blue, green, red, etc.—$1.59.

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.

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.

One could almost week-end with this vanity. Comb, powder, rouge, cigarettes and change all have their place in it. Priced at $7.50.

Beach bag of rubberized satin in beautiful patterns with variegated colorings. Rubber lined. $2.39.

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, honeysuckle, black and white. $4.92, $5.90

All hand sewn and hand made morning dress of crepe in green, peach, rose, yellow, orange or blue, with white. 18-46. Remarkable value at $5.90

At the top of the film strip is one of the new three cornered scarfs, hand batted in beautiful designs. Blue, black and white; orange, black and white; green, black and white; and black and white. $4.50

Smart cigarette case of white pearloid 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

Motor or sports hat of belting ribbon. All sports shades. $3.00. With matching scarf $7.95

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. 3-9

Motor or sports hat of belting ribbon. All sports shades. $3.00. With matching scarf $7.95

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Shop for You

Hat bag with new zipper closing. 16, 18 or 30 inch sizes. $3.95
ADAPT THE DINING ROOM OF

Some splendid tips from the picture, "The Confessions of a Queen"

By Marguerite Henry

HAD 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 those 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 luminare (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
THE SCREEN TO YOUR HOME USE

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.

So here we have two simple adjuncts to perfecting the dining room—first, candelabra; second, lamintiere 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.
Your Laughter Helped to Build This House

Ernest Torrence, despite his unimitable 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.

"Welcome," cries Ernest with a smile at the doorway above. At the right are Mr. and Mrs. Torrence and their son, Ian, standing in front of their home.

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.
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."

Princesse 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 cleanliness, 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.

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 patentric 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.
These Took the Prizes!

JUDGING from the great volume of solutions submitted, the readers of Photoplay evidently had a good time in working out the cross word puzzles which appeared in the May issue. Mrs. George S. Demuth, of Medina, Ohio, won the first prize. The second prize went to Mr. Thomas W. Fernon, of Philadelphia, and the third was secured by Mr. Thomas Orlando, Bronx, New York.

This was the winning sentence: "We aim to see at once any plot Barthelness will try."

Winners of $500 Cross Word Puzzle Contest in May Photoplay

Prizes were awarded to twenty-five others, five receiving ten dollars each, and twenty, five dollars each.

Solutions were received from all over the continent, Canada as well as every state in the Union being well represented.

A lot of careful work was done, as was evidenced by the painstaking manner in which the majority of the contestants submitted their solutions.

Below is printed the complete list of prize winners, together with the sum each was awarded:

**First Prize, $100**

Mrs. George S. Demuth  
686 West Liberty Street  
Medina, Ohio

**Second Prize, $50**

Mr. Thomas W. Fernon  
5147 North 18th Street  
Philadelphia, Penna.

**Third Prize, $50**

Mr. Thomas Orlando  
1017 Walton Avenue  
Bronx, New York

**Five $10 Prizes**

Miss M. R. Fay  
5853 Marlboro Street  
Pittsburgh, Penna.

Miss Sylvia Rabenowitz  
1129 East 47th Street  
Chicago, Illinois

Mrs. J. T. McGeorge  
506 East 2nd Street  
Florencce, Colorado

Mr. Theodore Rokahr  
St. Regis Falls, New York

Mr. Churchill Stevenson  
5 West 8th Street, Route 1  
Miami, Florida

**Twenty $5 Prizes**

Mrs. Ettal L. Foster  
305 McKee Avenue  
Steubenville, Ohio

Mr. R. E. Nystorrell  
3841 Walnut  
Kansas City, Missouri

Mr. M. P. Weeks  
521 48th Street  
Oakland, California

Miss Mildred A. Lennertz  
101 East 7th Street  
Dunkirk, New York

Mr. R. G. Milan  
St. Francis Hotel  
Alhambra, California

Miss Helen Burson  
1054 Ingraham  
Los Angeles, California

Miss Ethel Rossiter  
321 14th Street West  
Owen Sound, Ontario, Canada

Miss Hazel L. Johnson  
152 North Broadway  
Los Angeles, California

**Twenty $5 Prizes—Continued**

Miss Agnes L. Miller  
Truckville, Penna.

Miss Mary Harper  
17 East 40th Street  
Savannah, Georgia

Mrs. Arthur H. French  
Richwood, West Virginia

Miss G. Hill  
2634 Lombard Street  
San Francisco, California

Mr. W. H. Rometsch, Jr.  
3722 Chew Street  
Germantown, Penna.

Mr. Alfred H. Addis  
26 Burr Street  
Gloversville, New York

Mrs. W. E. Spenlen  
312 Quincy Avenue  
Long Beach, California

Miss Flora M. Eames  
372 Pine Street  
Fall River, Mass.

Mr. Lorin Hager  
120 Campbell Street  
Dayton, Ohio

Miss Eleanor Nash  
5210 Wagner Avenue  
St. Louis, Missouri
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. Viele, 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 Steinhardt, 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

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.

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 everyday 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: Research Dept., The Fleischmann Yeast Company, 705 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 123.5 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
3833 Marlboro Street
Pittsburgh, Penna.

Miss Sylvia Rabenowitz
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 6th Street, Route 1
Miami, Florida

Rowayton,
Miss Miller,
102 East 7
Dunkirk, N.
Mr. R. G. St. Francis
Alhambra,
Miss Helen
1054 Ingra
Los Angeles
Miss Betty
424 14th S
Owen Sour
Miss Haz
135 North
Los Angeles

Abraham Lincoln
America
The Arab
Babill
Barbara Frietchie
Bean Brummed
Black Oxen
Broadway After Dark
Captain Blood
The Chechacos
Classmates
Clymer
Don’ts Inferno
Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall
The Enchanted Cottage
The Fighting Coward
Forgotten Paradise
Girl Sky
He Who Gets Slapped
Hot Water
In Hollywood with Potash and Perlmutter
The Iron Horse
Justice Meredith
The Lover of Camille
Monahndent
Monkstown
The Man Who Came Back
The Marriage Circle
Merton of the Movies
Monster Beauregard
The Navigator
North of Nowhere
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 Wasteland
West of the Water Tower
Wild Oranges
Yolanda
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
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.

Congoleum Rugs make vacation a real holiday

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.

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Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago San Francisco Dallas
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Cleveland London Paris Rio de Janeiro
In Canada—Congoleum Canada Limited, Montreal

Congoleum
GOLD-SEAL
ART-RUGS
—Look for the Gold Seal—
When
Jackie Coogan
and
His Mother
Were Babies

Having arrived at the mature age of fourteen months Jackie assumed a more dignified and serene attitude on life, if the picture in the circle is to be believed.

Even at seven months, Jackie's mission to spread joy to the world was evident in the picture shown above.

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

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 the 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 120]
To invade Slumberland—use your flashlight!

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

EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS
& BATTERIES
—they last longer

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
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.

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 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 lift 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?

FREE

Mail this for 10-Day Tube
The New-Day Quality Dentifrice

ENDORSED BY WORLD'S DENTAL AUTHORITIES

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY, Dept. 798 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Send to:

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Only one tube to a family

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
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 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 Lyd 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 Lyd. 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 movie needs 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 roles; 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 found 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 Lyd. 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 thistle-life-size oil painting of Lydia in the selfsame costume she wore as Spring.
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, holding 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 spitter is generously large—the powder ample and of exquisite quality.

THE HOUSE OF TRE-JUR. 19 West 18th St., New York

NEW! THE JUR LOVE FACE Powder, exquisite quality, delicately scented, silver nets—in a secondarily colored box $2.50, $4.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
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 strangers 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.
Just the right touch of distinctive charm for any costume or any occasion is added by glorious silver fox. It is equally suited for street wear or thrown across lovely shoulders above an evening gown. And wherever the wearer of fine silver fox may go, she is sure of the admiration of the discerning and the heart-felt envy of those not so fortunate.

A copy of the illustrated booklet "The Fur Incomparable," will be mailed to you on request. It gives valuable facts that will help you determine the fineness of pelts and tells the fascinating story of silver fox.

**Detroit Silver Fox Farms**
The Pontiac Strain Organization
General Motors Bldg., Detroit, U.S.A.
Fifteen Ranches and Producing Units

**Pontiac Strain Furs**

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,
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 1 1/2 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

This coupon is for your convenience

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
Enclosed find $1.75, for which please send one copy of "Stars of the Photoplay" to the name and address below:

Name: ________________________________

Street: ________________________________

City: ___________________________ State: ___________

Remittance enclosed

Send C. O. D.

Fill out the coupon and mail it today

Address Dept. G. P.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
750 N. Michigan Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
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 undue long answers, such as synopses of plays or films. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address on other side. All questions will be published if requested.

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!

Australian 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 that 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 154 pounds. He uses the name given him by his parents. My best luck to you!

Muriel A., Sturgis, Mich.—Aren’t you girls suspicious? Yes, J. Warren Kerrigan is his real name. He was born in Sturgis, Ky, on July 25, 1890. 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 break and give you full information about Ramon Novarro. Ramon was born on February 6, 1890, and since then has grown to the height of five feet, ten inches. He weighs one hundred and sixty pounds. Can’t 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. He was born on December 21, 1907. 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 1887. His height is five feet, ten inches. He has been married. He presents himself 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.”

Aigbert Faran, Philadelphia, Pa. Ramon Novarro is engaged in his important role 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. R. 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 living 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. Valentine your appreciation of her wife’s and others’ 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 6, 1897. I know he would enjoy your enthusiastic letter.

A. E. F., Gulfport, Miss.—Charles Mack played the role of Charles Montagu in D. W. Griffith’s “America.”

Impie, Newburgh, N. Y.—You visualize me as thirty, with black hair and known face. Nope. Try again. Impie Matt Moore is thirty-one. His eyes are hazel. He is the bachelor 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 1894. 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 “Zanista.” 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, Ethel Merman and Blanche Mc Huff 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 Hulett’s most recent picture was “Winner Takes All.” She played opposite Charles (“Buck”) Jones in it. Matic Doro is trying out a new play for the screen, Miss Doro has told me that she has accepted 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 Miss Doro nor Corone 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 Gène" 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, I1L.—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 Compson.

MARY, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.—Certainly, Mary dear. Ramon Novarro was born in Durango, Mexico, Feb. 6, 1890. 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, Winco. 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.


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 1899. 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 Felibert 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.—Chubby 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!

NEW ELECTRIC BRUSH—
DRIES hair in 5 minutes after shampooing 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—simply brush your hair dry in a few minutes.

A head of little invention is called the YVETTE HAIR DRYER. There's nothing else like it for the care and beauty of your hair—which tangles the hair and are also expensive.

Note the TEETH in this electric brush. Those teeth are the revolution of your scalp delightfully. Aside from its effectiveness as a hair dryer, if you only use your hand to wash your hair, you will be less two or three times a week, your scalp will be so invigorated that you will be rapidly stopped. Leaves 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 a nuisance, to be postponed as long 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 bearing 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 give you an introduction, we are making a special offer of only $4.97 to the first 3,000 women who answer our advertising.

And you need SEND NO MONEY with your order. Simply fill in the coupon below and mail the coupon to us, and your YVETTE ELECTRIC HAIR DRYER will be forwarded by return mail. When it arrives, simply deposit 40c on 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 3,000 electric hair dryers will be sold at this low price, so act at once! Whether you could use one, or not! Choose the YVETTE Magnetic—grill your mouth plainly—and mail it in NOW.

YVETTE ET CIE., 26 E. Huron St., Dept. 29, Chicago, Ill.

Please send YVETTE ELECTRIC HAIR DRYER and Scalp Massage, I will deposit $4.97 with postman, plus postage, when it arrives. You are to return this $4.97 to me, after 5-day trial, I do not care to keep it.

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NOW—FREE MARCELS!

Amazing New Marcel Waving Outfit waves your hair beautifully—in 5 minutes—without heat—unbobbed—all 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.

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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 WAVING TO WAVE 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!

FREE: 5 Day Trial! Send no money. Simply clip coupon below.

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Here are a few excerpts from recent advertising:

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"Mr. J. L. Koon, New York..."

"... I am so pleased with the YVETTE HAIR DRYER that I have ordered a second to keep on hand."

"... I am a big fan of the YVETTE HAIR DRYER, to which I have been a customer for years."

"... If I cannot have your YVETTE HAIR DRYER, I shall not have another."

"... I am no hairs, and I won't have YVETTE HAIR DRYER."

Free Trail Offer

This remarkable new Waving Outfit will delight you and the 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 thereby 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 YVETTE Iron, hand-crafted, lowly finished, 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 pennies 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 better offer?

Think what a pleasure it will be, having your hair freely and beautifully waved all the time! And with enough money saved to pay for several very lovely hats, a new suit, or furs! Clip this money-saving coupon now. Mail it today, sure, before this offer is withdrawn.

Send No Money—Five Days' Trial!

YVETTE ET CIE., Dept. 29, 26 E. Huron St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send complete YVETTE MARCEL WAVING OUTFIT, which includes YVETTE Iron, handsomely finished, with ivory-finished handles, silk cord, bakelite plug, complete directions, etc.,—everything you need.

Name:
Address:
City, State:

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
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 chignon 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.

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 "Beggar 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 "Beggar 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 uncontroversial 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:

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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 .... 166,200
Income from apartment hotel .... 402,300
Total annual income .......... $596,000
Total expenses and interest and taxes .... 470,500
Leaving a net surplus for the bondholders of $125,500 annually.

GENERAL SAMUEL McROBERTS, Treasurer
Broadway Temple Building Corporation,
149 Broadway, New York City

Without obligation to me, please let me know about the BROADWAY TEMPLE Bonds.

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I hereby subscribe for $.........................., for value to Fund of Broadway Temple
5% Educational Bonds, and agree to make payments as follows:
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P. S. John B. Rockefeller, Jr., has agreed to take the last $150,000 of the Funds.

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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, lightweight DAISY BAG.

Or best patent-leather fabric, cretonne-lined, with inner pocket, the Daisy DeLuxe Model opens and closes in a jiffy with the patented hookless fastener. Rainproof — dustproof.

DeLuxe Model sells from $5.00 to $6.00 and Button Model from $3.50 to $4.25 at leading department stores, luggage and specialty shops.

The DAISY PRODUCTS, Inc.
366 Fifth Avenue, New York

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. FredNiblo.

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.

ALLELNE 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 Tama 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 he 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. Nible, 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 Kat." This is Miss Marsh's debut on the stage. Mae has been playing 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.

ENORE 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 has 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 said 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.

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.)

Get 1925 Panel and Four Samples

This new 1925 Pompeian Art Panel, "Beauty Gained is Love Returned," is in 2 sizes: 3 x 7 1/2. Done in color by a famous artist, worth at least 10c. 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.

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"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian!"

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY Magazine.
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 5 oz. bottles—25 cents and 1.50 (the latter is more economical—contains more than three times the smaller bottle). Sold everywhere.

THE FROSTILLA COMPANY
ELMIRA, N. Y.
(Established 1878 by the late Clay W. Holme) Selling Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., New York and Toronto

Frostilla Fragrant Lotion

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 Joseph 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 died 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 a wonderful service from the waiters and kind and respectful treatment from everyone who met him.

MRS. JACK DEMPSEY suffered so severely from seasickness 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, draggyl— 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 Alkohol solves the problem of those times when bathing is inconvenient or otherwise impracticable. Simply moisten a sponge or washcloth with Mifflin Alkohol and rub it over the body.

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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

The city slicker, with his dashing ways, thrice his fatal wiles on the bashful girl. Of course, you recognize Mac 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 honeymooners 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 theargo 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.

Once 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 "Beggar 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-
A NOThER 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 role 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.

WETHER the announcement that little May McAvoy has been chosen to play the leading role in "The Only Thing," Elmo Glyn's latest story, indicates that Miss 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 Esther in "Ben Hur" is puzzling all Hollywood, who are having difficulty visualizing May as a Glyn heroine.

E RIC VON STROHELM, creator of "Greed" and other famous screen plays, who has just completed "The Merry Widow" after a long 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 book makers in the good old days when open lettering on the ponies was allowed.

When Josef Von Sternberg's name was added to the list recently some studio wag took it into his head to mark up the odds, and after Von Sternberg's name one morning appeared "10 to 1."

A ND speaking of Von Sternberg reminds us of his advent 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, when 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 awaken 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 is 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—people don't realize that soap and water are perfectly powerless here. Perspiration annoyance can be corrected only through regular special care.

This care three 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.

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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 to that splendid Golden State Limited from Chicago. For the first time, Mrs. Menjou and myself enjoyed this long trip. The cuisine is especially worthy of praise. Every meal was a pleasure.

Sincerely,

Adolphe 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.

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kindliest 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 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 $2,000 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 $2,500 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 he 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 a quarter of the money he could get and has been offered. He is working on the Universal program, when he could be on 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 Alyeska 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 Hazzman—is enormously popular in London. They could both work in the theater and Regis could make English pictures, and they could earn more money than they earn here—and he 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 Brecon 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.
The death of David Powell marks the screen world of one of its most brilliant actors. Mr. Powell died recently in New York of double pneumonia.

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 also his growth in character and manner off 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.

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 redbound 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!"

DO YOU remember how uncomfortable your hair made you last year, through your vacation? It is unnecessary, really, 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 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 mountains.

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One pleasant application of the wonderful Nestle LANOIL Process will give you such hair—just send the coupon below, and we will forward to you either our interesting booklet or the dainty Outfit itself on trial, with extra materials free, for you to see for yourself the beautiful results of a LANOIL Permanent Wave. We do not ask you to make up your mind immediately after your waving. No. Wait thirty days. If your soft waves, curls and ringlets do not become more satisfying and delightful every day—then you are convinced that the LANOIL Process, in addition to curling it permanently, improved your hair, then send back the Outfit, and without question or delay, we return every cent of its $15 purchase price.

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Perhaps, until now, you did not feel confident that you could do this work. 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 photographs above. Risk is so entirely absent from this treatment, that not only do we LANOIL Wave 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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To outline the eyebrows after powdering, use Winxette (cake form). Indispensable for slimly, well-groomed brows. Complete, with one-row brush and mirror, black and brown, 50c.

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Winx Waterproof

Charlie Murray and the "Patsy" quintette strut their stuff around the studio.
From right to left are Charlie, Sally O'Neill, Junior Coghlan, Mariel Frances Dana and Frank 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 at 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 amusing 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 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
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."

The Palmer Institute of Authorship cannot make you a screen writer unless dramatic feeling is in you. But it can teach you, at your own time, wherever you are, the principles of scenario construction which every screen writer must learn before his stories can be enacted. It can bring to your work the sincere advice of photo-dramatists and photoplay directors. It can help you present effectively the rich, strange romances that move in your mind.

Before you can be admitted to the Palmer Institute of Authorship, you will be asked to pass a simple creative test. This is to determine if you have an instinctive creative imagination. If it is found that you have, you will be more than just interested in what the Palmer Institute of Authorship will offer to do for you. For full particulars mail the coupon.

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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.
These location trips develop all sorts of unexpected talents. 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 Adorlee 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 to do, thought Monte. And then an idea.

At a gulp, he drained his tea and, leaning well across the table, he parализed 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 handleless 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 insatiable 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, Rudolf Valentino, Pauline Frederick, Bebe Daniels and Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri and Jutta Goudal.

But when we asked her to do Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin—she tried and merely got the gestures without the spirit—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-comings 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.

A T 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.

Advertisement in Photoplay Magazine is guaranteed.
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 the audience with this impossible vehicle. Not for children. — M. B.

THE TEXAS BEARCAT—F. B. O.

DOB 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 Rand 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, brews 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, and that the wolves need no dental treatment. Alma Rubens is the sentimental French wife, sighing for a romantic

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. Ilen 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 keep them; for time and duties prevent. Betty Bronson was born in Trenton, N. J., Nov. 17, 1906. Write the Lasky studios for her photograph. Ask Paramount Studios for Richard Dix's photograph.

REGINA, RICHMOND, VA.—Thanks for your good wishes, Regina, dear. J. Warren Kerri- gan was born July 25, 1889. Not marriage, but friendship. 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 information in your advertisement. When in Europe and in this country he flies 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. Vera, very 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

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 tasteless, 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.

Deodo is immediately effective... no waiting or repeated applications

By Letitia Hadley

ISN'T it delightful to be able 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?

Deodo absorbs neutralizes body odors. It does this without sealing the pores of the skin, or in any way interfering with their important functions.

To perfect Deodo, the Mulford Laboratories sought the confidence of a large number of representative women. Ten thousand were questioned. Their suggestions were carried out in every particular. For instance, Deodo is soothing and tends to heal. It is faintly fragrant. It does not stain or in any way damage the most delicate fabrics.

Outside of its 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.

I want you to know how completely Deodo meets your needs. The best way is to try it. It is sold at most druggists and toilet goods counters—or I will gladly send you a miniature container, free. Please mail the coupon today!

Deodo

A MULFORD PRODUCT prevents and destroys body odors

FREE—MAIL COUPON NOW!

H. K. MULFORD COMPANY
Mullford Building

Please send me the free sample of Deodo.

Name.

Street.

City State

Every advertisement in Photoplay Magazine is guaranteed.
Hollywood's "Four Hundred"  
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]
considered bright. Where the gaiety of Holly-
wood cafes beckon many, Farrell lays his earnings on a wardrobe, and shaves a negative head at the blandishments of the sirens avoid of his comeliness.

But these are the notable exceptions. More or less "well-meaning" atmospheric is the
zenith of their climb. Again and again they
seem headed for higher range, only to be submerged after a guttering 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 recog-
nized by the appearance of his name in the cast of characters and yet, by the very polish and urbannity which distinguish them, are intrinsically atmosphere players.

YOU see them often draped in the back-
ground—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 shown as not that patriotic air is theirs by heretage. Many of them are to the manner born, with families of social position and wealth. Miss Montt is directly related to families of nobility 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 outer air of rank and elegance. Their 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 have their
to the beard to the monde to the over-
towering exclusiveness of the film haute
mondé. Flagrant examples of failure prove
this, one of the latest being young Craig
Biddle, who took his revenge after every
influence of wealth, publicity and social
connection had failed to bring out any appreciable
for acting. Frank Elliott headed the
concern making the sunlit arc—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
intelligence and social prestige, he has never
given 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
pearen in the make-believe world of films.
Here are the rhapsodies and tragedies of
the screen. Study the faces draped against
the boxoffice, if you are a devoted fan, and
when you see one suddenly coming to your
fore you may enjoy the exultation of exclaming:
"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."

A short-cut to healthy hair

A shampoo that CLEANS and FEEDS
at the same time

WILDROOT TAROLEUM HAIR-WASH

Here is the OLD way

As slipped from the beauty
department of a prominent magazine.


This takes hours—and costs dollars

—think of the trouble

The NEW easy way

with TAROLEUM

Before you wet your hair—
you first rub a little TAROLEUM
into your scalp.

About five minutes of
this sends the life-giving

crude-oil to the hair roots.

Then wet the head—notice the snowy lather.

Into the washbowl goes
all the dust and grease and
dandry. Lather again and
rinse well.

When dried, your hair is
silky and easy to handle.

Scalp healthy! Hair beautiful!

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.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—ADVERTISING SECTION 111
This marvellous 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 Tin, the original orange rouge. If your favorite shop is not yet stocked with PRINCESS PAT Vivid, we will be glad to send a generous sample, entirely free of charge.

Princess Pat, Ltd., Chicago, U. S. A.

Free You are invited to try this wonderful new shade of rouge on your own complexion entirely without expense. We are glad to send a generous trial sample for thorough test with various rouges in both day and evening light. You will find no other rouge ever brought out your beauty so emphatically.

JUST MAIL THE COUPON

PRINCESS PAT, Ltd., Dept. 267
200 S. Wells St., Chicago,
In Canada, address: 107 Duke Street, Toronto, Ont.

Please send me entirely free, a sample of your new Vivid Rouge.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________

From the 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.

**Betty Ann, Oakland, Cal.**

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 rouge at all. I prefer the ivory, cream, or very delicate tones of blue or gray, are used by women who follow correct social usage.

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**Carolyn Van Wyck**

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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.

Armand is the original Cold Cream Powder, priced everywhere $1.00 a box. Also Armand Bouquet, priced only 50c a box, a medium dense powder that spreads well and adheres perfectly.

Take advantage of the special offer of guest-room packages—send the coupon with ten cents, mentioning the tint you wish. Address Armand, Des Moines, Ia. In Canada, Armand, Ltd., St. Thomas, Ontario.

Guarantee: No matter where purchased, if any Armand product does not entirely please you, return it to your dealer and your money will be returned.

**ARMAND**

**COLD CREAM POWDER.**

In The PINK & WHITE BOXES.

**ARMA D—Des Moines**

N

I enclose ten cents for a sample tube. Please send me the guest-room boxes of Armand Cold Cream Powder and Armand Freckle in the shade checked below.

White
Pink
Cream
Bronze
Tint Natural
Armand Flare (double bronze)

Name: _____________________________

Street: ____________________________

City: ______________________________

State: _____________________________

**Easy to Play**

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**Buescher True-Tone Saxophone**

Ensign of all instruments to play for one of the most beautiful. Three flutes lessons send free gym, free entry. The first lesson now to begin in a few weeks you can be playing popular tunes. You can take your place in a band, orchestra, or pain. Only $5. Most popular instrument for dance orchestras, home entertainments, church, lodge and school. A Buescher player you can take to any music store and has many opportunities to earn money. Also pay trial and easy payment arrangement.

Free Saxophone Book. Show all models and prove with your best lessons. Send for them. Send us your name for a copy. Mention your instrument to which you may be interested.

**BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.**

361 BUESCHER BLOCK ELKHART, INDIANA

---

**ARMA D—Canonsburg**

**FREEDOM**

Thousands of rurals;

ABSOLUTELY FREE.

**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 too 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, lats 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 astrignent or by rubbing the face with an astrignent 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 a reliable cream, followed by an astrignent. 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 blackheads 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.

**Jeanette, Springfield, Mass.**

If 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 young men appreciate the advice we give to the girls who write us. Your letter was one of the nice surprises of the month.
BERNARD, MANCHESTER, N. H.
The hair is curly for weeks after being bobbed. Don't be discouraged by its first "wild" state. It slowly becomes accustomed to itsamputation and grows more tractable.
The more hair is brushed the softer and more lustrous it becomes, and yet it may be handled 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 combs. Cultivate the natural ripple in it. Use the darkest shade of Lipstick.

L. S., WOODSIDE, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.
I am sending H. H. of Rangoon 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 friends thought the idea of the magazine taint you with 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, HENRYTTA, 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 and 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 not a 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 hiding yourself to marry one of different faith and ideas.

G. K., TULSA, OKLA.
The advice I 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 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 what 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. It 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 best said:

"Love may die by slow degrees
But by sudden wrench, believe not
Love can thus be torn away."

Think of the things that have come of him. 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. 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 thinness. It is the height of folly to reduce yourself for the plentiful use of leafy vegetables and fruit juices. The fruit juice is more digestible than is its pulp.

ANSON HELEN, NEW YORK, N. Y.
Your figure is what nature and art intended it should be. As I advise other correspondents who are like you, and who have the same form, not to be too much influenced by the fashions of the day, or by any other sources. If you prefer send her a bottle of emeralds. I would give the lotion you mention a trial. Use rubber handgags for reduction of that part of the body. There are reduction creams to be used both on the body and cream which I can send you. 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 used as a dye. Anjou, because of its 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 the light hair that has become a little brown in the summer sun. I think you would better make one piece of one ounce, 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. Dye your hair with henna for its combination of warmth and softness.

NANCY, NEW YORK, N. Y.
The habit you write of is a dainty one. It may be profitable if you can spare the time do so by all means.

ANN, ST. LOUIS, Mo.
If the person 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 conduct towards him. Better be governed by the opinions of your family.

SALLY, ABERDEEN, S. DAK.
All indications point to even tighter shingled bobs, Sally, than in the past. Have you noticed the way Gloria Swanson's bob is brushed back, almost like a bonnet? I think that style, which is very striking, might be becoming to you. You are not under-weight. Your height and your figure 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.
**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 Angélus 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 blash 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!

---

**Angélus Paste ROUGE 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 Angélus Lemon Cream

---

**Reduce Your Limbs with Dr. Walter's Medicated Rubber Stockings**

The wearing of these wonderful medicated rubber ankle and stockings (in either light or dark rubber) has not only reduced and shaped the limbs but given excellent support and a neat and trim appearance.
They relieve swelling, varicose veins and thrombosis 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.

Ankle, per pair $7.00
Stockings, per pair $12.00

Send order and old measure.

WHITING, 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 unbecoming." 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 and time affections, my dear.

O. M., NEW YORK, N. Y.

The American Academy of Dramatic Arts is an established school of acting. It is as 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 to be credited to 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 given 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 natural polish.

PULLED, 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 that you are too stout.

FINNED, 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 his neighbors would like it. I don't like to think of what your parents would say.

MARK, 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 723]
Why I Am Back in the Movies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

obtains between the author and his publisher. In fact, in the polite language of the classic, I said a mouthful and I believed every word I said, because they were stuff of much personal experience and long, thoughtful observation. And my audience must have believed me, for after luncheon a group of gentlemen offered to finance a million dollar corporation, whereby the author to be its president and manage it! Thus hard-headed business men to a mere author—and all authors are supposed to have soft business heads!

That night Peter's Panning was all on the news association wires, and a ten days' national furor was let loose. All the stars and directors with press agents immediately interested themselves and gave out the interviews, which were directed against me personally and begged the question and befogged the issue, since I had said nothing at all about stars and directors. Finally the issue bogged down and ever since I have had a reputation in motion picture circles as a disagreeable, truculent, temperamental and pugnacious author.

AND now I am back in the movies again—the way I always wanted to be and the way I should have been every year since, while author should have been—ten years ago. That cherubic descendant of the Irish kings, Winifred S. Sheehan, profiting by the mistakes, errors, that had accumulated marking the number of times his company (The Fox Film Corporation) has tried for a home run by buying splendid stories, only to discover that they have got a two-bagger, must have clasped his sagging brow in both hands and taken a long, straight think all to himself. At any rate he emerged from the conference, decided that Petulant Pete, the twinkling little swain, was worth while and bet and started on a hunt for me.

Having once been a newspaperman, Winifred ran me down in jiffy time. After locating me, he sent a signaller discover the plot to the film as was in a receptive mood. I wasn't, but I told the scout my idea of the conditions under which any author who is doing fairly well at his authoring, could afford to cooperate with a motion picture producer. My principal in- sistence, contrary to the general belief, was not on money. I wanted to be given a chance to supervise the construction of a picture. I insisted upon writing the titles without extra compensation; I wanted to see the production before it should be released and, working in friendly cooperation with the director, I would have been certain that the story, in pictures and titles, had been told with as much of the same fidelity to the printed story as it is possible to tell it. Of course I would have been willing to accept the brickbats with as much humility as I accept bouquets. I maintain that my name is a trade-mark which stands for a certain quality of goods; that all the advertise- ing in the world cannot make the public swallow the trade-mark in lieu of standard goods. The people who read my fiction are very kind to me, but they are not devoted customers that when they see a motion picture advertised as made from a story by me, and buy seats for the show, it is my duty to see to it that everything I can do is done to give them their money's worth.

A motion picture is the concentrated product of many intelligences of varying grades. It is a more or less variable reflection of the divergent views on the art of story telling in a medium comparatively new and always difficult. Telling a story well in print is never an easy task—and the mere telling of it is. The motion pictures are not story-tellers, although most of them think they are. That is why, not infrequently, I see my name attached to film stories I never wrote and through which I have to search very carefully to find a fragment of the original plot. New characters of little or no importance are added, and all they do is pad the payroll and waste film. In all my life I have never created a motion picture villain, yet I have in every novel I have written.

I do not like to see my stories ironed out in the movie mill and rendered with a slide rule and a table of tensile strengths. For the life of me I cannot see why, if Mr. Fox has to have conferences over a story and declare with flat finality: "We must have more menace here. We must have more suspense there. We must have a subsidiary love interest." It is terrible to work a story out by rule, because there are no rules to art, and what we're trying to do is make an art out of the cinema.

I NEVER write by rule. If there were rules to my profession I would disobey every one of them. For the art of the story-teller the most stories must undergo a certain transformation in production, but I cannot realize why it is necessary to change the basic plot, to emphasize the love interest and to alter the tragic end. When alterations and additions or subtractions are deemed necessary, why not call in the father of the child and have him do the job? He can do it better than I, I think, and he's per- fectly willing to do it if he's asked. It's the easiest thing he does!

When Mr. Sheehan and I finally got down to our first luncheon conference, he asked me how much money I intended to receive. Now, approximately, how much the Fox Film Corporation could afford to pay for what he wanted, and after a long time I learned the fallacy of killing the golden egg. Recently, I think, Mr. Sheehan had learned the fallacy of trying to make motion picture stories without the aid of a story teller. I'm not anxious. Then he did a remarkable thing. He bore me to tell me how much better stories from infinitely more popular authors him could get for half that figure. He admitted the importance of the story-teller in general and my particular impor- tance to his particular plans, and he accepted my price with the single word "Sold!"

Then we discussed working conditions and, strange to relate, we couldn't find a single point of divergence in our estimate of the situation. When we got around to closing the contract, I was more than willing. I was agreeable, jokers, greedy requirements or the slightest evidence of a desire for more than a fifty-fifty break. After twelve years of the other kind of business dealing, I was delighted—and flabbergasted.

So that's why I'm back on the reservation again. I'm no longer a wild Indian. I'm going to do a number of stories for the Fox Film Corporation during the coming year. Probably they expect more from me than I'm going to give them, but I think they are pretty well convinced that I'm going to give them all I have. Anyhow, we've made a start toward amity and mutual confidence and cooperation between producer and author—and I'm willing to work at that.

As I write this article I am out in California and when I finish writing I'm going out and play eighteen holes with Mr. William Fox. I have never met Mr. Fox, but folks do speak as well of him in motion picture circles as they speak ill of me, and there's no place on earth where two men can get better acquainted than on a golf course. I'm sure that we have forgotten more about the motion picture business than I shall ever know, but I have forgotten more about the art of story telling than I can ever hope to learn and I'll keep up about each other and anticipate consider- able fun together putting Tom Mix over for a home run in the near future.

Incidentally, I have to report another conver- sation to the one true faith. To-wit, Mr. William Randolph Hearst, sole proprietor of Cos-
Questions and Answers
[continued from page 110]

E. M., DUBUA, 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 Navarro’s two inches shorter. Mr. Dix’s next picture is “Men and Women.”

DULCE, LONDON, Eng.—You have only lately discovered PHOTOPLAY and you think it is "perfectly topping." We thank you, Dulce. Harold Lloyd is thirty. Monte Blue was married November first to Tova Jansen. No change in his arrangements with the Warner Bros. Ramon Navarro will have to wait three quarters of a century before he is a hundred. How tall is Mr. Navarro, girl of the sweet, sweet name?

M. K., KANSAS CITY, Mo.—You think Roel La Roque’s name just suits him. I believe it does. Kenneth Harlan’s last birthday was his twenty-ninth. Vera Reynolds was born in 1909 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 Thirteenth,” and “The Spandex.”

ELLIE, ST. LOUIS, Mo.—Richard Cortez was thirty-five at his last birthday. Height six feet, one inch. Not married. What is that I hear? A sigh from thousands of girlish cheeks? Methinks ‘twas a sigh of sorrow but 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]
WEST COAST

(Widescreen alternate specified studios are at Hollywood)

BERWILL A STUDI0, 8321 Santa Monica Blvd.

Dona Dros Prod., Denver Davis directing George Kasten on "Our September Trainers."

BUD LASKY PRODUCTIONS, 1442 Beachwood Drive.

Bud Lasky Prod. Forrest Sheldon directing "Makers of Silent" with Kenneth MacDonald.

CALIFORNIA STUDIOS, 1435 Gower Street.


Sequoyah Prod. J. Geyas directing "Release Number One" with Eva Novak.

CENTURY COMEDIES, 6100 Sunset Blvd.

Charles Lammont directing "Boy Spy" with Wanda Wiley.

CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIOS, 1420 La Brea Ave.

Inactive.

CECIL DE MILLE STUDIOS, Culver City, Cal.

Paul Slone directing "The Coming of Amos" with Rod La Rocque and Vera Reynolds.

Cecil De Mille directing "The Road to Yesterday" with Joseph Schildkraut.


Frank Voson and Paul Irrie directing "Hell's Highroad" with Leatrice Joy and Edmuid Burns.

F. B. O. STUDIOS, 784 N. Gower Street.

Wesley Ruggles directing "The Facemakers" with Albertta Vaught and George O. Hara.

Harry Garson directing, "Riff and Hardnose" with Lefty Flynn and Ethel Shannon.

Arthur Rossan directing "Sporting Grit" with Richard Farnsworth.

Truett Prod. Production will soon commence on "The Thoroughbred" with Gladys Hale and Carter de Haven.

John F. McCarty directing "The Brand of Cowardice" with Carmelita Garey and Bruce Gordon.


FOX STUDIOS, 1401 N. Western Avenue.

Robert Kerr directing "Honey Moon Express" with Lee Moran.

Lotus Reynolds directing "Doom of the Bad Lands" with Buck Jones.


Edgar Martner directing "Seasnail Prod" with Shirley Mason.

Rowland V. Lee directing "The Silver Treasure." Cawdarn directed.

Emmett Lynn directing "East Lynne" with Alma Rubens and Edmund Lowe.

FIRST NATIONAL PROD., United States.

Caroline Griffith Prod. Al Samuel directing "Laughter.

Samuel Goldwyn Prod., George Fitzmorrice directing "The Pink Angel" with Vilma B. Banks and Robert Colman.


Victor Fleming directing "Son of his Father" with Ben feature.

HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd.

Het Stroemberg Prod., Tom Forman directing Louis Calhern and John Bowes and Margaret de la Motte.

Harry Carey Prod., Scott Dunlap directing "Texas Trail" with Harry Carey.

LASKY STUDIO, 1520 Vine Street.

Budd Walsh directing "The Wanderer" with William Collier, Jr., Greta Nissen and Ernest Torrence.

Eddie Sutherland directing "Are You a Mason?" with Raymond Griffiths.

Sidney Olcott directing "Not So Long Ago" with Ricardo Cortez and Betty Bronson.

James Cruze directing "Harry Me" with Florence Vidor and Edward Everett Horton.

William K. Howard directing "Light of the Western Stars" with Jack Holt and Billie Dove.

Charles Rodger 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 Glory" with Gloria Swanson and Tony Jonett.

William de Mille directing, "Polly of the Ballet" with Ricardo Cortez and Greta Nilsen.

METRO, GOLDWYN, MAYER STUDIOS, Culver City, Cal.

Mona Bell directing "The Merry Wives of Gotham" with Marlyn 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.

Edmund Goulding has completed "Wraith" with Conrad Nagel and Parvina starke.

Tod Browning directing "The Mistletoe" with Alphonse Pringle and Conran Tavny.

Jack Connolly directing, "The Only Thing" with Conrad Nagel and Eleanor Boardman.

C. W. PATTON STUDIOS, 6956 Sunset Blvd.

Robert Hill directing "On the Show" with Jack Mulhall and Bevera Ferguson.

FIOCK-FAIRBANKS STUDIOS, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd.

Douglas Fairbanks Prod. Production will soon commence on, "Cape Smoke."

Mary Pickford Prod. William Reisendine directing, Mary Pickford in "Little Annie Rooney" with William Haines.

PRINCIPAL PRODUCTIONS CORP., 7250 Santa Monica Blvd.

Madeleine Brandies Prod., Hugo Ballin has completed "The Shining Adventure" with Mabel Ballin and Perry Marmont.

HAL ROACH STUDIOS, Culver City, Cal.

Robert McGowan directing, "Our Gang" in a two-reel comedy.

Leo McCarrey directing Charles Chase in a two-reel comedy.

Thomas Pickering directing Clyde Cook in a two-reel comedy.

Joe Robbins directing Franklin Butler in a one-reel comedy.

SENNERT STUDIOS, 1722 Glendale Blvd.

Harry Edwards directing Harry Langdon in an unlisted comedy.

Lloyd Bacon directing McKey Taylor in an unlisted comedy.

Edward Cline directing Farrell-Port in an unlisted comedy.

UNIVERSAL STUDIOS, Culver City, Cal.

William A. Seiter directing, "Where Was I" with Reinald Brent, Pasquale Oronzi and Marion Vion.

Charles Brabin directing, "Sista Mary" with Mary Philbin.

Cliff Smith directing "Peace Medicine" with Jack Hoxie and Lola Todd.


WARNER BROS., 5842 Sunset Blvd.


Production will soon start on, "Ratso in Suburb" with Lowell Sherman.

James Flood directing, "The Woman Hater" with Helene Chadwick and Claire Brook.

Fred Newmeyer directing, "The Map On the Box" with Sidney Chaplin and Allen Coe.

Abe Crockett directing, "Robert's Hair" with Mary Prentice and Kenneth Crockett.

WESTWOOD STUDIOS, 174 Glendale Blvd.

V. V. Clegg directing, "Nobody's Boy" with Bill Porter.

James Baxter directing, "Interloper" with Roy Hughes.

EAST COAST

BIOGRAPH STUDIO, 807 East 175th st., N. Y. C.


Tilton Sills next picture will be, "The Comeback." Ben Lyon's next is to be, "The Face That Kills."

PARAMOUNT STUDIO, Pierre Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.

D. W. Griffith will soon start, "That Boyle Girl" with Carol Dempster.

Paul Revere will soon start, "Loves in Quarantine" with Bebe Daniels and Harrison Ford.

TEC-ART STUDIO, 341 West 44th St., N. Y. C.

Inspirational Pictures, Elmer Clifton directing, "The Beautiful City," with Richard Barthelmess and Dorothy Coole.

Associated Exhibitors, E. H. Griffith directing, "Headlines" with Louise Barcelo and Alice Joyce.

WHITMAN BENNET STUDIO, 537 Riverside 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 "Don't."

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASSY CORP.

"Poppo" will be released as "Nelly 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., 35 West 45th St., New York City.


Radio Screen Pictures, 366 Madison Ave., New York City.

Educational Film Corporation, 370 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Famous Players-Lasky, Corporation (Paramount), 405 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Film Booking Office of Amer., Inc., 723 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Fox Film Corp., Fifth Ave. & 55th St., New York City.

Metro-Goldwyn, 1540 Broadway, New York City.


Pathex Exchange, 35 West 45th St., New York City.

Projected Pictures Corporation, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Producers Distributing Corporation, 409 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Rothacker Film Mfg. Company, 1339 Diverny Parkw., Chicago, Ill.

Rothacker Prod., 1620 Broadway, New York City.

United Artists Corporation, 728 Seventh Ave., New York City.

D.W. Griffith Prod., 147 Broadway, New York City.


Vitascope Company of America, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

Warner Brothers, 1660 Broadway, New York City.
It's No Laughing Matter

(continued from page 58)

dauktless, little figure breasting the high sea of comedy that has lately set in motion pictures. I got a vision of her stern, tragic little face with its angry green eyes, flashing forth for the tide of slapstick that has burst in.

And I thought how exactly Viola it was to have chosen this particular moment to rebel against her reputation as one of the few real comedians of the screen. She's a Bolshevik at heart—Viola. Agin' the government, whatever it happens to be.

But somehow she made me understand the depth of her comedy existence she had led for so many years. It must have been rather terrible. And Viola is so easily bored. Ennul 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."

"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 in an American realist comedy—'
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 Chance.' I've got a great part in that."

There's tragedy, and sorrow, and love. She's a real human being, that suffers, and feels, and sacrifices and fears. Not a—a figure off 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 a matter the public will want to know about. Does this—is he your career of years mean you will 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 beauty, 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 wish 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 depth of poignant and heart-string touch to dramatic roles that gets under the skin?

Her work in "Revelation" showed exceptionable talent.

It's all rather like Viola herself—this change of heart. For she's drawn in two colors. A gay and bright and vivid color, like her odd, green eyes. And a somber tint, a little under-tone of malady and weariness of 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.

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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 hearing the trademark of a certain company you are without fail seeing a perfect picture. But there are certain companies whose names stand for something, who have a certain kind of endeavor to provide for you entertainment that is interesting and artistic and clean.

"Familiarize yourself with the name of the company before the time the producers of the picture you 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 picture, 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 entertainment, scrutinize 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 them the very best of photoplays. They are intelligent, 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 of films presented at the first theater you visit. These people are 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 this work. Proceeding from a conviction that stories should be presented to the public which are sure that the stories they turn out will not be stupid or nonsensical, 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 doubtful about what is being presented at the first theater you visit, walk on a few blocks and try another. 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 and a more respected name than others. In the theater, it is likely that almost always you will see the best pictures it has been possible for the owner to obtain. Familiarize yourself 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]

Peter and his dog are also vegetarians and there is never a scrap of meat on his plate. They say Peter is so health conscious that he even follows implicitly.

"Booze, tobacco, paddocks 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. He says he was born in 1832, 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," it 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 horse. So I took a burro. 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 guarantee I couldn't have one as a kid myself. He's not too much joy out of letting the child 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 Hollubar 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 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 earmarks 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 Hoovered before the war and I'm still Hooverin' 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 112]

GABRIELLE, CROMES, 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. Let your party be a bit too highbrow, the brain tests may be followed by dancing.

DORIS, NEWARK, N. J.

You would better avoid pink, Doris. Save for its deepest, richest shades it is a very trying color to those who have sallow complexes, 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 almost universally 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 estimable and admired.

One of the most graceful women I ever knew had a habit of keeping her lovely hands near her throat. They clasped her cloak 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 these hands, her fingers or the backs of them, 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 of scarf, or a white hat with orange flowers, would be charming. Two shades of green are very smart. Careful attention being given to stockings, both socks and 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
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 gowned and dressed yourself as daintily as you can, you 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, fortunate girl. You may enjoy the carnival of color this season with confidence without any disquietude. 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 red are so popular would be strikingly appropriate.

Suppose that you adopt the fragrance of the queen of flowers for your perfume. Yes, the rose.

Patria, 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 comical 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 tablespoon 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. Yours, doubtless, is a freckle of Earnestness not of ill temper. There are good astringents that draw relaxed pores together. Cleanse the face with a pure cold Lister’s in olive oil, 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 alcohol and powder it with soft piece of cloth, as cheesecloth or old linsey. Cleanse the face in white cleansing the face. That practice makes wrinkles. I prefer tepid to cold water. Though a drop 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, russels and greens, for the durable day shades. You are one of the fortunes that 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 4-foot marble pool at edge of Beverly Hills estate.
8:45—Frisk in glad golden sunshine with his two greyhounds and prize hillygoat, presented by admiring Knights of Pythias in last convention at Alexandria.
9:00—Swift session with his trainer in perfectly-equipped gym.
9:30—Breakfast in rose arbor, surrounded by his white collies, Jap servant, curly-headed offspring.
10:15—Arrives at studio. Is snapped with one foot on running-board of studio Simplex.
10:30—Morning mail. Answers 56 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 Floor Wax—adv’t.)
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.
12:30—Dines like a king.
13:00—Checks in at motel; studies the room, large mirror, carpet and wallpaper.
13:30—Meets Miss Alez and Reducing expert.
14:00—Instructs in basic principles.
15:00—Saves three friendly extras.
17:30—Swift flight to Tia Juana, where he attends races and boxed affably to Pathe News man. Camera aimed his way, but view spoiled by Elinor Glyn’s hat.
18:00—Pleasant hour with astigmatic caddy on Ambassador links. Goes around in 80, or thereabouts. You know.
19:00—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.
19:35—Ringside seat for the boxing bouts at Los Angeles Athletic Club.
20:00—Master of ceremonies at Sunset Inn Photographers’ Night. Is flashlit doing imitation of Gilda Grey’s Deansville wiggle.
21:00—Home. Spends quiet few minutes dipping into Chaucer, Anatole France, Thackeray, accompanied by conspicuous Dunhill pipe and rakish-looking bull pup.
23:00—Disobes and executes the Daily Dozen (evening series).
24:00—Eats the grains of morphine and a pint flask of Canadian Club while jotting down brief notes for article on “Will Hays On Hollywood.”
1:15—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'ENNU
[Let Kipling apologize - He started it]

By Elizabeth Fornan

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

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"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 overshadow all. Made in three shades: White, Flesh, and Rachel. Also made in compacts in all popular shades.

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Address

(PRINT PLAINLY IN PENCIL)
The Chinese Jane

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

The doctor wet his lips before he replied.  “Well, Mr. Noel, the world does have a 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 low mentality, perfect complexion and well-formed body to set them off.”

If Dr. Wong writhed a little under the implication that the woman too-low 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 bring the director, and in a few moments took his departure.

“Why, chief,” asked May Lou after his departure, “why did you grab the flirtation with my perfectly good suitor?”

“You’re under contract to me,” Noel rephrased her, “and I don’t want anything to happen. You know the social conventions. I want you to be the only one who knows what you were when I found you and you know what you are today. Come here a minute.”

May Lou came docily enough. Noel directed her to a bungalow and placed her on a balcony 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. Tonight I want to go 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 did not say 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 had only one car and 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 (Continued from Page 35)
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. Noel, however, had been wondering how the cloth of gold would look against it. The dress was quite satisfactory, May Lou agreed with him. It was a Nautch costume with jeweled leggings and a transparent cloth of gold skirt of tremendous proportions which 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 skimpily made.

"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 still. 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 something 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 perceptive of you, sir. But I found that it was going to be necessary for me to leave this city, probably forever, this very evening, and I seemed very impolite not to say farewell to one who, perhaps, is most considerate to me in living my stay. You will, I am sure, excuse a foreigner's ignorance of your customs."

"You have come to say goodbye?" Conrad observed, pointedly.

"Yes."

"Well, goodbye."

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 offered his hand.

The two men shook hands, 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 only 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 day bed.

"Get me a drink of something, 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. Clancy—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. Clancy 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 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 saw 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 hobbled Ford coupe was waiting. She had some way suspected that it would be.

Inside the bungalow Dr. Clancy 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 it had ever been Dr. Clancy's professional misfortune to attend. For days Mr. Noel lay in a gradually sinking condition and neither Dr. Clancy nor any of his conferences, whom he called into consultation, could diagnose the trouble. There was a tremendous fever and an intestinal disturbance that seemed like one of the enteric plagues. But it was not easy to convince anyone that it was possible 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. Clancy's presence gave him an envelope.

The envelope contained a note and a very tiny vial full of a sticky yellow fluid. 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. Clancy looked up, the messenger from whom he received that ridiculous message, but found that he had gone. He was not in the corridor, either. And Dr. Clancy could not remember what he looked like. As he had been frequently observed, one Chinaman very greatly resembles another, especially to the Caucasian eye.

The doctor sat for a long time with the note
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. Noel was there and her son. They had been warned that the end was near. Dr. Clancy 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. Clancy 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 Noel was sleeping quietly and naturally. The next morning he was able to eat a good breakfast and go home.

Dr. Clancy became the most famous physician on the Pacific coast. His reputation lost nothing from the fact that he refused to disclose the nature of the remedy he had used to effect an almost instantaneous cure, where all others had failed. He was sent for in the most hopeless emergencies from Seattle to San Diego.

And because of his reputation for having worked one miracle, he managed to accomplish several others.

His fame spread all over the medical world. It was heard of even in China.

A young physician in the government employ at Hong Kong showed an item about it in the International Medical Journal to his very young wife. That's a little trick that life likes to play.

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?"

Anthony Jowett has been selected to play opposite Gloria Swanson in "The Coast of Folly." And it will be only his second appearance in the movies. His first was in "The Little French Girl."

"Both girls left their rouge at home, but one had used Jarnac and didn't worry!"

A Natural Color at last, for both Cheeks and Lips

MOIST Rouge!

"I wish I could find the right rouge!" How many times have you said it? Here it is! Not another dry color that goes on in dabs—but a marvelously smooth, soft, moist color that you blend with perfectly wonderful result. Masculine, do not disregard this real discovery—for men's makeup is not only here to stay, but must surely doom the cruder kinds!

A True Makeup at Last

Artists have always worked in oils for beauty and realism. Crayon is too coarse. Small wonder then, that a true blood-red in solidified oils brought a new beauty-power to makeup! Jarnac is a new form of color—a brilliant color impossible in dry form. It is wonderfully natural when spread; by compaction, the hard-red spots from rouge-puffs are ridiculously unreal. The same difference is seen in lips. Not only is your blood-red blend the same perfect red for lips—your fingertip tinged with Jarnac is to end lip-stick too.

The French formula Jarnac has, in fact, overcome every one of the mistakes of makeup which have made such a barclay of beauty in this country.

Some Amazing Properties

Observe these five extraordinary properties, any one of which would be reward enough for trying Jarnac: This form of color has what artists call "spread" and leaves not the suggestion of a line where its perfect film of color begins or ends.
Moisture has no effect whatever on this color which is impervious to moisture. You can break the cheeks, nor does wetting the lips dissolve it. It lasts! Use Jarnac in the morning and leave it alone if you like.

Neither perspiration nor powder affects it. No dab, dab, all the day—with Jarnac! The soothing, healing, essential oils in Jarnac porous every pure food test—you could eat it down! Such a compound is of very real benefit to skin and pores, and America's leading dermatologist has said so.

Only one color—a blood-red match for both cheeks and lips—and for the same reason the one color is a perfect match for all types of skin.

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Most drugstores display this card of Jarnac. If your druggist hasn't it, mail this coupon with 50c to Jarnac Co., 2350 Pacific Ave., Chicago.

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Hollywood's First Nights

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

and the most gorgeous sapphires in her ears and her hair and about her throat; Peter B. Kyne, Seena Owen, Alma Rubens, Ricardo Cortez, Bennie Nilo, and Grandam and the Princess Marie de Bourbon.

I also saw Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Valentino —Mrs. Valentino wore black and white, with a twisted turban and black tie colors in satin, a jacket, and a long draped cape. Mr. and Mrs. Earle Williams, Marshall Neilan and Blanche Sweet, Madeline Hurlock, in a stunning green flock; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Nilo—Mrs. Nilo is Enid Bennett and it was her first public appearance since the birth of Peter Bennett Nilo; Mr. and Mrs. C. Gardner Sullivan (Ann May); King Vidor of pearman, in a gown of gray face reaching to the floor; Lois Wilson, in silver with orchids; Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd; Mr. and Mrs. John McCormick (Colleen Moore-Cal,-everyone in the picture colony was there.

I think the picture got the biggest reception I have been given a Marion Davies film. While it isn't a big, spectacular affair like "When Knights Were Easy," "Jankin's Meredith," it is the most lovable and human picture this star has ever made.

Afterwards the opinion among the film folk themselves of the picture was the "kid stuff," in which Marion appeared as little Mamie in the orphanage, was the best kid stuff ever seen on the screen.

And Marion Davies came on from New York to dance in the prologue and got a marvelous reception.

The Hollywood Sixty Club—which I suppose is little brother or little sister or something to the famous and exclusive New York gathering of that name—is progressing excellently. The members—all of them are most of the celebrities of the screen—stars, writers, directors and producers—and not much of anybody else. And the evenings are receiving the support of the social leaders of filmdom.

The last Sixty Club night, held on Saturday in the brilliantly beautiful ballroom of the Biltmore, was a huge success. Everyone, so to speak, was there, and it was an affair of dignity and what one might call class.

I think Anna Q. Nilsson, who was there with her handsome husband and Viola Dana and Maurice B. of this big sensation of the evening. She wore a flowing gown of silver white, banded in rhinestones, and a shimmering white wig, its curls held by beautiful diamond clasps. And what was powdered after the fashion of Marie Antoinette, suited Anna Q. to perfection. Viola was as cunning as possible in a flame-colored frock with a petal skirt, which belonged with Viola's soufflette personality.

Marion Davies, who entertained with a large dinner party in her home, Marie de Bourbon, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Urban, Peter B. Kyne, Alma Rubens and Ricardo Cortez, Vera Hardin Porter and Seena Owen, were entertained except the usual nice stockings and silver slippers. Miss Rubens wore straight line white velvet, with a full and rather short skirt.

Constance Talmadge wore powder blue, with an evening coat of the same color, its rippling skirt trimmed with a deep band of chinchilla. And Florence Vidor was exquisite in a creation of flesh chiffon, cut straight to the hips and with a soft rippling skirt behind it. Effective thing about Florence's costume was the lovely velvet flowers that climbed from the hem of the dress to her waist, where they clustered, and then to her shoulders-flowers in every tone from palest yellow to deepest apricot. In her party were Tom and Matt Moore, Lilian Tashman, stunning in flesh chiffon banded with sable and Edna Lowe, Catherine Bennett and John Considine.

Blanche Sweet looked the complete Parisienne in an affair of lipstick red, very straight and slight and nervous for a perfect line. Above it her white skin and shining blonde hair looked too lovely for words. She and her husband, Marshall Neilan, had in his party Alice Alden, in the most beautiful and magnificent dress made her look lovely.

Elinor Glyn was there, regal in ivory chiffon, with magnificent jewels. In her party I saw Dorothy Phillips.

Mr. and Mrs. Monta Bell had a big party. And Dorothy Kenyon Bell and her husband, Brent Fineman, had with them Mr. and Mrs. George Archibaid. A little Madge Bellamy was floating about in a cloud of pink chiffon and brown chiffon. And the party in which were the Hawks brothers—Howard and Ken—and Virginia Valli and Pauline Stark and Patsy Ruth Miller and a lot of other people.

NOT THE TYPE

THERE are several actors in this country who specialize on playing characters like Washington, Abraham Lincoln and Napoleon, and they never seem to get any other parts. And as these parts are used in pictures only once in a while and as these actors rarely ever see the camera or the footlights in any other role, their income is not a steady one. A man who has played Washington in four or five pictures has been having very tough luck. In fact he got to the point where his landlady's patience gave out and she locked up his trunk and showed him the front door. A few days later he received a call from a studio.

They told him they needed a man to play Washington and asked him to bring "stills" of his previous work. As luck would have it, the "stills" were in the trunk, being guarded by the heartless boarding house-keeper. In desperation he went to Woolworth's, got some five cent portraits of Washington, labeled them with his own name, wrote his age, height, experience, etc., on the back, and sent them in. The casting director returned them with this curt note—"Sorry, but you're not the type."
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 humps 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. Also 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, "why 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 negligence 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 should 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 woe 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

Have you been dancing—in Cinderella's glass slippers?
—or do your feet just feel that way?

YOU almost hate the women who dance gaily on to "home-sweet-home". Yet you can stay with the gayest, with light, forgetful feet, if you will bless them with Absorbine, Jr.

You walk, climb, dance; you play golf and tennis freely, when Absorbine, Jr. smooths the path for your feet and is a tonic to your limbs.

Absorbine, Jr. is a capable liniment and powerful antiseptic. It is stainless and agreeable. It soothes, heals, cleanses.

At all druggists', $1.25, or postpaid.

Rigaud

Y O U can buy no better rouge than Rigaud's Mary Garden Rouge. Mary Garden Lip Stick, Face Powder, Toilet Water, Talcum and Body Powder are likewise distinguished for their excellence—thanks to Parfumerie Rigaud's insistence upon superior quality.

SOLE DISTRIBUTOR: GEO. BORGEBLD & CO., 111 E. 16th St., NEW YORK
A creamy deodorant that stops odor all day

Are you making the great mistake so many women make—thinking that because you are not bothered with perspiration moisture that you cannot offend with its unpleasant odor? Creme Oloromo destroys every trace of odor when properly used. It leaves nothing but a pleasant, skin-like fragrance. It requires no perspiration to appear and it is never sticky or greasy. Use it daily and avoid all other deodorants.

Creme Oloromo is delicate to use, vanishes instantly, and leaves the skin soft and fragrant. Contains no grease or color and will not stain. At all toilet counters, 50c.

Free Sample

RUTH MILLER
The Oloromo Company
47 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me free sample tube of Creme Oloromo.

Name:
Address:

Free Trial Bottle

Gray Haired People—Learn my story!

It can't be told in this small advertisement, so I ask you to send for free trial bottle and test on a single lock of hair. It proves what I did for all gray haired people when I perfected my new process which will change your gray hair to any color in your own permanently gray hair.

The single lock test proves the color of hair as application results. That my re-}


A ND so the dice were thrown with fate. And I remembered Emerson's, "the dice of God are always loaded," and perhaps in a subconscious way it was 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 and a wide hat—and within a few weeks he got work in pictures and grew long hair. We then met in pictures, and I could see that the results of our work were in harmony with the dictates of the country.

The only other picture we had was "The Man Without a Country." Some of his latest pictures have been "Java Head," "The Joseph Hershelger story; The Fighting American," "Cornered," "Big

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The Deuce with Reducing

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

If he loses a few pounds, or, regaining them, as many, his attire, 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 that it necessitates his keeping a chauffeur. And for the very simplest of reasons—his trunk is not slender enough to sit in.

"How many film stars do you see in the Sunday supplement, or on the roads around Los Angeles, for that matter, with a chauffeur?" 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 is, 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, roly-poly youth. Woe betide, and viva, yet, wihal, in possession of a certain distinctive charm, as becometh 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 Comon, a recently arrived French actress, happened into the studio. She had just the right amount of charm, distinction and avoidupois; indeed, she seemed to have been made for the role.

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 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 walk well on through the lunch hour before stopping. This went too far for the animals.

But the camel who bore Madame le Prince untriumphantly 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

It is glorious to be free from superfluous hair

Every year hundreds of thousands of women revel in this joyous, new-found freedom—the freedom from awkward self-consciousness caused by superfluous hair. And they thank Del-a-tone for it!

Summer sports, filmy frocks, gossamer hose—these have made absolutely necessary the removal of the greatest of all beauty blemishes, unwanted hair. With Del-a-tone it is as easy as it is delightful to enjoy a smooth, dainty skin, free from the slightest suggestion of hairy growth. No wonder that every year, for fifteen years, more women have turned to this old reliable beauty aid, Del-a-tone, the scientific, safe hair remover.

You will find Del-a-tone as easy to use as it is delightful in results. Just spread on in seconds; rinse off in a few minutes; and marvel at the wonderful difference in your appearance. Quick, sure, harmless. Insist on

The Depilatory for Delicate Skin

DEL-A-TONE
Removes Hair
At drug and department stores, or sent prepaid in plain wrapper for $1.00
Free pamphlet, "The Whole Truth About Depilatories," for the asking
THE SHEFFIELD COMPANY
Dept. 87, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.

Freckles Removed Secretly and Quickly

No matter how freckled, muddy or blotchy your complexion may be, it is naturally clear and white.

One jar of Stillman's Freckle Cream will prove it to you. Freckles, tan, sallowness, vanish away under the magic of this cool, fragrant cream. It has a double action. Freckles are greatly bleached out and at the same time your skin is whitened, soothed and refined. Safe, harmless and can be applied secretly at any time. Used the world over for 35 years.

Fair skins constantly grow worse unless something is done. Freckles are caused by strong summer light which tends to age and wrinkle the complexion as well as discolor it. You've heard it said that moles "age rapidly." This is the cause.

Costs Nothing If You Are Not Pleased

You will be not born with freckles—why put off regaining the milky, white skin that nature gave you? Stillman's Freckle Cream is guaranteed to remove freckles or money refunded. Two sizes, $1 and 50c at drugstores and department stores.

Send for "Beauty Parlor Secrets" and let us tell you what

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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 thereupon, however enervated in a scene they might be, promptly at noon both Prince and camel were hustled off to the studio cafeteria.

"As a rule, her weight does not fluctuate to any marked degree," Madame firmly believes the chocolate cream to be indispensable as a restorer. While on the lot, therefore, she constantly nibbled them as a matter of course. The greatest credit, in fact, was given to the food 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 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 immeasurably proud of his size—that he had lost more pounds than he believed good for him.

\[\text{William Louis is another actor who sees no particular造福 of being a professional weightlifter. 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 Oklahoman 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 basis in fact whatever. One of these says, is the fallacy that one who is fat is always good-natured as inevitably as night follows day 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 desired weight at certain times in life. Indeed, many have lost more pounds than they believed good for them.

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.

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 gallant.

Indeed, it would be profitable to my deportment to spend an hour with Corinne than the same time with the letters of Lord Chesterfield. Upon quitting her presence I feel capable of digging straight into Buckingham without knocking and meeting Queen Mary on her own terms.

There are, of course, other requisites for a stable stardom. I was discussing these with Mabel Normand, genius and student of pictures.

"God help the star whom children do not love," says Miss Normand. "We have no letters from children I 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—and if I were only somebody with a 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 "happy 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 motors, 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, "Rin-tin-tin" and "The Tin Horse—a Henry Ford production."

Incidentally, Adele 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 Adele as a fellow novelist. She has the fearlessness of a true wit, and—perhaps she should say it?—lady-like splendid young actress she seems, then, Ethel, will you do something which I suppose you have never done before—and lie? Lie away your immortal soul, ye heroes of history, 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 divine from the noblest of the noble. Any 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 think of my heart will burst 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."

Unfortuntely for my soul, and for my sense of humor which I prize even more, I did have to lie about Adele. She is not a more truthful writer than I, and often do, but this letter was worthy of a little sin.

There is nothing so tragic as disillusionment of an ideal. The fall of an idol becomes a tragic dilemma among ideals. Idols cannot help being clay but they might strive to be a little finer dirt than the rest of us, since that's where we're put."

The star who wails that his private life is his only felicity 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.
THE true story of Hollywood is about to be told.
It will be a sensational document, for it will be written by Mabel Normand from diaries she has kept since the day she entered pictures. The characters will appear under their own names, and I happen to know enough of it to know that truth is certainly stranger than fiction, in Hollywood.

SAY what you like against temperament, it is not necessary to the real artist as temper to the real man. A man without temper is a man without feeling, an artist without temperament is a jellyfish without convictions. The world still reverberates to the raging of Michelangelo, who resented dictation with the fury of a Von Stroheim.

Show me an artist in pictures and I'll show you a fighter—the frayed Griffith, Eric Von Stroheim, the volcanic Rex Ingram, Pola Negri, Chaplin, Mabel Normand, even the plucky little Pickford—all fighters for independence.

I do not mean to say, however, that all fighters are artists, as witness Jack Dempsey. But, though an artist, Jack Dempsey, in contrast with the battlers I've listed, is a gentle little lamb.

Questions and Answers

[Continued from Page 177]

M E R R I N E, N O R T H T O N W A N D A, N. Y.—Colleen Moore is not married to John McCormack, the famous tenor. Shades of lovely Mrs. McCormack and their two last living babies—no. The John McCormick to whom she is married is an Executive of First National. She was born Aug. 10, 1902. Douglas Fairbanks was always responsible for his appearance in "The Thief of Bagdad." It was tinted. Wallace of the Heery brothers was who played in "The Sea Hawk." Do you win the bet?

TELEPHONE GIRL, NEW LONDON, CONN.—You have never written me before because you have not been encouraged to do so. I request any information. But since seeing Ben Lyon you can no longer say that. What a compliment to good looking Ben! You tell me yours is "merely interesting, not absurd infatuation." You only "think he is so-so-so-so, you know." "How can you get past the old secretary?" I don't know that he be or is old. You say you "could murder every secretary there in the world. They spoil everything." "You are tired of seeing actors try to "copy" Rubenstein. Don't see anyone who is different, like Ben. Suppose you write on the envelope addressed to him "Very secretary who opens this does it at peril of death." You won't, then, in the letter left hand corner "Strictly personal." Any well regulated secretary would have more opening that. Mr. Lyon was born in Atlanta, Ga., Feb. 6, 1902. Six feet tall and 2 hundred and sixty pounds heavy. He was on stage five years before going into pictures.

W. E. P., JERSEY CITY, N. J.—You are not a great movie fan but you do enjoy watching Lois Wilson on the screen. So do many others, Junior. I think the Lasky Studios would send a photograph of her.

AGNES, ST. LOUIS, MO.—Norma Shearer has not been in haste to vote nor to marry. For she was born at the comparatively recent date of Aug. 10, 1902. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios may send you her photograph.
Color of life

YOU use silverware and linen, hang up curtains and pictures, wear fabrics carefully cut and adorned—all for the purpose of coloring the drab facts of food, shelter and clothes.

Advertisements enable you to put this color into your life. They bring you news of improvements to quicken your pleasure, increase your efficiency, lessen your work—to feed your hours with every comfort and convenience men have thought out for you.

Read the advertisements. Their timely messages, their intimate lessons in economy, their assurance that advertised goods will please—help you color your life even more.

When you choose from advertised goods, you choose from the safest goods known. They are value-true.

Read the advertisements in these columns. By their guidance you can obtain the best today; economize for the best tomorrow.

Advertising reduces the cost of products that add pleasure and comfort to living

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, advise her. 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 winking 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 it 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 wonder ing the advisability of asking the hovering porter to call her a taxikab when he hove 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 brilliancy 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 greyish, 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
you 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, gooseberry pie, and coffee. I made the dressing myself—the kind you love. I heard you planned to pick up Sylvia's array of bags and boxes, but she grabbed her arm. Result: she'll have to take them, Dad," she laughed, signaling to the red cap. "Do you think we can find a taxi?"

"I guess so," he peered through the gate. "I'll drive up. The way I came in. Nobody else 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 behind his 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 setting her supper, they talked in the parlor. Sylvia'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 the ancient brass 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 the 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 knew a great traveler, had gone and he had the opportunity; as it was, he was technically enough in the little room over the book shop and round the world—in imagination. Sylvia picked up the volume he had been reading—some recent revelations from the ruins of the ancient city of Ur. It made her think of Steve Hollins, and her enthusiasm in the Mayas ruined 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—no matter what that was, Sylvia. 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 on us?"

"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."

Sylvia usually paid attention to such things—newspaper gossip. You know that. But there were plenty of so-called friends only too anxious to call the man who'd done you wrong. They couldn't do 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 charging 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 trusted him. He was 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-touchned 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 take a long, long time to explain. In luck bad through, the way it happened—rather 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 while 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, every since Sylvia's been able to talk, that most people are always ready to believe the worst? Not only ready to, but anxious—especially about anyone who has succeeded. Nothing—I repeat, nothing—no matter how absurd—can quite shake old established beliefs."

"You can't explain that to me, Sylvia."

"I can't explain it to myself. 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 at her throat, you know. 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."

"Katie, you never believe anything had 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 it. 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, you 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 half the young men in this city, 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. 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 another mistake, and you'll hear just for the time being. You are supposed to have taken the fatal step. And, in addition, you are an unusually good-looking girl. You might think at the height of the panic that 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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PHOTOPLAY

ni 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 redecora-
tion by an expert from Philadelphia he had dubbed his "studio," received the patronage of the town's socially elect, barring a few wealthy people, like the Hong Kong, 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 frequently of his "art," always emphasizing 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 her-sel-f, that brought him to the house. Katterly's business having prospered, he had built a stucco bungalow in a newly developed section west of Allegheny Avenue, known as Highland Park. By this time Sylvia bent her steps, deter-
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 over-friendly way, as she closed the front door behind her and led the way to the small, over-friendly parlor.

"Well, Mary," she said, giving Sylvia a per-
furiance peck of a kiss, "Dad told me you were expected last night. Don't you think you might have let us know that you were coming?"

"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 you're coming, and so I was telling you about last night, and—"

"Katie, I came home to tell the people I care about what really happened. To tell you," Katie said, 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 be-
lieve me," Sylvia interrupted, "I don't care about the rest."

"Maybe's 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?"

"I don't want you. It's business. Arthur and I have been keeping you away from us, act as though everything was all right, he'll lose half his trade over night. Mrs. Witherspoon, who always has her whole family together, told me, but it's only yesterday that the 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 prospectors in 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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people to act as though nothing had happened. I'm sorry for, 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 Kitty, with 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, she would kidnap the wood. With its thirty-two but brilliant antagonists, might not be preferable to the sordid and narrow-minded eminity 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 people she knew, some the merest acquaintances, others friends of long standing. Their attitudes both surprised and hurt her. She was managing not to have them look at all. Others hurried by with a nod, as though affairs of the utmost importance called them. Three girls whom she had taught in school stopped to greet her, hysterialy 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 sniffed as she said it. She had been friendly with Mrs. Witherspoon, as that of Millersburg society cut her dead.

Near the corner Frank 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, after to a row falls, 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 bitter's short and some time, in your trouble. There is no error that may not be forgiven, to the sincerely repentant. And I can see, just by looking at you, that whatev 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 sweet motherly man 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. For the love of her brother, Mr. Wharton went on, smiling beningly down on her. "Better far to flee from the temptations, the loose associations, which inevitably surround those who are not fitted for the fit life for any young girl. Here you will be among friends, ready to offer you help and encouragement in your time of need. Goodbye. And I pray that, in the near future, there is One who knows him."

He passed on, leaving Sylvia speechless with anger and resentment. Why had he not given her a chance to explain, a chance to show she was guilty, treat her as a wayward child? It was outrageous.

At the very next corner she came upon one of those "friends" she had relied on, her "love 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 screen. And he had just decided to open on the opening night of a new Alva 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 aspirations on the picture business had reminded her of friends, real friends, in Hollywood. Even the lobby of a "movie" theater seemed welcomed to her now.

"Well—well, little girl," Mr. Miller said, without taking his hat. "I am sure glad to see you back in town again. I miss you more than ever, too." He fondled her hand gently. "I read all about your mix-up, in the papers. You don't do let a little thing like that worry you. All the big stars get talked about, sooner or later. Theem Internationals people made a bad break, letting a girl like you go.

"Look, sir, I got a friend in , Vork, see, who's thinking about going into producing. You come on down there with me some time and I'll put you there. Wouldn't you do no harm to meet him, anyway, and we could have a little 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 any time in a one-horse town like this anyway. A girl with your looks have to worry none. If you need any money, to get started in the Big City, why, just call on me, and you up in a nifty little flat and everything.

"I got down here on my own. I don't know much about the City, but I know about the Broadway girls. I'm a fast worker—so fast, in- deed, that Sylvia could follow.

"Thanks," she said coolly, "but I'm not going back to screen work just at present."

"I got work right. Take your time. You'll find Sam Miller is a man with a lot of money. He pressed her arm in a way meant no doubt to be tender, but which Sylvia found inexpressibly offensive. Her first im- pression of the picture operatic society, the Wharton would not, she knew, help her present case any. With a shudder of disgust she turned away, hurried down the street, leaving Mr. Miller to decide what sort of an impression he had made.

There was still another experience in store for Sylvia before she reached the refuge of her home, been a keen rival of Howard Bennett in showering attentions on her, but they had been camouflaged by an assumption of fatherly encouragement, to the fact of the most, that Sylvia possessed a middle-aged but rather jealous wife. Even now, as he stood there in the busiest part of Main Street, he assumed a friendly expression, quite as if he had relieved her of the burden of her grey slouch hat. It was Alvin Mercer, one of Millersburg's most eminent legal lights.

"W H Y, hello, Miss McKenna—Sylvia," heammered, reddening a bit as he shook her hand. "When did you strike town?"

"Last night," Sylvia told him coolly. Mr. Mercer had a small business on his hands, home, been a keen rival of Howard Bennett in showering attentions on her, but they had been camouflaged by an assumption of fatherly encouragement, to the fact of the most, that Sylvia possessed a middle-aged but rather jealous wife. Even now, as he stood there in the busiest part of Main Street, he assumed a friendly expression, quite as if he had relieved her of the burden of her grey slouch hat. It was Alvin Mercer, one of Millersburg's most eminent legal lights.

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"Tell me 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. If you're alone, and you would have a good chance to talk to me, I might talk to you . . ." without danger of our being interrupted.

"I was thinking that my eyes traveled the length of Sylvia's distracting figure to her nude silk stockings, and back again to her figure and, altogether lovely face. What a woman, he thought to himself—what an exquisite and utterly desirable woman! There was not a character for 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. Good-day." With a hurried dab at his brow 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 Hollins', 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 call her to 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 an old girl who was hanging up rapidly to the telephone in her father's little study. She called for Howard Bennett. It would be interesting, at least, to find out the attitude of one who less than a month ago had peddled with her to marry him.

The office 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 switchboard operator and to a yellowy 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 summer shine. But he was always, 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. Some day I'll drop around for a few minutes, later on—say about nine o'clock.

"I'll be expecting you," Sylvia replied, without enthusiasm. Howard Bennett meant very little to her any more. Hollins; she did feel that she would like to retain him as a friend.

"I won't think we can talk very well, at your place," she heard him say. "I'll have my car. If you don't mind, we will take a little drive."

Perhaps that would be best, Sylvia thought, as he dropped the call. 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 firmly wedded to his evenings over his book of things to admit such a suggestion. She had hung up the receiver a sudden anger filled her, and she was a man who claimed to love her, a dinner engagement was rather a flimsy excuse. Was he afraid to come to see her? The suggestion that he suggested a drive under cover of night, filled her with a thrill. It was with rather a heavy heart that Sylvia sat down to her menu.

**CHAPTER XI**

Mr. Stephen Hollins spent the brief journey from New York to his mother's home in the Catskills, imagining the interval of four interminable months 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 gaiety of spirits, commented upon the fact that he had rehearsed no explanations. Mary, he decided, should be withheld as a surprise, allowed to burst upon him a family of visions of unlooked-for loneliness.

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 telling me, 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 he became his immediate duty to remove.

Without giving 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 such a doing was not exactly clear in his mind, but one thing was perfectly plain—his pursuit of Sylvia, any attempt to trace her was fruitless, since having parted so short a time before, would necessarily have to begin at the hotel.

Disappointment, however, awaited him. The register told him precisely nothing. There were the clerks, 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 it for her. Mary McKenna of New York, the lass he expected, had disappeared as completely as though a cyclone had swept her from the face of the earth.

It seemed impossible. 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 that he had sought.

With a queer, unbelievable groan he snatched up the book, glanced swiftly about the room. No other evidence of its recent occupancy met his eyes. Handkerchief and bellboy, a dollar, he went to the elevator, descended to the lobby. 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 Mary, the sweet and unsophisticated girl he had held in his arms the night before? There was nothing to prove it, nothing to make the astonishing likeness on the cover. Yet something of the kind had been in Mary McKenna and Sylvia Thorne were one and the same, that the girl he loved was a celebrated, a notorious actress in her peak, now besmirched by the mire of Hollywood's latest divorce scandal. With a groan of despair he closed the magazine in his powerful fingers, allowed it to slip noiselessly from the floor. The hotel detective, observing the peculiar actions, strolled with elaborate carelessness past his chair, but Steve did not even see him. His love for Sylvia had become a thing—the most rare and perfect thing in 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 several hours, scarcely feeding the energy to rise. Life, so far as Steve Hollins was concerned, had come to an abrupt end, and, for the time being, utterly wretched end.

**[END OF PART III]**
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Marjorie Crawford was a "good looking" even when she weighed 200 pounds. She had the same features she has today, but not the same figure. Today she is beautiful, as far as form is of age.

A miracle, no, a complete transformation of an overweight bulky body into a form slender and graceful as a woman could wish for.

This great reduction of 85 pounds was accomplished easily, in less than four months, by a pleasant method, without the use of drugs, Jewish baths or starvation methods, and Miss Crawford will tell you that she never felt better in her life.

She has a figure any woman might envy, wears stunning gowns and once more gets real enjoyment out of living.

She gives Wallace and his music method full credit. "Your system is all I used, Mr. Wallace," she says in a grateful letter just received. She tells of the rare fans she had going through the simple movements and the feeling of elation and physical well being that came after every lesson.

The method is just as good for those who wish to lose but a few pounds as for those greatly overweight—it reduces to normal no more.

By this system the waist grows slender, hips straighten out, broad shoulders and oversize boot take on new shallowness. Arms and limbs lose the fat and become slender and graceful.

The woman need carry a single pound of excess weight if she will write Wallace.

Write Miss Crawford if you wish confirmation of her story—her address is 6704 Merrill Avenue, Chicago, but better still, take advantage of Wallace's Free Offer.

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"THE WINGS OF YOUTH."—Fox—From the story by Harold P. Montanye. Directed by Emmit Flynn. The cast: Madeleine Mannes, Madge Bellamy; Mrs. Angela Merriweather, Mrs. Kittie Wilson, Mrs. Ethel Clayton; Ted Spaulding, Charles Dury; Lucien Angiosa, Freeman Wood; Pierre Dubois, James Jones, Robert Kenyon; Gaetan Monyon, Katherine Perry; Nettie Mannon, Luanne Hardy, Mrs. Ettie the White, Robert Martin; Grant Lloyd, Doug Main; Geraldine Kendall, Douglas Gerard.


"FRIENDLY ENEMIES."—Producers Distributing—From the play by Samuel Goldwyn and Aaron Hoffman. Adapted by Alfred A. Cohn and Josephine Quirk. Directed by George Mellord. The cast: Carl Pfeiffer, Leroy Fields, Henry Black, Joe Weber, Jane Hight, Virginia Brown Fair; Hildi Pfeiffer, Jack Mulhall, Hilda Schwartze, Lucille Lee Stewart; Miller (alias Walter Stuart), Stuart Holmes; Mrs. Marie Pfieffer, Eugenie Besserer; Nora, Nora Hayden; Frederick Schmittler, Adolph, Fred A. Kelsky; Messager Boy, Johnnie Fox; S.S. Officer U.S., Ed. Porter.

"THE CROWDED HOUR."—Paramount—From the play by Channin Pollock and Edgar Selwyn. Adapted by John Russell. Directed by E. Mason Hopper. The cast: Paul Laurence, Philip Goyeng, Mont Royal, Kenneth Harlan; Bert Carisse, Frank Morgan; Matt Wilde, T. Roy Barnes; Grace Laudlow, Helen Lee Worthing; Captain Mauder, Armand Cournos; Walter, Alice Chopin; Operator, Warner Richmond.

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Price; Carl's Valet, 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; Gaudenton, Miss Dupont; Mrs. Clarice, Miss Hedges; Holmes, Fred Wind; Charlie, William Russell; Weller, Fredric Emerton; Crowther, Walter Long; Lord Amsterdy, Winter Hall; Lady Amsterdy, Kate Lester; Bunny Manders, Freeman Wood; Lord Croyde, Roland Bottomley; Mrs. Tillston, Lilian Langdon; Mr. Tillston, Robert Bolder.

"GO STRAIGHT"—SCHULBERG.— Scenario by Elwood Anderson. Directed by Frank O'Connor. The cast: John Rhodes, Owen Moore; Mrs. Rhodes, Mary Carr; Madison, George Fawcett; Maurice Lo Foro, Ethel Wales; Gildo Lee, Gladys Hulette; "Kidnapper," Robert Edison; A Detective, Dewitt Jennings; "The Detective," Francis McDonald; "Auntie Bobby," Lilian Langton.

"HELEN'S BABIES"—PRINCIPAL.—From the story by John Habberton. Adapted by Elmer Coring and Louis Leighton. Directed by William A. Seiter. The cast: Teddy, Baby Peggy; Judge, Jean Carpenter; Alice Mayton; Clara Bow; Uncle Harry, Edward Everett Horton; Helen Laurence, Claire Adamson; Lawrence, Richard Tucker; Ratus (coachman), George Reed; 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: Charity, Mae Marsh; Will; Ben Endland, Ben Hendricks; Hagar, Laska Winter; Jones, Earl Schenck; Alick, Irvo Malidden; Michael, Thomas Mills.

"THE KISS BARRIER"—FOX.—Story by Frederick and Fanny Hatton. Scenario by E. Magnus Ingenton. Directed by R. William Neill. Photography by Ernest Palmer. The cast: Richard Marsch, Edmund Lowe; Marion Weston, Claire Adams; Susie, Diane Miller; Connie, Marie Harlan; O'Hara, Thomas Mills; Colonel Hall, Charles Clary; The Widow, Grace Cunard; Mrs. Hall, Virginia Madison.

"SPEED WILD"—F. O.—From the story by H. H. Van Loan. Adapted by Frank S. Bowers, Directed by Harry Garson. The cast: Jack Ames, Lefty Flynn; Mary Bryant, Ethel Shannon; Wendell Martin, Frank Elliott; Charles Bryant, Ralph McCullough; Larry, Raymond Turner; Red Dogan, Fred Burns.

"WILDFIRE"—VITAGRAPH.—From the story by George W. Hobart and George Broadhurst. The cast: Claire Barrington, Aileen Pringle; Myrl Barrington, Edna Murphy; Garrison, Holmes Herbert; Dr. Woodhurst, Elmer Breese; Mary Tourman, Ralph Woodhurst, Athan Short; Matt Amsden, Tom Blake; John Duffy, Lawford Davidson; Bud, Will Archie; Hootense, Edna Morton; Charley, Roster, Arthur Bryson; Vat, Robert Bilboule.

"KIDZ"—THUNDER.—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by J. M. Bower. Adapted by Isadore Bernstein. Directed by Cliff Smith. Photography by Harry Newman. The cast: Jack Douglas, Jack Hoxie; Jean Croft, Katherine; Cal Waddell, Jack Pratt; Frank Douglas, Francis Ford; Bill Croft, George Connors; Art Osgood, Bert Demar; Sheriff, William McCall; Governor, Broderick O'Farrell.

"DUPED"—INDEPENDENT.—Story by John Clymer. Directed by J. P. McGowan. The cast: John Morgan, William Desmond; Dolores Verdego, last of the Bencodins, Helen Holmes; George Forsyth, Superintendent of...
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Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
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: "Dog 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 neighbors. At M. M. Dore's Boulevard and Cahuenga Avenue, a mysterious—appearing 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 country and protects it. 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. They 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 Kokuk. 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 haled before the judge and sentenced to eight months in jail. Thus, eight months went by in Hollywood.
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Mellin's Food and milk has secured a world-wide reputation through raising thousands of happy, vigorous, healthy babies.

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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 health move. Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is closely allied with this scientific advancement.

"Washes", does not scour. 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.
DOROTHY GISH

"The Ten Most Beautiful Women on Earth"

HAVING THE STARS COVER THEIR BOBS
In your America, so many, many talcs! To be different, to be *distingué*, which will *Madame* choose?


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.

**This Talc! Si distingué! Si different!**
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.

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 affections

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 many of the hard foods for mushy materials which require no action by the teeth and give them no exercise."

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.

The history of Ipana and the story of its success

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 ziratol, 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 recommendation.

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 ziratol 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.

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Make more of your life with Paramount

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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.

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See one tonight at the nearest good theatre and notice the feeling of satisfaction and contentment that pervades you as you go home.

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Vol. XXIX

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The Department of Personal Service

Address and working programs of the leading motion picture studios will be found on page 104.
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1835
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.

“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.

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Frank J. Carroll presents
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Robert Frazer, Clara Bow, Robert Edeson, Johnny Walker, Walter McGrail and Gaston Glass are in this all-star cast.

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.
ACROSS THE DEADLINE—Stirner.—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, THE—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 high-flying story of thrilling adventures in the government air service. (June.)

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

ARGENTINE LOVE—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels breaks into the screen Argentine romance. Sixth followup hackneyed formula, but excellent work of the cast makes up on delicacies of plot. (February.)

AS MAN DESIRES—First National.—A colorful and hilariously melodramatic South Sea love story. (May.)

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 Gunner Kasson's flight through the three thousand-mile handicap from Nome to Nome. (July.)

BARRIERS BURNT AWAY—Associated Exhibitors.—Just a fairly entertaining film with the great America far and away incident to keep the hero and heroine united. (February.)

BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK—Paramount.—Nature and fantasy so well directed by James Cruze that it is one of the most entertaining pictures of the year. (July.)

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

BORN RICH—First National.—The younger set to the fox 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 Lester Flynn as the quick-draw, hard-fisted hero. (May.)

BRIDGE OF SIEGES.—Warner Brothers.—Lugn

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 exciting Western with William Desmond. (June.)

CAFE IN CAIRO, A.—Producers Distributing.—Kangaroo melodrama with Arabs and Priscilla Dean. (April.)

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT—Preferred.—A prop

CHICKIE—First National.—Dorothy Mack-all gives an appealing performance of a poor working girl. (April.)

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 realist, good to good, a very pleasant picture. (April.)

CODE OF THE WEST—Paramount.—The city flipper and the noble Westerner are up to again. Attractively staged and well acted. (June.)

COMING THROUGH—Paramount.—A pleasing Tom Meighan 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.)

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

CONFESSIONS OF A QUEEN—Metro-Goldwyn.—A fine story of a man and a woman. (April.)

COURAGEOUS COWARD, THE—Capital Prod.—Wesley's 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 all fun. (April.)

CRIMSON KANDER, THE—Producers Distributing.—Exciting picture in Vienna with Priscilla Dean as a fascinating lady crook. (April.)

CROWDED HOUSE, THE—Paramount.—A war story humanly told, and well acted by Bebe Daniels. (July.)

CURLYTOP—Fox.—Shirley Mason goes through a pokey-goodly role in London's wicked Limehouse district. (May.)

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

DANCERS, THE—Fox.—Nothing out of the ordinary about this picture. Probably the best dance romances with Lauren La Maire. (May.)

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

DAUGHTERS OF THE NIGHT—Fox.—Wild and improbable melodrama. Two brothers run away from home. There's a fox, a feud, a chaste, parental wrongness and happy ending. (February.)

DECLASSE—First National.—Cornelie Griffith says it's from holding bored society drama. (April.)

DEADWOOD COACH, THE—Fox.—Tom Mix riding, rides, club, lots and loves his way through this roiling melodrama as you'll like it. (April.)

DENIAL, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—Claire Windsor doubling as mother and daughter in a heavy-laden story. But it is a good American war sequence. (May.)

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

DICK TURPIN—Fox.—By far the best thing Total Mix ever did. (April.)

DIXIE HANDICAP, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—The old racing trials modeled into a melodrama, intended to stimulate the race horse. (March.)

DRESSMAKER FROM PARIS, THE—Paramount.—A fashion show with fourteen-count cocomedo on a very beautiful models. Location: Joy fous furniture. (May.)

DUPE.—The title is all. Crewk stuff played by Helen Holmes and Glenn Wilson. Not so good. (July.)

EARLY BIRD, THE—C. C. Burr.—Johnny Hines at his best. Many tugs and more laughs is this first-throwing comedy. Which centers around a milkman and the attempt to stimulate the best horse. (March.)

ENTICEMENT—First National.—Be sure to leave the children at home. A story of a girl's tryst in the Colorado mountains. (May.)

EVE'S LOVER—Warner Brothers.—The story of a modern American girl and her titled husband. (May.)

FAST EAST—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.)

FAST SET, THE—Paramount.—A bit gay. A novelist and his wife have drifted apart. The husband introduces a girl of the streets into their midst. Usual ending. (May.)

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

**Fox Film Corporation.**
Brickbats & Bouquets

LETTERS
FROM READERS

The readers of Photoplay are invited to write this department — to register compliments or complaints — to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from 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 have 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 several years, and it has given me many hours of pleasure. I particularly enjoy the articles written by Herbert Howe, and the "Shadow Stage.

Ramon Novarro 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 out about ZaSu Pitts. Why? I liked Mary Brian's picture in the May issue. She looks promising, as does Raymond Griffith.

I saw DeMille's "Foots of Clay" and enjoyed it, although I didn't think Vera Reynolds was the type to play it. It would have been great with Leatrice Joy.

Would suggest that Warner Baxter play in Carwood'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 Nana.

Now let me mention another picture I've seen recently — "The Spaniard," with Ricardo Cortez. The picture itself was exceptionally good, but Mr. Cortez was wonderful. Please let us see him more often, as he is a first actor.

Three cheers for Herbert Howe! He tells Hollywood what he thinks of 'em. Believe he is right in proclaiming Ramon Novarro one of the greatest artists of the day. He is certainly one of the most wonderful. 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 involved as because we want his pictures. Yesterday I received a letter from one of the leading producers who states that although the major- ity 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 I the only reviewer who is not moved by Miss 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 a real life, and I enjoy Richard Dix and Thomas Meighan as well. I never fail to see their pictures. I like Norma Talmadge. Others I think that that which is not artistic. Miss Lan Cheyn, Pola Negri, Bebe Daniels, Col- len Moore, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Gloria Swanson, Raymond Griffith, Nazunova, Char- lie Murray, William Russell, Harvard Ford, Leatrice Joy and John Gilbert, Viola Dana, Tom Mix, Wallace Beery, Pauline Starke, Mary Philbin, Anna Q. Nilson, Lois Wilson, Betty Blythe, Pauline Frederick and Florence Vidor.

SARAH B. COATES.

Proves Novarro Is Perfect

"Ben Hur"

Berkeley, Cal.
I am writing an answer to M. Stokking, whose letter was published in the Photoplay's January number. He or she complained because Ramon Novarro was cast in "Ben Hur."
If he or she will get a copy of "Ben Hur" and turn to Book II, Chapter 5, where Mr. Wallace describes Ben Hur, 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 bearded; and, sitting, they seemed of a size proper for their difference in ages."

[Continued on page 17]
More Stars than there are in Heaven

Lillian Gish
Norma Shearer
Marion Davies
Ramon Novarro
John Gilbert
Lon Chaney
Buster Keaton
Mae Murray
Jackie Coogan

Metro Goldwyn

In listing the forty best films of 1924-5, the National Committee of Better Films place Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer first with ten out of the forty.

This coming season, starting in August, Metro-Goldwyn will beat even this record.

To be shown starting next month:

THE UNHOLY THREE. Lon Chaney the star. Mae Busch and Marj Moore featured. Directed by Tod Browning. The story of a ventriloquist, a giant, and a dwarf.

A SLAVE OF FASHION. Norma Shearer’s big starring vehicle with Lew Cody, Herbert Henley, the director. Samuel Shipman, the author.

ROMOLA. Lilian 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). "Marc Newbrough" (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 by Louis B. Mayer under the Metro-Goldwyn banner.

"And many More"

"BEN HUR", a Metro-Goldwyn Picture, is now in production at the vast Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios in Culver City, California

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

NEZ FROM HOLLYWOOD—First National.
Title will attract, but this story of a screen vamp (Anna May Williams) who can't really play what she's painted in a trifle overrides. (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 among the cannibals, which is considerably more interesting than a similar stage piece of a French shipwreck in the Pacific. (May.)

ISN'T LIFE WONDERFUL?—United Artists. —A Griffith production that approaches perfection. Very fine story of the hardships of a family of Polish refugees settled in Germany after the War. (February.)

I WANT MY MAN—First National. —Murdered version of Mme. Breton's "The Tenant's House." Heavy heroines by Milton Sills. (June.)

JimMIE's MILLIONS—F. B. O. —A tireless picture that has all the earmarks of a good comedy, with its setting, plot, and climax. (April.)

Send Tell BAR, THE—Fike—Clare Adams and Edmund Lowe in a light romance. (April.)

KISS IN THE DARK, A—Paramount—Solves the puzzle that sometimes misses fire, but isn't the faint of Adolphe Menjou. (May.)

KISS ME AGAIN—Warner Brothers. —An ideal picture for adults. It's sophisticated, witty and charming. (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. (April.)

LADY, THE—First National. —This mother-love story proves Norma Talmadge to be a great emodical actress. (June.)

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. Though the story is not badly enough. (Feb.)

LAUGHING AT DANGER—F. B. O. —The much talked of "death ray" is just one factor in Richard Talmadge's fight to win the girl. Action and athletics galore. (April.)

LOVING TO LEARN—First National. —Constance Talmadge endears to show modern girls the various ways to capture a husband. Good comedy. (April.)

LET 'ER BUCK—Universal—Hoot Gibson swings this through as a he-man of the great outdoors and the hero of the title. (March.)

LIGHTHOUSE BY THE SEA, THE—Warner Brothers. —Rum runners plot to frustrate U. S. Revenue officers in the performance of their duties. (April.)

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

LOST DOORS—Paramount. —In which the husband unsuccessfully tries to divorce his wife who falls in love with a young gallant. (April.)

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

Lost Lady, THE—Warner Bros.—A droll 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. (March.)

Love's Wildness, F. B. O.—First National. —The "wildness" is picturesque, but the "love" is uncomfortable. (March.)

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

$5,000.00 IN CASH PRIZES
SEE PAGE 64
Watch This Column

Great Year for Universal

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.

Universal is greater today than ever—greater in size and in production, and its pictures reach every corner of the civilized world. It has given the screen some of the most notable pictures, such as "Foolish Wives," "Merry Go Round," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," and soon the great mystery spectacle, "The Phantom of the Opera." There is nothing too great for Universal to attempt.

Among the excellent players who have appeared in recent Universal successes are: LON CHANEY, HOUSE PETERS, REGINALD DENNY, HOOK GIBSON, EUGENE O'BRIEN, PERCY MARMONT, FORREST STANLEY, NORMAN KERRY, HERBERT RAWLINSON, HOLMES HERBERT, VIRGINIA VALLI, MARY PHILBIN, LOUISE DRESSER, MAY McAVOY, MARION NIXON, ALMA RUBENS, LAURA LA PLANTE, PAULINE FREDERICK, PATSY RUTH MILLER, MADGE BELAMY, JAMES KIRKWOOD, GIBSON GOWLAND and scores of others who have won fame and fortune.

Universal will produce this year another "White List" of 54 pictures made in each instance from the best stories obtainable, written by well-known authors. This list will encompass the whole range of drama and comedy and many of the most beautiful romances of the day.

Look for Universals and be sure of a delightful evening's entertainment. Write me what you think of Universal pictures you have seen. Let's correspond.

Carl Laemmle.

(To be continued next month)


UNIVERSAL PICTURES

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Hair Gone in a Jiffy from These Spots and Its Future Growth Actually Checked

thru Dr. Irwin's Home Treatment for the Effective Removal of Superfluous Hair

Unsightly hair on body and face can now be done away with—in an amazing scientific way, destroying the hair and discouraging future growth! Get rid of that objectionable hair on the arms, the underarms, the chin, the lip—and leave your skin clear, smooth and white.

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The product is made of the finest Oriental balms and is almost as easy to apply as a cold cream. The whole process is simple—the hair is out in a jiffy.

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It is not too late

to enter the PHOTOLAPY $5000 Picture Puzzle Contest. If your dealer cannot supply you with the June and July issues, just send $5 to the PHOTOLAPY MAGAZINE, 756 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, and you will receive them by return mail. For full particulars of contest, see page 64.

In the PHOTOLAPY MAGAZINE—ADVERTISING SECTION

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What the diamond is among jewels ~ Silver Fox is among furs ~ What Jaeger means in diamonds ~ Pontiac Strain stands for in Silver Fox ~

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Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
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.
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.
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.
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 naiveté and sophistication, she is both the doll and the woman of the world.
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."
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.
B EFORE 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.
What can soap do for your skin?

The specialist's answer is simple

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.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP

99 1/2 % Pure  It Floats
Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

I WOULD like to see Roscoe Arbuckle come back to the screen.

More that 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.

I 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.

ROSCEO 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 incident 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.
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.

By Herbert Howe

Drawings by Robert Patterson

ONE are the days... to-da da-da-da-da-dah!

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 merrymakers. 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. Hospitality, full-bosomed Hollywood, mother of mugging, I sigh for thee.

After my formal welcome by the stary 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 was to win the world as sheik of sheikhs.

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 Madeleine Traverse.

The proprietress, as massive as a Masonic Temple, with a face gently landsliding toward the chin, kept spectator 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 heir 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.

A Tale 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 314]
What a Difference a Few

Bobbed-haired girls are wearing wigs to parties in Hollywood

Betty Campson as she looks in her short, flat and uncreased bob

Betty, all dressed up for evening, in an elaborately arranged wig

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 Garoon 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.

Margaret Livingston has a perfect bob. The hair is brushed straight from the crown of the head to form a heavy bang. The softly lacy with the coronet swirl with the hair high above it is the same Miss Livingston after she has emerged from an afternoon with her hairdresser.

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.
"Stunt Men," the Boys Who

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 bro-
en bones a part of the day's work

By Dick Grace

I

EXT to a motion picture play
recently. It was what is ordina-
arily 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 avia-
tion 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 au-
tomobile to airplane, there were little
gasps and ejaculations of surprise and
horror at the terrific danger.

Not included in the ordinary peril
of motoring. Bob Rose wrecks an
automobile by explosion

Gene Perkins (buried under the debris) in
a mine shaft explosion in a Ruth Roland
picture. Perkins was seriously injured
by this unexpected turn

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
did not know 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
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

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—over 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 gridding the camera. "Sit down—quick!" I warned. With a terrific impact we hit, and for a few seconds there were struts, wings, 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. Particularly, 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 doubting 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 with but 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 I stayed there, tired and helpless, with not quite nerve enough to let go. I looked down, and the earth, three thousand feet below, looked restful and inviting. I had a desire to get it over quickly—to drop and wait for the sudden impact which blanks everything.

Then the old fighting spirit came back, and realizing that I could not extricate myself while the revolver clung to the linen, I took one last desperate chance. Hanging to the cowl of the back seat with one hand, I tried to unbelt the revolver with the free one.

This seems easy, and it is easy to a man of fresh physical strength, but mine were tired; my fingers were cramped to partial paralysis. Slowly they were slipping from my hold. 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 a darker, greater, hideous vision 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 I was to purchase it and have it 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 he turned to Murphy, "and as your occupation is higher 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 frosted cakes figure on 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 two-masted schooner 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 was 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
the gown. The dress was to ignite immediately and I, terror-stricken, to rush down the balcony stairs, there to be rescued by the hero.

The scene was not to be 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 right? Cameras!" cried the director. "Light the fire!"
My heart thumped. The property man threw a match at me. In a moment I was a blazing 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, 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 log 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 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 man 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 120]
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 to 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.
The Extra Pirate

By Jim Tully

A n 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 bating 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 brightly 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]
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-

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 cameraperson: 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 screenland. 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

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>FEMALE</th>
<th>MALE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Eyes</td>
<td>Dark, brown or black preferred, deep set</td>
<td>Dark, brown or black preferred, deep set</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hair</td>
<td>Black or auburn</td>
<td>Black</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Height</td>
<td>5 feet, 4 inches</td>
<td>5 feet, 10 inches</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weight</td>
<td>120 pounds</td>
<td>165 pounds</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nose</td>
<td>Straight or slightly aquatic</td>
<td>Straight or slightly aquatic</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mouth</td>
<td>Sensitive, fairly large and full</td>
<td>Sensitive, fairly large and full</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Complexion</td>
<td>Medium or fair</td>
<td>Dark</td>
</tr>
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(These are composite answers drawn from questions answered by the leading motion picture cameramen.)
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 that, or has every physical disadvantage imaginable, and yet can make those eyes melt in pity, or flash lire, 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.

"Beauty 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. In 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 personality 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 drown 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]
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 ten roses lifting pink cheeks above the stiff ruffle of a picquet 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 jazzeritis. Darb 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 she’s the damaged part 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 too,” 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. Incense 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
He turned to Linda and grasped her hand. "Come on, Linda, you're home in my car. It's time you left."

The 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 damnedest day at the studio,” the girl continued blandly. “Tom gave me the devil and I sassed 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 fifteen! And then only on the c-cheek! 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]
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?
A nun-like brocade worn by Jutta Goudal. It is of gold metal cloth, with purple showing through, and arranged exactly like Lillian Gish's coiffure in "The White Sister." Looks quite charming on Jutta, doesn't it?

**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 is his wife. 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 with 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 Drell, 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 of 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 role of Faust would be a great one. But it is likely that only the Gretchen episode—that one that formed the basis for Gounod's opera—will be used and so the most important roles are those of Marguerite and Mephisto. Lillian wants John Barrymore for the role. 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 Boheme" 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 impending of Florent Ziegfeld to produce a series of pictures. It is the altruistic intention of Mr. Ziegfeld to do the same sort of glorifying of 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 bit 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.**
“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 her 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 free from Art Acord, the cowboy star.

Edna Purviance, whose portrayal of A Woman of Parisis—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 is 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 walls have 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 Wampas 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 suffering $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, as 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 has a bad attack of the “whys,” the “hows,” and the “wherefores.” 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 wipes off 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-
other, for no reason essential to the plot, "Let's have some of this American soup 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 Rat." 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 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 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 $800,000 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 irreproachable life, noble character and infinite service to mankind should be so measured 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 his 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
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 Mac Murray—she has her divorce in Paris.

George Fitzmaurice and Ouida Begere—as 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-mm? 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 having my bones x-rayed."

"U-mm? 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 yodellers 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 Vedeer, a young officer in the Naval Aviation. Barthelmess wanted to take the train for New York in Washington and Vedeer asked him to fly over from Hampton Roads. When the plane landed in the field at Washington, Barthelmess waited for Vedeer to get out. But the pilot made no move to get out and when Barthelmess reached over and touched his shoulder, he found Vedeer 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 Hay, 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 playmate 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 Guynne—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 Talmadge as the beautiful, fatal Queen, Marie Antoinette, with the affair of the Diamond Necklace woven in.
5. Lilian 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

Fabulous women of the screen—May Allison

Southern moonlight—Florence Vidor

A snow maiden—Greta Nisso

A crash of cymbals—Nita Naldi

A heritage from Greece—Mary Astor

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 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.
"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
Corinne Griffith
May Allison
Florence Vidor
Greta Nissen
Mary Astor
Alice Terry
May McAvoy
Barbara La Marr
Nita Naldi

...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...
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, Mab 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... every member of the cast is perfect—Adolphe Menjou, Florence Vidor, Lawrence Gray and André 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 play. It takes heart and soul. In combining Richard Wagner's "Siegfried" and "Twilight of the Gods" with the original legends, the adapters have preserved the vitality of the Niebelungen 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 role of Siegfried is marvelously played by Paul Richter. Brunnhilde, portrayed by Hanna Ralph, is no Valkyrie but a Queen of Iceland. "Siegfried" will be presented as a special, with Wagner music. It is more than worth seeing.—A. S.

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 lightweight 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 Lilian 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
ARE PARENTS PEOPLE?
BLACK CYCLONE
I'LL 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

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 lad 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-barreled 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.

And now, Mr. Fairbanks, won't you tell us the adventures of old man Zorro's grandson?—A. S.

BLACK CYCLONE—Pathe

HERE 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.

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 Neeley Edwards.—C. H.
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 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.

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 amply sweet daughter-in-law.—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 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.

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 Compson, 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 it weren't for them—well—they're there, so what's the difference?—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.—G. H.

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.

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.—G. H.

HOW BAXTER BUTTED IN—Warner Bros.

MATT MOORE seems to be destined toward the role 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.

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 role 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 subtleties help.—A. S. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 19]
CLOSE-UPS and LONG-SHOOTS

Satire, Humor and Some Sense

By Herbert Howe

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. "Seara-mouche" 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 promote 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 us Barbara La Marr unmarried? Oui, 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 Hennessee.

Prophecy 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.

A S 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 histrionic honors are being [CONTINUED ON PAGE 150]
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
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 has remarkable value at $18.50. Also comes in white, pink, French blue, beige and all black. Sizes, 14 to 20. White pumps with little 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 48. Modestly priced at $8.00. 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 48. Price $3.50.

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.
By the Santa Monica Beach Club

Sports coats now follow the tailored mode. Helen Chadwick’s is of fine quality flannel, lined with crepe de chine—has black velvet collar. Splendid value at $35.00. All sports shades, sizes, 14 to 30. Velour sports hat is $7.95—popular 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 red. Sizes are from 34 to 30, and it is priced at $7.00. The flannel skirt has the new kick pleat and comes in white, tan or grey, at $3.75. 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 preshrunk. Comes in various pretty pleat color combinations with blue, brown, green, tan, tangerine or black predominating. Sizes, 34 to 30, and priced at $5.75.
The Girl with the Broken Ankle

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 if she had 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 pots stew. 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 more 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 troubled 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 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.

“Here, 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—and so and so’—nam- ing a well-known player. ‘Far—far—greater,’ 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 197)
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 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 hat—
The mouth has just known an astounding success,
Though, really, she's just a child, yet.

The hair is the most engaging girl on the screen,
The hair has been bobbed to look boyish—guess why?
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 hat—
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 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 hat—
The mouth has just known an astounding success,
Though, really, she's just a child, yet.

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 love of this land,
And two never wed—and folk hunt
That one, who was married for, not a short while
In hocking 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 eyes 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 eye are as young as can be; The mouth is from Chicago, although the name sounds As if it came over the sea.

$5000 in Prizes

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 these have dark hair, and one light, And that one has eyes that are black as the night.

$5000 in Prizes
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—I'm—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 spots 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 ever seen her. I nearly fell into lower seven trying to get another peak. 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 awhile there was a long pause while we puffed away at our briars. Richard broke the silence.

"I think I'll get married, Bill."

"Wha—n—not!"

"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 stuttered.

"I don't know," he replied gravely; "but I'll be married within a year."

"You're serious?"

"I'm 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, 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:

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<tr>
<th>Prize</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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<tr>
<td>First Prize</td>
<td>$1,500.00</td>
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<td>Second Prize</td>
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<td>Third Prize</td>
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<td>Fourth Prize</td>
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<td>Fifth Prize</td>
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<td>Twenty prizes of $50 each</td>
<td>1,000.00</td>
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<td>Twenty-five prizes of $25 each</td>
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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 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

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]
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 evening. 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 role 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 is the heir of a great fortune 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 tells 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 hurting 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.

That Terrible Thorne Girl

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

Illustrated by Ray Van Buren
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 pridefully, 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 red face, rather fleshy face were 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 machine 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 longing 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. 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 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 next 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. One or two couples, people 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 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 guileless had not occurred to [continued on page 86]
Priscilla Dean’s New Reduction Method

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.
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

Compiled by E. K. McMullen

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 Lilian 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) “Scaramouche.”
13. The following are comediennes: (1) Norma Talmadge; (2) Constance Talmadge; (3) Lilian 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.

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.”

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.

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 ———?

FIFTH GROUP

Within the parenthesis at the end of the questions write the number that indicates the correct answer.

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.
(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.

SIXTH GROUP

Cross out the numbers before the untrue statements.

29. Sidney Olcott is a (1) cameraman; (2) actor; (3) director; (4) comedian; (5) author.
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) screenwriter; (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. ( )
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.” ( )

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.”

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 168]
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 Dobej 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 Sagus, California, to weave rugs for the post.
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 interest 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

Some suggestions from "Sackcloth and Scarlet" that will add charm to your home

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.
Home a Better Place to Live In

Alice Terry and her leading man, Orville 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]
"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 on the Jump

He is only twenty-eight years old but he produces and stars in his own pictures.

By Mary Boyle

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.
From the Land of Legend

Foreign film makers strive for the unusual and the magnificent in their new productions.

Lionel Barrymore made a picture at the UFA studios under the direction of Graham Wilcox, an Englishman. A scene from "Decameron Nights," with Mr. Barrymore and Werner Krauss.

A scene from a UFA film, "Kriemhild's Revenge," that has the beauty of a painting. Attila, the Hun, on his devastat- ing march, showers gold on the Pagan children of the North.

Below: Alberich, the Dwarf, leads Siegfried through the misty plains of the Nibelheim. 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

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]

By Lilyan Tashman

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 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."

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 de Frise 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.
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 vote 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 of the winners.

The Photoplay Medal of Honor is solid gold, weighing 123¼ 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

Abraham Lincoln Amercia       Girl Shy          He Who Gets Slapped
Girl       The Arab          Hot Water
Babbitt    Barbara Frietchie  In Hollywood with Potash
Black Oxen Beau Brumwell      and Partners
Broadway After Dark           The Iron Horse
Captian Blood The Checkmates  Janice Meredith
Classmates Cytherea           The Lover of Camille
Dante's Inferno Dorothy Vernon of Haddon
Hail              Divorcee        Manhandled
The Enchanted Cottage         Mayor of the Movies
The Fighting Crand         Monument Beaucaine
Forbidden Paradise            The Navigator
North of No. 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          Wonders of the Wasteland
West of the Water Tower    Wild Oranges
Yolanda
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 complexion was 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. SPEES, Barrett, Cal.

"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 field.' 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.
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 of directors and changes in the cast, a great
spectacular production is slowly taking
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 head-
aches and heart failures among the ex-
perts 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.

Above is a remarkable photo-
graph of the latest—and prob-
ably 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.

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 trug 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 con- nection, Olympe has no choice but to leave her pretended husband—New Lives for Old, a Famous Players Production.
Charles Chaplin's picture, "The Gold Rush," was more than fourteen months in the making. But it is well 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

To the left: Georgia Hale and Charlie in another one of the scenes from the 660,000-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). ]
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 primpow 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 pretense 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 shiek. No romance—no sentiment—just—how much? The price? It was disgusting.

Most of the older men coveted 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 smile, 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, Mr. 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.

Towards the end of the week the Reverend...
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!

CHERAMY
NEW YORK
Cappi and April Showers

PERFUMES OF YOUTH
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 arti-
cfial 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 treat-
ments—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 disfigure-
ments 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 rins-
ing. 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 emol-
lient 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
(Dev. Corp.), Chicago, Illinois

Soap from Trees

The only oils in Palmolive
Soap are the priceless beauty
oils from 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 of Palmolive
is its exquisite blend—and
that is one of the world's
priceless beauty secrets.
E. K. RAYMOND, ALBRE.-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 are not in a hurry to make it so. Now for your questions. “Feet of Clay” was adapted to the screen by the same name by Margaretta Tuttle. Mary Pickford has had golden hair and golden hair was born April 8, 1906. 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, SHAWNEE FALLS, P. O.—All about Doris Kryton? 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 6, 1898, and you can address her 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, 334 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, OHI.—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 is Gladys Wymne 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 R., WEST FRANKFORT, ILL. —Cuemnrn, is the birthplace of Richard Tal- madge. He’s twenty-eight. Fred Thomson was born in Pasadena, California, on April 28, 1880.

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., WOOLCIF, N. J.—By a change 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, 1877. Ronald Colman is, as you guessed, an Englishman. He was born in Richmond, Surrey, on February 2, 1893. Thomas Meighan is married to Frances King.

EMMA L., YONKERS, N. Y.—I’ll send your request 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, TEX.—You’ll be glad to know that Bebe Daniels is a Texan, yourself. Perhaps that’s why she is your favorite. She was born in Dallas in 1910. Bebe is five feet, three and one-half—don’t forget the one-half—ounces 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. Surely 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. Bebe was born in Midland, Texas, and has light brown hair and brown eyes. Bebe’s hair is black.

ALTENO, R., PENDLETON, OR.—Lelo 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 boys. Cullen Landis was married but is divorced. He was born in 1898. July 9th is his birthday. He went into the movies in 1924 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 the stage and screen in stock. She’s married.

RAMONA, CUYAHOGA FALLS, O., OH—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 is complaining about Ramon Novarro’s absence. In fact, that’s what made us send 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 JACQUE, 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, Quoile, listen carefully while I answer your questions. Lila Lee is twenty-three. Mary Brian is seventeen. Thomas Meighan is 46; he has no children. Margarette Clark lives with her mother at Patterson, La. George Hackathorne was the son in “The Lady.” Write me again. And soon.

MARThA B., NEW YORK CITY.—Lewis Stone was born November 13, 1879. Louise Fazenda was born January 25, 1902, at Lapay-ette, Ind.

PATIENCE W., NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—There’s a real New England name! Clive Brooks is indeed, married. Born June 1, 1901. Do you like him too? So do I.

M. A. V., BUFFALO, 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, but 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, 1880. He started in pictures in 1919 and played opposite Mary Pickford in “The Love Light.” He was 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.
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.

Of best patent-leather fabric, cretonne-lined, with inner pocket, the Daisy DeLuxe Model opens and closes in a jiffy with the patented hookless fastener. Rainproof—dustproof.

DeLuxe Model sells from $3.00 to $8.00 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 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 role 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 imparts to her work an unfailing 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.

Photoplay advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
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

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
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 enable 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.

For Special Advertisements, 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 in picture work on a live sample of skin.

Name.
Street.
City.
PLEAS E WRITE ON PRINT FLATLY.

Studio News and Gossip—East and West

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, movics, 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 seeing.

"Aloma of the South Seas" then opened in New York and made a 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 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 Reschi (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."

AFTERT 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 "Liliom," 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 Lukin, 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, Patzy isn't wearing any big diamonds—she may keep them at home to the other boys won't know—and keeps right on having a perfectly splendid time with them all.

ERICH 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 rings 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.

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Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
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. Turning to the book from which he had taken it, she said, in a truly auntish manner, "Joe, how could you? What do you mean by treating your little brother like that?"

"I didn't," said Joe. "I was just getting 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, D. W. 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 utmost diplomacy. The ship of contract had been steered around this rock and by that danger.

Everyone heaved a sigh of relief. Mr. Williams went 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-luck, 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."

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.

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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 velvety 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 rosesbud. 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 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 Soaps 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.

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I am interested. Send me free copy "Beauty Parlor Secrets." Tell me how my purchases can get me a bottle of perfume.

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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 divinest—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 Gilbert, Marjorie Daw, and some distinguished looking foreigners. Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Valentino had a big party, too, and I saw Elinor Lyon and Norma Shearer—Norma is still toasting her red complex—and Anna Q. Nilsson 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
George Fitzmaurice, Vilma Bankey, and a lot of other people. Eddie Love and Lil Tashman and Henry King and Marion Coakley had the next table to ours, and King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman and Donald Ogden Stewart were there together, and later Patcy Ruth Miller joined them. Mr. Allan looked particularly lovely in an old-fashioned frock of white lace.

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-breaker 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—millonaires, 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 it as 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 role.
Right and Wrong of Make-up

Here’s a little lesson in coloring cheeks and lips and keeping them looking natural. Every actor 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 sort of 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 ears. 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—sof tly 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! A dainty, but generous box is but 90c. Almost every drugstore has it, on this red counter card:

After a month in which to look the thing over, Hollywood has decided that the Marquis and the Marquise de la Falaise de la Condraye 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 that 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 would never cry 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 their 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 coming:
"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 hillocks, 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

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 will make every ten women in the better walks of life have adopted.

It assures immaculacy, charm and exquisite-ness under the most trying of conditions. It will make a great difference in your life.

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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 hesitation 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 Deodorizer Co.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
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 newsboys 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 the 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, shameless lady of “The Green Hat” upon the stage, but

“I use Deodo like talcum”

By LETITIA 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 immortality 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 soaking 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?

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A MULFORD PRODUCT
prevents and destroys body odors

FREE—MAIL COUPON NOW!

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Please send me the free sample of Deodo.

Name.__________________________________________
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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 unlike-
ness to the shining, tiger-tarry 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 dined with Blanche the other day and we had a violent argument as to whether women had justified their privilege of the ball—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 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 shifting 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 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 Napoleon 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 at a famous New York house for $300. Then she brought it home and had it copied by a $2.00 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 pay 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]
If only I could write that story

There's more than color and movement behind the chance incident on the street. You can almost imagine the rhythm of emotions that forced that person on the street at just that hour, that put that oversized plant in those strangely arms and set that look of tension 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 photoplay writers 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 wapsin' actions her own. You can realize 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 child.

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.

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Please send me, without expense or obligation, a copy of your creative test and information about your home-study course in—
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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 the 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 about 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 Barea 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 accusing by the trusting hero. That's all there is to it. Tiny Shirley Mason handles her emotional part well and does not overact—G. 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 lights. 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 grown-ups—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 a 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.
What the Stars and Directors Are Doing NOW

WEST COAST

(Unless otherwise specified motion pictures or at (Hollywood)

BUD BARSKY PROD., 1442 Beechwood Dr.
Robert North Bradbury directing: "The Speeding Boy" with Kenneth McDonald and Peggi Montgomery.

BUSTER KEATON STUDIOS, 1925 Lillian Way.
Les Noel directing: "Go West" with Buster Keaton and Kathryn Myers.

CALIFORNIA STUDIOS, 1438 Gower St.
Ray Groom directing: "The Dog Behind the Production" with John P. McCarthy directing: "Reality" with Fred Marks.

Sierre Pictures. John Ince directing Herbert Rawlinson and Grace Drummond in a picture as yet untitled.
Bill Patton Western picture—untitled.

CECIL DE MILLE STUDIOS, Culver City, Cal.
Abe Hale directing: Leatrice Joy. Picture as yet untitled.

Ceil De Mille directing: "The Road to Yesterday" with Joseph Santipietro and Jutta Goudt.
Buquet Julian directing: "Braveheart" with Rod La Rocque.

CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIOS, 1420 La Brea Blvd.
Ineetive.

CHRISTIE STUDIOS, 6310 Sunset Blvd.
Wm. Watson directing: Neal Burns and Vra Studen- man in an untitled comedy.
Archieucha directing: Walter Hiers and Evelyn Francisco in an untitled comedy.
Rema Beaudine directing: Jimmy Adams and Molly Malone in an untitled comedy.
Walter Graham directing: Bobby Vernon and Frances Lee in an untitled comedy.

EDUCATIONAL STUDIOS, 7250 Santa Monica Blvd.
Steven Roberts directing Al St. John and Virginia Vance.

Tulsa Comedy. William Osgood directing: Johnny Arthur and Helen Foster in an untitled comedy.

F. O. D. STUDIOS, 769 Gower St.
Ralph Ince directing: "Lady Robin Hood" with Evelyn Brent and Robert Elin.
Del Andrews directing: "The Wild Bulls' Ride" with Walter House and Mary Margaret Bennett.

Schulberg Productions. Leo Miehka directing: "The Duke of the Nile" with Robert Fraser, Chas Bow and Arbey Mills.

Marcel De Soano directing: "The Plastic Age" with Chas Neil and Morris Reilly.

Fred Newmeyer directing: "The Perfect Clown" with Larry zamou.


FIRST NATIONAL PROD., United States.
George Archainbaud directing: "Joseph Greer and His Daughter" with Lewis Stone, Shirley Mason and Ruth Lane.


Kurt Redfield directing: "The Vengeance Motley" with Anna Q. Nilsson, Mary Allen and Connee Teale.

SALOMON GOLDBRYN Fred. Henry King directing: Alice Joyce, Belle Bennett and Roland Colman in "The Devil's Double.


FOX STUDIOS, 1401 N. Western Ave.
John Ford directing: "Thank You" with George Grizzard and Jacqueline Logan.


Frank B. Reicher directing: "Lazarevsky" with Zohre Jones and Midge Belle.


Jaff Blystone directing: "The Lucky Horse Shoe" with Tom Mix and Ann Penrodson.

HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS, 6652 Santa Monica Blvd. 

Gotham Fred. Frank Foster Davis directing: "My Mother's Voice" with George Hackathorn and Marjorie Dawn.

Stuart Paton Fred. "The Lady from Hell" with Helen Twelvetrees and Roy Stewart. No director named.


LASKY STUDIOS, 1320 Vine St.

Edward Sutherland directing: "Are You a Mason?" with Raymond Hatton and Betsy Jones.


Paul Bern directing: "Flower of the Night" with Polly North.


James Cruze directing: "The Pony Express" with Ernest Torrence.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIOS, Culver City, Calif.

Joseph Von Sternberg directing: "The Masked Bride" with Mae Murray.


Robert Remar directing: "The Exchange of Wives" with Leo Cady and Eleanor Boardman.

Christy Cabanne directing: "The Midnight Man" with Roscoe Arbuckle and Harmond Harmon.

Eve Vidor directing: "La Boheme" with Lillian Cash and John Gilbert.


PICKFORD-FAIRBANKS STUDIOS, 780 Santa Monica Blvd.

William Beaudine directing: "Scrapes" with Mary Pickford.

H. A. ROACH STUDIOS, Culver City, Calif.


Fred Good directing: "Glen Trewy in "Cuckoo Love."

SENNETT STUDIOS, 1712 Glendale Blvd.

Art Rossom directing Alice Taylor and Ruth Taylor in a two-reel comedy.

Edie Cline directing Raymond McKee and Theda Parc in a two-reel comedy.

Del Lord directing Madeline Hurlock in a Fashion show Burlesque.

UNIVERSAL STUDIOS, Culver City, Calif.


Marie Tourneur directing: "Sporcling Life" with Berti Lytel and Marie Sono.

Charles Brabos directing: "Death Marie" with Mary Philbin.

Ed Sklarman directing: "The Beautiful Chest" with Laura La Plante and Larry Morgan.

"The Calypso Stampede" with Hoot Gibson and Virginia Brown Fair. Director not named.

Al Roreld directing "The Devil's Double" with Reed Hodes.

William Cravley directing Edmund Cobb in "A Two-Edged 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."


W. Van Dyke directing: "The Bacon of the Big Plan" with Kenneth Harlan and Helen Costello.

Harry Beaumont directing: "His Majorit Bucket" with Burt Cliffland and Hunting Gordon.

Ned Smith directing: "The Claw of the Wolfes" with Rin-Tin-Tin and Donald Costello and Don Alfonso.

WARNER STUDIOS, 1675 Broadway.

Joseph Henabery directing Glenn Hunter in "The Flash Ritter."

JACKSON STUDIOS, Jackson and Westchester Ave., New York City.

Charles Hansen directing Johnny Hines and Mildred Yvett in "The Live Wire."

PARAMOUNT STUDIOS, Pierce Ave., and Sixth St., Inland City.

Alfred F. Green directing "Whispers" with Thomas Meighan and Virginia Valli.

Frank Tuttle directing: "Lovers in Quarantine" with Bebe Daniels, Harrison Ford and Alfred Lunt.

D. W. Griffith directing: "That Boyl Girl" with Carol Dempster and James Kirkwood.

PATEH STUDIOS, 1234 St. and Park Ave., New York City.

True Story Film Co., Inc., Hugh Dierker directing: "The Wrongboy" with Loid Barrymore, Ann Cornell and Henry Hall.

PYRAMID STUDIOS, Astoria, N. Y.

Soccer Bennett directing "Play Ball" with Alayne Ray and Walter Miller.

TEC-ART STUDIOS, 344 West 41st St., New York City.

Cecil Whiting directing: "The Beautiful City." with Richard Barthelems and Dorothy Gilho.

WHITMAN BENNETT STUDIOS, 537 Riverside Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

"Second Street" with Madge Kennedy and Xiles Welles.

CHANGES IN TITLES

HAROLD LLOYD PROD. "Rab, Rab, Rab" will be released as "The Freshman."

UNIVERSAL PICTURES. "Loosefoot of the Lions. will be released as "Beauty and the Beast."

"Titans" will be released as "The Storm Breakers."

PARAMOUNT PICTURES. "California or Bust" will be released as "The Lucky Devil."
The Extra Pirate

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

worked with Al as an extra player. He was a
mechanic and knew something about auto-
mobiles. Now, 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.

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 Holly-
wood.

And if ever there was a violet in a circus ring,
it is Al Green. He is the essence of modesty
and kindliness. 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 thought
my bloomin’ wrist watch this mornin’, and Al
says I should do it na more and gives me five
dollars to git it out—he does—God be to
God!”

Indeed I know many such tales about Al
Green—enough that I can go on record in
proclaiming one of the whitest men I have
ever known.

Once Al Green waited outside a famous pro-
ducer’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 hook, 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
magnifying 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 Hol-
lywood,” 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

Within the means of all

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?”

First of all, telephone rates in the United States are the
lowest in the world for the service given. Here, since the
beginning, the best service for the greatest number of people
has been the ideal. By constant improvement the service,
economy and simplicity of the Bell System has brought telephone service
within the means of all. From the start, its rate policy has
been to ask only enough to pay fair wages and a fair return
on investment.

The American people are eager to adopt whatever is use-
ful. They have found that Bell telephone service, comprehensive,
prompt and reliable, connecting them with the people
they wish to reach, is worth far more to them than the price
charged for it.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BELL SYSTEM
One Policy, One System, Universal Service
another of America. They all posed with him, and 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 unknown.

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

[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 cafe scene in ‘The Four Horsemen’—the one in which Julie 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. Valerio 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 letdown. 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 by the past, not 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 Alvarex,” 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 match up to H.B. and R. and S. and D. and J. with the picture cut so jerkily that it would turn out a masterpiece of bad acting.”

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 faces 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 why 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. (a) Barbara La Marr; (b) Mary Astor; (c) Nita Naldi; (d) Dagmar Godowsky.

(Note: This series concerns vampires.)

49. (a) “Hot Water”; (b) “The Fighting Blade”; (c) “Little Old New York”; (d) “Beau Brummel”; (e) “Robin Hood.”

(Note: This series concerns costume pictures.)

50. (a) Raymond Hutton; (b) Noah Beery; (c) Ben Turpin; (d) Theodore Roberts; (e) Lon Chaney.

(Note: This series concerns character actors.)


(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

For the last time, you are offered this wonderful 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.

Just send us your photograph and a short letter telling why you believe you are fitted for a Pathé serial part, basing your reasons on the talent shown by the artists in any Pathé serial you have seen. Pathé will select winning photos on basis of good looks, expression, intelligence and apparent screen effectiveness.

25 Big Cash Prizes!

Awards will be made as follows: Winner of the first prize receives $1000 in cash and a four weeks’ engagement in a Pathé serial (within a short time after announcement of prize winners) at $100 a week! Second prize is $750 cash; 3rd prize $500; 4th prize $250; 5th prize $100; next 2 prizes $50 each; next 8 prizes $25 each; next 10 prizes $10 each! Tying contestants each get full amount of prize tied for.

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.

This is the last time you will be told about this remarkable opportunity. Do not delay, do not hesitate. Send in your photograph NOW!

See “Sunken Silver” at your theatre!

Each one of the 10 weekly chapters of this soul-stirring Pathé drama of the tropics, is packed with the thrill of adventure and romance. See Allene Ray in “Sunken Silver,” and you will see the heights of film stardom that you, too, may attain through the “Sunken Silver” Beauty Contest. “Sunken Silver” is the greatest Pathé serial ever produced. Ask at your theatre when it will be shown. See the first episode—and you will not let anything interfere with your seeing every episode.

Pathé Exchange, Inc.
35 West 45th St., New York

Thrilling scene from the master Pathé serial, “Sunken Silver.” Ask at your theatre when this gripping photodrama will be shown.
that indicate the correct answer. Some, all, or only one may be correct.

60. Colleen Moore's latest released picture is (1) "So Big"; (2) "Flaming Youth"; (3) "The Scarlet Empress"; (4) "Sally".

61. (a) Hoot Gibson; (b) Jack Hovic; (c) Tom Mix; (d) Buck Jones, are western stars.

62. Willard Louis made hits in (1) "The Sea Hawk"; (2) "Dorothy Vernon of Hayden Hall"; (3) "The Alaskan"; (4) "Bab-Bitt"; (5) "Beau Brummel".

63. The following have appeared as leading men for Norma Talmadge (1) Harrison Ford; (2) Conway Tearle; (3) Percy Marmon; (4) Milton Sills; (5) Eugene O'Brien.

64. 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.)

What Is Camera Beauty?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

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 a variety 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, fill all 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 on up the ladder—Colleen Moore did likewise. Pauline watched them climb. Everyone said she had great ability—but no "sex appeal." She was a 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—the she had no sex appeal—she could do good character work, but, as a leading lady—no sex appeal. She brooded over this apparent lack for a long time. It made her sad. And all the while there was fermenting in her nature the charging that would make her great. Of this she was unaware. Duse had soul. Duse was a completely different story. 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, she went to all the casting directors talked, she developed greatly. The supposed lack of sex appeal was the pearl in her oyster.

Hollywood is full of pseudo men or less supposed misunderstood. Pauline Starke is really one who needed understanding. It came by accident.

She succeeded in getting 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 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 lavernder called sex appeal. She became herself again. "He 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 "Walking the Wind" is the crowning point of thirteen years of effort. In these pictures sheForget 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 must not forget those poetry days," interrupted Mrs. Starke looking about the immense room.

I said to Pauline. "I think it's Shakespeare who speaks of a man scoring the base degrees 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 only the 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 inreverse. 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 Folies 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 this is 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 is 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

Girls! Get This $3,000!

SMART SET is going to select its next three covers from photographs of its own readers. Thousands of beautiful girls are sending their photographs for consideration by the judges.

Thousands of girls are sending in photographs like this for SMART Set's Cover Competition

Henry Clive, SMART SET'S famous cover artist, is going to paint in oil the portraits of the girls the jury selects. These paintings will be reproduced in glorious colors on the covers of SMART SET, to be admired by the millions who see this fascinating magazine.

Then the paintings will be presented to the girls who posed for them.

$1,000 a Month in Prizes

But that isn't all! Here comes the climax to this generous offer. For SMART SET now announces that a check for $1,000 will be given to each of the girls whose photographs are selected by the judges for the first three covers!

Three checks, each of which will say the magic words—"One Thousand Dollars!" Can't you see them? Will one of them say, "Pay to the order of—you?" Or will—think of it!—you and two of your sisters or friends carry off the whole $3,000?

How to Enter the Competition

Buy the latest SMART SET today and follow the simple contest rules you will find in it. The main requirement is that you send in a photograph of yourself—a clear snapshot will do—so that these famous judges can pass upon your claims to fame and fortune:

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THE EDITOR OF SMART SET

Fame and a Career

Remember that in addition to the money prize and your added popularity among your friends, this competition—if you are one of the winners—will bring you sure fame, and probably overnight fortune and a great career. For the portraits will be exhibited on Fifth Avenue and reproduced in newspapers, magazines, and on stage. And the millions who see SMART SET will pay these girls a tribute that means much in the making of a career.

Just out—Crowded with true stories from real life

SMART SET

Not the "Four Hundred"—but the Four Million
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. It is nice, isn't it, that I will only gain in marrying—and not lose.

Close-ups and Long Shots
[continued from page 44]

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 bear 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 cool bootblack.

"I don't like them hokum comedies," said he. "What I like is drama with a moral."

"Drama with a moral?" I asked.

"Drama with a moral," he insisted, "that is re-elastic drama—things that 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-looking."

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 finger-nail file in hand. May Rodin's Hand of God smile 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 hollering when they continue to throw hash and peddle junk, after getting in office.

Alia 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 charter races.

So far as being game, the stars often excel their doubles. The last scenes of "Ben Hur" were filmed in Lehigh River 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 resignation, and Novarro with Currier had to go out and double for their doubles.
The Most Beautiful Women on Earth

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

Etna and Nefri—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 Oriental. It is the barbaric turn of drums in hot-scented jungles by moonlight. It is a volcanic flame with the enchantment of threat. Green eyes, slumberous dilating tigeress eyes, in a face as white as Moscov winter beneath the night blackness of her hair. Savage, threatening, Cossack beauty that knows no law.

Pola’s is the dagger beauty of barbaric splendors. Corinne Griffith’s that of soft-stalking 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. Patrician and amorous, she moves a goddess, walks a queenly, stately, aristocratic and alone, the lady of the manor.

Mae Allison is a pianist in gold and blue and roses, the freshness of dawn and the quaintness of a fairy story. Yet even in cream of the stiffest she would suggest, in grace of movement and alertness of pose, the mythical ladies who frequent woodlands. Her is a youth grown lovelier far with maturity.

Florence Vidor’s is the soft 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 the day nor to the night. Maxine Elliott possessed such beauty; it is impersonal, untroubling. It does not belong to the woman who has it; it is an ideal and a heritage from the Greek 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 paint 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 ingenue I’ve ever seen. The perfect miniature. The maid in the border 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, jumo tusked Venus on lamb chops and pineapple. Such is the all-Olympian ten; try and match any team against them. I have other favorites but the harems is limited, and so is the English language. If this feat doesn’t earn me a trip to heaven I’ll name the ten holiest and go the other way.

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. Just buy Angelus Rouge Incarnat! It’s the rouge for both lips and cheeks! In the famous “Little Red Box” is this exquisitely natural coloring that takes the place of lip stick and dry cheek rouge!

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"SALLY OF THE SAWDUST"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the stage play by Dorothy Donnelly. Directed by G. W. Griffith. The cast: Carol Dempster, W. C. Fields, Alfred Lunt, Ethel Shannon, Glenn Anders.


"ARE PARENTS PEOPLE?"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Alice Duer Miller. Adapted by Frank V. Agnew. Directed by Malcolm St. Clair. The cast: Lita Hazzard, Betty Bronson, Mrs. Hazzard, Florence Vidor, Mr. Hazzard, Adolph Menjou, Maurice Mansfield, Andre de Berces, Lawrence Gray, Aurelia Wilson, Mary Beth Millford, Margaret, Emily Fitzroy, Freebody (batte), William Courtwright.


"I'LL SHOW YOU THE TOWN."—UNIVERSAL.—From the novel by Elmer Davis. Adapted by Raymond L. Schroek. Directed by Harry A. Pollard. The cast: Ate Duperce, Reginald Denny, Belle Jackson, Marlan Nixon, Professor Cyril McCabe, Edward Kimball, Fau Green, Lilyan Tashman, Martin Green, Hayden Stevenson, Agnes Cleverley, Chey Franklin, Lucille Pemberton, Margaret Livingston, Billy Bonner, Neely Edwards, Professor Goodtime, William A. Carroll, Aunie Sarah, Martha Mattox, Edith Torey, Helen Greene, Frank Pemberton, Lionel Braham.


"THE DESERT FLOWER."—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the stage play by Don Mullally. Adapted by June Mathis. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: Margaret Fortune, Colleen Moore, Randolph—"Rance" Hughes, George Luks, Margaret, Kate Price, Joce V., Gene Corrado, Dicky, Fred Warren, Mike Dyer, Frank Brownlee, Etienne Huberson, Isabelle Keith, Josephine Anaya May Walhall, Jack Roef, William Norton Bailey, Mr. McQuade, Monte Collins—Fay "Baby" Knight, Edna Gregory.


"THE PRICE OF PLEASURE."—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Elizabeth Holding and Marion Orth. Adapted by Raymond L. Schrock. Directed by Howard Sogman. The cast: Linnie Randall, Virginia Valli, Margaret Schuyler, Norman Perry, Stella Kelly, Louise Fazenda, Mrs. Schuyler, Kate Lester, John Osborne, George Fawcett, William Clavely, Phyllis Haver, Julia Lee, 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 Weight. The cast: Drusilla Dwayne, Mary Carlyle, Priscilla Bonner, Memorial Arnold, Kenneth Hanson, Ira Meeker, Henry Barrows, John Thornton, William Humphries, Daphne Thornton, Claire Du Bray.

"SIEGE."—UNIVERSAL.—From the novel by Samuel Hopkins Adams. Adapted by Harvey Thew. Directed by Svend Gade. Photography by Clifton James. The cast: Frederika, Virginia Valli; Kenyon; Drusilla, Eugene O'Brien; Angéla, Mary Alden; Moray, Mary Mitchum, Margaret Morris, Andy; Lucasta, Priscilla Bonner; Milly; Louis Varela; heute, Drusilla; Michele, Vita D'Amato; 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, Tribby Clark; Jim Dwyer, John Miljan, Art Parsons, Gardner James; Mrs. Parsons, Edith Yorke; Silver Smith, Stanton Heck; Single Tooth Watson, Sheldon Lewis.


"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 Gallaway, Ernest Gillen; Mrs. Rand, Margarita Fischer; James Rand, Lawson Butt; Mrs. Gallaway, Aggie Herring; Williams Linden, James Neil; Mrs. Phillips, De Saca Moores; Egbert Phillips, Henry Kolker; Alice Cartwright, Thelma Morgan; Robert Cartwright, George Periolot; Lug. Jouett, Lucille Hutton, Jones, Arthur Hoyt; Lord Brackenridge, Malcolm Kenny.

"BAREE, SON OF KAZAN"—VITAGRAPH.—From the story by James Oliver Curwood. Directed by David Smith. The cast: Neferet, Anita Stewart; Careel, Donald Keith; Pierre, Joe Kicksen; MiTaggart, Jack Curtis.

"SCANDALPROOF"—FOX.—From the story by Charles Kenyon. Directed by Edmund Mortimer. The cast: Enid Day, Grace Studio, Shirley Mason; Herbert Wyoakoff, John Roche; Monty Brandt, Freeman Wood; Thelma Delores, Hazel Howell; Mrs. Brandt, Frances Raymond, Lillian Hallston; Ruth King, Reid Hollister; Edward Martindel; Dick Thorbeck, Joseph Striker; Benny Hollister, Billy Fay; Miss Wyackoff, Charissa Schwayne.

"JUST A WOMAN"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the stage play by Eugene Walter. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: June Hutton, Claire Windsor; Robert Helton, Conway Tearle; Bobby, Dorothy Brock; George Rand, Percy Marmon, Clara Clement, Dorothy Revere; Oscar Shaw, 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; Mrs. Randolph, Herbert Rawlenson; Mr. Bradin, Robert Cain; Mrs. Bradin, Dorothy Phillipss; Emily, Diana Miller.


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Hollywood in a High Hat

He referred particularly to those bootlicking banquets in honor of star or producer, at which upward of 500 are accommodated with sweating incense and a glass for toasting. After about six toasts to the glory of the ledet 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 that a bodkin a man will resort to most any stimulant.

Most players do their hardest acting off screen. Playing society roles in the manner of their club and dinner parties by no means provides them with an easy way. Thus a truly successful hostess rushes the cocktails around as swiftly as possible so the guests can drink themselves naturally. I know one lady who will not admit a certain actor to her circle of guests until he 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 Brundhol.

One of my aristocratic lady friends declares you can’t have a good time at a picture party unless you are dressed as such. This is incorrect. What you really do is drink yourself brilliant.

As remarked by one of my favorite hostesses, Adela Rogers St. Johns, in her novel “The Skylark,” movie people as a rule are not interested in any subjects aside from themselves. They have 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 mania from the cocktail shaker each can talk to himself and have a genuinely good time.

Scott Fitzgerald and his friend Zeldas, 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 Mable, the beautifulest Mabel!” Mrs. Fitz-James, St. Johns, Ray- mond Hatton, the Gishes, the Charles Rays, Florence Vidor, the Harry Carps, the Jack Holts—to name a few from random list of the.

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 permitting to be a social climber—where hostesses who used to exclaim “Hot Dog!” now drawl, “You dirty dagh.”

Hollywood unquestionably is putting on the parties to make accurately polite, she’s putting on the peking.

And yet there is no home like Hollywood for the literary gent. When parties get lowdown I thank God I have Bull Montana’s phone number. In Bull’s salon (spelled with two 0’s in the old-fashioned way by Bool) 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.

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, Evelyn Dellot-Conway, 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 roles in a long time, Constance was seen twice at the Co-own Groove, 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 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 at 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 Sprovel and May McCyvoo. 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 a few stars like Harold Lloyd, Ruth Roland, Mrs. Wallace Reid and Richard Dix are 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 multimillionaire department store owner.

For a while Bull was potently tempted 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 or little bid.

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 twinkle-star from Broadway.

Ann 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 Folies and signed with Al Christie to appear in one of his features.

And, by the way, little Ann and Ray Griffith, who were just elevated to stardom on the silver screen, are seen everywhere together nowadays.

MARRY PHILBIN. Universal's great little emotional actress, is to remake "Stella Maris" under the direction of Charles Brabin,

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Summer sun is a constant reminder that beauty is at least skin deep. One needs fine face powder for protection, as well as for color. The purity and fragrance of Manon Lescaut fits the season well.

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FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from any drug or department store and apply a little of it 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 complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

We recommend Othine Complexion Soap for use with Othine, also as a shampoo—it's wonderful for blemished hair—25c a cake at all drug or department stores or by mail. Othine Laboratories, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
For HAIR
that is hard to manage

NOW unruly hair can be made to stay in order. Smooth and softly lustrous—all day. Just a touch of Stacomb keeps your hair any way you like it.

Stacomb helps prevent dandruff too. Try this delicate cream for ten days. See how easy it is to keep your hair in place and glossier, healthier than ever before. At all drug and department stores. Non-gracy. In jars and tubes or in the new liquid form.

Stacomb

[Address]

You cannot afford to overlook this

No dainty woman can longer ignore the necessity for removing superfluous hair. DEL-A-TONE removes any growth of hair perfectly in a few minutes. Just smooth it on, wash it off—and marvel at the difference in your appearance.

For fifteen years a favorite doctors and beauty specialists use and recommend DEL-A-TONE. Absolutely dependable—does not cause hair to return thicker or coarser. Be sure you insist on

The Depilatory for Delicate Skin

DEL-A-TONE

Removes Hair

At drug and department stores, or sent postpaid in plain wrapper for 50 cents.

THE SHEFFIELD COMPANY

536 Lake Shore Drive

Chicago, Ill.

CURLINE

GIVES A NATURAL SEMI-PERMANENT WAVE. LASTS THREE TO FOUR WEEKS. Used extensively for years by the Theatrical Profession. The original liquid preparation, superior to all others. Neither sticky nor greasy, leaves no muddy lather. Free from ammonia. Not a hair curler. Perfectly safe for second, third or subsequent treatment. An excellent preparation for rogues without. For Jar, $1.00. Postage 50 cents.

CREME DAMASCUS—An excellent preservation. For rinse, treatment and for the creation of waves. For Jar, $1.00. Postage 25 cents.

MADAM MARIE SHIELDS, 516 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Jackie Coogan takes his first lesson from his new teacher, David Belasco. As you can tell by Jackie's costume the subject is "Hamlet." In a few years from now you may read of John Coogan, the Belasco star. The noted stage producer has signed a contract for Jackie's services on the stage. He will spend several years training his young pupil and then he plans to introduce Jackie as the youngest of all Hamlets. Jackie is already familiar with the role and is able to recite many of the scenes.

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 "Merry Huling" 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.

Garbled all in black, Leatrice appeared in court and played the stellar role 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 the stranger little shop nearly across the street 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 that 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 bulb name for a motion picture persona. Real live bulb, 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 maise (they couldn't get a bit of rice in Juarez! Imaginio!) at the newlyweds, Agnes and her husband decided to see 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 matador. The matador spied the famous Ayres profile and resplendent in orange satin and gold braids, dashed over to her box.

"You see the bull with the white mark on its forehead?" Spanish, the matador, 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, soon!"

Agnes blanched and bowed—the matador leaned. 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 "Namok 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.
To get the effect you want

Dress your hair with Glo-Co

Glo-Co Liquid Hair Dressing makes your hair easy to arrange, and keeps it in place all day. It's a tonic and dressing too—better by far than brilliantine.

Use Glo-Co Hair Dressing before a curl or marcel. Prevents split and broken ends and keeps your hair curled longer. Remember to use it on the child's hair too. Keeps the most unruly hair in place all day. Glo-Co Liquid Hair Dressing is good for the scalp as well as the hair. Stimulates the hair roots to new growth and lessens dandruff.

Use it on the scalp before a shampoo. 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 and department stores and barber shops. Send 10 cents for samples of both.

GLO-CO
LIQUID HAIR DRESSING

NORMANY PRODUCTS CO. Dept. F
6311 McKinley Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.
Enclosed find $1.00 for trial bottles of Glo-Co Liquid Hair Dressing and Glo-Co Shampoo.

Name.

Address.

FRIENDLY ADVICE

From
Carolyn Van Wyck

EVERY mail that comes to me brings a goodly number of letters with reference to dandruff on the head. As one of these concerns 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 fact that the modern hair does not avert the flames of theconut and the danger of infection. 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 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—always an aid in such matters. A girl should always appear at her best. One unpleasant impression may prove disastrous. In spite of this 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 correspondence 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 off every day and cold cream occasionally. With your height 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 heeds 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 an escort 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, O.

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, HARREMAN, 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, putting 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 131)

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 likes flattering, business women, or wise mothers. She respects 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, behaves 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 this 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 homeliness, 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 too great a variety of objects. But wherever 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 photo on a trestle table at the right, a vase of flowers on the table at the left of the fireplace.

Then as to the major 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—a room in which refined people live—harmonious, 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 background showing through a soft rose taffeta. 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 $300. The little Spanish end table beside the sofa may be had in a similar style for about $75.

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 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 $30.

The coffer—intended to be used as a humidor—supported by this table, is in Italian gold and sells for $235.

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 $75.

Books beside the cabinet in walnut, covered with rose mohair, sell for $135.

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, sit and rest. Everything contributes to this—these luxuries, the sofa, the bookcases, the lamp, the table, the flowers and the cheerful sunlight through the window.

Be Yourself—thrive 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 loneliness 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 discolored 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.

A PLACE TO SELL YOUR STORY

Story World, an illustrated monthly magazine for writers—a complete course in itself, in writing short stories, novels, photoplays and articles—now has a large market department. The editors of all publications tell what they wish information complete, reliable and up-to-date, covering literally thousands of markets. Letting editors, authors and publishers tell you how to write; the market department tells where to sell.

A year’s subscription will fill the writer’s every need. The cost is fifty cents for a trial subscription of three months—$2.50 for a whole year.

If you delay, you will miss valuable market lists and information. Send your subscription now, by check, money order or cashier’s check.

STORY WORLD


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This Summer

It is not necessary. SUNEX protects your
skin from burn, no matter how often or
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It is a soothing cream. It improves the
complexion. Contains an ingredient which
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SUNEX, rubbed on the skin, enables you
to enjoy bathing, canoeing, golfing, tennis
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burn, freckle or blister.

SUNEX is the only cream which contains
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all drug stores. Send coupon for trial tube.

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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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AND YEARS
OF AGE

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WITH
La-Mar Reducing Soap

The new discovery. Results quick and amaz-
ing—nothing internal to take. Reduces any part
of body desired without affecting other parts.

No dieting or exercising. Be as slim as you wish.
Acts like magic in reducing double chins, abdomen,
unsightly ankles, unbecoming wrists, arms and
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Sold direct to you by mail, postpaid, on a
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cakes for $1.00; one to three cakes usually ac-
mplish its purpose. Send cash or money-order
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LA-MAR LABORATORIES
556-H Perry-Payne Bldg., Cleveland, O.

$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 good gift 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,
exclusive, $45.

Orville Caldwell is standing on a Feraghan
runner—a blue ground with rose, brown and
blue designs—on which are printed some
dresses to be had for about $375.
The Mohair 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 $375.

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 par-
ticular 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 re-
move 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 white 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 128]

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]
Just an Old Fashioned Girl

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42]

"Sayre! Sayre!" she called, "I did hear what Marta said and it hurt. I—I hadn't seen a poise of spectacles, a cap, and impression 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 does so well.

Sani-Flush will not harm plumbing connections. Always keep a can handy in the bathroom.

Buy Sani-Flush at your grocery, drug or hardware store, or send 25¢ for a full-size can.

Sani-Flush
Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring
The Hygienic Products Co.
Canton, Ohio

"Don't Shout"

I hear you, I can hear you now as well as anybody. Use the MARLET TONE. I've a case in my ear now, but they are invisible. I would like it if that would not affect myself, only that I hear a right.

The MARLET TONE is for the DEAF to the ear what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and handsome. A marlet can assist over 100,000 blind. Write for booklet and testimonials.
THE MARLET CO., Dept. 789, 10 S. 18th St. Philadelphia.

FRECKLES!

Quickly disappear when Dr. C. H. Berry's Freckle Ointment is used. One part of this fragrant snow-white cream is usually sufficient to remove the most stubborn freckles. Easily applied. Keeps skin clear and soft. Price 60c and 81.25. Send for free Beauty Booklet.
DR. C. H. BERRY CO., 2975 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

Be a Reporter!

Learn most fascinating of all professions. Romance, thrills, travel. Meet prominent people. Solve Mysteries. Good positions open. Good pay. We train you quickly. Write National School of Journalism (New Inc.), Dept. P-2, 6 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, III.

MARTA was languid as a southern breeze.

Her dark eyes glazed 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 movements as she was driven. In her jade green gown she seemed a carved statue of suspended motion, yet lament with hidden fire. Her eyes invited confidence. Her lips promised much. Her arms were magnetism to draw the heart out of a man.

"Marta, you're the most beautiful woman in Hollywood. Billy leaned across the table.

"Yes, I know that. Marta always draws into his blood tonight. Perhaps it was the night itself, always, laying among with the shabby hush of life. Perhaps it was the time. But most it was Marta herself. Thioly air, woody 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 stealing vision of his income tax saved Billy Derwent from taking the plunge into matrimony. He laughed nervously, clearing his throat of its tremors.

"Cee. I must be acting like a fool. That wine's pretty strong." To himself he believed in a huge sigh of relief and then Billy kickedy herself for not saying the words he had intended.

A sudden rustle swept the room. One of the women who came must have entered. Someone whose coming was presaged by an electric thrill of the air.

Marta's teeth clicked in anger.

"But yourself, Billy," she laughed, "be yourself."

"By George, Marta, I'm not myself when I'm drinking."

"And when are you yourself?"

"In India, the Nile, right up to the shadow of the Sphinx itself."

"Again the words trembled as a butterfly poised for flight. But Marta would 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 drewled.

"It won't matter."

"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 smiler his mouth.

"Orange and orchid and flame and green. They crowded the room with their brilliancy, darting into corners and pricking them into slender gleams.

Youth and vividness of color! Laughter and love and adventure! There on the threshold for a 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.

"I—"

"It'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.

"Yes, I know 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 know her. I don't know Linda in such a low necked dress before. Her shoulders are like a kid's, aren't they? So round and—and—"

"I think she's drunk!" the woman blazed, with sudden hate. "Disgusting exhibition!"

"Why, Marta! Linda wouldn't know how
You See the Difference Instantly

Just try one little spot and watch. With the very first touch a New beauty is revealed. The change is almost unbelievable. A delightfully clear silky skin of a radiant beauty is suddenly evident. Compare it with your usual complexion and you quickly realize the exceptional Beauty Gouraud's Oriental Cream renders to your skin and complexion.

GOURAUD'S

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— with this cream deodorant

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There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon, wait a few minutes, then brush or comb your hair thoroughly; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the fingers.

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You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store and a four ounce bottle (all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.
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 roiling 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 cold, heavy air entered the room. Linda rose to her feet, flinging up her hands in a mock salute.

“Let’s all have a drink,” she proposed, “and Neil and I’ll show you our latest line.”

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 thrill of the visions 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.”

“Then you’re on the old stick, Billy,” said Linda. “Why should you and Marta 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, Neil, 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 wound in return.

Neil brought Linda 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, like the scarlet lips trembled, the eyes swept his with rigid and intense.

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—she was the soft body into his arms and kissing 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 was in it, and it would be 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 fairy 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 closed to her. Then automatically Billy’s arm shot between them and jerked Neil 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 bellowed formally to Marta, his eyes fugitive from her seeking glance. Her lips continued to smile, but the blood had drained from her cheeks, leaving it drier and whiter within her breast.

Still holding Linda’s hand tightly he led her to his car and saw that she was comfortably ensconced.

Then climbing into the driver’s seat he let the clutch in with a sudden jerk that caused the wheels to fairly bound over the wet street.

He drove without intention, peering fixedly through the rain misted windshield, never once glancing in her direction.

On and on he drove and up and over the lacquered shining asphalt. Only the throbbing 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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Asking is easy, just fill out and mail me the coupon. My answer will be a free trial bottle with full directions for testing on a single lock of hair.

This is a revelation, proving how easily, safely and surely gray hair can be restored to its original youthful color.

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Mary T. Goldman’s hair color restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. It is simply applied by combing through the hair—no skill required. Restored color is even and perfectly natural in all lights.

**Mary T. Goldman’s Hair Color Restorer**

Over 10,000,000 Bottles Sold

**“How I hoped you couldn’t swim!”**

The flush of her radiant cheek as she cut the water in clean, swift strokes had aroused his chivalry. He had longed to rescue her, to do some heroic deed worthy of her vivacity, glowing youth. But she had raced him far out to the pier and back. And now, with cheeks aglow, she sat in the full glare of the sunlit beach, rosier and lovelier than when she had started.

Wise little mermaid! Another conquest, thanks to PERT! Strenuous hours in wind and water had not dimmed its fresh, clear bloom. Yet its creamy greaseless base had spread at the lighter touch of its mottened finger, blending smoothly with her natural coloring and its beauty of tint will not fade except at the touch of cold cream or soap.

Little clever summer girl! She had made doubly sure of her racy complexion. After toning her cheek with cream Pert, she used Pert compact Rouge to deepen the healthy warmth of her flush. Both cream and compact are waterproof.

To her friends she recommended:

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 lips, Pert waterproof lipstick and cream Pert compact rouge.

Mail the coupon today with 15c for a generous sample of Pert cream Rouge. Another 12c brings a sample of Wins, the liquid lash developer.

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New Self-Massaging Belt REDUCES WAIST—Easily!

She had somewhat regained her lost composure, but her eyes were pleading as they timidly met his stern ones. His lips lost their line of grimness. After all, she was one of the Linda fans. Clares couldn't change her; she was the same sweet kid she had always been.

"Linda." There was a tenderness in his voice. He was trying to make her see that he had to get away from that place. Why did she do it—change this way, try to be like those other shallow women without souls or conscience? He thought of all the women who had been as different as most of the women he'd met. You were refreshingly old-fashioned, he thought. 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?

His hands were gripped about the steering wheel tensely, the knuckles standing up in little light skinned moons. 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.

"I'll teach you to do it! That's not like you. Why did you kiss Marta's?—I—I, well, there isn't anything that I can say without appearing the cad, but, Linda, believe me, it was—is—"


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. It was almost like 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. 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 jarring in the restaurant. That was why he couldn't bear the thoughts of Ned Crab profaning her lips in a mock suicide. He could and it was in his power to make her stay. Why couldn't she do it?—"

"Care?" he insinuated. "It was you, wasn't it? Why didn't you let me call you on it?"


Care? The realization swept over him like a tidal wave, darkening his eyes with its tender pain. So this was love? Reverence and adoration—something almost holy that gripped a man and shook his soul as stark passion could not.

MARTA had been passion. He knew that. Lure, mystery, she had appealed to his hunting instinct and led him on with the fascination of pursuit. But now, he stared at her with a look at her. The little head was poised like a haughty flower. The eyes gazed steadily before her with unwavering directness.

"Linda," he insinuated. "It was you, wasn't it? Why didn't you let me call you on it?"


Care? The realization swept over him like a tidal wave, darkening his eyes with its tender pain. So this was love? Reverence and adoration—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 e.

And Linda found out. The machine-like words 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 protection. It would be a sin to 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 reached that state, he thought, and thought of her in terms of maidenly reserve. Cupid knows that his work is done and finds another arrow to his bow.

"You've been kissed, hasn't she?" 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 over."

Her confession and shyness were lovely.

His eyes glazed.

"Why, that's great, Linda! Of course I'll come. 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 to learn from you—er—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 smiled at that Billy sat 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 without his assistance. Could he pick up a book and settle himself into enforced quietude. The fire was a lovely dreamy place. Little pictures sprang up in her mind of that adoring, smiling expression. With the warm color pushing up into her cheeks and her curling in damp tendrils about her neck. He wondered why she didn't wear a diadem! . . . 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 checkered affair that looked demurely domestic. He found the real Linda so much more enchanting than the picture's image.

They had their dinner before the fire on a small table that fitted between them in chummy comradeliness. He was a delicious meal. Of course he was. He was the nest thing in the world but with some kind of tangy dressing, creamed chicken on crisp brown toast, smoky mashed potatoes and coffee with butter-yellow cream. It was the meningiitis. It was the times of resistance. Sweet potato pie with inch deep meringue. Something Billy adored but hadn't lasted for years. To think that dainty Linda Jane was so palatable ticking food. He gasped across at her with something like awe in his eyes. Some girl! That did the trick, of course. What chance had Marta against her? Hollywood wasn't surprised, therefore, when their engagement was announced. And the men were openly envious at Billy's recitals on the marriage. Of course he was a lucky bug, everyone 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 old...
set of emotions. So sweet potato pie is sweet potato pie, but a scented cigarette is just a drift of smoke!

So now the only person taken into Linda's confidence about her engagement and the dinners a deux, which she prepared for Billy ever so often.

"Of course 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 are giving me the jitters with all these jazz jams, all hollow. You didn't need any lessons from me."

"Oh, but I did, Sayre, or Billy wouldn't have called, continued to save me from the 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."

"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 his thinking he's being eaten? He's a strong, husky man!"

"Oh, I 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 house wife, but a girl who knows how to cook nice foods that he likes, things his mother used to make!

"Well, I'll be damned!" Sayre's cigarette described a wide arc of circle of amusement! "You've got to hand it to those 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 anarchist!

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**P. P. 1-25**
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[THIS COUPON NOT GOOD AFTER SEPTEMBER 1, 1925]

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Johnny on the Jump [CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]

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 in love with ingenues.

It is just as hard to try 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 Philea, Ohio. He is the only of the theatrical family, his sister and brothers having left the legitimate and vaudeville stage for many years. But Johnny is not the sort of a person to in-fringe on the family name, so he started out for himself. Johnny says: "Success lies in what you do with what you have. I wasn't any real money till they set me up to make music," he continues, "though it was very short, when I got children in the business was over."

After he left 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 was entitled "Alice Blue," in which he is 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 stopping.

Each outdid the other until now at the age of twenty-eight he is producing his own pictures—pictures that he can well produce.

Johnny admits that his pictures are not artistic—they are not supposed to be. But they are brimful of the everyday silly Hokum that delights his audiences any day with 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 among and serious minded, 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 dancing 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. Added to this, the quality 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 any more than any other year. However, I do think that exhibitors are awaking to the fact that seventy per cent of the patrons prefer comedy entertainment. I don't think anything produced to date, 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 in the theatre, are more than any 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. However, I was able to talk pictures any longer—so what could I do? Nothing! Just call it a day. Or, rather, the end of a perfect interview.
in another way. He shipped with a motion picture company to whaling stations. 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 hitman's place, 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 says of lettering, "went down also. When the maw was next seen above water, "Red" hung his weight against the harpoon again, driving it farther into the skull.

The whale 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.

Bob Rose, Bob is one of the unerring. In analyzing a thrill, he discerns all but the dangerous parts. These he takes, dissecting them one by one until he reduces them to the simplest term. 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 not 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 scene successfully under these conditions, and, after studying the situation, Bob drewl that he could. The cameras started gridding. Bob lashed the horses into a fast gallop and the camera went.

Something went wrong. Still holding the lines, he worked his way out on the whiplash 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 went wrong. The camera was violently swaying in wreckag 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 unhurt. "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 whiplash 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 and double role in pictures. To outward appearances he was an ordinary looking quiet sort of fellow, lean and not exceedingly muscular, but he was a force with that action and what daring! Paul Malvern, the well known athlete and every, who works in pictures, quotes this 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 wire to which the rainwater to a cistern. From the edge of the roof to the cistern was approximately forty feet. As the soil was hard, two mattresses were placed where Gene thought he would 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 he shifted 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. Then, after finding that the scene was all right, he made us drive him back to the location, where he worked until they called him a day."

It was not long after this that Paul and Gene went to Riverston. 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 seeming 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 third time, it was simply 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 feebler, and with a hopeless shake of his head his hands slid from the ladder. He fell thirty 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 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.

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 exaggerated. The party included a man and two women.

In this particular stunt, I was on the fireman 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. Three big waste cans of old film, which is highly ignitable, 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 horses were playing on the building, but the fire was so hot that the men could not bring the net near enough to catch them. These horses, knowing of their "friend's" fate, had run away in fear that they might catch fire. 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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More than a thousand pictures of photo-players and illustrations of their work and pastime.

Scores of interesting articles about the people you see on the screen.

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Gentlemen: I enclose herewith $2.50 (Canada $3.00), for which you will kindly enter my subscription for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for one year, effective with the September, 1925, issue.

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Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
That Terrible Thorne Girl

Dr. Wharton called on her. Sylvia would have refused her, but 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 warm welcome.

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 girl, and 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, of course.

character,....woman,....man,....back.

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 the柄 developer and snipers. 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 so the care of God. We are all of us but miserable sinners, yet there is grace for those who truly repent."

Sudden anger flared in Sylvia's breast. Always she talked of repentance. Could no one believe her innocent, without her first having to tell them?

"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 reply.

"Few of us can say that," he whispered.

"And please don't think I am here to judge—to blame. We all know our own hearts. Come anything up to the point of sin, I can't be just to be with those who love you." His voice trembled a bit as he remembered the youthful adoration of the girl. I want you to come, Martin. I'll give you a Pleasant"—

He clasped 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 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-splitting experience. I thought it quite unlike the fugitive amount 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 was not going to continue to adore her, no matter what the world might think.

Already he had found himself making excuses for her, beginning to doubt the truth of what he had always thought of her as a sweet and innocent young girl. His eye followed the picture of her drawn in the magazine article, arguing, against all reason, that she 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. He 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 get. On one hand, he feared her. He thought she was a woman, who, as a woman, she was a woman, as a woman, she was a woman, as a woman, she was a woman, as a woman, she was a woman, as a woman, she was a woman.
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 terrors hanging above 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 in such a form as to be shorn from the housetops. The reference was so clear that another period of whispering, of neck-craning, followed. In a flash, Sylvia saw the bane, the full-brown neck of Mr. Witherspoon, the roving eyes of Alvin Mercer, the self-satisfied smirk of Mr. Arthur Sollars, the embarrassed flush of Howard Bennett, the full-faced face of Father Folts. 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—faces similarly cabeled them—sweethearts, their wives, smug and sanctimonious. All these would be Lotharios, condemning her, when they were the ones who should be considered worthy that the injustice of it filled her with wrath.

When the minister, his concluding words spoken, with bell on them, his notes preparatory to announcing the collection, Sylvia rose dramatically to her feet. She could endure the situation no longer. Searing blazing in her eyes, she swept the gathered 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 the same look Mr. Mercer had.

"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 I'm as good as any of you. 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 automatons of our older, growing young metropolis—Alvin Mercer and the rest?"

"Yes. I haven't told you what they've done to me,—tried to drive me out of New York with them for weeks—offering me presents—treat me as though I were a common woman of the streets. The hounds!

"Didn't you and Mary and the like. What would it 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 joking."

Mr. McKenna lit a match, applied it to his pipe.

"Mary," he said, "you're a young girl. I hoped you would have to tell me 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 Sinsabaugh, Ed Fraimage, manager of the Penn House, Herb Howard, who used to be the prettiest little fellow in Manhattan. He used to be a slasher, but it seems the girls don't know about dear old Millersburg isn't worth knowing. Naturally we gossip. All sorts of up-in-crust is a joke to us. We don't tell the public what we know, but it's plenty. 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 in a little town on the west coast. His hypocrisy—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 engaged in his work in the city. And the truth is, our prominent pallbearers and society men are pretty gay dogs, in the supper clubs of New York. Our respected Mayor has been carrying on with a well-dressed little woman in town for over three years. The reason I never liked Howard Bennett particularly is that he ruined a girl in the company office and refused to take care of her."

"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 story of these things, you wouldn't—"

When I see that bunch of hypocrites sitting in judgment on a decent girl like you, it makes my blood boil. I don't wonder you walked out on your father..."

She was blushing, her face flaming, before he ended."

"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 'best' are the rottenest of all—of them. 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 find this Hollins chap you've told me about."

"I DON'T want to run across him," Sylvia whispered. "At least not now. Please me you won't tell him where I am. Or anybody else."

"I promise," Mr. McKenna laughed. "And maybe that's 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 said to you, Mary, that I'd like to go to that 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 Holly—"

She stopped, her eyes pleading, "I'm thinking about it, straining at gnats and swallowing camels. I suppose you say I'm just an old cynic, but—I know life—particularly the kind of life you—you could live."

He nodded. "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. "I suppose you've got your little shop 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.

---

This is an advertisement for Dr. Folts Soap, which is said to be "the up-to-date way to reduce arms, legs, hips, double chin." The advertisement mentions various people and situations to highlight the soap's effectiveness. The use of "up-to-date" and "double chin" suggests a focus on modern concerns and perhaps a bit of humor. The text emphasizes the soap's ability to reduce body parts in a natural and positive way, contrasting it with the negative impact of societal judgment and hypocrisy. The overall tone is informative and persuasive, aiming to sell the product by associating it with modern values and personal development.
But not now. I've taken root, here among my books. It does me good, or at least I 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 say.

"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, removing everything that she had been so used to. Her clothes he would forget all about the clothes—to look on sex as sin and forget that with it the race could not go on—eternal old women, like the Bourbons, losing nothing, forgetting nothing, finding a vicious 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 his 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, pulling 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. But 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 what had happened.

"Why do you want to see her?" he asked.

"To ask her to marry me. She ran away from me, in New York."

Mr. McKenna inquired softly.

"Yes. I read all about it in a magazine. I don't believe it. Damned romantic tale.

"Mr. Hollins 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?"

"Why didn't she loom, come at you?"

"Mary's proud," Mr. McKenna knew the answer to. "Not one to ask favors. Maybe, having nothing to say, 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."

"Her word's 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 me!"

"Yes, dear, it does," 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—very fond of things that are ancient. 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 see—" he named a famous Philadelphia 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 droop of an eyelid. Mr. McKenna, 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."

"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 look I've been telling you about may let you 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 Sylvia had escaped and, as Steve had told him, had cut off her 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!" she exclaimed. "What are you doing here?"

"I guess this store's open to the public," Steve replied, suitably. 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."

"Hi—" 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 dimmed 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.

"It's got to be you alone somewhere, so I can ask to marry me."

"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 know you. When will you be ready for lunch?"

"Come back at half past twelve, Steve." Sylvia's voice was like ruffles. 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 father's invitation. They spent Saturday afternoon and Sunday in their home in Rosemont, and then the girl went, in fear and trembling.

She found 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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It is a new skin cathartic called FAyre. You apply it like a cold cream, let it remain five minutes, then wash it off—that is all. It purges the face pores like a laxative does the bowels. With your own eyes, you can see it work. Thousands of beautiful skins you see are due to it. International beauty experts urge its use and employ it. If you want to be pretty today, by all means obtain a jar of FAyre at your druggist's or department store. (If they cannot supply you, mail the coupon below.) You will eagerly believe what your mirror tells after you have used FAYRE.

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“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 said. 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 thinking with her umbrella. Two over-dressed young men, swaggering down the street in long coon-skin coats, paused before the bookshop window, looked in.

“Whose became 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.”

“Your don’t say? Why?” the first boy inquired, grinning.

“Eliot’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 whack myself.”

They passed on, chuckling. Miss Hollins forgot all about the train she had intended to take. Over her rafter gaunt features spread a look of triumph. So she had guessed right, after all.

(End of Part IV)

Friendly Advice

[Continued from page 127]

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 advantageous colors far better than you now do. For there are such. Stand by your ideals. Others share them. You need not always be lonesome.

K. H., SHEEVEPORT, LA.

It is puzzling that the young men call at your home but never invite you to dances or other merrymakings. Is it your family, appearance and wardrobe, according to your description, faultless. What of the disposition, K. H.? It is possible that you are often tactless, as when you offer payment for what it is my pleasure to give you, advice? Look to your disposition. If it is a little or very, nagging, incomodorous or hypercritical, that can be remedied by yourself.

ELISI LOU, CALIF.

Vaseline rubbed gently into the edges of the eyelids, is one of the lash growers. See advertisement. 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 oiled root into the hair and brush it out. The brushing will carry out the dust and absorb superfluous oil. Occasionally the lice 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 slimmer

Gives full credit to French discovery

"For the last year I had tried everything known to lose the 60 pounds so I exhausted my energies. But until I used SAN-GRINA did I take off any fat, although I had tried diets, exercises, etc. Thanks to this new French discovery, I easily and gradually lost 61 pounds in only 10 weeks—I don’t even feel the process. I can’t praise this discovery enough. My friends and acquaintances are all in a state of amazement at the change in my appearance, and that is why I fully endorse it. Although I lost such a large amount of weight, I feel perfectly strong and well. My face is not drawn looking or wrinkled. I am thinner than ever, and everyone seems to think I look so much better and younger.” (This letter is on file for inspection.)

If you weigh 10, 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, putting, swollen feet, you can be relieved. NO MATTER HOW MANY TIMES 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 obitrue 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 to us daily from men and women in all steps of life, some of them who have been bedridden 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 and 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 see in so many places: “I have won all the others, 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. 200, 35th Street South Broadway, New York City, and one full sized box SAN-GRINA will be mailed you prepaid.

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Try this quick and simple method of shampooing, which thousands now use.

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See how soft and silky, bright and glossy your hair will look.

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That is why thousands of women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

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FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and all through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather, This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before. After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh, warm water. This is very important.

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See that the skin is kept clean, the pores open and free.

See that no harsh cleansing method is used. Palmolive soothes while it cleanses. Its ingredients are mild and gentle; lotion-like in their action. It protects from injurious irritation.

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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As they grow older, let them use powder if they wish. But never leave it on over night. It clogs the pores, often enlarges them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. The skin must be kept clean, the pores open and active.

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.

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THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped.
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If your toothbrush "shows pink" it's a sign that your gums are not healthy. If your gums are tender, they need stimulation, massage and Ipana tooth paste.

YEARS of soft food have lulled our gums to sleep. They are lazy and loggy. They get no stimulation from the roughage of food, for the food we eat is devoid of roughage.

This over-refinement of food is one of the penalties of civilization. And it so directly affects the health of our gums that many authorities insist that it is primarily to blame for the wide prevalence of gum afflictions.

To counteract the bad effects of a diet too soft, and to induce a healthy flow of blood within the walls of the gums, the dentists turn to massage.

And thousands of them, to whom our professional men have demonstrated Ipana Tooth Paste, recommend that this massage be done with Ipana, at the time of the regular cleaning with Ipana and the brush.

This massage with Ipana will help by improving the circulation of the blood within the gum walls, by augmenting the stimulation to the gum tissue itself, and it will help even more directly because of Ipana's own peculiar virtues. For Ipana contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic, used at the chair by many dentists to allay bleeding and to heal the gums.

So, if you are at all bothered by tender or bleeding gums, start your use of Ipana today. Dentists will tell you that it not only cleans teeth safely, but that it goes further—that it tones your gums while it cleans your teeth.

Switch to Ipana for 1 month

Talk to your dentist about Ipana, its fine cleaning power, its good effect and its delicious taste. Thousands of dentists speak the good word for Ipana—through their help Ipana first became known. Then, when he says "yes," buy your first large tube. Your mouth will be cleaner and sweeter and your gums more healthy than ever before!

Even if your toothbrush doesn't show pink

Even if your gums bother you but seldom, start your use of this delicious dentifrice today. There is a coupon, for your use if you please, but, as all druggists have Ipana, you'll find it easier to go to the nearest and get a full-size tube.

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—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

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Address
City, State

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How Paramount Improves the Screen Art

In all forms of art there is a method of approach, a scheme of attack, that is sufficiently sagacious to be recognized as basic technique.

Not a rule of thumb, but a method of enriching any meaning or value.

This is a high-brow subject, but when an industry's business is art the subject must be mastered and expanded season by season.

Paramount's production standard is based on a hard-won technique that makes every Paramount Picture a delight to millions.

Nothing less than this would have made world-leadership with trade-marked photoplays possible.

The tradition that Commerce and Art cannot pull together has dissolved in the strong potion of Paramount.

There are deep emotions with men and women that complete the electric circuit of Paramount's popularity, and it is this warm affinity of the art of Paramount with the real life of people that is the foundation of Paramount's technique and success.

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"
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September, 1925

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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
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.

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.

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.

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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."

"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 Kip-
ling 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 fea-
tured. John Francis Dillon directed
under Earl Hudson's supervision. The
story is an original by E. Lloyd Sheldon.
Norma Talmadge in “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 mystery 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. Schenck.

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 Hillyer directed under Earl Hudson’s supervision. The film is from M. D. Crawford’s story, “The Comeback.”
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 services. (April.)

ANY WOMAN.—Paramount.—A trite story of the pitfalls of a refined working girl. Alice Terry heads the cast. (August.)

ARE PARENTS WORKING?—Paramount.—Daughter resents her quizzing parents. The daughter is Betty Bronson; the parents are Florence Vidor 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 passionate melodrama of the South Sea Islands. (April.)

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

BALTO’S RACE TO Nome.—Educational.—A splendid record of Caifer Kasson’s flight through the frozen north to bring the antitoxin to Nome. (July.)

BANDIT’S BABY, THE.—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson and Sterling Keeler make this more amusing than the average Western. (August.)

BAREE, SON OF KAZAN.—Vitagraph.—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 entertaining pictures of the year. (April.)

BLACK CYCLONE.—Pathé.—Reza, the King of Wild Horses, scores one of the hits of the year. The remarkable acting of the not-on-lamb animals makes this unusual amusement. (August.)

BOOMERANG, THE.—Schuberg.—It might have been funnier than it is. Anita Stewart and Bert Lysell 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 holocaust 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 TRAIN, THE.—Universal.—An eat-em-up Western with William Desmond. (June.)

CAFE IN CAIRO.—Producers Distributing.—Bung-up melodrama with Arabs and Priscilla Dean. (July.)

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—Preferred.—A propaganda picture against capital punishment with George Hackman excellent in the leading role. Decreasing. (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 comedian. (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. (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-horse-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 Norden vehicle. Cast good, action splendid. (April.)

CURLYTOP.—Fox.—Shirley Mason frets through a goody-goody role in London’s wicked Limehouse Timers. (May.)

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

DANCERS, THE.—Fox.—Nothing out of the ordinary about this sentimental comedy but it has a certain sweetness only to find her a victim of the jazz craze. (May.)

DANGEROUS INNOCENCE.—Universal.—Adapted from “Anne’s An Inlet.” Nice light romance with Laura La Plante. (May.)

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

DEADWOOD COACH, THE.—Fox.—Tom Mix shoots, rides, rules and loves his way through this routine specimen of Western melodrama. (April.)

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

DESSERT FLOWER, THE.—First National.—Colleen Moore’s unfailing vivacity saves it from being just another one of those Cinderella tales. (August.)

DEVIL’S CARGO, THE.—Paramount.—One of the better 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 muddled into a melodrama-triller intended to stimulate the most blase. (March.)

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 screen “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.)

EAST OF SUEZ.—Paramount.—Pola Negri does not measure up to her previous screen effort. An interesting 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.)

EVERYMAN’S WIFE.—Fox.—Marking the welcome return of Dorothy Phillips. Otherwise, just a trite domestic drama. (August.)

EVE’S SECRET.—Paramount.—Wherin the Duke educates a peasant girl and marries her. Another version of the same thing. The Duke is played by Jack Holt and Betty Compson. (August.)

EVE’S LOVER.—Warner Brothers.—The story of an American girl and her titled 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 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.)

SPECIAL EDITORIAL.—The Photoplay trade is having a hard time with the vaudeville and stage plays publishe... (April.)

A special service to its readers, Photoplay Magazine inaugurated this department of tabloid 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.—Fox.—Heppner.—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.)

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 bestest. 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, humorously told, and well acted by Bebe Daniels. (July.)

A
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
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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 Eleanor Farjeon. A man that looks like a soda clerk is Richard Dix. George Mariner, a splendid actor, was chosen as Swants Farjeon, because he was so opposite Swants Farjeon of the novel. Tony and Vic weren't as painful as the rest, although in the book Vic was a brat, full of tall and thin, and in the picture was a blood ingenum.

Does the director think society women dress a la Barbara La Marr? And as for the Montal palatial residence words fall from me; but if you have seen "The Beggar on Horseback" and remember the home of the Czes, 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 bouquets 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 that 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." This 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.

I haven't seen any bouquets for the Talmadges lately. I think Norma is the greatest character actress with a wonderful sense of humor. Connie is the world's best humorist.

MARY GOLDBERGH.

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.

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 Bellows.

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 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 enganged 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 Paramount. 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 to 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 Bibbitt perfectly. I also was splendid as the Prince of Wiles in "Beau Brummel."

Permit me to offer a suggestion through you to Connie Trowar. He 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" when 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 can see him as Romeo and Juliet, I am flamed with Rich and Mary Astor as Juliet. They would be perfect for the parts. Then, too, why can't that beautiful story of "Lancelot and Elaine" he adapted for the screen with Ramon and Lilian 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 them as soulless flappers nor yet merely brains. They are wonderful and I offer them the highest praise.

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—ADVERTISING SECTION

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

FIGHTING DEMON, THE—F. B. O.—Only the very, very glib will like this one. Richard Talmadge. dashingly through impossible melodrama. (Aug.)

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)

FOOL, THE—Fox—Melodrama with a moral. A dull but inventive staging 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 grave for no good reason. The film is ten years old and deals with racial problems. Not for anybody. (July)

FRIENDLY ENEMIES—Producers Distributing. Teller and Fields doing their stuff in a ready-made plot. (July)

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

GALOPPING VENGENCE—F. B. O.—A Bob Custer Western. Not so good. (May)

GOLD AND THE GIRL—Fox—Buck Jones van- quishes a crowd of bandits who are robbing a giant gold mine. Leave it to Buck, every time. (May)

GOLDEN BED, THE—Paramount.—A laugh- fully stupid spectacle. A triple story of a faithless, extrava- gant woman who kills two men and drives another to prison. (March)

GOLD HEELS—Fox.—A triple 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 migra- tion of the Last Tribe of Persia, filmed in the New East. One of the most impressive pictures ever made. (April)

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

HE-AWINDS—Universal.—How to win a girl, with House Peters playing the coveanman. Improbable plot but lots of action. (June)

HEART OF A SIREN, THE—First National.— If you like Barbara La Marr, here's your candy. She has a few clever lines. (Fred Webb)

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.—An ice-rotten- talement for the children. With Baby Peggy furnishing most of the fun. (July)

HER HUSBAND'S SECRET—First National.— Beautifully photographed but shrewdly 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 acting and Blanche Sweet and Ronald Colman. (Kathryn)

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 twilight-actress in this romantic hodgepodge worth seeing. (April)

IF MARRIAGE FAILS—F. B. O.—Another one of those society dramas. Clive Brook, as the villain, fights for the girl played by Jacqueline Logan. Not so good for the children. (July)

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 exciting 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)


JUST A WOMAN—First National.—Just a picture. Redefined as some good acting by Claire Windsor, Percy Marmont and Conway Trench. (April)

KISS BARRIER, THE—Fox.—Claire Adams and Edmund Lowe in a light romance. (July)

KISS IN THE DARK, A—Paramount.—Sophis- ticated satire that sometimes misses fire. But that isn't the fault of Adolph Menju. (May)

KISS ME AGAIN—Warner Brothers.—An ideal picture for adults. It's sophisticated, witty and shrewd. Ernst Lubitsch directed it and Marie Pre- vos, Monte Blue and Chara 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 work 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. (June)

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

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

LET 'ER BUCK—Universal.—Hoot Gibson through this as a hero, not as a great out- doors and the hero of the hour. (March)

LIGHTHOUSE BY THE SEA, THE—Warner Brothers.—Rum runners plot to frustrate U. S. Reboot 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 sailors stuff which tries to be sentimental—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 JOURNEY, THE—Arbor.—A sobbing melodrama based on the song by Sir Arthur Sullivan. (March)

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

LITTLE WORLD, THE—First National.—A spec- tacular production introducing pre-historic animals. Credibly done. (April)

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

LYING WIVES—Abramson.—Lots of intense domestic trouble enjoyed by a batch of characters who seem to be half-wit who seem to be half-wit. (June)

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, Jean.—A mean trick on little Ann Pennington who deserves something better. Not for the kids. (June)

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

MAN OF SORROW, THE—Universal.—Another one of those society dramas. Clive Brook, as the villain, fights for the girl played by Jacqueline Logan. Not so good for the children. (July)

MAN IN DIAMOND, THE.—Clive Brook, as the villain, fights for the girl played by Jacqueline Logan. Not so good for the children. (July)

MANSION OF ACHING HEARTS, THE—Schulberg.—A romantic hodgepodge worth seeing. (April)

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

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Watch This Column

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 uninterruptedly. 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]

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.)


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

RECOMPENSE—Warner Brothers. —Sex stuff and more with Monte Blue and Marie Prevost enjoying the above, a very good story. (April.)

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

RIDIN' THUNDER—Jack Hoxie as the leader of another war between cattlemen and rustlers. (June.)

ROARING ADVENTURE—Universal. —Another Jack Hoxie Western—not better—no worse. (April.)

SACKCLOTH AND SCARLET—Paramount. —A personal dedication that falls flat. This is Allen Terry. O'scille Caldwell and Dorothy Sebastian are in it. Not censor-proof. (June.)


SALLY — First National. —A scintillating and beautiful film, very suggestive. Colleen Moore is a delightful, dancing heroine. (May.)

SALLY OF THE SAWDUST—United Artists. D. W. Griffith proves that he can make great comedy. It's his greatest闸 completes a perfect picture. Wonderful acting by W. C. Fields and Carol Dempster. Everyone should see it. (August.)

SALOME OF THE TENEMENTS—Paramount. —Says of the East Side captured the heart of a wealthy boy. Jutta 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, rades, star, exhibiting some wonderful feats of horsemanship. (May.)

SCARLET HONEYMOON—Fox. —A light and gentle romance. Won't destroy your faith in Santa. (July.)

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 the expert. (April.)

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. —Maraloy and Virginia Valli in a powerful drama of two generations. Highly recommended. (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 comedy with one of our favorite stars—Hans Andersen. (April.)

SILENTS AND SINGERS—Fox. —A comedy with only friend —Harry Carey giving zest to the plot. (April.)

SLEEPING CUTIE, THE—F. B. O. —Two pals substitute in a break and fall game. They know nothing about the game. They're a team. (March.)

SO BIG—First National. —Thoroughly enjoyable. Colleen Moore steps before the public as a real actress in this story of a little girl's life for one year. (March.)

SO THIS IS MARRIAGE—Metro-Goldwyn. —A sound production. The wife by means of a story, told de milleflied 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-devil thwarted the usual crook band. (July.)

SPOOK RANCH—Universal. —A mixture of melodrama and comedy with a fairly amusing. Hoot Gibson plays the lead. (July.)

SPORTING VENUS, THE—A lady of high degree marries the commoner instead of the prince. A comedy made palatable by Blanche Sweet, Naomi Colman and Lew Cody. (July.)

STAR DUST TRAIL, THE—Fox. —Another hard job played by little Shirley Mason. (May.)

SUPER SPEED—Fox. —All the hokum of the old melodramas piled into one. (April.)

SWAN, THE—Paramount. —Without Adolphe Menjou in the cast, all that is left is a lot of beautiful and expensive sets. Not worth buying. (April.)

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 successfully acted by Laura La Plante and Pat O'Malley. (August.)

TEXAS BEARCAT, THE—Another Western and that about all. Bob Carter 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 the other. Not with dull moments. Not for the children. (March.)

THUNDERING HERD, THE—Paramount. —A good story, a fine performance by Miriam Hopkins, good cast and beautiful photography. (April.)

TIDES OF PASSIONS—Vitagraph. —A slow and old-fashioned story filled with grief and agony. Mae Murray ought to know where she is going. (April.)

TOMORROW'S LOVE—Paramount. —An amusing comedy-drama of youthful married life, strengthens up the entire cast. (April.)

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


UNIONEELY THREE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn. —A striking and unusual story beautifully directed by Tod Browning and ably 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 lawyer. He forgets those who helped him. But he descends off his perch. (April.)

VERDICT, THE—TruArt. —A far-fetched mystery story with William Collier, Jr., doing some effective acting. (April.)

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


WELCOME HOME—Paramount. —A brilliantly realized story of an unwashed old man, finely presented by James Cruze and beautifully acted by Lou Costello. (April.)

WHITE MONKEY, THE—First National. —A riotous burlesque of Galway's worth with Barbara La Marr contributing to the massacre. (August.)

WHITE THUNDER—F. B. O. —A total loss and no inspiration. (April.)


WILD-FIRE—Vitagraph. —Old-fashioned and badly presented race-track melodrama with Ann Vingle. (April.)

WINGS OF YOUTH—Fox. —A modern mother renounces her daughters. Good acting by Ethel Clayton. (July.)

WIZARD OF OZ, THE—Chadwick Pictures. —Larry Semon in a lively version of the popular classic. Good color, charming effects. (March.)

YOUTH AND ADVENTURE—F. B. O. —Richard Talmadge battles his way through a heroic picture that will delight the youngsters. (March.)

ZANDE THE GREAT—Metro-Goldwyn. —An amusing picture, in spite of too much laxon. Marion Davies at her best and merriest. (July.)

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The natural result of this lack of authentic information is that countless thousands of men and women are going through life sicken- ingly—denial of the joy, pleasure and happiness that is rightfully theirs—while other thousands, because of misinformation, are paying even greater penalties in shattered hopes, crushed illusions, ill health, bitter unhappiness, and ruined lives.

It was to dispel this cloud of ignorance that is wrecking countless lives that Elinor Glyn, famous author of "Three Weeks" and "The Philosophy of Love", has written the most exquisite and举世无双的 book "This Passion Called Love". This Passion Called Love is not a novel. It is a helpful solution of the most perplexing problems of love and marriage, about which most of us know so little. Elinor Glyn speaks in everyday language that discloses—often with astonishing forcefulness—vital facts about the most important things in life—Love and Marriage.

We believe that this is the best book you have ever read in your life; and without your sending a penny in advance.

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 to make a woman more alluring.
—How to avoid being cheated out of happiness.
—Timely advice to those about to marry.
—Mistakes of the honeymoon.
—How a woman may become less attractive.
—How to cope with a man's "hunting" period.
—How to make someone love you.
—Ways to guard against grave dangers.

—Wmanly attractions that charm men.
—Actions that make a woman charming.
—The kind men admire in all women.
—How to preserve your powers of attraction.
—The important problems of newlyweds.
—Fatal mistakes of wives.
—What the success of marriage depends upon.
—Wise words to young men.
—Why a single girl should know.
—And hundreds of other priceless revelations.

Make This Test of Yourself
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 love more beautiful thing instead of a degradation 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 be the girl'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"? 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 keep her husband's love. Shows women how to "manage" men, without seeming to. 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. She reveals the complete psychology of successful marriage, and gives countless fresh suggestions that should enable all men and women—both married and single—to find the divine happiness of perfect matting and to get more joy out of it than they ever dreamed of.

The Authors' Press, Dept. 785, Auburn, N. Y.
Please send me an approval copy of Elinor Glyn's new book, "This Passion Called Love". When the postman delivers the book to my door, I will pay this only $1.00, plus a few pennies postage. I understand, 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 during the first five days after it is received, and you agree to refund my money.

Dr. Jane Leith Edition—We have prepared a Limited Edition of "This Passion Called Love" and have set aside 300 copies for men and women who should order at once—make a generous gift. If you prefer, this edition will be personalized and you may send a letter for it, or give it to the lady of your choice for less than the regular price.

End this line $1.00 postage cost.

Dr. Jane Leith Edition—We have prepared a Limited Edition of "This Passion Called Love", and have set aside 50 copies for men and women who should order at once—make a generous gift. If you prefer, this edition will be personalized and you may send a letter for it, or give it to the lady of your choice for less than the regular price.

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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

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 complexion 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 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, and begin your treatment tonight!

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks.

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

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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.
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.
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?
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.
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.
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.
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

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 rubbings. 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 encyclopedia of laundering information. Address a postcard to Section 45-IF, Dept. of Home Economics, Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Procter & Gamble

Have you ever considered this?
A great many women do their entire household laundry with Ivory soap—for their hands' sake as well as for the sake of the clothes. Why not try Ivory for your weekly wash and other household tasks?

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 *

knitwear, dresses *

handkerchiefs *

ties *

cuff and collar sets *

sports shirts *

silk negligees *

* The garments indicated that should be tubbed in Ivory suds as soon as possible after they are worn.

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IVORY SOAP

99 44 1% 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 result 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.

I have 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?

I was 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 fans 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?

I went to about half a dozen parties. I was disappointed. There was nothing 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

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 squeealer makes its appearance. With the sympathy of the town on her side Mrs. Iowa 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.

If Jealousy is represented as an insidious poison, then 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

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

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

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 manad

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

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 testing, 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]
You laugh at the man who is caught in the act—unless it's you.

What Makes You Laugh?

By Al Christie

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 Intern 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.
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 surelaughs. 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.
5. Papa and the Baby.

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 bag 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]
At the Crossroads

Which Road Will This Girl Take?

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 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

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.”

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.
"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 Sistrum, studio executive, who succeeded in engaging her for the dominant role 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-listed 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.
The Younger Generation

**Constance Bennett**—This clever young artist who has appeared in several Paramount pictures is the eldest daughter of Richard Bennett, that veteran of the stage who has also had a 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 Vitagraph 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 Mix—And this is the little daughter of Tom Mix and a "regular hand" herself, as you would agree if you could see her swing a rope or handle her little "paint" 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."
MARY PICKFORD has just passed through a crisis in her career. After years of unwavering triumph in child roles it 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 character? Or was the fault in her interpretation of the new? Distracted and unhappy Mary at length directed an appeal through Photoplay 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 notepaper 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. Waver in decision, fear-

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

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.

"Dorothy Vernon"

"Annie Rooney"
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 to 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 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, when 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?”

Mary Pickford and the editor of Photoplay in her Hollywood bungalow, at the difficult task of judging the letters.
X 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 gentlewoman with greyish 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 hailed 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, 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 hall-
way 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—all 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 hesi-
tant, 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 cl'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 con-
cerned 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—
sudden with the cares of the drink that was to bring her to an
crly grave—or 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 laun-
dered garments and forgot to return them. When Sally was
fifteen she left the tenement for the last time and, in the opu-
rence 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 prob-
lems that confronted her in the business world. It was Miss
Carey who took the girl to an art gallery and atelier—where she
might learn, of a Sunday, of a Saturday afternoon. It was Miss
Carey who—when she drifted sud-
ently into a last calm sleep—left a
legacy to Sally. To Sally O'Day
at seventeen! Not a legacy of money—of laces and penates. A gift of beauty—of a soul thrilled and touched and awakened.

Sally O'Day at seventeen! No longer the wishful 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 gentlewoman, 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 nape 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 lipped 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 headress. But she only smiled—in a silent, enigmatic 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 didn't 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 affection 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 will. 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 banches," 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 banches. 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 see 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]
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 fire flies out of fire 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 jewelled 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.
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 confreres 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 exalted himself. The prologue was as beautiful as anything I have ever seen in the Music Box or the Follies.

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.

ART as a novelty feature on the evening of the opening was presented a few rows 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 light 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 Con-Tance Talmadge were with their mother, Mrs. Margaret Tal-madge, 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 is impossible to remember everyone that was there.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN has had his baby 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.
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 Nible (Enid Bennett), Buster Collier and Constance Talmadge, Mrs. Margaret Talmadge, Ronald Colman, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Williams, Madeline Harlow, Catherine Bennett and John Considine, Eugene O'Brien, Anthony Jovett, 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 Marquis 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 off-spring, Dustin Farnum and Winifred King-

ston 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 Dustin.

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. Schneck enterprises, has quit Hollywood for good and will make his headquarters in New York. Harry has been made director of exploitation 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 Barthelmess’ 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 Barthelmess 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 role in the screen version of the new stage play, “The Grand Duchess and the Waifer.”

Needless to say she is going to play the Grand Duchess, and Adolph Menjou is going to play the Waifer. 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.”

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.”

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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."

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 Nibloes, 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 heartbreaker. 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 MACDONALD, whose forebears are not so many generations removed from the land made famous by Harry Luder, tells this one:

"Jock MacGregor knelt beside the bedside of his faithful help-
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, wiggliest 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.”

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 Mackaill, 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 handmade rosebuds.

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—Lilian 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 varicolored 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, Natale Talmadge Houston, 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 gamin 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 role 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]
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, blackness 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. What was that he wanted to do. That 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 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 scowled 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 said 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 Iiras, the slope-eyed enchantress, whom we saw, Cleopatra-like on her barge surrounded by flowers and exuding languid seductiveness. Every evening he played the rôle and all day he lived it. He was the cavalier of the beautiful Corona Riccardo, who played Iiras. 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 handicar that had collided with the parent of the Twentieth Century express.

Thiers 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, deserted land of the actor, the road, the enchanting Iiras 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 woman did not know her assailant or her silence could not be broken.

The Messala and the Iiras 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."

Bill, the two-gunned marksman of the plains, always a loser at love. He says so himself.

Corona Riccardo, his first love—"the Indian 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 outskirt 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 slappers, 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 wrath 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.
THE GOOSE WOMAN—Universal

A

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 robed 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 Compson 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 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 BARTHELMES in "Shore Leave"

Cast of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 114

THE FRESHMAN—Associated Exhibitors

T'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, 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 born of his coiling. 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 do also good work.—A. S.

SHORE LEAVE—First National

THE romance of a tough goby 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.
THE 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.

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.

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.

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

A NOther 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

A GORGEOUS 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 role 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.
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 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.

GROUND 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 roles, 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.

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 LADY WHO LIED—FIRST NATIONAL

FIRST rate entertainment but not as convincing as the former Edwin Carewe productions. Everyone in the cast likes like an auctioneer and thinks nothing of it. It was a case of the heroine giving up the msn 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.

UNDER THE ROUGE—ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS

TOM MOORE puts on his most cocky smile and plays Whitey, 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 happy ending. Not for children.—C. H. [CONT'D ON PAGE 104]
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 baste 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

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.

VIRGINIA VALLI

Perfect tailoring and slenderizing lines characterize this youthful street frock of charmeuse 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.

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 block print mohair. Twin vase 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 frizete 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 scythe matches the furniture and is indispensable to Mildred'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 of 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. 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.
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 Bohème" 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 eye of hazel (we can't rhyme this word!)
And one's from a middle-western town.
And one girl was reared down in warm Tennessee.
And one is a star from a family of three.
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 "fast."

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 be may,  
For it's part of his business in life!  

$5000 in Prizes

Just one of the lines from our dear U. S. A.,  
The rest form a real foreign legend—  
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 gray, and one other is blue— and so wise!
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

IF I were a comedy matron with a daughter of marriageable age and Ricardo Cortez were courting her, "I certainly would want to be a third party to their tête-à-têtes—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 forethought 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, standing 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 devour 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 Cooper. Ricardo was to lead the band of crooks into the attorney's home and the stalwart Milton was to deliver an uppercut that would knock Ruth's roguish brother into a twilight sleep. The rehearsals went on 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 monkeyshines 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]
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 men thought it was the wardrobe for an entire theatrical company and asked what theater they should be delivered to.

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."

A "poupee cafe" dancing frock. Its picoted hem is crimson, shading into carnation. The bodice shades from grey into tan and then to deep caramel at the shoulders.
Going to Take Them Back

"Mae of the Mist" in her coral rubber ensemble suit with a coral hat to match and non-skid Scotch boots.

"The Harebell," a frock of purple crepe de chine. The orchid horsehair hat has a satin bow and silver roses. Another bit of gossamer lingerie—cream lace with knife-pleated oyster white satin.

The "sophisticape," fur trimmed cloth of gold wrap. At left, with shawl collar down.

Not a daily 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.
**Close-Ups and Long-Shots**

By Herbert Howe

SATIRE, HUMOR AND SOME SENSE

I

T 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 heehaw-jeangles 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.

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 three teeth extracted leaving a cavern so deep that I heard 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 rears extracted before they affect the good ones. It is a picture of flash moments separated by dud ones.

But Chaplin at his dullest 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 ermine 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 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 kicks her man for a row of nuggets, because it was written by Joseph Herge- sheler who knows character values, and because the scenario was done by Willis Goldbeck who did “Scaramouch” 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?”


I found Marion pondering lugubriously on the set the other day. “The public is going to ask pretty soon,” she said, “is how old is Davies woman anyhow?”

W E 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.

I F 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

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, from explaining matters to his mother now. The picture world, it seemed, moving with its accustomed celebrity, 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 lunching 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
The words spoken by the two young men in front of Mr. McKenna’s bookshop were but some 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.
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 perky, 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.


"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 Duval? 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 couple 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 come 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—oh—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 henned 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 one, too. Even as Julia sat there, 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. One of the pictures. 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 left 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, 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
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 had 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 lunching together at some smart restaurant or café. While eating her lunch, she predicted 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 Wheelbee’s fastest trotter. Some class to that, eh what?” He pointed to

—Continued on page 128—
The Lad Who Ran Away

And who got tired of waiting for freights

By Jim Tully

There were two young men at a water tank waiting for a Missouri Pacific freight. Both were of the same build, and both were young hoboes. 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 scrobbled 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."

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.

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 coyote. 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 heats 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

Natacha Rambova had a bright idea for her picture, "What Price Beauty!". She invented the nearest thing in beauty shops. From a wide range of models, you may select your own style. You pay your money and you take your choice.

The intellectual type—guaranteed to give satisfaction at Sunday afternoon teas, at receptions for English novelists and at concerts. Not so good in the kitchen or at the country club. Posing by Myrna Loy.

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.

Beatrice 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 as cold as she looks—the aristocratic girl—even if her name is Sally Winter. An admirable model for formal wear. But she is a total loss at washing dishes.

In the Rambova 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 — Dolph 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 don a sock.

She’s most “simpatica,” is La Supergia, 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, Nalacha Rambora, the producer, who is really a composite of all the charming types. Below, Miss Rambora 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

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 accomplished. 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 little hallway at the head of the stairs may be made to reflect domestic comfort and quiet

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
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, $17.50 each; desk lamp, $10; reading lamp, $20; candlesticks with globe, per pair, $20; mirror, $25; jove seat, $200; floor clock, $350; dressing table, $145.

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.

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
Give this Young Fellow a Hand!

As Texas Guinan, the reformed two-gun woman of the screen would say

In "My Old Dutch," Hersholt creates another striking portrait. He is one of the screen's greatest authorities on make-up.

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 filmdom, 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 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 washbasin 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 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 fever—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.

When full length of arms is reached, thumbs should be parted and arms swept around until elbows touch sides.

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.

Once the breast stroke is mastered, it is merely a matter of practice before one learns the fancier strokes, the Australian Crawl, the Trudgion 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.

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.

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 visitor on the lot who happen to be watching him.

Q. Who is the greatest director of them all?
A. I am a modest man.

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"
"The women of the younger set today simply must look fresh and lovely"

—GLORIA GOULD

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 unwaried 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, 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.

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The Two Creams used by Society's younger women

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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

Abraham Lincoln
America
The Arab
Babbitt
Barbara Frietchie
Beau Brummel
Black Oxen
Broadway After Dark
Captain Blood
The Chechakos
Classmates
Cynara
Dante's Inferno
Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall
The Enchanted Cottage
The Fighting Cossack
Forbidden Paradise
Girl Sky
He Who Gets Slapped
Hot Water
In Hollywood with Patash and Perlmutter
The Iron Horse
Janice Meredith
The Lovers of Camille
Manhandled
Manhattan
The Man Who Came Back
The Marriage Circle
Merton of the Movies
Montezuma Brancaire
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
Sir Big
Tannish
 Tears of the D'Urbervilles
The Thief of Bagdad
Those Who Dance
Thy Name Is Woman
Three Women
Wanderer of the Wasteland
West of the Water Tower
Wild Oranges
Yolanda
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.

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

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 Fleishmann'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. Bixby, Culver City, Calif.

Left

"I had such severe indigestion 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!

"On the Ant Hill" by Mrs. T. Burton Ford. Photographs by photo play Magazine—Advertising Section.

When you write to advertisers please mention Photoplay Magazine.
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 roles. 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.
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.
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.

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.'"

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.
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 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]
To find things in the dark—**use your flashlight!**

**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.

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*they last longer*

*The type illustrated is No. 2613, the Eveready 2-cell Brand-Beam Flashlight. Handsome, ribbon belt-clip case. Interchangeable switch, proof against accidental lighting. Octagonal, non-slip, non-tipping base.***

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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”
MARION K., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Shocked me! Never! Yours is not an indisecret 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 29, 1887. (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 ROO, AUBURN, CALIF.—I'll not boast of my easy job again. Marion Davies isn't married. Address both Miss Davies and Ramon Novarro via the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif. Carmel Myers plays the rôle of Iris 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 my friends. Address Irene Rich at the Warner Brothers Studio, Hollywood, Calif. Miss Rich is divorced. Address Alice Joyce at the United Studios, Holywood, 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 3828 Wilshire, Los Angeles, Calif. Richard Barthes may be reached at Inspiration Pictures, 9 East 50th Street, New York, N. Y. Constance Talmadge at the United Studios, Hollywood, Calif., and Wallace Beery at the Lasky Studios, also at Hollywood, Calif.

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.

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 1942. 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.

AXON, PENNSACOLA, 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, 1897.

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 you will see that I can tell you about your old favorites. Alice Brady is abroad at present. Julian Eltinge is now making a picture called "Madame Lucie." 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 went over to jest about the Khan, "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, 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.
Old Screen Names Wished on Stars

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 $10,000 a day as a director — no names were given to the actors and actresses. That doesn’t seem possible today when pictures 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

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.

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.
L. B., TORONTO.—Aileen Pringle may be reached at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif. She is twenty-eight and her birth- day is July 23. Miss Pringle has black hair and green eyes and she is five feet, three inches tall. Weights 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 Ystad, 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 Redingram, 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 Kidson. Perhaps you sensed the impending tragedy of her life in her acting, for Lucille died recently in Hollywood. Poten- tially, 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, 83 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 Lucky 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 adoration 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 2, 1934. 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 1886. 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.

Questions and Answers

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

Genuine Orange Blossom wedding and engagement rings are not only supreme in style; they are so fashion- ed as to insure the maximum in satisfaction and service. Special gold, hard iridio-platinum and the finest diamonds are used. The Traub trade mark is your guarantee of these advantages.

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A five mile drive to the next town to have tea with Mrs. S. — with the hot wind beating against their faces and whipping their hair back — and up — and every way. ¶ A five mile drive with a hairpin falling out every mile. They arrive and Mary's "Bobbie" comb goes the rounds. She always puts it in her pocket before leaving the house — an AJAX "Bobbie" comb which, in a minute or two, smooths the frowziest and wildest of windblown bobs. ¶ Some prefer "DAINTEE" — the pocket comb with the handle. Indeed, you can get Ajax Hard Rubber Combs in all desirable sizes and shapes. You can see them now at your favorite Drug, Department or Specialty store. Be sure of the name on the comb — AJAX. THE VULCANIZED RUBBER CO., INC., 251 Fourth Ave., New York City.

AJAX Combs

Another girl joins the ranks of the bobbed hair army. Aileen Pringle has cut her gorgeous locks. The man who looks like a cow puncher is really an expert barber. But Conway Tearle is watching the proceedings anxiously.

Studio News and Gossip — East and West [continued from page 47]

friend is in the picture — oh, there are hundreds of reasons.
But I think everyone actually turned out to the opening of "The Lost World" because they wanted to see the picture. No production for a long time has been so much discussed in the colony as this feature of great trick photography, and the picture people were on their toes to view a new development in the art of the camera.
The outstanding feature of the evening was the reception given to Roscoe Arbuckle, when Bert Lytell, as master of ceremonies, introduced him. A roar of real applause shook the house and testified a little to the feeling of the people for this inhabitant of another sort of "lost world."
Bert's bride, Claire Windsor, sat in the front row, looking, as usual, like a snow queen — all in white, additionally so in honor of her recent wedding. Mrs. Manuel Reachi (Agnes Ayres) wore a marvellous Spanish shawl, gift of her diplomat husband. Marion Davies was in pale blue chiffon, under an ermine cloak, and Norma Talmadge — they were in the same party — had on a straight line frock of silver cloth. Mac Murray looked like an animated powder puff, in a fluffy white creation from Lanvin, and Connie Talmadge, with Buster Collier along, wore a sea-nymph affair of green georgette and silver. Lilian Tashman's cerise gown proved beyond question why she was such a hit in the Follios, and Bessie Love's close-cropped head showed above a fluffy affair of bisque chiffon. Nita Naldi was all in black, with a narrow diamond band holding down her smooth black hair.
Next to Arbuckle, the biggest hand of the evening went to Arthur Edeson, the cameraman who was responsible for the wonderful feats of photography.

B EFORE the rush for the rights to "Old Heidelberg" started, a small company wanted the play for its star. The star was particularly suited to the story and particularly anxious to get it. The director, too, thought it great stuff.

But the president of the company stepped in. "We will not make pro-German pictures," he declared with more patriotism than sense. Incidentally he ignored the fact that Viennese stories are now in high favor and that "Old Heidelberg" is the most innocuous romance ever written.
The general manager of the company, ever eager to top his boss, further declared: "We'll take the story if we can change the locale to Columbia University and make it the romance of an American boy.
Metro-Goldwyn, realizing that the war is over, got the prize.

NITA NALDI is back in New York. Nita always keeps busy. Her picture engagements are piled up for months ahead. Incidentally, she has lost weight again. She is down to just 120 pounds and looks more than fit. Nature never intended Nita to look like a flapper. She is really built like a statue and her normal weight is about 140 pounds. It's a big concession for Nita to reduce. She doesn't mind the diet; it's the principle of the thing that annoys her.
However, popular demand is for the slim siren so Nita valiantly does battle with her weight.

GEORGE O'BRIEN and J. Farrell MacDonald will try for new honors together again when they make "Three Bad Men," the next big effort of Jack Ford, who made "The Iron Horse."

JACK HOLT evidently likes "them that kills." During the past year Holt has spent most of his time on mountain and hill locations doing western pictures. Then along came a week's vacation between pictures. Did he go to the ocean or up to Del Monte for some ploy? No! He heat it straight for the mountains which are his idea of some place to play.
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—ADVERTISING SECTION

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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 Roman, formerly of Paris, has signed a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures.

JOHN ROBERTSON, the director, was recounting the players who started with the old Vitaphone 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

Her "Hour of Triumph"

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.

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 retail counters, 60c. (Slightly higher in Canada.) Purity and satisfaction guaranteed.

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This new 1925 Pompeian Art Panel, "Beauty Gained is Love Retained," size 20 x 7½. Dose in color by a famous artist, worth at least 2.00. 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.

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Dear Madame: I enclose 10c. (dime preferred) for the new 1925 Pompeian Art Panel, "Beauty Gained is Love Retained," and the four samples.

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Address _________________________

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Shade of powder wanted?

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PONTIAC
Strain
FURS

As port as a pup in a pocket. One might say that Lucille La Suau 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.

O.K. 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 Lefty 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 Mackail and Johnny Harron—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 redest 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 cockpit little white
cap with a big blue rubber pompom. 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.

Apropos 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 kindly of 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

OR 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.

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.

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—and leave the hair free and clean.

Cannot discolor—
not smelly

Taroleum is splendid for the finest hair—it absolutely cannot affect the beautiful, natural color of any hair. White-haired mothers, and golden-haired daughters are among the most enthusiastic uses 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.

Antiseptic—also

Taroleum’s mild ingredients are a real protection to the scalp—because they have a desirable antiseptic action.

The heating pine-tar in Taroleum brings Nature’s best dandruff removers.

Guaranteed to please—or money back

Here is the fairest sort of a test. Get a bottle of Taroleum at your druggist’s today. If it isn’t the best hair-wash you ever used—we’ll return your money. Wildroot Company, Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

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Dimples

*Velo Dar viente*—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.

You, Too, Can Have A Beautiful Complexion with MURILLO’S 2 Beauty Creams

Add a wonderful charm to your complexion. Murillo’s creams tone and vitalize your skin like magic, giving a most delightful sensation of freshness and coolness and brings into your complexion that captivating glow of spiritual purity, or may and purity which you are longing for. Murillo comes in 2 types: COLD CREAM and VAPOR CREAM. Each cream scented with "PARFUME ESPAGNOL," By mail prepaid $1.00 a jar.

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A new luxury... a new refinement in the art of living beautifully!

By Lettea 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 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.

Deodo is definitely soothing and beneficial to the skin. And it does not stain or otherwise damage clothing. Outside of its important daily uses, you will find invaluable its immediate and continued effectiveness on sanitary napkins.

Deodo is sold at most druggists' and toilet goods counters—or I will send you a miniature container, holding a generous supply, free. Just give me your name and address.

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A MULFORD PRODUCT prevents and destroys body odors
FREE—MAIL COUPON NOW!

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Please send me the free sample of Deodo.

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Street

City

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—ADVERTISING SECTION

Gues 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 Count of Folly"

RhAPINCE, brother of the late Thomas Ince and the divorced husband of Anita 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 Cipriano 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 Vitagraph 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 role. It was written, she thought, for the kind of acting she...
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enough for him to properly enact the role 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 or 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

mus 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 take Tulare Lake and start a yacht club.' As we had to start "shooting" the next morning we got another man to do the directing."

Warner, to corroborate his story about the fish bowl and the writing machine, filed 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.

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Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
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 "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 do you think you are? Don't know how to keep out of traffic like this? Didn't see 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.

"Make no difference—back you 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.

Your Beauty
In the Morning

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?

Then it's time to pause and think—to realize something must be done NOW to bring back the fresh, vivacious appearance of youth. No matter what you are now doing for your skin and complexion it evidently is not bringing results. Let—

Gouraud's
ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

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-aging action. Blemishes and complexion flaws are effectively concealed while being relieved. Wrinkles and flabbiness generally yield to its astrigent properties. Made in White, Flesh and Rachel, also in compacts.

Send 50c. for a special assortment of Gouraud's Toilet Preparations or 10c. for trial size of Gouraud's Oriental Cream.

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Her Honeymoon Letter Continues

"...and everywhere you go in Vienna—the tea dances, the open, the fashionable Night Clubs, you see this gorgeous new-rage—sorbonville, so absolutely glowing with the joy of being! 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.

Princess Pat ROUGE VIVID
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You are invited to try this wonderful new shade of rouge on your own complexion entirely without expense. We are glad to send a generous trial supply for thorough test with various gowns in both day and evening light. You will find no other rouge ever brought out your beauty so emphatically.

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Please send me entirely free, a sample of your new VIVID Rouge.

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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 that 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 scenarios 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 acting done by the actors, but then, think of the cameramen, 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, in 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 Pringle did. What did she do? She became the toast of the Old Party. She found her invalid sister and on the side won the affections of an American officer. Clever worker, eh?—M. B.


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 turns to the little old town and marries her benefactor. Oh, yes, she was formerly married to 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. Helena Chadwick turns Clive Brook into a sadistic and vicious man. When 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 Corson play the heroines but the hero, the burnt out, 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 Ethel Noyes, are real news today by seventeen-year-old modern ways.—C. H.

THE MAKING OF O'HALLEY—First National

EVERY conceivable person has been glorified now that Milton Sills is 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 have wasted it in this 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: "Pat, your whiskey is beginning to peak well for the direction and acting.—C. H.

PASSIONATE YOUTH—Truart

POSITION in life is everything—so when a good bouncer became District Attorney that was the signal for daughter dear to step faster. Not until mother realized that said daughter was the best little flank-emptier did she become conscious of the career of her daughter. Of course there's a murder, the reappearance of the divorced husband—and the cad—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-musee's daughter, but there are no ex-musees around. She is the one who makes the show. The picture moves slowly because there is little to it except the climax, which has a real thrill. Owen Moore and Mack Busch do good work.—C. H.

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—swell drinkers. The picture moves slowly because there is little to it except the climax, which has a real thrill. Owen Moore and Mack 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 played 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 picture 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 isn't a thing to offer. Everything in the famous 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 real man, 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 duel 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 to be said is—this is a Zane Grey story, plot 1926—and from your training in the L.C.S. of Westerns you'll know what it's all about. Whom do you think we liked the best in the cast?—the villains, Noah Beery. He remains the cast—ugh—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, worshipes 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

ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN and Lou Tellehen point this moral: a rich husband who gives his wife unlimited credit but no spending money is extremely unsafe. 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.

STEEL OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED—Vitagraph

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 continued along with a plot equally old. A whirlwind cowboy, falsely accused of robbery and murder by a mean, old, big 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 is 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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The Wonder-Working Lotion

Use like toilet water. Is positively recommended for quickly and permanently removing PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS, ACNE

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The HAND That Wears His Ring

It should be a lovely, well-groomed hand—one he will always be proud to hold—a hand bejeweled with the glowing, shell-pink nails that good taste and Fashion demand.

Now, thanks to Glazo, it's easy enough to keep your hands as lovely as he would have them. Just a few moments each week is all it takes—a second or two of filing, a little attention to the cuticle, then a thin coating of each nail with the handy Glazo brush—and that's all. In a second your nails are dry and gleaming like lustrous pearls.

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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.

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 change. - C. H.

FIFTY-FIFTY—Associated Exhibitors

An American rogue, 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 they 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 Clanton. 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 dray 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.

Again 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.
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 makeup is harmful to the skin. And the answer, 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—if 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 you 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.

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—that is she is experienced enough to give sound advice to those in need of it. She is flattery, business women, or ways and mothers. She invites your confidence—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's kind and thoughtful, and yet businesslike and filled with human understanding? Here is the opportunity to do so.

The Editor

Mary, Ottumwa, Ia.

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 tall and you are too heavy. 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, 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.
Bending is the best for reduction. Scooping until the finger tips touch the floor. Swaying from right to left and 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 investigations, 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.

---

**Bathtubs $$$$**

By Patterson Greene

**Atmospheric bathtubs are Cecil De Mille's latest. In "Hell's Highroad" they are used 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 bloody way. In any event, expressionistic plumbing is a new thing in the movies.**

If the well 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 tent 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 baths in state,
Who had said to serve the bath salts on a platter.

Ricky riggs 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.
Answers to Movie Intelligence Test

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, 50, 40, 42, 43, 46 and 47. Cecil De Mille directed "The Ten Commandments." "Plastigrams" was the name of the three dimension novelty. Ethel Byrne appeared in a picture with the old Metro Company. Erma Torrance is a featured player. Vitagraph has been absorbed by the Warner brothers and is no longer producing. Messrs. Zukor and Lasky are the heads of the Famous Players-Lasky. Margaret Davies starred in "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

Seventh Group—If you have marked this group correctly, you will have the following results: Question 48—Circle 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: 55— 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—"Humoresque" 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 A. A. Reiner.

Ninth Group—The correct markings on this group are as follows: Question 6—Circle around number 3. Question 61—Circle around numbers 1, 3, 5. Question 62—Circle around numbers 4 and 5. Question 63—Circle around numbers 1, 2 and 3. Question 64—Hale Hamilton, Lloyd Hamilton, Mahlon Hamilton and Neil Hamilton. Question 65—Circles around numbers 1, 2, 4, 5, 7 and 8.

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 Rocca is an important role in "The Ten Commandments." John Gilbert is very much in pictures.

Languishing Romances

(Continued from page 29)

Kill the Hair Root

My method is the only one to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No griefs. Booklet free. Write today; includes 3 samples. We teach beauty culture. 25 years in business.

269-C Mahler Park, Providence, R. 1.

Be a Reporter!

Prompt relief from Insect Bites

Absorbine, Jr. counters the tiny drop of poison and cleanses the wound. It soothes the irritation and promotes rapid healing.

Absorbine, Jr. is a dependable antiseptic and a powerful liniment — nowhere else can you find such an effective combination.

With Absorbine, Jr. at hand you can enjoy outdoors anywhere. A few drops applied to the skin will act as a preventive. You will be spared the annoyance and discomfort of insect bites.

The magic bottle is just as effective for sunburn, ivy poisoning and to guard against infection from cuts and bruises.

At all drugstores, 1.25, or postpaid
Send for free trial bottle

"I am never without Absorbine, Jr. at home, in camp or at the hospital," says a trained nurse.

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 at the comedies 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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A creamy deodorant that stops odor all day

Are you making the great mistake so many women make—thinking that because you are not black, you cannot offend with your unpleasant odor? Creme Odoron destroys every trace of odor without checking perspiration. Apply any time or before going out. Effective for all day or evening. Can be used as often as desired—absolutely harmless.

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Please send me sample tube of Creme Odoron for which I enclose 5c.

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To Prove How to Restore Gray Hair

I personally request every gray haired person to write for my patented Free Trial outfit, and let me prove how easily, quickly, surely gray hair can be restored to its perfect natural color. This offer would be impossible if I couldn't guarantee results. But I perfected my Restorer to get back the original color in my own prematurely gray hair, I know what it will do.

My Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. Doesn't interfere with shampooing. Nothing to wash or rub off. Renewed color perfect, permanent, and discoloration cannot return.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Send today for the special patented Free Trial outfit which contains a trial bottle of my Restorer and full instructions for making the convincing test on your own lack of hair. Indicate color of hair with X. If possible, enclose a lock of your hair in your letter.

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Please send your name and address

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Name

Address

The Lad Who Ran Away

[continued from page 71]

Once in a while a guy gets over affairs he's been on the run to take the chance and beat it from the road, too. I know a little girl—she just doesn't know me very well.

The engine whistled faint and far away. Its echo bounced back through the valley. I could almost believe there was some music to the two young rovers under the water tank. Each remained quiet while the engine whistled again and again, as if for a reinforcement. "There's no finer music in this 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 fool, ran away from home. You know an Indian girl's promester's 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 new guy, and backed up to 90 miles an hour. I was doing pretty well and saving a little money and I felt I knew the whole Canadian Pacific. Everything went lovely till one day I was going through the train selling my stuff out of my box when some people stopped me. I had my head down and when I looked up, I looked right in the eyes of a woman. One of the pretty, how-to-look-at-your-best kind. 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 happened after you got married and lived happily ever after?"

"Not on your titty," replied Chula. "The girl looked out of the window and I saw her and there were 300 men in the crowd, and she was looking over every one of them. That was enough for me—I beat it for the front car and put down my basket, took off my new bustle cap and sat looking out of the window at the men. I would 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 Vaas or some other college and there she married a man. "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, after the change of horses and the rest, they could not be persuaded to continue. In nine years he was world famous.

Edwin Carewe's road to fame was longer and, if anything, a great deal harder. He was the one which was Tommy Ivo. He was but a violin player then, this man who later 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-fighting westerner 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 and some of his own 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 price of being the cynosure of public attention. It's like trying to keep house in a zoo with traveling thongs 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 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.
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 lad teacher of the violin and possibly worse player—became a very great producer of pictures and an unerring judge of what the mob America 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.

In 1916 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 was fought his way into the 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 Hulbert and Blihn was featured. Carewe's "Madame 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 transcontinental trip he stops for a few days and bunks with some Indian friends near a little Oklahoma town. And perhaps, who knows, he lives over again an hour of moonlight memory, with a proud little Indian girl, who later looked out of a window with tear-bright 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 rifts 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 task—universally regarded trans-Paciﬁc girl urging him on 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.

Jackie's Long Trousers

WHEN Jackie Coogan 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. Jackie, his mother and baby brother, Robert, were expected on the second section of the Limited and his father was waiting in the station for his family to arrive when the first section pulled in. Jack Coogan, Sr., wasn't particularly interested in anything but the arrival of his family and so paid no attention to the passengers alighting from the ﬁrst section.

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.

### Rigaud's Aids to Beauty

**Rigaud's**

**AIDS TO BEAUTY**

**Fragrance with Perfum**

**Mary Garden**

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The face powder in a new round box with puff; contains every thing, very thin, so attractive in their new attire.

These are the prices

- **Face Powder in round box with puff**: $1.00
- **Face Powder Compact in new small metal case**: $1.00
- **Talcum Powder in 8 oz.**: 25 cents
- **Lip stick, slide metal case**: 25 cents
- **Bath Powder with large puff**: 1.50

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HUNDREDS of new tearooms, cafeterias, lunch rooms, matinee shins, are opening day by day. We receive many calls for managers, assistant managers, head waiters, head waitresses, young men and women. Earn $5000 This Year. You may qualify for this honor. Send your credentials and photograph to us. We reserve the right to examine and interview all applicants. Send your photograph in cable envelope, stamped. Dear P.L. C., Dept. 7. The Twentieth Century Tearoom, Washington, D.C.

**TEARoom Managers Wanted**

HUNDREDS of new tearooms, cafeterias, lunch rooms, matinee shins, are opening day by day. We receive many calls for managers, assistant managers, head waiters, head waitresses, young men and women. Earn $5000 This Year. You may qualify for this honor. Send your credentials and photograph to us. We reserve the right to examine and interview all applicants. Send your photograph in cable envelope, stamped. Dear P.L. C., Dept. 7. The Twentieth Century Tearoom, Washington, D.C.

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To step into a bath that smells like a flower garden—into water so soft and limpid it seems to caress the body! Bathsweet brings this luxury to you. A sprinkler of it ﬁlls the room with fragrance, makes the water soft and soothing, and leaves about you that indefinable, "scentless" perfume that is the very height of delicacy. 25c, 50c, $1.00 and $5.00 at Drug and Dept. Stores. Send for free cdm.

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NEW YORK CITY

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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 aurora, yet which are really no more actual color than sunlight. It’s only when the head is moved that you catch the aurora— the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the “tint cut” 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¢ to J.W. Kogi Co., 615 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wa.

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**Cast of Current Photoplays Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue**

**THE GOLD RUSH**—United Artists.


**THE FRESHMAN**—Pathé.


**THE GOOSE WOMAN**—Universal.

- **Story**: From the story by Rex Beach. Scenario by Melville Brown. Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: Mrs. Holmes, Louise Duerr; Gerald Holmes, Jack Pickford; Hazel Woods, Constance Bennett; Jacob Riggs, James O. Barrows; Reporter, George Cooper; Mr. Vogel, Gustave Von Seyffertitz; Detective Lops, George Nichols; Ams Etkeridge, 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 Compson; Fred, Raymond Griffith; Callahan, Tom Sanitschi; 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 Houseman; William Workman, Riley Hitch.

**SHORE LEAVE**—First National.

- **From the stage play by Hubert Osborne. Scenario by Josephine Lovett. Directed by John S. Robertson. The cast: "Blige" Smith, Richard Barthelmes; Connie Martin, Dorothy Mackall; "Bay" Smith, Tod McNamara; Captain Bimby Martin, 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 Monte Bella. The cast: Maggie Keenan, Zasu Pitts; Al Cassidy, Tom Moore; Ann Pennington, Ann Pennington; Tashman, Aaron Savage, Bernard Randall; Adrienne, Helena D’Algy; Maggie’s Dream Lover, Conrad Nagel; Frances Whites, Norma Shearer; Roger Fay, Katharine Cornell; George F, Tom Moore; Bobby, Lucile Lesueur; Watson Oldfield, Paul Ellis; Paul Thompson, Roy D’Arcy; Fay, Gwendolyn Lee; Diamond Tights Girl, Dorothy Beasley, Will Rogers, Lee Harvey; Ernie, Chad Huber; Mr. Gallagher, Walter Shumway; Mr. Sheen, Dan Crimmings; Eddie Cantor, Jimmie Quinn.

**THE WHITE DESERT**—Metro-Goldwyn.

- **From the story by Courtney Ryley Cooper. Adapted by Monte M. Katterjohn. Directed by Percy Hilburn. The cast: Robertie, Claire Windsor; Barry, Pat O’Malley; Keith, Robert Frazer; Saul MacFarrlane, Frank Currier; Foster, William Eugene; Engineer, Roy Laidlaw; Dark Wing, David Dunbar; Chinese Cook, Sojin; Mr. Madsen, Snitz Edwards; Dr. Carter, Milton Rose; Camp Cook, Sidney Bracey; Mrs. Martin, Trixie Friganza; Podephonk, Bert Sprocke; Butch Carter, Mathew Betz.

**KIVINALA of THE ICNELANDS**—Pathé.

- **Produced by Earl Rossman. The cast: The hermit, Keira, Tormund, Agava-luk; The witch doctor, Nashulok; Kivinallas’ brother, Tookatao; 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 Farmar, Richard Dix; McDee, Esther Rabston; Mrs. McDee, Edna May Oliver; Franklyn, Sr, Tom Findlay; Rudolph Franklin, Anthony Jowitt; The Professor, Joe Barke; Mrs. Hunt, Foy; Soylo Sheldon; "Gunboat" Smith, Sheriff, Charles Sellar; Toddidgmore, Charles Hammond; Tom Barton, Charles Donald; "Fancyly" Roget, George Webb; "Dutch" Oldham, Eddie James.

**LOST A WIFE**—Paramount.

- **From the stage play by Alfred Savoir. Scenario by Clarence Beranger. Directed by William de Mille. Photography by L. Guy Wilky. The cast: Tony Hamilton, Adolphe Menjou; Charlotte Randolph, Greta Nissen; Dick, Robert Agnew; Baran, John Larkin; Edna, Dorothy Lee; Mario Carillo; Duke de Val, Genaro Spaglioli; Louis, Eugenio di Liguoro; Mrs. R. W. Randall, Henrietta Floyd; Baronesse, Tobias Claude; Male, Marcelle Corday.

**CYRANO de BERGERAC**—Atlas.

- **From the drama by Edmund Rostand. Directed by Augusto Genina. The cast: Cyrano, Pierre Magnier; Rosanne, Linda Mogliens; Carl, Alberto Ferrari; De Guiche, Umberto Cailini; Rapunzel, Alex Bernard; The Dacne, Gemma De Sanctis.

**SMOOTH as SATIN**—F. B. O.

- **Based on the play by Bayard Veiller. Adaption and Continuity by Fred Kennedy Myton. Directed by Ralph Ince. Photography by Silvano Calaboni. The cast: Gerrie Jones, Evelyn Brent; Jimmy Hartigan, Bruce Gordon; Kersey, Fred Kelsey; Bill Munson, Fred Emmons; Mrs. Munson, 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 Roy Hunt. The cast: Maria Merelli, Bebe Daniels; Antonio Luca, Edmund Burns; Flora, Dorothy Cumming; James Morgan, Hale Hamilton; Mrs. Wood, Lawrence Walker; Mother Luca, Ann Brody; Mrs. Walsburg, Marie Shotwell; Mrs. Root-Chivel, 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: Mr. Lyle, Lawrence Victoria; Marion Sorby, Matt Moore; Count Zepplin, Harry Myers; Marianne, Louise Fazenda; Guido, George Andre Beranger; Labell, Gustave Von Seyffertitz; Marie, Edna Mae Cooper.

**THE HAPPy WARRIOR**—Vitagraph.

- **From the novel by A. S. M. Hutchinson. Directed by Marion Constance. Directed by J. Stuart Blackton. The cast: Ralph, Mal-

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**Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section**

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One jar of Stillman's Freckle Cream will prove it to you. Freckles, tan, sunflowers, vanish away under the magic of this cool, fragrant cream. It has a double action. Freckles are gently bleached out and at the same time your skin is whitened, softened and refined. Safe, harmless and can be applied secretly at night. Used the world over for 35 years.

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You were not born with freckles—why put off getting the milky white skin that nature gave you? Stillman’s Freckle Cream is guaranteed to remove freckles or money refunded. Try two sizes, $1 and $50c at drugstores and department stores.

Send for “Beauty Parlour Secrets” and let us tell you what your type needs to look best. Let us tell you how your purchases can get you bottle of perfume free. Mail coupon now.

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Fats are a natural burden, over-taxing the heart, causing high blood pressure and hardening of the arteries. And who ever saw a double chin that was beautiful or excessive fat that was becoming? Fat is fatal alike to beauty and to health. La-Mar Reducing Soap is sold on a money-back guarantee at all good drug and department stores in the country over, or direct from you by prepaid parcel post, if your dealer cannot supply you. Price 50c a cake or three cakes for $1.00, one to three cakes usually accomplishes its purpose. You will be surprised at results.

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*Photoplay Magazine* is a monthly publication that focuses on movie reviews, celebrity news, and entertainment culture. The magazine was known for its elegant design and high-quality content, making it a popular choice among movie enthusiasts and Hollywood insiders.

**Hennafooam Shampoo**

Hennafooam Shampoo is a product that promises to give hair a natural sheen and eliminate the need for hair products. The ad suggests that the shampoo is made from natural ingredients and is suitable for all hair types.

**Passionate Youth**

A review of the film *Passionate Youth* directed by Fred Zinnemann. The film is about a young woman who must decide between two men, and the ad highlights the romance and drama involved in the story.

**The Marriage Whirl**

Another film reviewed in the magazine, *The Marriage Whirl* directed by William Dieterle. The ad describes the film as a romantic comedy about a newly married couple who must navigate the challenges of their new life together.

**American Pluck**


**Hennafooam Shampoo**

The ad for Hennafooam Shampoo continues, promising to make hair look and feel its best.

**Photoplay Magazine**

The magazine's closing page includes a list of contributions and thanks to various individuals and organizations for their support.

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The text provides a glimpse into the cultural and entertainment landscape of the time, highlighting the importance of films in people's lives and the role of magazines in disseminating information about them. The ads for Hennafooam Shampoo emphasize the product's effectiveness and natural ingredients, while the film reviews offer insights into the narrative and themes of the films.
A Wish Come True

YOUTH is always wishing... wishing! And one of the mostardest wishes of girls —and women, too—is to get rid of that hard, gritty cake powder that roughens the skin and makes it unbeautiful. Now, that’s a wish come true!

NORIDA Vanirte was invented to carry your Favorite Loose Powder without spilling. Take it with you wherever you go and enjoy a radiant, exquisite loveliness that makes you the envied of some, the admiration of all!

You can be sure when you meet a friend on the street or attend a social function that you are in that perfect state of loveliness that only loose powder can bestow, that you have that velvety, rose-petal bloom of happy youth!

Norida is such a dainty, beautifully engraved case you will be proud to carry it. Gilt or silver, filled with fragrant Fleur Sauvage [Wildflower] Powder. R chill it with your own Favorite Loose Powder. A patented device holds the powder in—it cannot spill. At all toilet goods counters, or send direct to the Norida Parfumerie, 630 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago.
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 the false hair—shouted, 'She's okay!'
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 Henderson home—earned 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 painless and the idea that Miss Carey had brought to brighten her first home. And, as she smiled crookedly at herself in a mirror beautifully clear and unfurled, her grey eyes were soft with a mist of unshed tears.

It was due to her publicity man that Sally O'Day had Sara Day. It was 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 co-tune picture was released—to the tune of the song that greeted Miss Hedrick's 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 had once been in the porcelain, sparkling white—and the entire toilet clean and sanitary.

Sani-Flush quickly removes all marks, stains and incrustations. It cleans the hidden, unhealthy trap. It destroys all foul odors.

Sani-Flush is absolutely harmless to plumbing connections. Always keep a can handy in the bathroom.

Buy Sani-Flush at your grocery, drug or hardware store, or send 25¢ for a full-size can.

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No more oily, unattractively lustrous hair. The treatment of the Dr. Frank Parker Trichological Institute—patronized by fashion leaders—is now offered to you.

HERBEX OILY HAIR CORRECTANT

Acts scientifically. Prevents loss of hair, dandruff and scalp disorders. Makes wave or curl more lasting. Pleasant to use. Distillation guaranteed in ten days or money freely refunded. Sold by beauty parlors and hardware stores. Or prepaid for $1.00 Address Dept. 52, PARKER HERBEX CORP., 47 West 49th St., New York, N.Y.

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Clear your complexion of blemishes, blackheads, whiteheads, and spots, pimply, rough, oily skin—without danger to your health. Guaranteed in ten days or money freely refunded. Sold by beauty parlors and hardware stores. Or prepaid for $1.00 Address Dept. 52, PARKER HERBEX CORP., 47 West 49th St., New York, N.Y.

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You may sing some complete songs, melodies, ballads, sonatas, operas, songs, marches, force, solo sheet, etc., remotely and safely, and secure the same in England. This offer good for 1000 lines of music. Send to the right. No risk, no loss. Just get the facts.


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 entrance to the world of pictures—he had not despised the way of the world. 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 to his advantage—for the mysteries of the place. His-teries of contract and salary—of publicity and promotion. Of many another angle that the picture fan never knew, tho' the heart of Huy.

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 broomide, and the fixed conventions 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 at her society New Year's party. Sara did not go to parties. He was talking with Miles Hedrick when he first saw her and something in her hearing, in the proud lift of her chin, gave him a heady, and 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.

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 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 strong in the studio—but not of it! It was not her way, she was, always. And friendly and cheerful and willing to work. But the bars were never let down. Never! It was for a certain ingenuity of slap stick form, and to voice the opinion of the motion picture world.

"Sara Day never steps out character!" said the ingenue, "she never steps out 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 wished, but her gold frame was less rigid and binding. Perhaps the sound of jazz, from a party to which she had not been invited—stirred a sadness that Madeleine had never known in her young blood. It is a fact, too, that she had 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 ladies' club. fence—solving the history. And 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 did—to have the band of commerce and Cooper Hewitt. To learn the business
"It's her grandmother," he said. And then, at Jimmy Harper's startled look—"Her grandmother, this 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 books 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 didn't seem real. That girl had been exalted 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 shyness, 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, that feeling grew, just a trifle dully. The feeling of make-believe. Sara Day had been glad to forget the rough haired, red petticoated Sally of the past. She had been an ingenuous child then, for once in that wild, wild life, of itself long ignored—a way of intruding into the joyous times that she and Jimmy Harper spent together. Had a way of staring, wide-eyed and accusing, from the shadows.

When he died, for the first time, in her correct little home—Sara Day's home, despite her good fortune and early success, had never been big, 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 glass and gilt was beautiful 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 apologetic.

"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 grey and laven-}

Presented by

H. F. LAVIN

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—ADVERTISING SECTION

110

The Pink of Perfection!

That's Po-Go ROUGE! Smooth as velvet—satiny as down! Holds the powder like no other kind can! Hand-made, and packed in Paris, for America!

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Brique (Naturelle shade) is generally preferred by blondes. Ronce (a new Raspberry tint) is for either blondes or brunettes.

GUY T. GIBSON, Inc., 565 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

Distributors of Ciro Perfumes

Po-Go is a Coro

ROUGE

PRODUCT

Made, Boxed and Packed in France

How I Was Shamed into Popularity!

For some reason I could never get out of the wall flower class. But one night I had a bitter experience that changed everything. Here's what happened.

By James P. MCcAul

You know, I once thought nerve alone was enough to get by anywhere. That's, I thought, so till I met Olive. You never in your life saw two people take to each other the way we did. If only that dance party hadn't come—

But dances are what parties are made for. I sat out two or three fox trots watching Olive span around in the arms of other men and then I decided to take turn with her myself. At the very first note of the orchestra I swallowed a lump of fear and taking a hold that must have been amazingly sunny if it weren't so pathetic—I started what I thought was dancing.

Wherever did I get my nerve? Where did that girl ever get her patience? Must have stumbled twenty times—and then in the middle, she winked at and started to rub her toes. "Jack—it'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. Just then I wanted the ground to open and swallow me up.

But that night I sat up and thought—suddenly it dawned upon me why I was so unpopular. I suddenly it occurred to me that there was a quick, simple remedy that I had seen often yet never heeded.

That very next morning I wrote to Arthur Murray, America's foremost dancing instructor, asking him for his 32 page booklet, and three free lessons—including only 25c to cover postage, printing, etc.

They came promptly and showed me at once how easy it was to become a good dancer—even the hard-est dance step took me only a few minutes to learn.

Now the girls are glad to accept whenever I ask for a dance. I haven't known what a lonesome evening was since.

Whether you've had an experience like this or not—take a tip from one who knows—avoid the possibility of embarrassment—and mail this coupon, now.

ARThur MURRAY, Studio 446, 901 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Please send me a booklet, and three free lessons. I enclose 25c to cover postage, printing and mailing.

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Address__________________________

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BIG MONEY AND FAST SALES, EVERY OWNER benefited by using our "New System Specialty Candy Factory." Write today. Miss N. H. Hillyer, Dynamite, 90, East Orange, N. J.

FIRE SALVAGE SALES MAKE $300 WEEKLY. We start you furnishing everything. Jobber's Desk $1.00. Miss N. H. Hillyer, Dynamite, 90, East Orange, N. J.


OUR WONDROUS NEW PLAN WILL PUT YOU IN $1,000 a month line of products, complete outfit free, with no capital investment required.
The Lion Tamer

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]


Well, if Walsh is a director, he could be one of our very best wild animal trainers. He is absolutely fearless where lions, tigers and other ferocious man-eating animals are concerned, and that's his secret—an absolute lack of fear. He is still a little eleven-year-old boy who either hasn't heard or doesn't believe that wild animals are man's enemy. He says they fascinate him, interest him, they likes them and just isn't afraid of them.

And that's why Walsh will go into a cage with a gorilla to-day and do anything that is necessary in the making of his picture just as the other fellow would go down to the office and open his ledger for a day's work.

A lion or tiger, according to Walsh, should be treated much the same as a dog. Show him at all times that you are master of the situation and yet do not beat him.

As I was leaving the studio, a property boy who had overheard my talk with Walsh, a lad who has been with the director for the last three years, followed me out and volunteered the following:

"He'd just as soon spit in a lion's eye as look at it. I never saw a guy with so much iron nerve. And say, you should have seen him yesterday. He went into the cage with 'Duke' and saved a man's life. No foolin'!

I was interested, intensely so.

"Yee it was like this," the boy explained. "We was shootin' some scenes with 'Duke,' the worst tiger around here. Since they brung him to Hollywood two years ago, he's chewed up three trainers. Well, for this scene in the picture we needed an especially ferocious tiger to attack Ernest Torrence and Greta Nissen in the destruction of Babylon sequence.

"We put up a large cage around the set, and George Garaszell—he's the trainer—got inside the wires to drive the tiger around in front of the camera. He had a big whip to protect himself and, believe me, boy, he sure needed it. He raised the whip in front of the tiger's face a couple of times and the old boy snarled and started to back up. The trainer went forward then and started to crack the whip again.

"INSTEAD, the tip of the lash got caught on a Klieg light support in back of him and the whip was jerked plumb out of his hands. Now, if you know tigers, you know that when a guy is in a cage with one he daresn't take one back step. If he does, his goose is cooked. Well, this trainer just stood there petrified, face to face with the worst tiger in captivity and not a thing to defend himself with.

"He didn't dare turn around to pick up his weapon. He grew white, and I could see his hands tremble."

"'The whip! The whip!' he yelled. But it didn't sound much like his own voice. It was kind of high-pitched and trembled."

"For seconds nobody moved—everybody just stood there looking and hoping the other fellow would do the volunteering. The fellow next to me said, 'I'll go in there! I didn't lose any whip.'"

"Then I saw Walsh slide down from the camera-platform and tip-toe over to the gate of the cage. I hollered, 'Walsh, what are you doing? Have you gone out of your mind?'

"Walsh reached down for the whip, the tiger suddenly growled louder than ever and made as if to jump. But the boss didn't lose his nerve. Not on your life. He just took hold of the whip—tiger shot up—gas as a crawler—and walked over to the trainer and gave it to him.

"That's about all to the story except when the trainer got out of the cage he swore Mr. Walsh had better have been the one to go in there. He said that he himself wouldn't have taken the risk the director had done."

When the property boy left, I searched out Johnny Watkins, Walsh's assistant director, for confirmation.

"Say," said Johnny, "when it comes to handling animals, Raoul eats 'em alive. Why, they took a bunch of lions out there. When they got there, he washed his face with water and wasn't afraid of 'em."

Another time, when Walsh wasn't more than eighteen, a circus came to town. The wind-up of the animal acts consisted of a trainer putting his head in a lion's mouth. After the performance Walsh hung around outside the tent until he caught the trainer and made a bet that he could do the same thing. The trainer wouldn't take him up. Said he didn't want to be responsible for a kid's death, but the bystanders put another meaning to his answer.

Superfluos Hair

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The day of experimenting is past. You are too sensible to listen to flowery promises and to buy mystical 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 puny 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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[Advertisement for Madame Berthé's Superfluous Hair Treatment]

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The Lion Tamer

[continued from page 86]

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"He raised the whip and cracked it in front of the tiger's face a couple of times and the old boy snarled and started to back up. The trainer went forward then and started to crack the whip again.

"Instead, the tip of the lash got caught on a Klieg light support in back of him and the whip was jerked flush out of his hands.

"Now, if you know tigers, you know that when a guy is in a cage with one he daresn't take one back step. If he does, his goose is cooked. Well, this guy raised there petrified. Here he was face to face with the worst tiger in captivity and not a thing to defend himself with.

"He didn't have turn around to pick up his weapon. He grew white, and I could see his hands tremble.

"The whip! The whip! he yelled. But it didn't sound much like his own voice. It was kinda hoarse and trembled.

"For seconds nobody moved—everybody just stood there looking and hoping the other fellow would volunteer. The fellow next to me said, 'Why should I go there? I didn't lose any whip.'"

"Then I saw Walsh slide down from the camera platform and jerked two over to the rear of the cage. He opened it and stepped inside. And all the time the tiger was spitting and growling and raising his front paws at the trainer.

"When Walsh reached down for the whip, the tiger suddenly growled louder than ever and made as if to jump. But the boy didn't lose his nerve. He just picked it up—as cool as a cucumber—and walked over to the trainer and gave it to him.

"That's about all to the story except when the trainer got inside the cage he showed Mr. Walsh had saved his life. He said that he himself wouldn't have taken the risk the director had.'"

When the property boy left, I searched out Johnny Waters, Walsh's assistant director, for confirmation.

"Say," said Johnny, "when it comes to handling animals, I can eat '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."

"Why didn't you hire a trainer to do it?" I questioned.

"We did have a trainer earlier in the day," Johnny replied, "but a couple of tigers took a dislike to him and gnawed him up quite a bit, so Walsh took his place."

Superfluous Hair

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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."

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A unique new and FREE BOOK: "Female's Greatest Secret," which I will send by free express to your home. In this book you will learn exactly how to apply Zip for all purposes. Subscriptions for this book are free. Expense is all paid for by my huge fortune.
WHY STARVE YOURSELF TRYING TO REDUCE?

"SLIP" REDUCING CHEWING GUM, A Wonderful New Discovery WILL SAFELY—EASILY Take Off Several Pounds a Week!

All you have to do is "CHEW SLIP and BE SLYPH-LIKE!"

No longer need you suffer from excess fat—No longer need you be humiliated by nautical looks or manners—No longer need you allow yourself to distract or tire yourself out with exercises with Slip Reducing Chewing Gum. It is the most wonderful invention ever made. Slip reduces the child within you to today safety and easily reduces the adult within you to slender, graceful proportions! Slip Reducing Gum is the result of five years' study and experimentation—It is different from any other fat destroying form, it is taken off FAT. It is cheap and easy. Slip Reducing Gum is not a drug or a laxative. It is a reduction of the firm, elastic tissues of the body. It is the choice of doctors and men who know for years, to possess wonderful reducing properties. When taken fasting the gut is cleansed through the bow of the system. It is a valuable food forming elements in the system. If you are suffering from excess fat, you should take Slip Reducing Gum for two weeks; or you can take it daily for two weeks, and in this way you can have a full six weeks' supply, which is a sufficient amount to see wonderful results. If your druggist cannot get it for you, send direct to the Slip Medical Company, Dept. 19, 19 West 20th Street, New York City. Slip is needed for stomach troubles. Beware of the imitation gums. The real gum is known well by the fact that CHEW SLIP GUM IS TO BE SLYPH-LIKE! That's New York's latest slinth. slinth original and genuine reducing gum.

D. H. S., Nashville, Tenn.—Norma Talmadge was born at Niagara Falls, N. Y. I believe that makes her an American. You think I am witty but I am also wise. I believe that every woman should be as beautiful as she is. I am grateful for every comment you have made in the past. I am grateful for every comment you have made in the past. I am grateful for every comment you have made in the past.

CISELY, ARDMORE, Pa.—You ask for "salute" but your adored Miss Walsh. Here they are, Cisely dear. Lois Wilson was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., June 26, 1896. She is not married. Her height is five feet, and a half feet tall. Her weight is one hundred twenty pounds. Her eyes are hazel. Her hair is brown.


Thomas Meighan is neither a widower nor divorced. He is married to Frances Ring, a former player on stage and member of one of the theater's old families.

RAY COLBERT, Gary, Ind.—Will I settle an argument as to whether Charles Chaplin was eyes and curly hair. So when I am not. I 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 to be married or not. I don't know. Miss Windsor is married to Bert Lytell.


PATRICIA, Fort Worth, Tex.—You "just must" know all about William Collier, Jr. Here goes. He was born February 12, 1902. Not 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. Shout. You say that I am a handsome blonde, a little too handsome for an answer man, about five feet, ten inches, tall, built, with baby blue eyes and curly hair. That is what I am built. I don't think Richard Dix's nose is beautiful. You think so because it is "so different from the rest." Don't know that I do. I had a cold the last time I saw him.

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.
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 Mack Sennett and any number of dramatists of humor.

This also includes the element of fright, always a laugh promoter. Whether it be a blindfolded man about to fall off a twelve-story building, a colored man being chased by a lion, a servant in a haunted house, the oft-repeated man has even been subject for exercising hogs.

When two policemen are chasing a burglar and the burglar, in the act of escaping, on the culprit hits his colleague-in-law, the basic laugh situation is called "crowing the other guy." Or when one of the comics is about to be shot by a crook and the crook has a vase of flowers and someone else comes up from behind and

[PhotoPlay Magazine: Advertising Section]
What the Stars and Directors Are Doing Now

WEST COAST

(Copies of other specified studios are at Hollywood)

BUSTER KEATON STUDIOS, 1025 Lillian Way. Lev Neal directing "Go West" with Buster Keaton and Kathleen Myers.

CALIFORNIA STUDIOS, 1438 Gower St. J. P. McGowan directing "Waves of Steel" with Henry Jennings and Bud Gold. J. P. McCarthy directing "Reality" with Dorothy Hope.

Dell Henderson directing "The Lady Known as Lady Maude" with Donald Smith, Albert Lewis and Robert Ellis.


Paul Stowe directing "Red River" with Rod La Rocque and Lillian Rich.

Sparta Julian directing "Three Faces East" with Robert Ames, Rockwell Fellows and Noah Beery.

CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIOS, 1420 La Brea, Insetale.


C. J. Deems directing "The City" with Neil Burnette.

Sitting Tight" with Jimmy Adams.

EDUCATIONAL STUDIOS, 7250 Santa Monica Blvd. "On Bridge" with Clara Horton and Walter Herr.


Banshee Lisa directing "Lady Robinson" with Edward Blake and Margaret Ellis. "The Isle of Hope" with Dick Talmadge.

Chadwick Prod. Fred Newmeyer directing "The Private Dancer" with Larry Semon and Dorothy Dean.

James Young directing "The Fourth" with Lued Barr Monterey.


The Girl Who Wouldn't Work" with Lionel Barrymore and Marcella de la Motte.

Spitzer Jones Prod. "Hill Lesson" with Wallace MacDonald and Cecile Evans.

FOX STUDIOS, 1401 W. Sunset Blvd. John Ford directing "Three Bad Men" with George Bancroft and Norma Shearer.


Frank Borzage directing "Lazybones" with Buck Jones and Madge Bellamy.


Reginald Barker directing "When the Door Opens" with Walter McGrail.

Borow F. Loo 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, Vera Hede and Robert Maitland.


"People vs. Nancy Restivo" with Priscilla Dean.


George Seaton directing "The Vanishing American" with Richard Dix and Lois Wilson.


Irving Cummings directing "Dance Madness" with Alice Pringle, Lyle Corder and Bert House. Hobart Henley directing "An Exchange of Wives" with Eleanor Boardman, Creston Hale and Hesse Adore.

Chase Cohan directing "The Middleman" with Ramon Novarro and Harriett Hammond.

Victor Savornin is completing "The Tower of Lies" with Dorothy Gish and Alfred Lunt.


PICKFORD FAIRBANKS STUDIOS, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd.

William Beaumine directing "Sempa" with Mary Pickford.

Douglas Fairbanks will soon start "The Black Pirate."

HAL ROACH STUDIOS, Culver City, Cal. Tay Garnett and George Seide directing "Riders of the Kitchen Range" with Billie Eagle and Eun Gregory.

"What Price Goofy" with Charlie Chase and Katherine Grant.

Bob McGowan directing "Bigger and Better Pictures" with Sound.

Sennett Studio, 1712 Glendale Blvd. Lyle Bacon directing "A Baby Knight" with Eugenia Gilbert and Raymond McKe.

"The Turkish Herring" with Billy Bevan and Madeleine Murdock.


Producing "Mademoiselle Modiste" with Dorothy Mackaill.

Curfong Griffith is now working on "Forever After."

Sidney Franklin directing "East of the Setting Sun" with Carman Tanne and Thomas Morris.

Fred Niblo directing "Sum of Muttonwine" with Norma Talmadge.

United Artists Productions: Rudolph Valentino is now working on "The Black Eagle."

Henry King directing "Stella Dallas" with Belle Bennett, Ronald Colman, Adele Joyce, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Louis Moran.

UNIVERSAL STUDIOS, Universal City, Cal. Wm. A. Reiter directing "Where Was I?" with Reginald Denny and Marion Nixon.

Larry Trimble directing "My Old Dutch" with Mary McBay and Pat O'Malley.

"Out of the Sea" directing an Art Award and Marcelino Day.

William Criner directing a "Two-Flotted Fichet" with Edmund Cobb and Peggy Montgomery.


E. M. Shaver directing "The Knobbed Tree" with Vera Gordon, Charles Murray and George Sidney.

WARNER BROTHERS STUDIOS, 584 Sunset Blvd. James Flood directing "Satan in Sabins" with Lionel Barrymore, Pauline Garon, Jane Marlowe and Johnny Harross.

Ernst Lubitsch will soon start production in "Lady Windermere's Fan." Cast not named.

Millsie Webb directing "The Sex Beast" with John Barrymore and Priscilla Bonnet.

W. Van Dyke directing "The Range of the Big Pine" with Kenneth Barlan and Helen Costello.

James Flood directing "Hogman's Alley" with Eddie Gribbon.

Roy Del Ruth directing "Fighting Luck" with Paty Ruth Miller and Monte Blue.

EAST COAST

BIOGRAPHY STUDIOS, 807 East 175th St., New York City.

Lambert Bihlly directing "The Unguarded Hour" with Diane Rogers and Robert W. Keane directing "The Invisible Woman." Cast not named.

Robert Kane directing "The Invincible Woman" with Bianca Sweet and Sue Lyon.

Washington Campbell directing "The Scarlet Sinner" with Mary Astor and Robert Frazer.

COSMOPOLITAN STUDIOS, 127th St. and Second Ave., New York City.

Alfred Green directing "Clothes Make The Pirate" with William Farnum and Dorothy Gish.

FORT LEE STUDIOS, Fort Lee, N. J. Henri Bergeyre directing "The Dangerous Woman" with Hope Hampton, Nita Naldi and Holbrook Blinn.

JACKSON STUDIOS, Jackson and Westchester Ave., New York City. Charles Hines is completing "The Live Wire" with Johnny Hines and Mildred Talbot.


PARAMOUNT STUDIOS, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y. Victor Horsens directing "The Shamrock" with Thomas Melchion.

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.

TEC-ART STUDIOS, 343 West 41st St., New York City.


CHANGES IN TITLES

F. B. O. "The Mysterious Stranger" will be released as "The Man Years After." PARAMOUNT PICTURES "Are You A Mason?" will be released as "On Dress Parade." "Willie" 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 Don" will be released as "A Hero on Horseback." BUSINESS NEWS OFFICES

Associated Exhibitors, Inc., 35 West 45th St., New York City.


Edisonal Film Corporation, 370 Seventh Ave., New York City. Famous Players-Lasky Corporation (Paramount), 486 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Film Booklet Offices of Amer. Inc., 727 Avenue, New York City.

Fox Film Company, 10th Ave. & 55th St., New York City.

Metro-Goldwyn, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Pabst Photoplays Corporation, Palmwood, Calif.

Pathé Exchange, 55 West 45th St., New York City.

Principal Pictures Corporation, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Producers Distributing Corporation, 469 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Rothek Film Mfg. Company, 1335 divider Parkway, Chicago, III.

B. F. Schaeffer Prod., 117 W. 41st St., New York City.

United Artists Corporation, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

William W. Griffith Prod., 1470 Broadway, New York City.

Universal Film Mfg. Company, 6852 Putnam Ave., New York City.

Vigrofo Company of America, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

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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 interrelated 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 unlucky husband espied by his spouse as he is seated in a cabaret with a pretty siren or on a beach with a bathing girl. This goes back to the French farces of Moliere, and hence does not pertainmate with the Genius Americanus of Ribitkulus.

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Close-Ups and Long Shots

[Continued from page 60]

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That Terrible Thorne Girl

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

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."

Sylvia, in sweater and furs, seemed warm enough; her cheeks glowed with color from the crisp wind and the roof was good—good enough to be, to be sure, out in the sunshine with the man she loved. Hollywood, Sydney Harmon, Millersville, all seemed far off now.

She must get up and go. Steve's side, received his joyous kiss with one equally joyous. The jingling sleigh bells were no merrier than their thoughts as they drove around the corner of the house and out upon the open road.

Many times, during the dark hours which followed, of her Sylvia thought of that drive. They had been late in starting, and already the winter sun was dropping 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 the automobiles, as possible. The few machines they met forced them into the drifts of course, but made little difference to the light cutter.

"I'm going to think mother was right," Steve said, flicking their steed into a faster gait with his whip. "This sure does heat driving a machine, on a day like this. Giddap, Charlie!" They spun about the corner, and homeward, 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 a 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 not occurring 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 day when she first stepped into the house of the little bungalow on Sunset Boulevard to find her in Sydney's arms.

"Nonsense," Steve dropped his whip and gave her a quick kiss. "You know you're sweeter than mine, that misfortune can't harm people who really love you."

"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 strong about it, we'll tell 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. I've been afraid of 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 yourself engaged. I can run away from me, whenever. I'm not taking any chances of your doing it again. As soon as we are properly hitched, we'll go to the matrimony register in clerk's office and be married, in 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-tall. 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, and go into town, and tell him to do his worst?"

Well, why not? Sylvia thought, with a little sigh. Steve and she 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 be clear enough. 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. Sydney was his side, her 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 her. The more she thought about it, the more she saw it would be the most satisfactory way to save herself. She had been beaten, for the moment, when she left Hollywood—heated and discouraged—but she did not feel beaten now. Her love for Steve had stirred her heart, given him her sake, for the sake of the people, she was eager to fight to demand justice. As these thoughts whirled through her brain she left Steve's arm about her, and she knew he knew it, and 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.

"Yes—yes it means it!" he cried, staring at her, before he could have her in earnest. "Yes, Steve—I mean it. I'll marry you Monday. But on one condition."

"What?"

"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 to her, that I am. 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 stories. 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 cloudless clouds, and all the beauty of the day had fallen upon it, and upon her. He wondered 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, feeling toward Sylvia the hatred she now felt, would make it next to impossible to be polite to the girl, now that she had once again insinuated herself as a guest beneath the Hol- lins roof. It was entirely natural that Julia should have come. Miss Hollins was the lowest and most immoral woman the newspapers painted her, she certainly had no business in any decent home. Miss Hollins was a self-contained person, usually wearing her blood when she thought of her patronic mother sitting at the same board with a woman of the streets, a cheap adventurous, designedly entrapping her bride. Julia was the only one to whom she wrote 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 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 place the old 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 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 somber a voice that Mrs. Hollins glanced sharply up from her work. "I've got news for you.

"Really, Julia. I'm sorry to hear that." The old lady laid aside her work, removed her glasses. "About whom?"

"About that. Steve is planning to marry. I know who she is!"

"Who she is? I don't understand you. Julia. Isn't her name McKenna?"

"Oh, 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 disapproves of in his daughter is a mystery."

"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 it was just before that, why her hat was dyed. Now I know. She didn't dare to be recognized. Of course we can't per- mit Steve to marry her."

"Since when all this, Julia?" Mrs. Hollins quavered. "Steve loves her very deeply. It will break his heart. I must con- fess that she does not seem to me like a bad woman."

"She's clever, mother. Here's the story—"

"I'll tell you how she is now. We've been talking about you."

"About what?"

"Change. The S."

"You mean—"

"Yes."

"Mrs. Hollins said faintly.

"Very well. As soon as she comes in I'll talk to her. I'll tell her what she has got to do. Don't have dinner for an hour at least. I may get her out of the house while 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 cooking drive. Will dinner be ready. We're famished. He came to the door and held the reins. Then he looked in with Sylvia, flushed as a young bride, beside him. In their new happiness they did not notice Mrs. Hollins."

"Julia is back," the old lady whispered.

"That so." Steve frowned ever so slightly, and pressed Sylvia's hand. His sister's pres- ence, however, was enough to put Julia to- her feet far more difficult. "Hope she had a good time." He turned to the girl beside him, gave her a quick and reassuring kiss. "I'll deal with this change later," he whis- pered. "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 pried herself on being a just one. And justice, at last, may be the garnets of very great cruelty.

No mercy tempered her anger as she crossed the hall to Sylvia's door. She believed the man he had loved was a pitiable thing—believed he was to be wholly and un- generately had, and, so believing, should be punished accordingly. And it seemed to Julia that in giving her victim the opportunity to slip quietly away, unpunished, she was according her far kinder treatment than she desired. For the scandal in which the Hollins name would be

and the Best Man Won!

Curtain fell. The last letter that the nubile's eye caught was an invitation to a small dinner party at which the girl who, with fictitious elegance and happiness, did not arrive. Another third and generous appeal, made with tenseness, was sent. He stood over the two tissue-paper figures waiting for them to get up. They did not move. Both were knocked cold. Still he had no heart to give the last message. Sweat from every pore flowed down his face, sticking his clothes to his body. He was afraid. The bigger they are the harder they fall.

What Would You Do?

Suppose someone tried to bully you, would you run away? Do you possess the temperamental development and the courage that goes with it to resist at all costs? When you think it over, heart think if they found you placed the part of a coward in appearance his name, and bravery for it. Any man may now fairly himself and

BEEF

to cope with any such encounter. I can take that of your body and in 30 days I will add one full inch of muscle to your arm, shoulder, and back, and strengthen every muscle in and around your vital organs. My system is progressive. I work on every part of your body. I'll make a bowler hat of your back, a mawkish prominence, make your cheeks muscular, bring away, and that you'll be able to stand a heavy blow without hurt. Your body. You won't know what you've got. I'll make people start at you and say, 'There's a man.'"

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H. He had just brought himself to the point of mentioning Sylvia's intended conference 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 character 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 stay away 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 his body stiffened until he seemed inches taller. Julia, watching him, thought it strange that his blazed 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 Julia quailed. Mrs. Hollins ran up to the newspaper. 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.

"I dare say you talk 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. "Your sister is quite right. I never could 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. Caught the 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 off her right hand, gave it to her slender finger and dropped it into his hand.

—As the screen stars will be discussed in a fascinating article in the October issue of PHOTOCY Play On all newsstands September 15th.
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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 running 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 that 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 hosetry select thin weaves, as they have a tendency to make the ankles appear smaller.

ANXIOUS DAUGHTER, MARSHFIELD, 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 best effective in brilliant colors although there are one or two tones of green which you could wear to advantage.

BETTERLY, KINCARD, 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

M. B. S., Bailey's Bay, Bermuda—That's my favorite name—Mr. Know All. Billie Barke was born August 7, 1886. You can get a picture of Corinne Griffith by writing to First Nation Pictures, 33 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 wish watch.

R. H. M., Johnson, Wash.—Viola Davis and Shirley Mason are sisters. Their last name is Flagrath. They have another sister, Edna Flagrath, who used to make pictures in England.

Dotte 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.

Mildred K., Chicago, Ill.—Send a quarter to First National Pictures, 33 Madison Avenue, New York City, for a picture of Lloyd Hughes.

"Maryland" of Baltimore—I 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 last picture is "The Bandit's Baby." Yes, Tom Mix has been married twice; his first wife was a non-professional. Richard Dix has only 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.

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Remember this fact: You can avoid fraudulent imitations by insisting upon obtaining Listerine in the original package—14 ounce, 7 ounce, 3 ounce and 1 1/4 ounce.
ESTHER RALSTON

Why Many Movie Marriages Fail!
The New Vogue:
Carry loose Face Powder as neatly, as safely, as you would a Compact

In smart gatherings everywhere women have been asking: "Why doesn't someone contrive a really neat, convenient way to carry loose face powder in the hand-bag?"

Kerkoff now offers you, in his charming Djer-Kiss Rouge-&-Loose-Powder Vanity, a perfectly safe way to carry loose powder. This Vanity is fitted with grooved "powder pockets" (an exclusive Djer-Kiss feature). Each time you open the case, these pockets release just enough powder on the puff.

There is a dainty compact of Djer-Kiss Rouge, too, and a convenient double-faced mirror—detail mirror on one side, reducing mirror on the other.

Yet, complete as it is, this new vanity is petite enough to tuck easily into your small purse or bag. It is exquisitely fashioned of nickel-silver, its cover artistically embossed.

You will find the Djer-Kiss Rouge-&-Loose-Powder Vanity at those shops which carry always the newest aids to beauty.

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Kerkoff-Paris
PARFUMEUR

The Last Chic Touch
A mere sixe drop or two of Parfum Djer-Kiss and your toilette complete becomes sparkling, exotic, French, alluring! With this odor Kerkoff has scented his many specialties so that all your toilet accessories may echo its Parisian charm.
In the face of such testimony—
can you doubt your gums need stimulation?

If you were to read the journals of the dental profession you would note, with some amazement, perhaps, how important the foremost writers consider the care of the gums. 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.

How over-refined food injures your gums

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!

For this food is so "easy" on your gums that it yields them almost no stimulation. They become lazy and logy. Within their walls the blood circulation grows sluggish. "Pink toothbrush" appears, a sign that the gums are all too tender, and a threat of greater troubles to come.

To counteract the bad effects of a soft diet and to encourage a healthy flow of blood within the gum structure, the dentists turn to massage.

Read what the dentists say

Extracts from some of their statements are published in the upper right corner of this page. See what they have to say about the care of the gums.

More than that, follow their advice. Massage your gums regularly. And brush both your teeth and your gums with Ipana, a tooth paste that stimulates the gums!

Why Ipana is so good for the gums

Ipana is used solely as a tooth paste. Ipana is unexcelled in its cleaning and polishing effect on the teeth. But due to its own peculiar virtues, it is a splendid aid in the toning and strengthening of unhealthy gums. For it contains zinc, an antiseptic and hemostatic well known and widely used by dentists.

Talk to your dentist, if you like, about Ipana. He knows Ipana—its properties, its beneficial effects, its delicious taste.

Even if your gums are sound as a dollar, you will lose nothing and gain much by giving Ipana a thorough trial. It will help to keep your gums in health. It will give you a new sensation of oral cleanliness. And it is so delicious that thousands of tubes are bought by people who buy tooth paste "on taste" alone.

As a trial—use Ipana for at least 1 month

Cut the coupon for a trial tube if you wish. But better still, go to your nearest drug store and buy a full size tube. In no other way can you learn how beneficial Ipana can be. The trial size is good for ten days—an inconsequential test—but a full tube will show you how much good Ipana can do, even in a single month.

GLANCE OVER THESE PROFESSIONAL STATEMENTS

The dentists are agreed that soft food is the cause, and proper stimulation the remedy, for troubles of the gums.

FROM A PROFESSIONAL PAPER:

"Take an ordinary dinner, for instance, from the soup to the sweets; if there were anything that demanded real mastication we should soon grumble at the cook. The habit of boiling the food, and the leavened mastication required with our more elaborate dietary, supply the clue to many matters now engaging the attention of the profession."

FROM AN INVESTIGATION ON DISEASES OF THE GUMS:

"The rough unprepared food of primitive man necessitated a vigorous and complete mastication, and this means that the vascular and nervous supply received continual stimulation."

FROM A TEXTBOOK ON MOUTH HYGIENE:

"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. Pyorrhoea is a disease unknown among races subsisting on coarse foods."

IPANA TOOTHPASTE

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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.*

---

**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 names 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!"
Vol. XXVIII

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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
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.

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.
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.
Entertainment

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.
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

ACROSS THE DEADLINE—Stineer.—Another feud story. It’s mildly entertaining. (June.)

ADVENTURE—Paramount.—Fast action, good comedy, and something 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 fast-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 if 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 leads 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.)

ARIZONA ROMEO, THE—Fox.—The story is weak and silly, but it will 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 entertainment. (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 Kaasen’s flight through the frozen north to bring the anti-toxin 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 the factor to a girl with operatic ambitions. The grateful prisa proum 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—Pathes.—Rex, the King of Wild Horses, scores one of the hits of the year. The remarkable acting of the not-too-dumb animals makes this unusual amusement. (August.)

BLOODHOUND, THE—F. B. O.—What do you think the Royal Mounted Boy Scout? He gets his man. The man is his brother. That’s the plot. (Sept.)

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

BREED OF THE BORDER—F. B. O.—Just one of those Westerns with Betty Lynn as the quick-drawin’, hard-nosed hero. (May.)

BRIDGE OF SIGHS—Warner Brothers.—Lagu-brown 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 eastem-up Western with William Desmond. (June.)

CAFE IN CAIRO, A—Producers Distributing.—Bung-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.)

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

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

CHARLEY’S AUNT—Producers Dist.—Don’t miss this. Syd Chaplin becomes a perfect screen comedian. (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 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.)


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

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 in his best. 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 in a fascinating lady crook. (June.)

CROWDED HOUR, THE—Paramount.—A war story, humanly told, and well acted by Bebe Daniels. (July.)

CYRANO DE BERGERAC—Athas.—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 Angher’s and Moore’s Not So-Dumb Little Man with Laura La Plante. (May.)

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

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.—Clare 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 unfailing 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 O.—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, THE—Fox.—Marking the welcome return of Dorothy Phillips. Otherwise, just a trite domestic drama. (April.)

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 Compson. (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 William Powell are the cast. (July.)

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14
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

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
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. 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 "San Francisco" 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 ancious 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 Mackaill, 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 show 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 soon forget.

Florence Stapp.

Knockouts

Scranton, 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 Thorne 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.

Elise Keving.

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 a play or did you even read the book? 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, 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. Treasurer.

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, "Pee-Wee Pan" and "The Thief of Bagdad." I hope they will act in some more fairy tale plays.

I also wish to thank Lettiece 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 Mae 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 Lilian Gish—there would be many fans made happy.

Owen Conit.

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 marvelously, 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 everytime.

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 gives the right atmosphere. He recently won the popularity contest in Britain's Screen Magazine.

Jean B. Lindsay.

[Continued on page 115]

**Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section**

I WANT to send this Bed Davenport to you at my risk on 30 Days’ Free Trial. I want you to use it as if it were your own. I want you to know its attractiveness by day, its comfort (as a bed) by night. I want you to learn how easily it is operated and how its simple mechanism cannot get out of order. Then if your satisfaction is not complete, I want you to return the Davenport. I will refund your first payment and all freight charges. The trial will not cost you a penny.

**30 Days’ Free Trial**

DAVENPORT Requires Little Wall Space—Easy to Operate—Is especially desirable for Medium sized homes. When closed, it takes up only 32 inches wall space; yet when open it makes a very comfortable bed for two people. Easy to operate—opens with one simple motion. You sleep on a separate and comfortable bedspring built into the Davenport; there are 3 sets of springs, one in the seat, the other in the bed section. When Davenport is closed, bedding remains inside; out of the way. The advantages of the Bed Davenport are many; you are always ready for the unexpected guest. You can now have friends stay overnight whom you could not accommodate before. Or, here is the extra bed that the family has long needed.

**How to Realize Your Dream Home**

You, too, can have NOW the Home Beautiful that will excite the admiration of your friends, and make your home one of the finest in your neighborhood. All you have to do is to take advantage of my Remarkably Easy Terms. Send for my Big Free Book Today. It shows hundreds of Bargains in Furniture, Furnishings, and Everything for the home. It also shows a big selection of gifts for all occasions and holidays: Boys’ Autos, Coaster Wagons, Dolls, Doll Carriages, Toys, Silverware, etc. Remember, you don’t take a single chance when you deal with Spear. My prices are the Lowest. My Terms the Easiest. I give the Longest Time to Pay, and our business relations will be Strictly Confidential. Be sure to send for my FREE CATALOG NOW.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CURRENT CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

EXCUSE ME—Metro-Goldwyn.—A rollicking comedy filled with plenty of good laughs in a novel setting—a transatlantic ocean liner. The characters, by Mary Philip, are splendidly drawn by Arthur Lake, Ann Dvorak, and the cast. (April.)

FAINT PERFUME—R. P. Schuller.—Faint is right. A jumbled movie-sized version of Zona Gale’s excellent novel. (September.)

FIFTH AVENUE MODELS—Universal.—An interesting picture with Margaret Mitchell splendidly leading the role. (April.)

FIFTY-FIFTY—Associated Exhibitors.—What happens when American girl marries a French dancer. Lionel Barrymore and Hope Hampton are in it. (September.)

FIGHTING DEMON, THE—F. B. O.—Only the very best gags have been included in thisLambda. The real demons of the screen are the shadows of the future. (August.)

FOLLY OF VANITY—Fox.—A fantastic trip through New York. Not St. Louis. (April.)

FOOL, THE—Fox.—Melodrama with a moral. A doll 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 Exhibitors.—Harold Lloyd’s first college life is a farce and in it defines description. It’s the liveliest and most astoundingly splendid comic performance of the month. (August.)

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 St. Louis. (July.)

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

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

GOLD RUSH, THE—United Artists.—It marks the longest and proudest career of the screen. A great—but not the greatest—comedy of a fine artist. (September.)

GOOSE HANGS HIGH, THE—Paramount.—A perfectly well-acted and directed comedy with a perfect cast. Bring the whole family. (April.)

GOOSE WOMAN, THE—Universal.—A fine psychological study of a striking but repellent character in the life of a murderer. Superbly acted by Louise Dresser, Jack Pickford and Dan Dockery. (July.)

GO STRAIGHT—Schuberg.—A crook story dressed up with some off-color views of the streets at work. Just fine. (July.)

GRASS—Paramount.—The story of the migration of the Tribes of Peru, filmed in the Near East. One of the most picturesque pictures ever made. (July.)

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

GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE—Paramount.—A French story that is more interesting than delightful. Very frothy. Matt Moore and Florence Vidor are in it. (September.)

HAPPY WARRIOR, THE—Vitagraph.—The story is overemotional, 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. Improbable plot but lots of laughs. Not St. Louis. (September.)

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

HEARTS AND SPURS—Fox.—Buck Jones in a real no-class comedy action, so why worry about the story? (August.)

HELEN’S BABIES—Paramount.—A nice little entertainment, well suited to 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 Knoch Arden story of the World War, capable and well acted. (August.)

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.—Mild Moore has a good part in this Lambda. He gets his wish. An amusing comedy melodrama, (April.)

HUMAN Tornado, THE—F. B. O.—Wherein the wild-ridden Westerner again establishes innocence of a lot of assorted crimes. (September.)

HUNTED WOMAN, THE—Fox.—A lady in search of vengeance. Not St. Louis. (September.)

JERRY VANDERBILT, THE—Columbia.—A girl and a dog which considerably complicates 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. (May.)

I’LL SHOW YOU THE TOWN—Universal.—Another hit for Reginald Denby. A genuinely amusing farce. (August.)

INTRODUCE ME—Associated Exhibitors.—Another one of those modern comedies which is rapidly becoming one of our most popular comedies. Fine entertainment. (May.)

ISLE OF VANISHING MEN, THE—Adler.—Look at the screen of this story which is more interesting than life in the average movie. (May.)

I WANT MY MAN—First National.—Murdered version of "The Invisible Man’s Wife." Heavy heroes by Milton Sills. (June.)

JIMMIE’S MILLIONS—F. B. O.—A tiresome picture. Richard Talmadge fights, runs and climbs behind the scenes. (August.)

JUST A WOMAN—First National.—Just a picture, redeemed by some good acting by Claire Moore and Henry Marrow and Getzway Torr. (August.)

KEEP SMILING—Associated Exhibitors.—In which Mony Banks again tries to prove that he’s a comedian. Far from it. (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 which hits—magnificent. (April.)

KISS ME AGAIN—Warner Brothers.—An ideal picture for adults. It’s sophisticated, witty and sharp. Richard Lupino directed it and Marie Prevost, Monte Blue and Clara Bow are in the cast. (July.)

KIVALINA OF THE ICE LANDS—Earl Rossman.—A story of the northern lands told with a 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. (May.)

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

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. P. A.—One of the greatest and most interesting of the year. (July.)

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

LIGHT OF THE WESTERN STARS—Paramount.—One of Zane Grey’s standard Western stories, with Nola McConnery and Virginia Valli. Not for the children. (September.)

LIES 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 French morals, not particularly pleasant. Claire Moore and Mary Brian take the acting honors. (April.)

LITTLE GIANT, THE—Universal.—A nice little story of young married life with Glen Hunter and Edna Murphy. (September.)

Photoplay Magazine — Advertising Section
LIMITED MAIL, THE—Walter Broker.—Monte Carlo—a melodrama that sometimes misses fire. (April.)

LSTA—WIFE—Paramount.—Adolphe Menjou and Greta Nissen in one of those divine French farces. (April.)

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

LOST WORLD, THE—First National.—A spectacle of interest, but so much interest is going into producing prehistoric animals. Cleverly done. (April.)

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

LUCKY DEVIL, THE—Paramount.—Richard Dix dishes through an extremely dashing and enter- taining tale. Elyse Knox and Mary Brian pretty. (April.)

LYING WIVES—Abraham.—Lots of intense domestic trouble enjoyed by a batch of characters who seem to be half-witted. (April.)

MADAME SANS GENE—Paramount.—Gloria Swanson in her most fleshed-out 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 at this story of the evil of cocktail drinking. May lead the crusade against the likes. (May.)

MAKING OF O'MALLEY, THE—First National.—Milton Sills glorifies the New York cop. Dorothy Mackaill is the right school teacher who mar- ried O'Malley. (June.)

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

MAN OF IRON, A—Chadwick.—Lionel Barry- more attempts to prove that a man may be great in business but a dud with women. He does. (Sept.)

MANHATTAN MADNESS—Associated Exhibitors.—Edith Taylor reviews the old Fairbanks success. Who is going to be slyly effective in a tale unknown against the heavyweight champion? (September.)

MANICURE GIRL, THE—Paramount.—She tries to be a gold-digger but true romance wins. Bebe Daniels and George Barbier. (Sept.)

MANSION OF ACHING HEARTS, THE—Schulberg.—An unsavory 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.—Another and rather foolish exposé of the evils of society. (Sept.)

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 Walt Nettles. Marrie Missisquoi who wins the open spaces and kills them hard. (July.)

MEN AND WOMEN—Paramount.—Stilted and over to save the day. Perhaps even Richard Dix might not interest interesting. (June.)

MIDNIGHT GIRL, THE—Chadwick.—Proving that it is hard for a good girl to get along. Reasonably amusing but not for children. (May.)

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

MIRACLE OF THE WOLVES—Special.—A gorgeous and impressive French production that again argues for the cause of the wild beasts. (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 Misses Pickford 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 valiant housewife. (Sept.)

NECESSARY EVIL, THE—First National.—Improbable and tawd-posted with Viola Dana and Ben Lyon. (April.)

NEVER WEAKEN—Associated Exhibitors.—A welcome revival of a Harold Lloyd comedy. (Sept.)

NEW LIVES FOR OLD—Paramount.—Fine entertainment, with cast well directed and fine pho- tography. (April.)

NEW TOYS—First National.—A comedy of mar- ried life. Dick Barthelmess and Mary Hay (Mrs. Robert Harron). (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, THE—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. (Sept.)

OLD HOME WEEK, THE—Paramount.—A Grade A melodrama with a light touch. George Ade wrote the story and Lee Lila Lee in it. (Aug.)

ONE YEAR TO LIVE—First National.—Alton Frye* is the last scene of the doctor and then cuts loose in Paris. It all turns out all right. (Sept.)

ONE WAY STREET—First National.—Just a dandy little comedy with something to be said for the faithful elders. Anna O. Nilsson works hard, how- ever. (June.)

ON PROBATION—Stearns.—The escapades of a rich flapper. It's far enough if you are not tired of goings-on of the younger set. (Aug.)

ON THIN ICE—Warner Brothers.—Gangsters, bootleggers, crooks, rubberhoes and all. Well acted by Tom Moore, William Russell and Edith Roberts. (April.)

OPEN TRAIL, THE—Universal.—Jack Hoxie dresses up like an Indian and gives the young boys a good time. (May.)

PAMPERED YOUTH—Vitagraph.—A street story of a spoiled, snobbish, 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. (May.)

PARISIAN NIGHTS—F. B. O.—Latin Quarter stuff in a tale of the foibles and such-like to keep things going. (May.)

PASSIONATE YOUTH—Treat.—Now, really, alter what did you expect from the title? (Sept.)

PATHS TO PARADISE—Paramount.—Ray- mond Griffith plays a real star in this riotous crook comedy. (September.)

PEAK OF FATE, THE—Frank B. Rogers.—A fine scenic—with an incidental love story—filmed in the Swiss Alps. (Sept.)

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

PLAYING WITH FELS—First National.—The story of a bad boy who becomes the best. He doesn't, but the picture does. (May.)

PRETTY LADIES—Metro-Goldwyn.—A good brainy comedy on the problem of the inside woman and an all-star cast. A treat for the eye and a fine show. (September.)

PRICE OF PleASURE, THE—Universal.—In which Cinderella is hatched by the Prince's family. Some good comedy by Louise Fazenda and T. Roy Barnes. (May.)

PRIVATE AFFAIRS—Producers Distributing.— A charming story of small town life, accurately presented and well acted. (September.)

PROUD FLESH—Metro-Goldwyn.—Excellent story of the personal and professional misad- ventes by Harrison Ford, Eleanor Boardman and Pink O'Neill. (April.)

QUO VADIS—First National.— Martyrdom of the Christians during the reign of Nero. (April.)

RAFFLES—Universal.—A good crook story made over by your small direction. House Peters heads the cast. (July.)

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

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

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

REDEEMING SIN, THE—Vitagraph.—Nazimova jumping 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, a neat stunt with Tom Moore and Miss Christina. (Sept.)

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16)
Men! Here's a Contract

THAT'S clear, isn't it? I make no conditions. No matter how fast your hair is falling out, no matter how much of it is gone — this offer stands. I don't care what treatments you've tried without results. Scalp foods, massages, tonics—here is a new scientific system that will give you a new head of hair—or I pay the whole cost of the treatment myself.

How am I able to make this amazing offer? The answer is simple. The Merke System of hair growth is founded upon a very recent scientific discovery. I have found during many years of research and experience in the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York, that in most cases of baldness, the hair roots are NOT dead. They are merely dormant—asleep!

It is an absolute waste of time—a shameful waste of money—to try to penetrate to these dormant roots with oils, massages and tonics, which merely treat the surface skin. You wouldn't expect to make a tree grow by rubbing "growing fluid" on the bark, you'd get at the roots.

And that is just what my scientific system does. It penetrates below the surface of the scalp. It stimulates the dormant roots. It wakens them. The tiny capillaries begin to pump nature's own nourishment into them. Hair begins to grow again. It takes on body and color. No artificial hairfoods—no rubbing. And here's the wonderful thing about this system. It is simple. You can use it at home—in any home that has electricity—easily—without the slightest discomfort.

Here's Proof!

"The condition of my hair was very bad. After six weeks' treatment with the Thermonap, my head was covered with short hair and it was no longer dull and lifeless. I kept up the treatment and in return I have as good a head of hair as any one could wish." — Clarence Terpening, 155 East Cedar St., Galena, Ill.

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"Your Thermonap has done a wonderful thing in bringing back my hair where all other treatments failed. The top of my head was hairless but the Thermenap for about two months, and now hair seems to be coming in all the time." — Harry B. Bower, 21 Hamp ton Place, Utica, N. Y.

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Save Yourself From Baldness. Stop Falling Hair. Here is Your Contract—Grow New Hair in 30 Days Or This Trial Won't Cost You One Cent.

By ALOIS MERKE

Founder of Famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York

If you are interested in one of the many thousands who have been told in the past that there is no cure for baldness, you will be interested to learn that there is now a scientific discovery which is growing new hair in thousands of cases.

This Is Your Bona-Fide Contract

Thousands of men and women have been treated successfully at the Merke Institute. Hundreds daily are getting amazing results with this easier, less expensive "at home" system of hair growth. Now, I do not say that all cases of baldness are curable. There are some that nothing in the world can help. Yet so many men and women write in daily about the wonderful results that I gladly make this offer. Here is your contract — try this remarkable treatment for 30 days. Then if you're not simply delighted with the new growth of hair — write me at once. Say that my system hasn't done all I claimed for it — and I'll see that the 30 day trial doesn't cost you one cent.

Free Booklet Tells All

There's no room here to tell you all about your hair — and about the amazing contract I offer you. But I will be glad to tell you all if you are interested. It's free—absolutely without any obligations. Just mail the coupon and I will send you, without cost, a wonderfully interesting booklet that describes in detail the system that is proving a boon to thousands in this and other countries. Mail this coupon and the booklet will reach you by return mail.

Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 3910, 512 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.©
At the recent wedding of Princess Margrèthe of Denmark to Prince René of Bourbon, the gift of the bride's brother, Prince Axel, was a magnificent cabinet of Community Plate. Thus the Vogue of Community, long established in America, spreads from continent to continent. A few distinguished patrons of Community Plate — Princess Margrèthe of Denmark, Baroness Huard, Duchess of Rutland, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Etc.
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.
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."
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.
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.
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."
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."
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 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.
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 Schenck 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. Schenck 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. Schenck'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

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 Hollywood 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.

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.

“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.”

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 waited 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 pro- pound this question. The flipper 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...
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 each have black hair, white teeth, two feet and smoke cigarettes—brand unknown.

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 two talents. 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!

He, too, has had his marital troubles. Nicely enshrouded as Hollywood’s most eligible bachelor, he was blatantly reminded not so long ago that there was a wife in the offering. 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 brisk 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?

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]

And no human being enjoys playing audience for long.

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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

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

When the stars were cops and bathing girls and when big-hearted Mack Sennett got 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.

"I was such a good business manager that the company soon stranded in El Paso, Texas. El Paso is a fine place to

A Sentimental Interview
By Agnes Smith

Ben Turpin and Marie Prevost were among the reckless merrymakers who lived for their Art and Payday

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. The 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.

"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 Barthesme asked for more pie and then listened to MacDonald with all the eagerness of a kidle 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."

"Three T"
Old Days! Is Zat So?

came a millionaire by paying them $25 a week—laundry and pies thrown in.

Taking my proverbial last nickel, 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 nickel 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 Keystone 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]
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.
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 bootlegger 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 dangle 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 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

J ust 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 plied 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 shimmery dancers,” which is, indeed, the “Fate that is worse than death,” as the subtitles used to say.

A t 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 actor 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 undiluted 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 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...
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, "Nostalgia." 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?

**STUDIO NEWS & GOSSIP**

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**THEM** one is simply too delightful to keep. We don't wotch 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 runs 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 nursing 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, holly, "what do you think I am, an Indian?"

**MABEL NORMAND** had having given a very exciting farewell party at her new Beverly Hills 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.

**CHARLII 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.

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.
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 Mac Murray.

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 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 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 red 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 black georgette over pink crepe de chine that made her look quite grown up. Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Valentino, Bessie Love, May McAvoy, suited by Bobby Agnew, Paul Bern, Eddie Sutherland, Ruth Roland, Lovell 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 role 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 "pictureing 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, MacDonald 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?'" "

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 cap 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 band.
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.

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 blare 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 wasn'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. 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. 'T'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 is 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.

Dorothea 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 Gwynn, 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 dicting, 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.

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 showing 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 offing 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.

"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 bluntly 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 affectationate 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 barbecue 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 be 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 bow not 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 lucency.

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 roles 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 roles depicting childhood.
That many actresses can play older roles 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 roles, or roles 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 roles 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.

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.

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 Photoplasy 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 105]
Ramon's

Ancestors

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 Eugénie 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.

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 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.

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.

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 line 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 honeysuckle, and piped with binding to match the stripe, 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, warmly interlined 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 picoted 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 8, 6 and 7. Price $5.50

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 8, 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.

The attractive frock Claire Windsor is wearing is light-weight tussed, 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 tussel with tan crepe de chine vestee 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 NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures

THE WANDERER—Paramount

T HE 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 Tempress. 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 TROUBLE WITH WIVES—Paramount

M AL 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 gossipy 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.

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY—United Artists

S EVERAL 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.
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

UNTIL 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 Lehar'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 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 aplenty. 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 titles 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.

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.

THE HOME MAKER—Universal

A nagging wife may make a good business woman. A futile husband may turn into a fine house-wife. 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.

NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET—Metro-Goldwyn

You know the plot; probably you read Peter B. Kyne'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.

FINE CLOTHES—First National

John 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.

SUN-UP—Metro-Goldwyn

A commendable effort by a new director, Edmund Goubling. 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 Gadson with a good performance.—A. S.

TRACKED IN THE SNOW COUNTRY—Warner Brothers

THIS is the first time we've seen 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.

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.

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.

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.

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]
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

They all admit that Joe is the youngest, but which is the eldest 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 children . . . 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 unfit 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—then 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]
"Show Me Your Furniture and Personality of screen character gives key

I received Paramount man, I sets in them. work violates designed criticise character which another's story furniture individuality.

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

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 hangings 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-

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.
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 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]

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.

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.
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 billets that I receive breathe the 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 fan 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 sheeking: 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 blow on with its stream of stories. Newspapers print thousands of stories every day. They are old stories but they have new angles. If 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.

A S 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 terrors.

"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 dishearteningly—domestically, financially, physically or spiritually. The sin was not theirs but that of the system, for many of them have been men of superlative 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 Lilian 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 unannounced. So fingling on her napkin 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 so fortunate 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]
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.
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.
ILLIAN 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."
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."

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 jabbers and squalls.

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 confounding 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—it 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 sturdily 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 we 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 as or 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.
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.

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 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.

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 dread of 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 Isoheli Harmon, and finding out that Sydney had gone away. There had seemed very little she could do, and yet, reading between
the lines of Sylvia's letter how greatly
to the girl was depending on her. Mar-
ion Allison determined to make a
final and vigorous effort on Sylvia's
behalf at once. Giving some orders
her maid she went out to the
rage 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
doubtedly have received the usual
message, that Mrs. Harmon de-
clined to discuss her domestic af-
airs except through her lawyers.
As it was, Marion stepped into the
cool, wide hallway with so deter-
mined an expression on her homely
but intelligent face that her hostess
was for the moment taken aback,
unable to do anything save forcibly
ject her. And Isobel Harmon was

above all things a lady.

"I hope," she said distantly,"that you have not come to dis-
cuss—"

Marion interrupted her with un-
pardonable 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 away.

"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—"

O

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. Har-
mon'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 inno-
cent 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 ter-
rible liar. It may suit his purposes, and that of this woman he
is infatuated with, to throw the blame on another."
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 Hoffman, an assistant director with Raniff 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 know, slow, 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.” [CONTINUED ON PAGE 78]
THE OLD ARMY GAME

W. C. Fields, the overnight comedy sensation of "Sally of the Sawdust" knows his stuff

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 dollar ed 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 another for his signature. All of which pleases Mr. Fields but causes him no need to change his hatter.

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 they 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 hit 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 hokum, 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 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 complexities 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."

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 complexions 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.

Other women of distinguished position who approve the Pond’s Method are:

Her Majesty Marie, Queen of Roumania
Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt
Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont
The Duchesse de Richelieu
Mrs. Marshall Field, Sr.
The Lady Diana Manners
Mrs. Gloria Gould Bishop
Mrs. Livingston Fairbank
The Princess Marie de Bourbon

FREE OFFER—Mail this coupon and we will send you free tubes of these Two Creams and little folder telling you how to use them.

Mr. 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

EVERY SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS

When you write to advertisers, please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Hand in Glove with the Screen

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-à-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 afternoon attire.

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
"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 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. Connor, 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 be-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!


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 sallow, 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.
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**

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.”

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!

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.

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!

When you write to a friend please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Eyebrows & Lips  To suit your peculiar style of beauty

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 dapper 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 ingenious—which is all right if Nature has made the rest of your face ingenious. 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.
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 1/3 ounce. Buy the large size for economy.—Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, U.S.A.

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
What the diamond is among jewels—
Silver Fox is among furs—What Jaeger means in diamonds
Pontiac Strain stands for in Silver Fox

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

Esther Ralston, the beautiful, the blonde and the unbobbed

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 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 roles. 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 rolés 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 "Beggars on Horseback." She was the only sane and unsophisticated 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.

Every advertisement in PHOToplay Magazine is guaranteed.
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.

1847 ROGERS BROS. SILVERPLATE

That Terrible Thorne Girl

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 Marion," 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 retorted. "And why should Mrs. Harmon think I'm not any 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 Renf 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 Renf 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, 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..."
From Her Very First Smile

Cherish that "Schoolgirl Complexion" in this gentle way, which thousands of mothers follow

Which Soap for Baby?

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.
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.
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 let his cigar go out.
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.

That is why Stacomb was made—a delicate invisible cream that quickly trains the most unruly hair to stay exactly as you want it.

Stacomb does not make your hair dry as water does—nor greasy as the old pomades do. Stacomb gives your hair just the soft, even texture, the very slight lustre that conservative fashion demands.

**Helps Prevent Dandruff**

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.

- - -

Readers in Canada should address Standard Laboratories, Ltd., 727 King Street, West, Toronto, Ont.

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**Stacomb**

**KEEPS THE HAIR IN PLACE**

**Free Offer**

Standard Laboratories, Inc., Dept. M-23
113 West 18th Street, New York City
Please send me, free of charge, a generous sample tube of Stacomb.

Name
Address

---

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]

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 hard, 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.
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 un rinsed 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 sud 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-JP, Dept. of Home Economics, Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, O.

PROCTER & GAMBLE
### 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.**

New 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.

**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.

**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.**

**May-Breath is now on sale in Canada**

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**May-Breath FREE**

15c box sent—just mail this

**MAY-BREATH CO. X-195**

1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Your Name:

Address:

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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
At no time does one have so splendid an opportunity to display good taste as in the selection of a betrothal and wedding ring. To choose an Orange Blossom ring guarantees the purchaser not only a lifetime of satisfaction but indicates as well his appreciation of the things most correct. Finished in special gold, iridio-platinum or jeweled. 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.

TRAUB MANUFACTURING CO., DETROIT, MICHIGAN

TRAUB
Genuine Orange Blossom Rings

Bear these Marks

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
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 container, holding a generous supply, free. Please mail the coupon today!

Deodo
A MULFORD PRODUCT
prevents and destroys body odors
FREE—MAIL COUPON NOW!

H. K. MULFORD COMPANY
Medical Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me the free sample of Deodo.

Name ____________________________

Street ____________________________

City __________ State __________

In Canada, address

H. K. MULFORD COMPANY, Toronto

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 serpent 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.

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 Reehsdl, 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 Carey's 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 his adobe ovens, and jars of Spanish beans and home made tamales and enchilados 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 admirable 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.

Pola 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.
Saucy, roguish flapper of the screen

A doll 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.

UNITED FAST COLOR EYELET COMPANY, BOSTON

Manufacturers of

DIAMOND BRAND Visible FAST COLOR EYELETS

Diamond Brand Visible Fast Color Eyelets preserve the smooth style lines of the upper and promote easy lacing. They retain their original finish indefinitely and actually outwear the shoe.

Look for the Diamond Trade Mark
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, talc, face powder, and bath salts. Its delightful fragrance lingers entrancingly.

These are the prices

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Product</th>
<th>Price</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Face Powder in round box with puff</td>
<td>$1.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rouge or Face Powder Compact in the new small metal case</td>
<td>.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lip stick, slide metal case</td>
<td>.25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Face Powder Compact, in new metal case</td>
<td>$1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Double Compact with metal mirror</td>
<td>.50</td>
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<tr>
<td>Talcum Powder in tins</td>
<td>.25</td>
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<tr>
<td>Toilet Water, 2 1/2 oz.</td>
<td>.50</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bath Powder with large puff</td>
<td>.50</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bath Salts, 13 oz.</td>
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Sole Distributors, Geo. Borgfeldt & Co.
111 E. 16th St., New York

*Parfumerie Rigaud*
16 RUE DE LA PAIX, PARIS

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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 $58,000 due the government and claimed the gems. What happened to the rare old liqueur 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 mother to this country and Madame Chalupetz 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**, 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 Moreno 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, Mrs. 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 kidnappers 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 ten years 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 role 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 triumphal 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 unspoiled 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.

Eaton, Crane & Pike Company
New York • Pittsfield, Mass. • Paris

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 bears 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.

**Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section**

and all boy, and upon them both Gloria betows 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 monologue. Of course, Hollywood had seen monologues before, and 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 establishe 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 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 heating device for a 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 fans and comfortable chairs that you sink down into and never want to get out of.

If Mickey can't make good pictures in that lovely and 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 have 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 role. These aren't any geese to be bought in such quantities in the markets, so Brown went out and broadcasted his needs.

Next morning, an airplane 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 "The 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 Priscilla "The Wild Cat of Paris" she's heard 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 to 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 a real Irish lass than the Wild Cat of Paris than we have seen her in a long time. Aileen has hers done a la Alma Ruhenes, 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 else 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 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

Every advertisement in Photoplay Magazine is guaranteed.
The beginning of new wisdom

In the realm of face powders, it used to be: "That which is good is costly." Today, there's a new gospel spreading fast—wafted on the wings of wisdom—"Pay less, but have the best."

**TRE-JUR FACE POWDER**

is a delightful contribution to Nature's loveliness. As soft as a kiss in the dark— as fragrant as the woods at dawn. A flawless powder—at a price amazing!

For Tre-Jur Face Powder—packed in a box of singular beauty—costs but 50c.

Speaking of value—do you know there's a delightful Tre-Jur Compact for every need, ingeniously encased—surprisingly priced!

The House of Tre-Jur, 19 West 18th Street, N. Y. C.

**TRE-JUR**

**FACE POWDERS & COMPACTS**

**Sold at your favorite store or by mail**

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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 worth.

When you write to advertisers please mention PhotoPlay Magazine.
From Hollywood

COMING THIS WONDERFUL REDUCING FOAM

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.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

FORM-O-YOUTH LABORATORIES, Inc. Dept. A., 7761 Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Calif. 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 ( ) or BRUNETTE ( ).

Name
Address
City State

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

KENTUCKY PRIDE—Fox

Here is something different that will be welcomed by everyone—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 crock drama with plenty of suspense. The only fault we found with this: why not make it all real? 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.

REED 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 faith 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 Rihn re-gives 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 Lee 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.

Vilma 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.
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; chamois 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, Kathas or jerseys.

Your favorite shop can show you correct styles of new Autumn gloves—in Cape, Mocha or Buckskin.

Sponsored by The Glove Industry, 395 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
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 horsemanship. The boy is good.—M. B.

PARISIAN LOVE—B. P. Schulberg

A NOTHER 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 a wealthy 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]

New 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. He went to New York. But they did wonder if Gilda were well known in the grassier sections of the country.

So Gilda and Bill 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 did 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. Bill 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 luncheons and dance parties. 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. Cabaret 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

On all newstands, October 15th
An amazing discovery of science!

**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.

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.

**Rays shot through quartz**

First—Goodall's *Actinized* Cream is compounded 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.

**GOODALL’S ULTRA-VIOLET CREAM**

Guaranteed not to grow hair

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
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 simply tired of playing the role. 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 magnet, 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:

T**HEY 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 class of marriage 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.

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 cloaks upon his worshiped 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 are as inextricable as 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 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 release, in earth, sea, and sky and all that in them is to a single being, to give your self-to that being so wholly that nothing whatever is withheld, to be prepared at any moment to sacrifice all for any sacrifice of your personality in bestowing that is love." 

So Gautier wrote in his usual beauty. But love is not synonymous with marriage. Indeed a happy wedding is pictured that a lady's husband, in becoming her husband, became ipso facto, by the very fact, amatorially defunct.

And the Countess of Champagne rendered an historical decision: "By these presents we declare and affirm that love cannot exist between married people for the reason that lovers grant everything unconditionally, whereas married people are obliged to submit to one another. Wherefore shall this decision, reached

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**Why Many Movie Marriages Fail!**

(continued from page 91)
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.

The masterful work of Ernst Lubitsch may now be seen only in WARNER CLASSICS. Watch for announcements of the new Pictures. Wonderful entertainment awaits you.

“If it’s a WARNER Picture, it’s a Classic”

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**WEST COAST**

**BERWILLA STUDIO, 5821 Santa Monica Blvd.**
Paul Hurst directing "A Gold Hunter." Cast not named.

**BUSTER KEATON STUDIOS, 1025 Lillian Way.**
Leo Nel 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.
Archie Mayo directing Walter Hens.
Scott Sidney has completed "Madame Luise" with Julian Elliot and Ann Pennington.

**CECIL B. DE Mille STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.**
Cecil B. De Mille directing "The Road to Yesterday" with Joseph Schenkraft, Jutta Gouldo and Vera Leyser.
Paul Sloan has completed "The Coming of Amos" with Rod La Roque.
Alan Hale directing "The Wedding Scene" with Lestrade Joy and Edward Burns.
Paul Sloan directing "Red Die" with Rod La Roque and Julian Blu.

**FILM BOOKING OFFICES, 750 Cower St.**
Emma Johnson directing "The Last Edition" with Frances Teague and Ralph Lewis.
Sanford Prod. Wilfred Lucas directing, "El Paisano" with Herbert Rawlinson, Gladys Brockwell and Hyatt Washburn.

**Associated Exhibitor, Prod.** Paul Powell directing "North Star," featuring Strohgakth.

**Larry Semon Prod.** Production will soon start on "Hop, Lock, Lure.

**Douglas MacLean Prod.** Fred Newmyer directing Douglas MacLean and Edith Roberts in "Seven Keys to Rhapsody.

**Embassy Pictures, Harry Hoyt directing "The Riches of the Duke" with John Mack MacDonald, Leah Baird and Herbert Rawlinson.

**FOX STUDIO, 1401 Western Ave.**
J. O. Blystone directing "The Lucky Horseback" with Tom Terriss and Rusty Revolt.
Bowman V. Lee directing "The Silver Treasure" with Thde O'Brien and Lou Tellegen.
Daniel Keir directing "Shoes" with George O'Brien and Madge Keillour.

**HOLLYWOOD STUDIO, 6624 Santa Monica Blvd.**
Tom Foreman directing "The People vs. Nancy Parker" with Marguerite de la Motte and John Bowes.

**Gotham Prod.** Reeve Elanson directing "The Show on the Wall." Cast not named.


**LASKY STUDIO, 1320 Vine St.**
Brad Walsh directing "The Lucky Lady" with Lionel Barrymore, Greta Nissen and Buster Keaton Jr.
William K. Howard directing "Montagnade" with Bebe Daniels.

**Victor Fleming directing "Lord Jim" with Percy Marmont and Madeleine Hartley.**

**METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.**
John M. Stahl directing "Memory Lane" with Eleanor Boardman and Conrad Nagel.
Al Rabbee directing "The Auction Block" with Normal Bunker.
Christy Cabanne directing "Dance Madness" with Alice Fricke and Lew Cody.
Eddie Cline directing "Old Clothes" with Jackie Coogan.
Joseph Von Sternberg directing "The Maned Bride" with Max Munn.
King Vidor directing "La Boheme" with Lillian Gish and Jack Gilbert.
Edmund Goulding directing "Bally, Irene and Mary." Cast not named.

**PICKFORD-FAIRBANKS STUDIO, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd.**
William Beaudine directing "Scraps" with Mary Field.
Douglas Fairbanks is now working on "The Black Pirate.

**RAN ROACH STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.**
Fred Jackman and Ray Clemens directing "The Devil Horse" with Rex and Gladys McConnell.

**UNITED STUDIOS, Hollywood, Cal.**
First National Prod. J. Frady Young directing "We Moderns" with Colleen Moore and Jack Mulhall.
Irving Cummings directing "Cavender's Wife" with Corinne Griffith.
Edwin Carewe directing "Jeanna" with Dorothy Nordahl.
"Spanish Sunlight" with Barbara La Marr and Lewis Stone.
Fred Niblo directing "Fun of Montmartre" with Noma Talmadge and Reold Colman.
Eric Von Stroheim directing "East of the Setting Sun" with Constance Talmadge and Eric Von Stroheim.

**United Artists Prod.**
George Fitzmaurice has completed "The Dark Angel" with Ronald Colman, Viola Banky and Helen Jerome Eddy.
George Fitzmaurice directing "The Garden of Ashes" with Ronald Colman and Viola Banky.

**UNIVERSAL STUDIO, Universal City, Cal.**
Edmund Laramore directing "The Still Alarm" with Edna Marion.
Robert North Bradbury directing "The Slipper Tongue" with M. O'Brien and Louis Teyrle.
Cliff Smith directing "Say High Coral" with Art Araud and Margarette Clayton.
Pearl Ford directing "The Winning Fool" with William Desmond and Eileen Sedwick.
Edward Sloman directing "His Pitchfork" with Russell Hordkamp, Ross Roeselov and Blanche Melady.
William A. Selzer directing "What Happened to Jones" with Reginald Denny and Marion Nixon.

**United Artists Prod.**
Kiss Baggerg directing "The Man From Nowhere" with William S. Hart and Barbra Bedford.

**WINTER BROTHERS STUDIO, 5842 Sunset Blvd.**
Noel Mormain directing "The Clash of the Wolves" with Bill-Tin-Tex, Delores Costello and Don Alvarado.
Alen Croftland directing "Compromised" with Irene Rich, Louise Flanders and Clinks Brook.
Earle Kenton directing "The White Chief" with Mabel Waples.
Roy del Ruth directing "Hornin's Alley" with Kenneth Harlan and Patry Roth Miller.
Millard Welh directing "The Sea Beast" with John Barr and Helen DeLellis.
Frank Ethelbart directing "Lily Windermore's Fun" with Mary Macar and Irene Rich.

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**EAST COAST**

**BIOGRAPH STUDIO, 897 East 175th St., New York City.**
George Arachalnsh directing "The Secret Sinner" with Mary Astor and Robert Fraser.
Webber Campbell directing "The Face 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 Francis and Gisela Remaré.
Howard Hopkins directing "Invisible Woman" with Inclansle Sweet, Ben Lyon and Pedro de Cordona.

**JACKSON STUDIO, Jackson and Westchester Ave., Bronx, New York City.**
Charles Hine directing "Rainbow Riley" with Johnny Hines.

**PARAMOUNT STUDIO, Pierse Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City., New York.**
Herbert Brenon directing a "Ris for Cinderella" with Betty Bronson and Ken More.
Allan Dwan directing "Snake Struck" with Gloria Swanson and William Grey.
D. W. Griffith directing "The Sorrows of Satan" with Carol Dempster.
Minta Durfee directing "The King on Main Street" with Adolphi Menken.

**TEC ART STUDIO, 504 West 44th St., New York City.**
Kenneth Welb directing "Just Suppose" with Richard Bartheshe.

**WHITMAN BENNETT STUDIO, Glenclise, L. I.**
Maurice Campbell directing "Wandering Fires" with George Frohman, Cosette Bennett and Wallace Macdonald.

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**CHANGES IN TITLES**

**PARAMOUNT**
"Her Tres Paradis" will be released as "Her Sex.

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**BUSINESS NEWS OFFICES**

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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.

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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

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOLAY MAGAZINE.
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, 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 propriety. They work together and play 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 their 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 too.

Hollywood, held up to the world as the horrible example, thus emerges to challenge the "irrefragable truth" of the Countess Champagne and her ladies by proving that love can exist between married people even when least 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 squint 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 making 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 Beowery 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...
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 L. M. Thomas, 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, Reklart, 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," "How Baxter Butted In," is considered by critics to be among the best of the current year. He is now playing the leading role 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 Moors. That he will make it there is no doubt. All three of the brothers admit he can act. And Mary a Moore brother ever yeased 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 players 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, the in 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 yet. He was born in Philadelphia, as he says, a long while ago. He started his career in New York at Koster and Bial's old music hall and trouped with circuses and carnivals and what not, doing "Razor Jim" and other masterpieces of a naive era.

You may say that he is too old to go abroad. He went to Germany first and not knowing the language, worked in pantomime. He had discovered the universal language. He traveled through the United States, 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..."
Well, Hides 21 before "don't" You Dad's Shoe '9Tie required, is a name of 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—and the fact they'll let me travel again. The character I want to portray is the American husbando, the one that the newspaper cartoons. He's so comic he's pathetic and pathos 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 month in the studios calling himself a name like that! Real intelligence? Well, rather.

Questions and Answers

[Continued from Page 31]

MABEL AND MARION, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Ramon Navarro'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 10, 1892.

DOLLY, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—For Mary Pickford's photograph write the Pickford-Parkhanks 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 butter 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., 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., OSLING, N. Y.—I'll not tell you 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 and you have no idea how upset he is! Well, to change the subject, Jutta 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. Aileen Pringle is beautiful; I agree with you. She was born in San Francisco, Calif.

BEFORE AND AFTER, PALO ALTO, CALIF.—This is the first time, in all the eighty years of my life, that I have been called the "cat's paw feathers." Helen D'Algy was born on June 8, 1906. She is five feet, five inches tall. Not married. Attractive, isn't she? Ben Lyon is, indeed, a pleasant person.

ETHEL, DELUTH, MINN.—Of course I will tell you what I know about happiness, daughter of the north. It is a will of the wind. A chimera in the dreaming brain of man. Oh, you are 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 Sennett Studios. A 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 6th, 1899. He is married to Thelma Rye, an English actress. But they are separated now.

ISPE, NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Glory Swanson’s real name is Gloria Swanson. Her married name is the Marquise de Falaise de la Courdraye. Isn’t that wonderful? Why should I get 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 Harlock 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 “Radio.”

ROSE MARIE, PITTSBURGH, PA.—Jack Hoxie 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 Coller was born February 12, 1902. He is five feet, ten inches tall, and has black hair and brown eyes. Ramon Novaro was born on February 6, 1899. Brown hair and eyes. Richard Barthelmess. Born, May 9, 1907. 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.” I liked “Classmates,” too. Jack Holt has brown hair and eyes and was born in Winchester, Va.

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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 state emphatically that Rex is a real live animal.

Ruth, Quakertown, Pa.—Praise from Quakertown is praise indeed! Warner Baxter was born March 29, 1891. He is married. He has dark brown hair and dark eyes. Bessie Love was born on September 10, 1908. She isn’t married.


Ethelyn of Grandview.—Forrest Stanley in "The Pride of Palomar." Viola Dana was recently married to "Leffy" 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 17, 1890, and is six feet, three inches tall. He weighs 150 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. Natasha 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 Compson once played the violin in vaudeville. Very, very easy, my dear!
PEGGY, BERKELEY, CAL.—I have forwarded your letter to Elinor Glyn. It made me awfully curious, really. Mary Pickford was born on April 8, 1896. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was born on December 9, 1915. 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, CAL.—Is there such a animal as a—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 Nielan. Address her at the United Studios, Hollywood, Calif. I imagine she is too busy to receive many callers. Aileen Pringle 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 yours read, be sure to make it particularly interesting and intelligent.

ELISE 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, Elise, 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 3, 1909. She entered pictures in 1917.

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 Novarro 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 Novarro’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, 1899. Mary Astor was born on May 4, 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 Novarro’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 115 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 1919. 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.

**Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section**

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Held one way, this point makes slender down-strokes, accentuated 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 your 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.

**Parker Lady Duofold**

With the 25 Year Point

Over-size Duofold 50c

Duofold Jr. 50c

Intermediate Size

Choose Your Point

Extra-fine-like this

Medium-like this

Broad-like this

Oblique-like this

Rival the beauty of the narrow Tenaya

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

NEW YORK CHICAGO

Duofold Pens to match the Pens

SAN FRANCISCO

Lady Duofold, 50c; One-size Jr., 85c. "Big Brother," 1.45c.

THE PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA

THE PARKER PEN CO., LIMITED, 2 AND 3 MURFUY ST., STRAND, LONDON, ENGLAND

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
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, 1909. She weighs ninety-five pounds and is five feet tall. Beside Love is five feet, two inches tall and weighs an even hundred pounds. Born on September 10, 1898. Betty Bronson was born on November 17, 1906. She is five feet three inches tall and weighs, like Besse, 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.”

RANOLD, 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 day of January, 1900. A real New Century Girl. She was in the “Follies” and other musical comedies before she entered pictures in 1919. She once appeared on the stage as a dancer. She is five feet, five and one half inches high and weighs 125 pounds. Blonde hair and blue eyes. Betsy Lyttel and Claire Windsor—your ideal couple—who were married May 14 of this year. Address letters to Brickbats and Bulletins, 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. She was 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 26, 1896. 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 127]

I’m Good

I want to ride a bucking bronco. In a western rodeo,
I want to drink and smoke and cuss,
And shoot the whole damned 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 girlie parts
For I am so—dared—good.

Margaret Boyle

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 37]

for the space in which they hang. The chairs combine comfort and charm, an ideal.

The other bedroom fairly sings youth and girliness. The carpet is garlanded with rose-buds; 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 38]

A SCREEN celebrity was arrested recently on 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-hoy, somebody'd got to put a stop to these majors.

BARRYMORE is doing "The Sea Beast," adapted from "Mohy 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:

Dere 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.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Prevent this

Too tired to dance

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.

Close-Up Shots

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.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
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 of it 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 cent 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?

If you think you would like 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 subarums, yet which are really no more actual color than sunlight. It's only when the light is moved that you catch the subarum suggestion--the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tins"" 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 my direct to J.W. Kent Co., 561 Rainer Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Golden Glint SHAMPOO

Those Were the Good Old Days

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

"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 Monarch. 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 cultivated 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 Prevots, the Mabel Normandas 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 ingénue.

"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 there was a fire."

To the group in the dining room it was a small 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, he abruptly kicked out of the revered ranks of the Keystone clogies!

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.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
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, you 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 resisted. 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 parallel episode. Second, in "Daddy Long Legs," the little orphan girls' slip 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 predominating element be humor with pathos skillfully woven in.

If, as you say, 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 plot of the little 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 helpful if you will please 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 roles (those between ten and fourteen years of age). These particular roles 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 actor or one who is really a child at heart, could make those little characters so natural that they become real people, and we refuse to give them up when another "Mary Pickford" appears in the role 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 McKeen.

A Hopeless Case

First Golfer: "I'm afraid you'll have to give it up, old chap, and call it a lost ball." Second Golfer: "Ball? I've given up looking for the ball long ago. I'm looking for my bag."
“Shame on women who are always weak and ailing”

—Annette Kellermann

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 independence on personalities and its 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, and every vast industry, can count hardly more than a half dozen personalities really famous in comparison with the thousands of names and names and names in the motion picture field. The record is astounding.

The motion picture is peculiarly the vehicle of fame. It is a certain privilege to those who play upon the screen. Something of the measure of the famous personalities of the motion picture is being taken in through a 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 editorials are the work of Tamara Kerns, author of “The Romantic History of the Motion Picture,” which ran its three-year serial length in Photoplay.

End advertisement in Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section.

The Rival Nordic Lovers

[continued from page 29]

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.

Jack is the young American 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 guy would be peripatetic—shy, a casual genius, but a genius. He would be an efficient, unassuming, well-dressed, urbane guy. But for his sake—but for the woman. Life with Jack would be the same as with the great man.

And then again he may be but a good actor—an excellent shadow mummer—conscious of his limitations.

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Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106]

Marjorie E., Okalaska, Iowa — 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 flit 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."

Ken, Richmond, Va. — Yes, Natasha Rambova is Winifred Hudnut. 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.

Merril, 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 Barthelmess 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 all the opportunities I had to star in the movies! They're after me every day. 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.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
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 Odonoro scientifically corrects perspiration odor without checking moisture. A morning application keeps you fresh and clean all day.

Creme Odonoro is so soft, smooth, fragrant; vanishes instantly and has no greasy or color to stain clothing. It is such a joy for quick use and traveling. At all toilet counters, 25c large tube.

Send for generous trial tube

RUTH MILLER
The Odonoro Company
30 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
Please send me sample tube of Creme Odonoro, for which I enclose 5c.

Name
Address

It is Easy to Shop by Mail and It Saves You Money!

SPEDY SERVICE

SPLENDID VALUES

Ask Our Customers — there are many in Your Community

Outer and Inner Clothing and
Shoes for All the Family—Dry
Goods—Rugs—Jewelry—Furniture

Auto Supplies—Sporting Goods and
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Many of our Orders are Shipped
the Same Day we Receive them—8 Hour
Service—and practically all of the balance
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The Charles William Stores
The Long Established Mail Order Merchants of
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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—diamonds, pearls and other precious stones are usually intended for formal wear. An engagement ring is, of course, always correct, but even in the smartest restaurants in New York you seldom see any 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 jewelery, the inexpensive ornaments are both popular and fashionable. Of course, you must wear these ornaments in moderation; too many bracelets and dangles will ruin the appearance of any costume. School girls and business women should be particularly careful of leading 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 was a curious origin. Women owning priceless collections of jewels were often afraid to remove them from their 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 jewelery 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 the two seaboard. 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 women's 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 civilizations which have vanished and the powders advertised in this magazine are excellent preservatives of clear, fine skin. Rubber bandages will reduce ankles that are too large.

M. E. A. M., HATTIESBURG, 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 clearing 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 complexion. 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 simple 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 be flappers, business women, or wives and mothers. She invites your confidences she will respect them —on any subject. If, therefore, you have questions of advantage, love, marriag and beauty, love, marriage, and questions of that sort, you can work out the dreams and hopes that come to every one, the heartbreaks and the victories—whom has not wished to tell 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 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 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 anemic 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.


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.


Barrie once defined charm as "the thing which if a person has one needs nothing else—not even good looks." I wonder if you have thought about cultivating charm? It is 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 one comes 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 your wearer, such as bright pinks and brilliant blues.

Babe, Detroit, Mich.

Chocolate bars, of the purest grade, pastries and puddings, and other high-class 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. Cassa-irato, who was Sarah Bernhardt's beauty doctor and traveled with her on her long American tours, 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 green. He can use a sanguine complexion on a tan, bronzed skin with a black background. That is a theory you might adopt though I certainly should not allow the lip 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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There is only one really satisfactory method of cleaning the toilet bowl. Use Sani-Flush. It cleans the toilet bowl and hidden, unhealthful trap quickly and thoroughly. There is nothing else that will do the same work so well.

Sani-Flush removes all marks, stains and incrustations. It leaves the bowl spotlessly white and clean. It destroys all foul odors.

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Radio Fans: Listen in on WBT every Monday night from 7 to 7:30, every Friday evening from 9 to 10. Central Standard Time.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO.'S

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 PHOTOLPLAY enough until I bought a copy 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 role of Derreen in "The Iron Horse." It seems to me Mr. Kohler has merited much 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—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—gives 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.

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Whiten Your Skin—Almost OverNight

No more blackheads, pimples, freckles or mudliness! Now you can clear your skin of redness, sallowness, liver spots, moths, and any semblance of a blemish.

Make This 3 Minute Test

Three minutes before bedtime smooth some of this cool, fragrant cream upon your skin. The next morning you will be astounded at the way your skin has become so clear. Send for a jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Cream now. Only $1.00. If not delighted and amazed your money will be instantly refunded. Just enclose a $1 bill and address

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Waterman Piano School, 1854 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 gullible souls who believe it to be true. Demoralizes our children, does it? 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 Claverton.

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 discontented with her own—and one article she had charged was a $100 coat! Why not show pictures that fit the real home life more? Any of the pictures Mary Pickford, Charlie Ray, 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, cannot 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, "Yuck!" 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 should we 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 women's beauty for a flawless skin

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 fingertips. The rinsing should be thorough, and the skin dried carefully by patting lightly with soft towel.

Where bruises are already present, apply a little Resinol Ointment and see how quickly it clears them away. This soothing, healing ointment is also unscaled for the relief of itching, burning skin troubles, boils, chafes, scratches, etc. Your druggist sells the Resinol products. No home should be without them.

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Mental strain calls for steady nerves—you'll find the use of Beeman's *a sensible habit*.

Shakespeare to witness that none other than the "mad" Prince himself walks before his eyes. When I behold 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. H. D. REYNOLDS.

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 you 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 Chaplin most of all; 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.

BERGSTAD LUND

New Zealand Likes American Stars

Auckland, New Zealand.

Gloria Swanson is a great favorite in Maori; she never fails to entertain. I have seen her pictures since the Mack Sennett days, and I wish her luck in the future. Bege Daniels is my next favorite to Gloria and she is exceedingly popular with all I know. I am impatiently awaiting one of my old favorites' return to the screen. Lila Lee. "The Cruise of the Make Believe" 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 BINNE.

Theda Is This Fan's Ideal


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 know how much I enjoy Peter Pan. I thought Betty Bronson was perfectly adorable and the photography excellent.

Glenn 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 picture that would give an 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 perhaps 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 Valryn in "Enticement" is without question, one of the greatest performances 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 andous 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? 'Usn't he to live in Brooklyn?'" laughed Bessie.

"Usn't who to live in Brooklyn?" politely asked the native beauty.
What $2.50 Will Bring You

More than a thousand pictures of photo-players and illustrations of their work and pastime.

Scores of interesting articles about the people you see on the screen.

Splendidly written short stories, some of which you will see acted at your moving picture theater.

The truth and nothing but the truth, about motion pictures, the stars, and the industry.

You have read this issue of Photoplay, so there is no necessity for telling you that it is one of the most superbly illustrated, the best written and most attractively printed magazines published today—and alone in its field of motion pictures.

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Gentlemen: I enclose herewith $2.50 (Canada $3.00), for which you will kindly enter my subscription for PHOTOPLAY for one year, effective with the next issue.

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Thanks, Old Man

Wellington, N. Z.

I think Willard Louis and Ethel Wales are splendid. And 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 allergic 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 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.

MARINE 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. THALIA A. WHITE.

Fiji Boy Rampant

Sydney, Australia.

I went to the Globe Theater last night to see that picture "South of Sava," 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-haired liners don't call there, and Sava has one of the most beauti-
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.

What can equal an alluring, subtle appearance to the complexion? A pure, soft, velvety skin glowing with a fascinating, entrancing charm. Here lies your opportunity to possess Beauty, to develop your skin and complexion to their highest point. This is just what

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will do for you, and what it has been doing for women in all walks of life for over 85 years. It is also an efficient astringent and antiseptic, giving exceptional results in relieving Wrinkles, Undue Redness, Blemishes, Flabbiness. Excessive Oiliness and strengthening delicate tender skins. Made in White, Flesh, Rachel, also in Compacts.

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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 Bogie 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.
Comb your hair with Glo-Co
It's a dressing, and tonic too

Professional hairdressers are coming more and more to the use of Glo-Co Hair Dressing, instead of brilliantine. This dressing not only makes the hair easy to arrange and keeps it in place, but it's good for the scalp as well as the hair.

The Glo-Co Hair Dressing dries always before a curl or marcel. Makes your hair stay curled, and prevents it from splitting or breaking. Use it on your own hair too. Keeps the most unruly hair in place all day.

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.

Glo-Co preparations sold at drug and department stores and barber shops. Send 10 cents for samples of both. Fill in and mail the coupon.

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Dr. Scholl's
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For quick, safe relief from painful corns or tender toes and pressure of tight shoes.

In between sets. A charming photograph of the graceful Julanne 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 Flora 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 it is too much to ask for his picture in your Photographe? 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 the picture of Ernst Torrence, but just the good looking actors are the ones written about. Perhaps we are not writing the 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 our folks think they are great.

Wishing you would please show more pictures of some of the older favorites such as Mahlon Hamilton, Elliott Dexter and Harrison Ford. Very few of us 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


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. MANLEY.

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.
**Cast of Current Photoplays**

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

**"LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY"—UNITED ARTISTS.** From the story by Katherine Hennessey, adapted by Vida Turlington and Louis Latham. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: Little Annie Rooney, Mary Pickford; Joe Kelly, William Haines; Officer Rooney, Walter James; Cubby Pleasant, John Griffith; Tony, Carlo Schipa; Abos, Spec O'Donnell; Spider, Hugh Fay; Mamie, Vola Vale; Mickey, Joe Butterworth; Humidor, Eugene Jackson; Ads, Oscar Rudolph.

**"THE MERRY WIDOW"—METRO-GOLDWYN.** From the musical comedy by Victor Herbert, adapted by Frank Lehar. Scenario by Erich Von Stroheim and Benjamin Glazer. Directed by Erich Von Stroheim. The cast: Sally, Mae Murray; Dandy, John Gilbert; Eumene, Renée D'ArCY; Queen Miluna, Josephine Crowell; King Nitha, George Fawcett; Baron Sadajo, Tully Marshall.

**"THE WANDERER"—PARAMOUNT.** From the play by Maurice V. Samuel. Scenario by J. T. O'Donohue. Directed by Kaul Walcott. The cast: William Collier, Jr.; Tisha, Greta Nissen; Jesse, Tyrone Power; Tolu, Ernest Torrence; Auddah, Kathryn Williams; Naomi, Katherine Hill; Flartie, Wallace Beery; Gedd, George Kinsa.

**"THE TROUBLE WITH WIVES"—PARAMOUNT.** Story and Scenario by Sada Cowan and Howard S. Mau. Adapted by Frank M. Clapper. Photograph by L. Guy Wilky. The cast: Grace Hyatt, Florence Vidor; William Hyatt, Tom Moore; Dagmar, Esther Ralston; Al Henry, Paul Martin; Gracie, Irene Hervey; Lucy Beaumont; Prey (Detective), Edward Kennedy; Maid, Edta Lee; Butler, William Courtwright.

**"WINDS OF CHANCE"—FIRST NATIONAL.** From the story by Rex Beach. Directed by Frank Lloyd. The cast: Countess Courtenay, Anna Q. Nilsson; Pierce Phillips, Ben Lyon; Roulette Kirby, Viola Dana; Sam Kirby, Hobart Bosworth; Laura, Dorothy Sebastian; Frank McCauley, Laurence Fisher; Joe M. Clark, Claude Gillingwater; Jerry, Charles Crockett; Danny Royal, J. Gannis Davis; Kid Bridges, Fred Warren; Sergeant Rock, Tom London; Inspector, William Conklin; Mounted Policeman, J. L. Johnston; Dancer, Anne M. Wilson; Polcon Dore, Victor McGlennon; Jack McCauley, Wade Boteler; Morris Best, Fred Sullivan; John Black, John Blystone; Edward Miller, Charles Anderson; Corporal, Barney Fury; Count Courteau, Phil McCollough; Mounted Policeman, J. O. Malley.

**"WILD, WILD SUSAN"—PARAMOUNT.** From the story by Stuart M. Emery. Scenario by Tom J. Geraghty. Directed by Edward Sutherland. Photography by J. Roy Hunt. The cast: Susan Van Dusen, Bebe Daniels; Tod Waterbury, Rod La Rocque; Peter Van Dusen, Henry Stephenson; Edgar, Jack Kane; Emily Dutton, Helen Holmoran; I. Crawford Dutton, Osgood Perkins; Malcolm, Ivan Simpson; Eustace Waterbury, Russell Medcroft; Cherry Ames Waterbury, Warren Cook; Porter, Bodell Smith; 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: Charley Young, Jack Holt; Bud Blake, Noah Beery; Sue Melbourne, Billie Dove; Chas Wymper, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Ben Manurewa, George Magrill; Lige Melborne, George Irving; Grandma Melborne, Edith Yorke; Teddy Norkin, Bernard Seigel; Sosie, Margaret Morris.

**"NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET"—METRO-GOLDWYN.** Based on the novel by John O'Hara. Adapted by Eugene Mullin. Directed by Maurice Tourneur. The cast: Tanea, Anita Stewart; Dan Pritchard, Bert Lytell; Mark Mellinger, Huntley Gordon; Mary, Dorothy Caine; James Jordan, James Murray; George Siegmund; Gaston Larrion, Lionel Belmore; Butler, William Morris; Mrs. Pippy, Emily Fitzroy; Mry Smith, Princess Marie de France; Alice, Geraldine McEwan; Hackett, Ernest Butterworth; Doctor, Ben Deely; Assistant Doctor, Roy Coulson.

**"THE STREET OF FORGOTTEN MEN"—PARAMOUNT.** From the story by George Kubbe Turner. Scenario by Paul Schofield. Directed by Alexander Hall. Photograph by Hal Rosson. The cast: Edna Murphy; Lacy Charlie, Percy Marmont; Fanny Vandern, Mary Brian; Philip Peyton, Neil Hamilton; Bridgeport, White-Eye, John Harrington; India Fane, Janet Brenon; Dolly-Dolly, Josephine Deffy; Adèle, A. Bargato; Diamond Mike, Riley Hatch; Adèle's Assistance, Robert Roccard; Ilow 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 Desharn, Lewis S. Stone; Peter Hungerford, Percy Marca; Alice, Alma Rubens; Sanna, Gracie Fields and Rosamond; George Fawcett; Aunt Misty Farnum, Margaret Campbell; Mrs. Anderson, Martha Mattox; John (Janitor), Alfred Fisher; Miss Alice Fount, Mary Field; Virginia Boardman; Molly Prouty, Elaine Ellis; Mrs. Hennessy, Mary Gordon; Mr. Willings, Lloyd Whitlock.

**"SUN-UP"—METRO-GOLDWYN.** From the stage play by Luisa S. Volmer. Adapted by Edmund Goulding and Arthur Statter. Directed by Edmund Goulding. The cast: Repe, Conrad Nagel; Stranger, George K. Arthur; Mother, Lucille Laverne; Emmy, Pauline Starke; Mrs. Sommers, Sam De Grasse; Pop Todd, William Ormond; 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; Jery Flint, Edwards Davis; Mrs. Ballard, Julia Swaine Gordon; Sam Robinson, Laurance Wheat; Ursula Kent, Jacqueline Gadson; Michael Dover, Dan Croghan.

**"THE HALF-WAY GIRL"—FIRST NATIONAL.** From the story by E. Lloyd Sheldon. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: Poppy La Rue, Doris Kenyon; Philip Douglas, Lloyd Hughes; John Gatrele, Hohrt Bosworth; The Crab, Tully Marshall; Jardine, Sam Hardy; Gibson, Charles Wellesley; Miss Brown, Martha Madison; Effie, Sally Crute.

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Watch This Column

Universal's New "White List" is Ready

Universal has really outdone itself! Rarely have so many fine pictures been produced in one period as the "Universals" you will see at the leading theatres in the next few weeks.

As pictured in "The Teaser," Ann Barton (played by LAURA LA PLANTE) felt that the old line about "A bird in the hand, etc.," cramped her style a bit. One in the hand was fine, but there were others to be snared also. But the charm and the comedy are too rare to be given away in this fashion. I'm sure you'll enjoy "The Teaser" which boasts a fine cast, headed by LAURA LA PLANTE and PAT O'MALLEY. It was made from Wm. Brady's stage success and admirably directed by William Seiter.

REGINALD DENNY, every girl's ideal and every man's idol, is at his handsomest and funniest in "California Straight Ahead."

Byron Morgan and Harry Pollard, who were responsible for that other thrillingly funny picture, "Sporting Youths," wrote and directed "California Straight Ahead."

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 KERR 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 in 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 Canfield's "The Home Maker" with ALICE JOYCE and CLIVE BROOK, directed by King Baggot.

I would enjoy a letter from you.

CARL LAEMMLE

President

(To be continued next month)

Would you like an autographed photograph of Reginald Denny? One will be sent you on receipt of 10c in stamps.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

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New York City
"THE LUCKY HORSESHOE"—Fox.
—From the story by Robert Lord. Scenario by
John Stone. Directed by J. G. Bylstone. The cast:
Rond Foster, Tom Mix; Elmer Hunt, Billie Dale; Der	
Davenport, Malcolm Wayne; Mack, J. Farrell MacDonald; Aunt Ruth, Clarissa	
Selwyn; Dancer, Ann Pennington; Vallet 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
Roscoe Arbuckle. The cast: Don Tarr, Fred
Thomson; Eleanor Harbison, Catherine Benni-'
t; James Harbison, Herbert Prior; Harry
Horbison, Tom Carr; Eagle Eye. Frank Hag-
ney; Yume, Frank Abbott and Silver King.

"THE GIRL WHO WOULDN'T WORK"
—B. P. SCHULBERG.—From the story by
Dorothy Coates. Directed by Lloyd Harrison.
Photography by Pliny Horne. The cast: Ian
McCallum, Art Acord; Exmara Jackson, Joe
McCrea; Doraldina, Nancy Deaver; Popei, Cesarea
Gravina; Steve Brant, Albert J. Smith; Creasy, Jim Corey; Referee, Ben Corbett; Mrs. Jackson, Gertrude Howard;
Fat, Hillard Karr; Joe Dehes, George F. Austin.

"THE CIRCUS CYCLOANE"—Universal.
—Story by Alfred Rogell. Directed by Alfred
Rogell. Photography by Pliny Horne. The cast:
John Jordan, Art Acord; Exmara Jackson, Joe
McCrea; Doraldina, Nancy Deaver; Popei, Cesarea
Gravina; Steve Brant, Albert J. Smith; Creasy, Jim Corey; Referee, Ben Corbett; Mrs. Jackson, Gertrude Howard;
Fat, Hillard Karr; Joe Dehes, George F. Austin.

"THE RANGER OF THE BIG PINES"
—Vitagraph. From the story by Hamlin
Garland. Adapted by Albert Bernstein and
Mrs. L. McMurtry. Directed by Wm. Van Dyke.
The cast: Rouse Conner, Kenneth Harlan; Lee
Virginia Weatherford, Helen Costello; Lee, Winifred, Helene; Fisher, Willard; Gregs
Will Wallowing; Joe Gregg, Lew Harvey; Redfield, Robert J. Graves; Edwards, Eugene Paullette; Pinkie, Harvye Clark; Mame, Joan Standing.

"LORRAINE OF THE LIONS"—Universal—Story by Isadora Bernstein.
Adapted by Isadora Bernstein and Karl
Welch. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. Photographed by
Virgil Noil. The cast: Don MacKay, Norman Kerry; Lorraine Livington, Patsy Ruth Miller; Bimi (old), Fred Humes; Bimi (young), Sr., Joseph J. Dowling; Lula
Hartley, Phil McCullough; Chester Colby, Harry Twod; John Livington, Frank Newburg;
Mrs. Livington, Rosemary Cooke; Lorraine (age 7), Dovven Ongie; Rosie, John Parke; Goodrich; Ship's Captain, W. Stuart Mccrea.

"PARISIAN LOVE"—B. P. SCHULBERG.—Story by F. Oakley Crawford. Adapted by
Lois Hutchinson. Directed by Louis Gastuier.
Photography by Allen Zeigle. The cast: Marie,
Clara Bow; Armund, Donald Keith; La
Francisco, Lionel Atwill; Louis, James
Gordon Russell; Pierre Marcel, Lou Tellegen;
Jean D'Arcy, Alyce Mills; The Kiffer, Jean de
Bric; Apaches leader, Otto Matson; Mlle
Margot, Hazel Keener.

The $5,000 Award to the win-
ers 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 sub-
mitted, but the judges have been
nearly swamped and the work can-
not be done hastily. For fuller
announcement see page 104
of this issue of PHOTOPHAY.
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? Yes, 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 112 pounds. Write to her care of F. O. Studios, Hollywood, Calif. An article about her appeared in Photoplay in the June issue, 1925. Also there are pictures of her in back issues of Photoplay, 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, 1892. He has brown hair and brown eyes. Not married—not yet. Bebe Daniels is not married either. She was born on January 14, 1921. Five feet, three and one-half inches tall. Weighs 112 pounds. Shirley Mason’s real name is Leonie Flugrath. She has brown hair and light grey eyes. Norma Talmadge is married. She was born on May 2, 1897. Laura La Plante 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, 1904.

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., BRANTREE, MASS.—What are time and space to me? What do you care about little things like dimensions? Especially when two important questions are to be answered. Ralph Graves was born in Cleveland, Ohio, on June 6, 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 29, 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 like 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, Hollywood, Calif. Betty was born on November 17, 1906. She is five feet, three and one-half inches high and 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 feminine persuasion. Our second guess was 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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Ashes of Roses* Rouge
or Rouge Mandarine*

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BAIRD-NORTH COMPANY, 759 Broad Street, Providence, R. I.
FLAPPER, BALTIMORE, Md.—Charming Baltimorean, I thank you for the words that you say come straight from your warm Southern heart. "Richard Dix stalks for all that is manly and lov-able, and I want your photograph. See the announcement at head of this department.

EFFE, 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.

MARIAN, DE QUEEN, ARK., May 11. I did not deceive you. My friend Valentine, autobiography entitled "My Life Story," appeared in the February, March and April issues of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE last year. Marion Davies was in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," was reviewed in the November, 1922, issue of this magazine. Conscience 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 vivid 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, Alec.

ALMA, CORNING, N. Y.—"So anxious to know Virginia Valli's nationality!" You shall know it, Alma. She was born in Chicago, Jan. 10, 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 "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 Harken. 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 Sarnia, 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, 1899. 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," is folly to be wise?"

R. A., HARTFORD, Conn.—Constance Bennett's age is nineteen, "goon on twenty." Her height is five feet, four inches. Her weight is one hundred and 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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HOUSE OF HEALTH
Est. 1899 160 E. 22nd St., N.Y.C.
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 distress. 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, and I think the views of 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 acme. 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 anemic. 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 the smoothness. Use flesh shade in face powder. The vanishing creams ethereal 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 think less about your self 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 fear the people you are afraid of being like them. 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 lots advertised in Photoplay which will correct the difficulty of which you write. Mail 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 a very small bottle of this lotion, and 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 this.

F. R. M., Peoria, Ill.

Not too tall. Make the most of your impressive height by not trying to blend with the crowd. 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.

A light 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 luster in the test, for one might be coming and the other quite the opposite. Material of high luster is supposed to be “tricky,” 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., Avallon, N. J.

If all that is true, Jean, suppose that you study hard and give much of your time to music. As happy as you can while waiting to go to college is great when he is not around. 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 anything in the world, and that you’ve grown up between motherless young women and their fathers. The families of many American business men would like to see them oftener than they do.

Children’s EYES Need This Care

Children’s EYES, even more than your own, require daily cleansing. Since 1895, careful mothers the world over have used Murine to keep little EYES clean, bright, and healthy.

Murine removes the irritating particles rubbed into baby EYES by tiny fingers. It frees the EYES of school children from dust and dirt, and from foreign matter accumulated during outdoor play. This hygienic lotion contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients.

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MURINE—FOR YOUR EYES

We have Shapely Feet Unmarred by BUNIONS

FASHION and comfort demand that feet fit snugly into the daily pumps of to-day. There must be no bump to nar shape favoring to bind to feet and upset comfort. Bunions are unnecessary and dangerous. They can remove them quickly, harmlessly, pleasantly, with the new, marvelous solvent, Pedodine—steps taken almost instantaneously becomes the disintegrating bung, and relieves pressure and swelling.

SENT ON TRIAL

Write today for free sample. Arange to send you a box of Pedodine Solvent for you to try in your own home, and then you can “decide to try Pedodine.” There is no obligation.

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End Oily Hair

The Method of New York’s Famous Specialist

No more oil. Scientifically treated by the Dr. Frank Parker Trichological Institute—patronized by fashion leaders—is now offered to you.

HERBEX OILY HAIR CORRECTANT
gets scientifically. Prevents loss of hair, dandruff and skin irritations. Makes yellow color red, and more hair. Makes hair soft and smooth in ten days or money freely refunded by L. B. Parker and Company.

Or postpaid for $1.00. Address Dept. B-2

PARKER HERBEX CORP., 47 West 49th St., New York, N. Y.

Law Study at Home

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Lenore, New York, N. Y.

Your height and weight are correct. Time and other wrapping will give you the symmetry you desire. Lenore. Twisting exercises at the waist, that is swinging the body about with the waistline as an axis, will aid in bringing the parts of your figure into right proportion. Bending backward and forward and right and left will help to achieve harmony of line.

Clo, Augusta, Ga.

It would seem only fair that since you wrote the letter of dismissal hastily and without investigation, you should be 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 to you and that you thought you were only 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 be as perplexed as 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 "quarrels." "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. Love's 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 moreseness when you do call on a friend," is rather husky, 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 reasonable 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 very last of your love to him. But I assure you that you ever gave your husband, to a motion picture star who, you know, is not married.

If rubber wrappings will give you very clear point I understand, that you have never met this star. You know him only through the characters he plays. Perhaps he would be as useless a husband as he is in circumstances. Maybe much more so.

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. He is human and industrious, has none of the major vices, for give 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 silliness, "Make it up."
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 tripped the heroine in a room behind a curtain, 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 in the hero of high degree loved a maid of unknown parentage, a locket proving her the long lost daughter of Lord and Lady Willtree 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,” “The next morning,” with this latter varied now and then with “Came 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 let dimes on the number of words in the sub-titles 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 and, to be in harmony with many 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 morning” in a picture title. A titles like “The early morning” 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 as: “Came 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 romantically,” 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 blackness, dotted with a myriad twinkling lights.

Or another mood:

Shrouded in the merciful curtai of descending night.

“The next day” becomes:

Comes another rising sun and the troubles of yesterday are forgotten in the brilliant new avenues of opportunity 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 city to the desert is best accomplished with titles reading thus:

Sund . . . 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 upper world, have 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 unfilled 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 dazzling around like giant fire flies full of bootleg gin. With but one major opening the above title will also suit London, Paris, Berlin, Chicago, 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 blemish remain 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 supererogosity we expect to see “Passed by the National Board of Review” appear as:

Punished 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 77]

I can get his wife to forget about the divorce. I can; I told you so. 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 can do if you let him, tell him not to write to me any more. I'm through."

The letter was postmarked "San Francisco." Marion read it through hastily. In a few rathereller 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 ad

I'll 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, Hefner—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 things 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 Roosevelt Hospital the anaesthetic gas had been swayed, and nor was she entirely pleased when Steve announced his intention of going with her. She had meant to go alone. No one knew Steve; he didn't know her. When Sylvia went, there 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
Best Way To Remove Superfluous Hair

Ea de Henna is the like no other hair dye. It is used for temporary or permanent wave. Will withstand tropical climates. A wonder for those who want to cut their hair or style it differently.

 anyone can do it. No experience necessary. Will not ruin hair. Not affected by sunlight, sun, shampoo, or permanent wave. No need for washing.

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A new way to cover gray hair without resorting to other hair dyes or restorers. Directions in English and Spanish.

Ea de Henna comes in colors: Black, dark brown, medium brown, light brown, natural. Price postpaid $2.50. C. O. D. 2.65. State color. Order through your Drugist, Department Store or Beauty Parlor, or direct from us.

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Make Money in Photography

We train you quickly at home. No experience necessary. Spare time or full time. Photographs in big demand, newspapers, magazines, adver-

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Dept. 1257
3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
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 ingenious 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, her secretary, Miss Ream, after surveying her with a gape of astonishment, came back from the inner office with the information that Mr. Lamar would see her at once.

She found him, big, grave, more than usually serious and smiling at his desk, his hat on, a riding crop in his hand.

"Sylvia, Sylvia," he said, staring at her somberly, "what wouldn't I give if you had some power!"

"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, hot—oh, suma. I shall make a great picture with her, of course." He smiled confidentially. "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 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 a nervous breakdown. 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 stood with a wistful, contemplative shuddered 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 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 blessed thing, except that Sylvia 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 has registered it—ah, he would have told me. His wife hates me. And Jean Martin won't waste any time trying to put up my reputation. It's just like a blank wall, Mr. Lamar, a blank wall—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 anybody can do. If I see any chance to help, I will. A good many people in Hollywood think you are wonderful as she was, and if you were in my place, the first thing I'd do would be to give an interview to the newspapers!—tell them—the
An Actress

Is a crank on powders

By Edna Wallace Hopper

Movie stars and stage stars, with whom I mingle, are the greatest powder cranks in existence. Fine appearance means everything to them and they pay any price to get it.

My powders have always been made to order, by famous powder experts. They cost me $5 per box. They are so exquisite that all of my friends have always begged me to supply them. Years ago I began to supply my beauty helps to women, but no powders. I knew that most women would never pay what I paid. But women overwhelmed me with countless requests for my powders.

So I went to the makers. I told them I could use a million boxes if they could supply a single powder at a price which I could pay.

Now they have done so. These powders I use are put up for you at 50c and 81. All druggists and toilet counters supply them. Ask for Edna Wallace Hopper's Powders, and you'll get them.

There are two types. One is a heavy, clinging, cold cream powder based on my Youth Cream. I like it, because it chlorine and stays. But many prefer a powder light and fluffy, so both kinds are supplied.

These are exquisite powders. In all my world-travel of 40 years I have found nothing to compare with them. I am delighted that I can now supply them to all lovers of fine powder.

Mail this coupon and let me send you samples. You will gain a new conception of what modern powder is.

---

Sample Free

Edna Wallace Hopper
356 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.
I want to try
☐ Youth Cream Powder     ☐ Face Powder
            White-Flesh—Brunette—Peach

NOW!
You Don't Have To Be FAT

And you don't have to exercise or diet to get thin! It is easy to reduce the O. B. C. T. way. You results so quickly your friends won't believe their eyes. Ref—Dr. Johnson, and then Dr. Johnson. No back-breaking exercises and untortuous days of starving! The method is so simple and pleasant and the results are marvelous. Thousands have gone back to normal weight by taking the O. B. C. T. prescription—the fat simply melts away. This modern, fast-reducing method is protected by all discoverers of a licensed and patented patent. It is absolutely harmless and positively guaranteed to work. You can lose sixteen pounds in two weeks. Try it today, and you will gain the admiration and envy of all your friends.

Write Today for Our Two Weeks' Treatment

Write today and get your two weeks' treatment for only $1.00. You save money. Send postman only $1.50 per week, and you can gain 20 pounds. You will find this method new and easy. If you do not gain 20 pounds, simply return the unused powder and your money will be refunded. Don't delay. Cast your worry aside and enjoy the diet of the stars. Don't be fat. Be thin. Remember, you don't have to be fat.

Breyer advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
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 Holly:—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?

Sylvia 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, was watching, 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, nay, as April showers, might refuse to accept her again. Might think that her defense was just some publicity trick, connived at 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 he 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, 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 you 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 see her—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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AGENTS AND SALESMEN

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OLD MONY WANTED, NO KNOW YOU CAN COLLECT. Pay up to $100 for certain G. S. O. and $500.00 for large collections. All are bought. Letters and phone calls. Write for new list. Address M. E. Co., 63, E. Noblesville, Indiana.

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"we can't undertake it. We shall be obliged to run a paragraph to the effect that you have returned to Hollywood—even that you propose never to fight to the finish 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 a piece of paper and then left.

"I'm terribly sorry, but I see how it is." In other words, he added blithely, you'll publish sensational lies, if you think the public are not likely to read them with any truth, if you think the mob isn't interested.

The Newerman quieted his corncob pipe with Mr. Hollins a scornful glance.

"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 the Newerman ever did to establish himself, we should as well publish the dictionary." He pushed the green shade back over his eyes and turned to finish Sylvia's work.

"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 help this fellow Harmon up. I'll bet that would get you 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 let Mr. Harmon up, as far as I know anyway. He's gone away—disappeared."

"The devil he has! Then that's that. I'll have to think up something else." He returned to 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, "not to run away. Don't be downhearted. The battle has only just begun."

"At the hotel, the clerk handed Sylvia a slip of paper.

"Lady wants you 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 and made the call. Sylvia got an excited voice over the wire. "It's almost too good to be true. I just got back from Frisco and was thinking of wiring you. Then I saw your name on the teletype. I'm here, and that you were in town. Good Lord, I'm glad! I can scarcely believe it even now. Oh, Sylvia, I've got a lot to tell you. So many things have happened. I want you out 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'll be there, Sylvia, and so will—hello!"

Sylvia turned from the tooth, her eyes shining.

"Steve!" she exclaimed. "I've got to change my dress. We're to go right over to Mrs. Allison's. We're all supposed to go to the opera tonight."

"What is it?" Steve's eyes lit up as he caught the flare of her excitement.

"I don't know. We've all got to get there. I'll meet you at the Métropole 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 impact of the occasion. The lady lay on her back, smiling at them. Marion had greeted her with a hug, a great kiss, and had welcomed Steve with her firm, cool handshake, but concerning the reasons for her presence Steve 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 clutched to her
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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 damned good thing Monsieur Vernay has a wife and three children in Paris. Of course it's fine, the way he's stood back of you and everything, but 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—harmonious. 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 bunch—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 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 Valentine 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."

"Hi—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.

[THE END]
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Miss M. H., 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 "Cecila of the Pink Roses." That all? Four questions left in your quota, old fellow.

S. L., 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 it, S. L. I'll whisper a secret. It is hard to find enough tall men to match them. An actor must hate to play a scene with an actress two or three inches taller than himself.

Brassie, San Diego, Calif.—"The Marquis of Morn" was produced by the C. B. C. Pauline Garon appeared in it. She was not starred.

Mrs. C. E. B., Danbury, Conn.—Paul Negro worked in the picture "Lily of the Dust" at the Lasky Studios.

Helen, Baltimore, Md.—The girl who played the daughter of the stroller playing in "Scaramouche" is Edith Allen. Like her?

M. E., White Plains, N. Y.—Sane, but living near a famous asylum. Rinaldo Deny is married to Irene Haisman, an actress. Marguerite Courtot's husband is Raymond McKee. She is still in pictures. Lily Lee's ages are twenty-three. James Wilson recovered from his injury. Thomas Mephan'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 Burns was born in 1892.

Loren, Rochester, N. Y.—Pauline Garon was born in 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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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 criticising 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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Lily Dwyer

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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.

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Comedy—you bet, and comedy produced with all the care and fidelity of a Belasco stage production.

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" Classified"—The romance of the everyday working girl, from Edna Ferber's story, vividly real in Corinne Griffith's portrayal. Directed by Alfred Santell. June Mathis, editorial director.

"Graustark"—George Barr McCutcheon's permanent best seller with Norma Talmadge as Princess Verma and Eugene O'Brien as Lorry. A modernized version directed by Dimitri Buchowetzki.


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"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 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.
ACROSS THE DEADLINE—Steiner.—Another
head 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
fast-working romances. (September.)

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

AMERICAN PLUCK—Chadwick.—She is a princi-
cess and he is only a poor American prize
fighter. But there's 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
reminds her quarrelling parents. The daughter is Betty
Bronson; the parents are Florence Vidor and Adolphe Menjou. A thoroughly charm-
ing comedy. (August.)

AWFUL TRUTH, THE—Producers Distributing.—
It is awful, at that, and not what anyone would call
better first-rate amusement. (September.)

BAD COMPANY—First National.—Madge Ken-
dy and Conway Tearle should know better than
this. (May.)

BALTO'S RACE TO Nome.—Educational.—A
splendid story of the heroic effort of Dr. Knutzen's
light through the frozen north to bring the antitoxin to
stricken Nome. (July.)

BANDIT'S BABY, THE—F. B. O.—Freth Thom-
son and Silver King make this more amusing than
the average Western. (August.)

BAREE, SON OF KAZAN—Vitagraph.—Just one
of Edgar Rice Burroughs' stories of the frozen north. Rather
mediocre entertainment. (August.)

BEAUTY AND THE BAD MAN—Producers Dis-
tributing.—A gambler in a mining town plays bene-
factor to a girl with operatic ambitions. The grateful
prima donna marries him. Good, if you can believe it. (September.)

BEGIN 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.—Pathe.—Rex, the King of
Wild Horses, scores one of the hits of the year. The
remarkable acting of the horse-dumb animals makes
this unusual amusement. (August.)

BLOODBOUND, THE—F. B. O.—What do you
think the Royal Mounted boy does? He gets his man.
The man is his brother. And—that's the plot. (September.)

BOOMERANG.—Schuberg.—It might have been
funnier than it is. A rank Stewart and Bert
Lytell heist the cast. (May.)

BREED OF THE BORDER—F. B. O.—Just one
of those Westerns with Lefty Flynn as the quick-
drawn, hard-hearted hero. (May.)

BRIDGE OF SIGHS—Warner Brothers.—Lugu-
hound escapade with Percy Kilbride and Mackaye as
Mackall again bidding for your sympathy. (June.)

BURNING TRAIL, THE—Universal.—An eat-
ting-up Western with William Desmond as the hero.
(June.)

CAFE IN CAIRO—A—Producers Distributing.—
Buncombe melodrama with Arabi and Priscilla Dean.
(June.)

CAMILLE OF THE BARRARY COAST—As-
sociated Exhibitors.—Owen Moore and Mae Busch in
a new 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
has an appealing performance of a poor working
girl. (June.)

CIRCUS CYCLONE, THE—Universal.—A pleas-
ant 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 us again.
Attractively staged and well acted. (June.)

CONTRA-BAND—Paramount.—Merry melo-
drama with bootleggers as the villains. Lois Wilson
and Noah Beery are in it. (June.)

DANGEROUS INNOCENCE—Universal.—Ad-
apted from "Annie's an Idiot." Nice light romance
with Laura La Plante. (May.)

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

DENIAL, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—Clair
Wind-
speeds up a pleasant girl and her titled husband.
But there's a good Spanish-American war sequence.
(September.)

DESSERT FLOWER, THE—First National.—
Colleen Moore's pimpling novelties saves it from
being just another one of those Cinderella tales.
(February.)

DON O.—United Artists.—Dougall Fairbanks
stage another great show. It has beauty, adventure
and thrills. It's one of the treats of the year.
(August.)

DRESSMAKER FROM PARIS, THE—Para-
mount.—A fashion show with fourteen—count'em—
fourteen—beautiful models. Leatrice Joy is featured.
(September.)

DRUSILLA WITH A MILLION—F. B. O.—It's
bokum but it's good bokum 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.
(June.)

EVERYMAN'S WIFE—Fox.—Marking the wel-
come 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
Hall and Betty Compson. (August.)

EVE'S LOVER—Warner Brothers.—The story of
a dashing young man who, through amusing
incidents, manages to marry the intractable
Mary MacLaurin. (July.)

FAINT PERFUME—B. P. Schulberg.—Faint
right. A jumbled movie-sized version of Zona Gale's
excellent novel. (September.)

FIFTY-FIFTY—Associated Exhibitors.—What
happens when an American rogue marries a French
dancer. Lionel Barrymore and Hope Hampton are in
it. (September.)

FIGHTING DEMON, THE—F. B. O.—Only the
goodly villain will like this one. Richard Talmadge
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. (Octo-
ber.)

FOOL, THE—Fox.—M 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.)

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, marly and lifeless?

Sagging Muscles
Are you beginning to think you will never be free from pimples, blackheads, blemishes or enlarged pores? Has your skin begin to lose tone and become rough and coarse? Are you constantly worried as to whether you can get your skin into possible condition for certain dances and parties that you want to go to?

Blemishes
Are you beginning to think you will never be free from pimples, blackheads, blemishes or enlarged pores? Has your skin begin to lose tone and become rough and coarse? Are you constantly worried as to whether you can get your skin into possible 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's-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!"

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 Cocroft 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 Cocroft approached this problem 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 Cocroft'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 is really, 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.

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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.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The Parson’s Wife Speaks

Glade Springs, Va.

I happened upon the September issue of Photoplay by accident. This is an ideal day 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 “spres” myself after reading some things in your September magazine.

To begin with, tell Mr. Howard Cunningham at 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 anyway—it’s not a bored look, but cynical. He suits bad, base, 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 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 Livingstone. 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—fight like 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 large 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 miscast. Tell Ra-mon 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 a far better part in the beautiful Alke Terry. And Mr. Ingram is such a handsome director!

It’s easy for the public to sit back and criticize, but we do not hesitate to have 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 somebody join me on a “trek”? We are to start for the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer house. Each of us is to be armed with a formidable spear. We are to assault the dweller whom dwellers, within them, with our spears so that he will open up his immense jaws and . . .

Not since Spring has Mr. Gilbert been seen on the screen, although “The Merry Widow” was finished in March, we believe. We read courageously of the pictures 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 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 Donino.

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—differing as they are. 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 roles 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 or 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 Barthelmess, Doud, of George, Weidler, Gillette, etc. 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 of 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 is to do is strut and pout and wear very few 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, Weidler, Gillette, etc.?”

LOU AND JOHN.

Where Praise Is Due

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Here’s to “The Beguiled”! Hor-ay! May he win all handies! 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 script 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
INTRODUCING The Patrician
SPEAR’S NEWEST Dinnerware Offering

The 58 Pieces

5—9 in. Dinner Plates
5 Cups
3 Soup Bowls
8—6 in. Soup Plates
1 Cream Pitcher
1 Covered Vegetable Dish (2 Pieces)
1 Gravy or Sauce Boat
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For 8 People

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The refined beauty that is ever-enduring—the dainty simplicity that is true art
—the excellence of quality that brings pride in possession
—these are the outstanding attractions of this, my newest dinnerware offering. Because of its graceful design and its refined coloring; because it is exactly right for every occasion, formal or informal, I have called this dinner service "The Patrician." Every one of these 58 pieces is made of good quality semi-porcelain. Every piece is beautiful, even-toned, lustrous white, decorated with a wide, artistically designed floral hand in rich gold, and with gold stripes on all handles. Can you imagine a more desirable, a more attractive dinner service?

How to Realize Your Dream Home

You, too, can have NOW the Home Beautiful that will excite the admiration of your friends, and make your home one of the finest in your neighborhood. All you have to do is to take advantage of my Remarkably Easy Terms. Send for my Big Free Book Today. It shows thousands of Bargains in Furniture, Furnishings, and Everything for the home. It also shows a big selection of gifts for all occasions and holidays: Boys' Autos, Coach Wagons, Doll Carriages, Violins, Toys, Silverware, etc. Remember, you don't take a single chance when you deal with Spear. My prices are the Lowest, My Terms the Easiest; I give the Longest Time to Pay, and my business relations will be Strictly Confidential. Be sure to send for my FREE CATALOG NOW.


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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

JUST A WOMAN—First National—Just a picture, redeemed by some good acting by Claire Trevor, Percy Marmont and Conway Tearle. (Aug.)

KEEP SMILING—Associated Exhibitors. In which Monte Banks again tries to prove that he’s a comedian. (July)

KENTUCKY PRIDE—Fox. The biography of a race horse, interwoven with a human story. A pleasant novelty. (Nov.)

KISS BARRIER, THE—Fox—Clark Adams and Edmund Lowe in a light romance. (July)

KISS IN THE DARK, A—Paramount—Sophisticated matter cobbled together. But isn’t that the fault of Adolphe Menjou? (May)

KISS ME AGAIN—Warner Brothers—An ideal picture for adults. It’s sophisticated, witty and shrill. Ernest Lubitsch directed it and Marie Prevost, Monte Blue and Clara Bow are in the cast. (July)

KIVALINA OF THE ICE Lands—Erland Rosan. Like “Nanook of the North,” another fine picture that was made within the Arctic Circle. (Sept.)

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

LADY WHO LIED, THE—First National—A colorful production with a rather weak plot, Abby Banning in her new role as Lewis Stone does his part. Not for the children. (Sept.)

LIGHT OF THE WESTERN STARS—Paramount—One of the first western stories with Noah Berry doing his stuff as a swell villain. (Sept.)

LIGHTNING—Fox—Much of the rare humor of the stage is still in story. A bit of the screen version. It’s rather mechanical and routine entertainment. (Sept.)

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

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY—United Artists. In this picture we find Charley Chase as King of the Kingdom of Childhood. A thoroughly delightful picture. (July)

LITTLE FRENCH GIRL, THE—Paramount. A study in French and English morals, not particularly suited to the screen. But it has its interest. Alphonse and Mary Brian take the acting honors. (Sept.)

LITTLE GIANT, THE—Universal. A nice little story, written for Robert Montgomery, Glenn Hunter and Edna Murphy. (Sept.)

LIMITED MAIL, THE—Warner Brothers. Monte Blue in a railroad melodrama that sometimes misses fire. (Sept.)

LORRAINE OF THE LIONS—Universal. The story of a little girl cast away on a desert island. Patcy Ruth Miller, as the girl, is rescued by Norman Kerry and drinking helps of the island. (Sept.)

LOST—A WIFE—Paramount. Adolphe Menjou and Greta Nissen in one of those light French films. Fairly amusing. (Sept.)

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

LUCKY DEVIL, THE—Paramount. Richard Dix through an extremely dash ing and entertaining automobile story. (Sept.)


LYING WIVES—Abramson—Lots of intense domestic trouble of characters who seem to be half-witted. (July)

MADAME SANS GENE—Paramount—Gloria Swanson in her greatest role. The celebrated story famed in its authentic French background. Don’t miss it. (June)

MAD DANCER, THE—Jans. A mean trick on Carl Laemmle 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 divorce. She plays the crusade against the vice. (Sept.)

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16
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 moments crying 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 "baldly" I felt somewhat annoyed. But when my pride—secretly directed to look strangely at my graying 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?"

"Don't be so afraid," 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."

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 about baldness. Well, she simply used her own judgment!

"'Har," 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 I never read anything more helpful or a more honest book I've ever read in my life. It described an entirely new method of growing hair grown by Alois Merke, founder of the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York. It is the only method that 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 awakening 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 entire 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 to make a sickly tree grow, you would not think of rubbing "growing fluid" on the leaves. Yet that is just what I had been doing, when I used to dose 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 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 Merke Institute, Inc., Dept. 3911, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York. Get this Free Book.

Allied Merke Institute, Inc. Dept. 3911, 512 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

Please send me—without cost or obligation, in a plain wrapper, a copy of your book describing the Merke System.

Name: ... (State whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address: ... 

City: ... State: ...

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Be Fit—Make Good
You would be a better and happier man—if you were only able to "Knock the block off" of the man or the thing you look down on in the world. Are you one of those many men who are too busy trying to learn how to read and write something that is not worth reading and writing? Make the most of your opportunities of life and learn to enjoy them. Enjoy the sports and games of life, and get the most out of life. Learn to make the most of your opportunities of life and learn to enjoy them.

MANNING LEONARD

BENNY LEONARD'S

HOMECOURSE OF MUSCLE AND BODY BUILDING (AND BOXING)

Most of them are young or middle-aged men who would have been too busy old until I took them in hand. Many are studying my course to learn the Manly Art of Boxing and Self Defense. Many are getting bigger bodies—bigger bodies—larger lumps—bigger heads—bigger heads—larger bodies—bigger heads—larger lumps—bigger heads—larger bodies—bigger heads—larger lumps—bigger heads—larger bodies—bigger heads—larger lumps—bigger heads—larger bodies—bigger heads—larger lumps—bigger heads—larger bodies—bigger heads—larger lumps—bigger heads—larger bodies—bigger heads—larger lumps—bigger heads—larger bodies—bigger heads—larger lumps—bigger heads—larger bodies—bigger heads—larger lumps—bigger heads—larger bodies—bigger heads—larger lumps—bigger heads—larger bodies—bigger heads—larger lumps—bigger heads—larger bodies.

R. J. E. M.

AMERICAN SCHOOL, Dept. 12711, Chicago

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—ADVERTISING SECTION

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

MAKING OF O'MALLEY, THE—First National.

If you want a story that is good, make it a story that is good. If you want a story that is bad, make it a story that is bad. If you want a story that is indifferent, make it a story that is indifferent.

MAN AND MAID—Metro-Goldwyn.

One of Elinor Glyn's dime novels. Unusually mild. (June)

MAN OF IRON, A—Chadwick—Lionel Barrymore.

Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest" may be a great business but a dull with women. He does. (Sept.)

MANHATTAN MADNESS—Associated Exhibitors.

Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor revive the old idea of "the man with the idea" to see if they can't work smarter and get the idea to the people. It is enough to say anything against the chop? (Sept.)

MANGIRLE, THE—Paramount.

She's trying to be a star with Romance wins. Bebe Daniels in a pert comedy. (Sept.)

MANSION OF ACHING HEARTS, THE—Schulberg.

An unsatisfactory story that shouldn't have been filmed. (Sept.)

MARRIAGE IN TRANSIT—Fox.

Secret service plot. No. 48. Routine entertainment. (June)


Another and rather tedious expose of the evil of society. Cornice Griffith, in it. (Sept.)

MARRY ME—Paramount.

James Cruze does his best with a slender story. Florence Vidor and Edward Boardman. (Sept.)

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—Stilled and old-fashioned. But even Richard Dix cannot make interesting. (June)


A brilliant and exciting version of the popular French light opera with Maurice Morgan, John Gilbert and Roy D'Arcy contributing three of the finest performances of the season. (July)

MIDNIGHT GIRL, THE—Chadwick—Proving that it is hard for a good girl to get along. Reasonably good acting. In my estimation. (Sept.)

MIRACLE OF THE WOLVES—Special—A gorgeous and impressive French production that accurately recreates the Prince of Louis XI. But it is badly cut and edited. (May)

MY LADY'S LIPS—P. B. Schulberg.

A crook melodrama that is lively and often amusing. But we doubt if you will believe in the plot. (Oct.)

MY SON—First National—Some real acting by Nancy Philips and Jack Pickford. Outside of that, just a murder. (July)

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

NECESSARY EVIL, THE—First National—Improbable and far-fetched with Viola Dana and Ben Lyon to save the day. (July)

NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET—Metro-Goldwyn—A love story without a love story. It is the story of a South Sea Island queen who loves and loses. It is the story of a man. It is the story of a colorful and popular picture. (Oct.)

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 SKIES—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. It is accompanied by Rowland V. Lee, Sidney Edens, Dorothy Dan and Gertrude Torn. It's lots of fun. (Sept.)

NOT SO LONG AGO—Paramount—Aside from the wonderful wonderful story of the movie is a rather dull story of Manhattan in its Age of Innocence. (July)

OLD HOME WEEK—Paramount—A Grade A Melting picture—his best in a long time. George Ade wrote the story and Lila Lee is in it. (Aug.)

ON WITH THE SHOW—Paramount—Raymond Griffith's latest. Fringe bears the sentence of the doctor and then cuts loose in Paris. It all turns out right. (Sept.)

ONE WAY STREET—First National—Just a dull picture. The man is of the lower depths. (Sept.)

ON PROBATION—Steiner—The escapades of a rich duffer. It's fair enough if you are not tired of being-gone of the younger set. (Aug.)

ON THIN ICE—Warner Brothers—Gangsters, bank robbers and policemen. A good crook story with Hoot Gibson, George K. Moore, William Russell and Edith Roberts. (May)

OPEN TRADE, THE—Universal—Jack Hoxie dresses up like an Indian and gives the young boys a good time. (Aug.)

PARISIAN LOVE—B. P. Schulberg—Just another one of those copyists. In case anyone cares, it's the story of the existence of an Apache girl. Not for the children. (Oct.)

PARISIAN NIGHTS—F. O.—Latin Quarter stuff in zat gay Paris with Apaches and such-like beings going. (Aug.)

PASSIONATE YOUTH—Brief—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 comic opera. (Sept.)


PERCY—Associated Exhibitors—Charles Ray returns to the old homestead. A fine comedy performance. Charles Ray. (Sept.)

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 hunt in an old west town. A top in all the all-star cast. A treat for the eye and a fine show. (Sept.)

PRICE OF PLEASURE, THE—Universal—In which Cinderella is high-baited by the Prince's father. Some good comedy by Louise Fazenda and T. Roy Barnes. (Aug.)

PRIVATE AFFAIRS—Producers Distributing—A charming story of small town life, accurately presented and well acted. (July)

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 crook story marred by some slow direction. House Peters heads the cast. (July)

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

RAINBOW TRAIL, THE—Another Zane Grey story. Good for the. (Sept.)

RANGER OF THE BIG PINES—Vitagraph—The usual Western with the usual fight, and a good performance by Eulalie Jenne to recommend it. (Oct.)

RECOMPENSE—Warner Brothers—Sex stuff and grit with Monte Blue and Marie Prevost enjoying a good time against a beautiful location. (June)

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

RIPIN' THUNDER—Jack Hoxie as the leader of another war between cattlemen and rustlers. (July)

RISING WATER—Paramount—Outside of a few good storms and some real sea stuff, it's just an old-fashioned melodrama. (Oct.)

SACKCLOTH AND SCARLET—Paramount—A presentation of the story of the Lady of the Blue Umbrella. Alice Terry, Orville Caldwell and Dorothy Sebastian are in it. (May)

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

SARCHED WITH A CURSE—Paramount—A very unusual and quite beautiful version of the popular musical comedy. Colleen Moore plays a delightful, dancing heroine. (Aug.)

SALLY OF THE SAWDUST—United Artists—D. W. Griffith proves that he can make great comedy. And this one is a comedy. A fastmoving picture. Wonderfully acted by W. C. Fields and Carol Dempster. Everyone should see it. (Aug.)

SALOME OF THE TENEMENTS—Paramount—Shove of the East Side captured the heart of a wealthy guy. Jette Goudal is in the leading role. (Aug.)

SCANDAL PROOF—Fox—The story of one of those good but not understood girls. Sympathetically acted by Shirley Mason. (Aug.)
TIDES OF PASSIONS—Vitagraph.—A slow and old-fashioned story filled with grief and agony. Mae Marsh opulently and tragically acts. (July.)

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

TRACKED IN THE SNOW COUNTRY—Warner Brothers—Starring Kenton. A conventional tale of the frozen North. (October.)

TROUBLE WITH WIVES, THE—Paramount.—A novelty amusing domestic comedy with Fleurie Vidor, Tom Moore, Fred Stanley and Esther Raison. (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—Tr-Art.—A fast-fetched mystery story with William Collier, Jr., doing some effective acting. (August.)

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

WANDERER, THE—Paramount.—It’s a spectacularly beautiful production of the story of the Prodigal Son, with William Collier, Jr., Greta Nissen, Wallace Beery and Kathlynn Williams in the cast. (October.)


WELCOME HOME—Paramount.—A brilliantly retold story of the old days is ably presented by James Cruze and beautifully acted by Luke Covrige. (August.)

WHITE DESERT, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A stirring story of a Laredo mining camp, with some fine spectacular scenes. (September.)

WHITE MONKEY, THE—First National.—A riteous bit of Goddard’s worthy 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 a dog. Better than an average piece of summer fare. (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 thin 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 SUSA—Paramount.—A spiffily and amusing comedy with Bebe Daniels and Rod La Rocque. (September.)

WILD FIRE—Vitagraph.—Old-fashioned and highly presented race-track melodrama. With Aileen Pringle. (September.)

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 flapper daughters. Good acting by Ethel Cogan. (October.)

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 can 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 of the side of too much bohemia. 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 trial and follow, in and out; to bend an oak of character under a storm you control; to put piteous meaning into a flimsy handkerchief crushed in the muddly 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 your work the full wealth of their own experience.

Yet you must first have what the Palmer Institute of Authorship calls an “instinctive creative imagination”. This is determined by a creative test which everyone must pass before enrolled for Palmer training. If you have natural talent, the Palmer Institute will discover it and help you develop it. If not, it will frankly tell you so. For full particulars, mail the coupon.

Look for the names of Winners of the
Cut Picture Puzzle Contest in the January
issue of Photoplay—out December 10th

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—ADVERTISING SECTION

SAR HANNAN—F. B. O.—The usual Western with Yakima Canutt, rodeo star, exhibiting some never before seen stunts. (May.)

SCARLET HONEYMOON—Fox.—A light and genteel romance. Won’t destroy your faith in Santa. (May.)

SCHOOL FOR WIVES, A—Vitagraph.—Proving that even actresses can be entertainingly Teary. Supposed to be a society drama. (May.)

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

SIE WOLVES—Fox.—Old Home Week in the Piano cafe 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 one for the kids who have been in the city. (July.)

SHORE LEAVE—First National.—A genuinely funny comedy, a charming love story and Richard Barthelmess at his best as a tough gop. (September.)

SIEGE—Universal. Mary Alden and Virginia Valli are the feminine stars 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 Niebuhren legend. Made in Germany. (August.)

SILENT SANDSTORM—Producers Distributing. A motion picture serial in which the older child 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 plausible. (August.)

SMOOTH AS SATIN—F. B. O.—Evelyn Brent looking her prettiest in an ingenius crook story. (September.)

SOUL-FIRE—First National.—Colorful plot and beautiful settings with rather flat acting by Richard Barthelmess and Besse Love. (June.)

SPEED, WILD—F. B. O.—Maurice Flynn as a speed-gliding sportsman with a stylish crowd. (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 love of the prince. A routine story made passable by Blancha 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 the little Westerner with with rather flat acting by Richard Barthelmess and Besse Love. (June.)

STEELE OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED—Vitaphone.—This time it’s Bert Lytell who does his stuff in the great Northwest. (September.)

STREET OF FORGOTTEN MEN, THE—Paramount.—A musical version of a story of a professional beggar, tell well by Herbert Brenon and splendidly acted by Percy Marmont. (September.)

SUN-UP.—Metro-Goldwyn.—A strong story of the Southern mountains, excellently acted by Conrad Nagel, Lucile La Verne and Pauline Starke, and beautifully photographed. (September.)

TALKER, THE.—A dull story of domestic mix-ups that is helped along by the acting of Anna Q. Nilson, 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 Lila Lee and the boyish haired Pat O’Malley. (October.)

TEXAS BEARCAT, THE.—Another Western and that’s about all. Bob Custer and Sandy Rand are in it. (July.)

TEXAS TRAILER, THE—Producers Distributing—Bob Custer again in a royal and brave as ever and full of fight. (September.)
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.
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.
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"
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.
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"
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.
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?
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.
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 

They 

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 woolens 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 encyclopaedia of laundering information. Address a postcard or letter to Section 45-KF, Dept. of Home Economics, Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Procter & Gamble
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 pic-
ture 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 busi-
ness than his competitors, they're dead right. Mr. 
Zukor has been trying to form a monopoly—a monop-
oly 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 intrenched 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 linked 
to a standstill. Paramount couldn't get anywhere. 
Balaban and Katz bought theater sites in strategic 
locations all over the city. They built magnificent 
houses. But that was only the beginning. For they 
made the name Balaban and Katz a synonym for a de-
lightful 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 
got there just the same. They were never disappoint-
ed. 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 in-
duces Mr. Katz to come into his organization to spread 
the spirit he put into his Chicago houses into Para-
mount 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 bless-
ings of theater ownership by producing interests, but re-
member 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 be-
cause 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 rom-
antic 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 

A to be an actor. So did Cecil B. De Mille. They are great 
actors today because they were rotten actors.

Richard Rowland, the dominant figure of First Na-
tional, 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, bulidled 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 tremen-
dous 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 con-
idered 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?

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 doggone curiosity about that woman," said the playwright. "I guess there's no question that she stands unrivaled as the Circe of this age."

There was evidently no question. "From one end of this country to the other," said the press
"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 nth 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—

"Dear Little Bessie Love," we used to say, "such a sweet girl!" Her long, light brown hair framed a quaint and demure face —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!

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 uther 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 because of hair. Take yourself, for instance. Arrange your hair in a soft bulky 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, state-
ly interpreter of digni-
fied roles, was regarded
as the last word in dis-
tinguished ladyhood
with her lengthy golden
locks. Along came
"Ponjola"—off came
Anna Q.’s tresses—and
with shorn head and
mannah 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
"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 unharnpered 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 produc-
ers. 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

Gone 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 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

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 and 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
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...
The Evolution of Bebe

By
Dorothy Spensley

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

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.

This girl went on the screen.

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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 coffers.

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, Lilian 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 & 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!
A Hollywood Cinderella

A Tale of the Studios

By Charlton Andrews

Author of "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife"

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 Crowly 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 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 Jocelyn. 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 childishly attractive 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 test 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 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

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

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 roles. 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.

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.

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.

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.
Pollcies

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.

Cecille 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 tirr movie business!

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 behavior. 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.

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

A 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 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.

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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."
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.

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 dickerings. "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.

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!

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.
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 glowing 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 books—

And how anybody married to the winsome, 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 headwaiter 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 him 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 relented. 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, "Alomo," 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 Mackaill and Johnny Harron, but Dorothy denies it and somehow we believe her. Although they're 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

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"
lately would have had the surprise of seeing Mae 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 ten days' tour that would rank favorably with any life 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 to hats, and they looked so exactly like a couple of beach girls that the crowd never recognized them. Connie says she likes the puller coater 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 flitver 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 remains 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 Liliyan 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 dramas 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.

Lil 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 interpretive 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 Dam Romance eating out
those famed lily-white hands in the films, evidently isn't so successful when it comes to everyday life.

Right off Broadway comes word that Lillian's latest affair of the heart—the romance with George Jean Nathan—has been nipped 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 Boheme" 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 Duel affair, which ended in court.

RS. 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 emasculated 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. Anyways, Gloria Gould, managing director 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 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 "nifty" 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, there'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 bell 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...
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 "puff" help you get into the movies? Read Zorro's fearless answer in his statement to Photoplay's readers.**

**T**o 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 bragging of press-agents, I am now convinced. But for a time even I—the least credulous of dogs—was misled, and being rather hored 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 I?"

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 men 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 role 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...
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 hookey. 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.

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 Compson has but few important moments, but at least the picture fades on the finest close-up Miss Compson 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 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 galusse. 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 frailities, it's the sort of picture people want Gloria to play. So there you are!—A. S.

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 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 Portugal 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 Velino 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.

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.

Bobbled 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 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.

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.

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.
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.

HELLO'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.

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.
The scarf pictured above, which is worn by Esther Ralston, is of Scotch Shetland wool and comes in lovely color combinations. Price $2.55

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 in join the blouse to the skirt and attach the georgette roses with their silver leaves. Colors—orchid, flesh, rose and mauve. 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 30 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

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 cocoa, green, blue, red and navy. Sizes 14 to 20. Price $15.75

The afternoon dress Alice Joyce is wearing is a graceful affair of satin coton. 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

On the right is a smart hat for the more mature woman, or for the girl who has not bobbed hair. In smart fall 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 Long-Shots**

Satire, Humor and Some Sense

**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 ich should feel smaller than a Singer midget, but my ego will not shrink. 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.**

**Long 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 swooning saps with campor-ball faces. Chaney says that 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 Ab 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.**

**A plaintive 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.

WRTERS are not the only guiding guiltes. 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 horschack.

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 bridle 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 spanning 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.

GEOE BERNARD SHAW recently took off his carpet slipper and gave Hollywood a 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 thrashing 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 had 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 bubbling 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.

SOME producers declare that Shaw talks 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 Eleonora Duse were totally

[cont. on page 121]

Bernard Shaw removes his carpet slipper and spansks Hollywood, that flapper of cities. “Conceit is rampant and good sense is non-existent.”

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.
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.

Frances Lee, Christie comedienne, is five feet one inch tall and weighs 110 pounds.

Joyce Compton, who was picked by First National, has the ideal build for the slender, dainty girl.

Vera Reynolds is slightly slimmer than Frances. The same height but she's only 105 pounds.

Ivan St. Johns says Joe Cobb has the world's finest figure.

Ten Beauties of Hollywood whose faces alone aren't their fortunes.
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.

The tall stately type—Gwendolyn Lee, a member of Metro-Goldwyn’s beauty chorus.

Hal Roach selected Katherine Grant for our collection. She’s five feet, four, and weighs 120 pounds.

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 your 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

N ITA 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 chocked 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 passe. 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]
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.
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."
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 deviltry in her eyes and more than a touch of sophistication in her manner.
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

By Mae Murray

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 "revealments 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 skilful 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 arti-
face. 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 im-
portant 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 gooey mess of that cosmetic.
For street wear I refrain from obvious eye make-up for the cruel light of day is sometimes too merciless in its brightness. And a too generous dabbing 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 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' and surgeons' 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  

**Cut Puzzle Contest Winners will be announced in the January issue of Photoplay—Out Dec. 10**

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 Novarrobarthelmessgilbertmeighandennayvalentino. 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.

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 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 galloon 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]
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 lifeguard, 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.
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

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. 1
147 Hudson Street, New York City

Please send me your free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

Name.................................
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City....................................
State..................................

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
The Perils of Monotony

By Robert E. Sherwood

W HEN 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 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.

T HE public demands variety above everything else. It tires quickly of the old stuff and grooms 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 role in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and it was the consensus of opinion that she was far more effective as the mother than as the child.

In her subsequent pictures, she enacted exclusively adult roles—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, she would have 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.

A n 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 pageantry of mediaeval 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 gamin. 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]
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.

"Constipation was my deadliest foe. I always had the tired, sluggish feeling characteristic of this ailment. Improved 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.

"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 styes. 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 Lenz, 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

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 hangnails 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 oval. 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 brilliancy, 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 32c to 5.00—wherever toilet goods are sold. Single items are 32c.


Mail COUPON with 10c for Introductory Set

Or send 10c with the coupon for Introductory Set containing the magical Cutex Cuticle Remover, Liquid and Powder Polish, Cuticle Cream, brush, orange stick, emery board and cotton. If you live in Canada, address Northham Warren, Dept Q, 11200 Mountain Street, Montreal, Canada.

Cutex

When you write to advertisers please mention Photoplay Magazine.
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 twinkle 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 amplenness 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.

1847 ROGERS BROS.
SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

SALESROOMS: NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO
CANADA: INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONTARIO

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
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.

THE VULCANIZED RUBBER CO., INC. 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.

UNITED FAST COLOR EYELET COMPANY, BOSTON
Manufacturers of
DIAMOND BRAND Visible FAST COLOR EYELETS

Look for the Diamond TRADE MARK

DIAMOND BRAND Visible FAST COLOR 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.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
A Modern Samaritan

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

Hollywood knows Paul Bern as its most amiable director. Here he is directing Pola Negri in “Flower of the Night.”

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 bedside 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 100]
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.

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.

Palmolive Soap is un touched 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.

In Essence, Eau de Toilette, Eau Végétale for the hair, Poudre de Riz, Twin Compacte, Poudre de Talc, Poudre à Sacher, 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.

L.T. PIVER
PARIS, FRANCE
(Fondée en 1774)

Creators of World Renowned Perfumes of Personality and Poudres de Luxe
© 1925 L. T. PIVER, Inc.

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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 Nophate, 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.
“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.
71 Fifth Ave. New York

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 its 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
Orange Blossom wedding and engagement rings are particularly favored by those who permit 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.

TRAUB MANUFACTURING CO., DETROIT, MICHIGAN

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
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.

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. Elmoor 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. Douzas, 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 XIV. 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 gardens and a little lace and satin mask on a mother-of-pearl stick completed the lovely effect. Mr. Ray was a Chinese shell.

Marshall Neilan created the most laughter. Having just shaved his beard anyway, Mickey wore convict’s stripes, and the effect was startling.

Another laugh 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 "Caerina" uniform, and Norma Talmadge fooled everybody for a long time as a little girl in rompers and sunbonnet, and a blonde wig.
TRE-JUR’S NEW LOOSE FACE POWDER is the triumph in toiletries—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.

TRE-JUR Face Powders and Compacts

Solving your problem in face powders

Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

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"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 focused 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 dullest and most lifeless of skins—in so short a time as one month!

One of Madame Rubinstein's latest and greatest improvements 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!

Clear, whiten and refine the skin texture with these Valaze Beauty Preparations

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**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.

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**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 manilla, 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 Valentin 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 girl, in nifty blue serge and a straw hat.

Fannie Hurst, the famous author, all in red and white as the scarlet with the 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 Rapf, 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]
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 McCallough and John T. Murray.

"Winds of Chance" will live to entertain, a permanent screen record of the Yukon gold rush.

Watch for "Winds of Chance" at your favorite theatre.

A First National Picture
WEST COAST
(Unless otherwise specified studios are at Hollywood)

BERWILLAS STUDIOS, 5421 Santa Monica Blvd. Paul Hurst directing "The Gold Hunters" with Herbert Rawlinson and Greer Garson.

Benson Wilson directing "Fort Frayne" with Captain Malcolm Leslie and Neva Gerber.

BUSTER KEATON STUDIOS, 1025 Lillian Way. Inactive.

CHARLES CHARLTON STUDIOS, 1314 Loma Ave. Inactive.

CALIFORNIA STUDIOS, 1418 Gower St. John Tree directing "The Big Adventure" with Herbert Rawlinson and Greer Garson.

John Tree directing "The Perfect Crime" with E. K. Laccin and Wanda Hawley.

Bob Olonko directs "Fire of Honor" with Herbert Rawlinson and Beryl Lake.

Harry Brown directing "The Danger Guest" with Reed Howes and Shannon Day.

COLUMBIA PROD., 3538 Melrose Ave., L. A.

Tony Gaudio directing "The Price of Success" with Alice Lake and Gladys Glass.

C.E.C. B. DE MILLE STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

Paul Sloan directing "Red Dice" with Rod La Rocque and Lilian Rich.

Rupert Julian directing "Three Face East" with Robert Allen, Rockfillle Fellowes and Noah Beery.

C.B. B. De Mille directing "Million" with H. B. Warner.

FILM BOOKING OFFICES, 750 Gower St.

Emory Johnson directing "The Last Edition" with Ralph Lewis, Frances Teague and Ray Hallor.

Paramount releasing "Three Wise Crooks" with Evelyn Brent.

Bob Custer has completed "Forty and a Fool.

De Andews directing "The Bimbo" with Fred Thomson.

Acadied Exhibitors, Paul Powell directing "North Star" with strong cast.

B. P. SCHUPFBAUM Prod.

Gainer has completed "The Other Woman's Story" with Alice Colahan and Robert Frazer.

Wesley Ruggles has completed "The Plastic Age" with Clara Bow and Donald Keith.

Producers will soon start on "Jew Tyler's Wife" and "Homes and Women.

FOX STUDIOS, 1401 N. Western Ave.

J. G. Bluthone directing "A Yankee Sonny" with Tom Mix and Olive Borden and Alice Francis.

Frank Borsage directing "Wages for Wives" with Jacqueline Logan and Creighton Hale.

Daniel Kecht directing the O. Henry series with Kathryn McGuire and Harvey Clark.

Albert Ray directing "All About" with Kathryn Perry and Halman Cooley.

GERSON STUDIOS, 1974 Page St., San Francisco.

Duke Warner directing "The Pride of the Force" with Tom Santschi and Gladys Hulette.

LASKY STUDIOS, 1520 Vine St.

Clarence Brown directing "Stage Door Johnny" with Raymond Griffith.

James Cruze directing "Mannequin". Cast not named.

Malcolm St. Clair directing "The Tattooed Countess" with Pola Negri.

Bosco Walsh will direct "Hanna". Cast not named.

Irvin Willat directing "The Enchanted Hill". Cast not named.

William de Mille directing "Polly of the Ballet" with Bebe Daniels and Neil Hannon.

Vilmar Flessing directing "The Two Soldiers" with Mildred Davis, Wallace Beery 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 Lionel Barrymore and Mary Astor.

Robert Henley directing "Free Lulu" with Nora Shearer and Lew Cody.

Edmund Goulding directing "Sally, Irene and May" with Blanche Bennett, Joan Crawford and William Haines.

Tod Browning directing "The Mocking Bird" with Lon Chaney.

Elmer Glyn directing "The Only Thing" with Edward Lebaron.

George Hill directing "The Barrier" with Norma Shearer.

Marshall Neilson directing "The Great Love" with Viola Dana and Bobby Beery.

Benjamin Christensen directing "The Light fantastic" with Carmel Myers.

METROPOLITAN STUDIOS, 6421 Santa Monica Blvd.


Metropolitan Prod., Steel Preferred with Vera Reynolds and William Boyd.

PIERCE-FAIRBANKS STUDIOS, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd.

William Benidose directing "Shero" with Mary Pickford.

Douglas Fairbanks is now working on "The Black Pirate" with Bille Dove.

TFFANY PROD., Hollywood.

"Morals for Men" with Agnes Ayres and Conway Tearle.


UNITED STUDIOS, Hollywood, Cal.

First National Prod.

Frank Lloyd directing "The Splendid Road" with Alma Rubens, Robert Frazer and Edward Earle.

Sidney Franklin directing "Paris After Dark" with Vernon Talmadge and Walter Pidgeon.

John Fennies Dillon directing "We Moderns" with Colleen Moore and Jack Mulhall.

Al Green directing "Spanish Sunlight" with Barbara La Marr and Lewis Stone.

Enie Von Stroheim directing "East of the Setting Sun" with Constance Talmadge and Erie Von Stroheim.

Irene Van Damme directing "Carrie's Wife" with Corinne Griffith and Malcolm McGregor.

United Artists Prod.

Clarece Brown has completed "The Lone Eagle" with Randolph Valentine and Vilma Batty.

Henry King will direct another "Potash & Perlmutter" story. Cast not named.

UNIVERSAL STUDIO, Universal City, Cal.

Cliff Smith directing "The Plotter" with Art Acord and Olive Haasbruck.

"Deadwood Dick" with Jack Hoxie and Elsa Gregory. Albert Raggio directing.

John B. O'Brien directing "The Riding Doll" with Josie Sedgwick and Colin Chase.

Frederick Leonard directing "The Thrill Hunter" with Fred Humes and Virginia Bradford.

William Wyler directing "The Fire Barrier" with Jack Mower and Margaret Quinby.

Dmitri Buchowetzki directing "The Midnight Sun" with Pat O'Sullivan and Laura La Plante.

King Barrow will direct "Perch of the Devil." Cast not named.

Sven Gade directing "Wives for Rent" with Mary Astor.

WARNER BROS. STUDIOS, 4542 Sunset Blvd.

J. Stuart Blackton directing "The Gilded Highway" with Johnny Harron and Dorothy Devere.

Ernst Lubitsch directing "Lady Windermere's Fan" with Miriam Hopkins, Roland Colman, Irene Rich and Bert Lott.

Production will commence soon on: "Nightsy-Night Nurse" with Syd Chaplin.

"The Cave Man" with Matt Moore.

"The Agony Column" with Monte Blue.

William Well will soon start directing "Don Juan" with John Barrymore and Mary Astor.

East Coast

BIOGRAPH STUDIOS, 807 East 175th St., New York City.

George Arbanishand directing "The Scarlet Letter" with Mary Astor and Lloyd Hughes.

COSMOPOLITAN STUDIOS, 127th Street and 2nd Ave., New York City.

Robert Kane directing "Bluebeard's Seven Wives" with Ben Lyon, Dorothy Sebastian and Blanche Sweet.

Production will soon start on "The Lamistic at Large" with Leon Errol.

JACKSON STUDIOS, Jackson and Westminster Ave., Bronx, New York City.

Charles Hines directing "Rainbow Riley" with Johnny Hines.

PARAMOUNT STUDIO, Pierce Ave. and 84th St., Long Island City, N. Y.

Alan Dwan directing "Stage-Struck" with Gloria Swanson and Lawrence Gray.

Mervyn LeRoy directing "The King on Main Street" with Adolph Menjou, Besie Love, Greta Nissen and Tom Moore.

Frank T. C. S. directing "The American Venus" with Enid Turner, 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 Barthesolese.

CHANGES IN TITLES

FIRST NATIONAL

"Joseph Gree and His Daughter" will be released as "Wot Foes Men." "The Invisible Wound" will be released as "The New Commandment.

BUSINESS NEWS OFFICES

Associated Exhibitors, Inc.. 35 West 46th St., New York City.

Associated First National Pictures, 583 Madison Ave., New York City—Richard Barthesolese, Pres., In- stigation Pictures, 266 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Distractive Pictures Corporation, 266 Madison Ave., New York City.

Educational Film Corporation, 270 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation (Paramount), 485 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Film Booklet, Officers 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.

Palmpe Photoplacement Corporation, Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Cal.

Pathe Extheath, 35 West 45th St., New York City.

Principal Pictures Corporation, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Producers Distributing Corporation, 469 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Rothemes Film Mfg. Company, 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

H. P. Schulber Prod., 117 W. 45th St., New York City.


Universal Film Mfg. Company, Exchange Building, 5th Ave. and 37th St., New York City.

Vigyanpbh Samay of America, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

Warner Brothers, 1690 Broadway, New York City.
CARMEL MYERS—as the beautiful Egyptian princess, Iras, in the latest Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer spectacle, "Ben Hur," delights in Ben Hur Perfume because, as she says, it is "so exquisite, so different, so distinctive."
Carmel Myers as Iras, the beautiful Egyptian princess, in the new and highly dramatic Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture spectacle, "Ben Hur."

The Perfume Ben Hur which Carmel Myers finds So Distinctive

CARMEL MYERS finds it distinctive! And indeed it is, distinctive and smart!
For this exotic fragrance, hauntingly reminiscent of the thrilling and adventurous life of the young Roman hero, Ben Hur, and of his infatuation for the beautiful Egyptian princess, Iras, is also in keeping with the vogue of today.

The chariot— one of the most thrilling scenes in "Ben Hur"— marks the dramatic climax of this remarkable achievement of the silver screen.

If you'd like to try Ben Hur Perfume and enjoy its seductive fragrance, write us for a free miniature vial of the extract and a tiny box of the face powder. They will bring you a breath of sweetness you will never again want to be without. The Andrew Jergens Company, Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, O.

La Triade, Ben Hur: A handsome case containing bottles of Ben Hur Extract and Toilet Water and a gold finished vanity case with compacts of Powder and Rouge. The box, of original design, comes in a choice of three colorings— opalescent chrome, star gold and marigold crimson. A brilliant gift package.
QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of Photoplay to have your questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopsis of plays and screen chatter 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.

M. K. ISTACCA, Miss—For his ad, 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 Wynn. 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.

DOLORES OF MAINE.—So you want me to go wild over Madame 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. With 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 19, 1902; Gloria Swanson was born on March 27, 1901.

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 25, 1902, and is five feet, three 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 Mackaill and Len 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 Tal- madge 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 unhappy 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, Isuue 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, 1901. He has dark hair. Married to Evelyn Wimans, 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, 1925. 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, five inches tall 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, 1905. I see you like 'em short.

"MARY H., SEABRIGHT, 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., FRINT, MICH.—Madge Bellamy was born in Texas. What could be more American? She is five feet, three inches tall and weighs 125 pounds. Her hair and eyes are dark brown. Not married—as yet.

R. P. K., MIDDLE- TOWN, 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 105 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.

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." [CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]
Not a hair out of place

His hair as smooth as if freshly combed . . . . Her charming bob fashionably close to her head, softly lustrous . . .

Is your hair always pleasing? Perfectly groomed? You can make it so with Stacomb.

A touch of Stacomb in the morning makes the most unmanageable hair stay exactly as you want it all day.

Smooth and radiant with health

With this wonderful cream you can have the kind of hair you have always admired. Velvety smooth—not a hair out of place.

Stacomb also helps prevent dandruff. Try Stacomb for just ten days. Now see how much better condition your hair is in. Not sticky or matted—but well kept, gleaming, healthy looking hair.

Buy Stacomb today at any drug or department store. It comes in jars and tubes or in the new liquid form.

Readers in Canada should address
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Stacomb
KEEPS THE HAIR IN PLACE

Free Offer!

[Image of a man and woman]

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 marvel. 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.

“An what use is it?” she says, “unless I can play Lady Godiva or something?”

Dorothy Mackail, 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 “sick.”

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 wrap 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 cooperation 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 Niblo and George Fitz-
Another Problem Solved

GIRLS and women now enjoy another new freedom from an age-old inconvenience...

All fear of pain and habitually restricted days is banished by Feminex, which gives a complete safeguard against both.

Tested thoroughly in seven cities, by thousands of new users, there has been to date not one complaint. But great, unsolicited praise. In nearly every case the first purchase has been followed by regular calls for more, every third or fourth month.

Three months' service at 50c

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Those who first purchase Feminex seem glad to tell their friends of its effective service. Its great convenience. Its saving of formerly much-hampered days. Each bottle and box contains simple printed instructions... Feminex is safe, and tasteless.

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If your store does not yet supply Feminex, we will be glad to mail a sample package in plain wrapper for ten cents. Simply write your name and address on the margin of this advertisement, tear it out and mail to Drug Store Products, Inc., Toledo, Ohio.

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STARS in the world of popular
music have won fame and fortune with
their Conn's. Start now to cultivate your
musical "bump" with one of these easy playing
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Your talent will afford you pleasure
and profit—may prove the gateway to the
fame and fortune enjoyed by Isham Jones, Ted
Lewis, Paul Biese and scores more of the popular
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Foremost artists choose Conn
instruments for their exclusive features—easier
to play, beautiful in tone, perfect in scale, light,
reliable action, handsome design and finish.

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Payment plans on complete sets enable every
organization to have a band or orchestra. Send
for details; no obligation.

Free Trial, Easy Payments on
any Conn. Send coupon for de
tails and your copy of Free Book,"Success in Music and How to
Win It," by Sousa and other famous artists. Mention instru-
ment.

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 Mackail 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 Sixthty 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 Charle-
ston 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 exclu-
sive and famous audience drew their tables
up closer and applauded more wildly than I
have ever heard them. Beside 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 fol-
lowed her. Then somebody shoved Paty
Ruth Miller onto the floor, and Pat obliged
with the jazziest version we have yet seen—a
lilopper Charleston de luxe we should call it.

After that, the crowd dragged Marion
Davies from his 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—
ever has Marion proved herself a greater
comedian 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
Lashman, who has not forgotten that she used
to be the best dancer in the Folies chorus, were
hauled 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
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 shi-
mering 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 Auditi-
torium.

Jovial Charlie Murray was the roaring
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 dazzled 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

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 Urner 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.

They add spice to your favorite entertainment
I feel that every woman will want to use a deodorant—now!

By Lettie Halley

HOW delightful it is to be able to apply a delicate white powder—just rub it under the arms and dust it over the body, like a talcum—and be assured of cleanliness from that moment, throughout the whole day!

Deodo has an almost unbelievable capacity for absorbing and neutralizing body odors. Its effect is immediate—no waiting or repeated applications. And it does this without scaling the pores, or interfering with their important functions.

To perfect Deodo, the Mulford Laboratories sought the confidence of a large number of representative women. Ten thousand were questioned. Their suggestions determined the form, the fragrance—all the essential qualities of this new, different deodorant.

Months of experiment were necessary to attain the qualities which women desired, in the form of an exquisite powder. Deodo is more than a deodorant. It is soothing to the skin—it brings healing comfort if the skin is chafed or tender. And does not stain or otherwise damage clothing.

Outside of its 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 container, holding a generous supply, free. Please mail the coupon today!

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.

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 heartbreaker, 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 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.
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!

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You may see it at your favorite theatre at popular prices—do not let the opportunity pass!
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 helping 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 downtown 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 Warner Star

Get ready for the laugh of your life!

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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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, makeup 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 itself 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. 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 soldout, send for a free sample, and for a week's supply, FREE. Watch its amazing effect. Now the youthful bloom 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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The Novel of a Girl's Career
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THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

MRYNELL 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?" 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 those 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 fattening. 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.

Crisie, Mackinac Island, Michigan.
Vegetables are lovely colors to draw. 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 circles. She is still young enough to fully appreciate the problems of the girl—she is experienced enough to give sound advice to those in need of it. She is flapper, business woman, or wife and mother. She includes your confidences—she will not pass them on to anyone. She knows the secret of charm, beauty, love, marriage, the dreams and hopes that come to every one, the heartbreaks and the victories—women who have 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
Stars of the Photoplay
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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.

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Win $1,000 or more

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.

$1,000 for Your Picture

Q. SMART SET has given over its covers to the American Girl, and is paying $1,000 Each Month to the girl readers who are selected to pose for SMART SET's beautiful color covers.

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.

Q. Send in YOUR photograph, or your sister's or sweetheart's. It may win fame, a career, and a $1,000 check.

For full details buy at your news-stand

NOVEMBER
SMART SET
Not the "Four Hundred" — but the Four Million
True Stories from Real Life

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Send the Coupon

Maybe your teeth are gloriously clear; simply clouded; likely 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 glistering, 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 home 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; it invites tooth and gum trouble
Run your tongue across your teeth, and you will feel a film.

That film is an enemy to your teeth. You must remove it.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs discolorations and gives your teeth that cloudy look. Germs by the millions breed in it, and they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea.

Most tooth troubles and decay now are traced to this film. Old-time methods could not successfully combat it. That's why tooth troubles were on the increase, and ugly teeth the order of the day.

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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Only one tube to a family.

1902
In 18 Evenings
He mastered this
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"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 con-
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worth while recreation that developed an un-
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harmoniz perfect with piano, voice, or any other
music. Easily played, soft or loud. Perfect
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Mention any other:

Write plainly, Name, Address, Town and State in Margin Below}

A Modern Samaritan

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]

FOR twenty-five cents, according to this
young Jew, a child can go to an American film
and purchase a piano. In the American film
verse he can solve all the problems that
affect mankind by the simple means of escap-
ing from them. Most people, the world over—and
this is our modern civilization—want to
that somehow or other this is the best of all
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
you lowest 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 tricky but, of
course, I 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
told, but, of course, I love Paul and will
stop right here.

People come to Paul with all manner of
trouble, and they come to 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 whispered it softly here—that she
just didn't know what she was going to do
about it... she bad... oh, terrible words!
... no sex appeal! Now I don't know Paul's
secret, but he talked to this girl and put heart
into her 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 mis-
understanding over the salary said leading man should receive to
appear in a certain screen proposal 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.
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 camera turns the scene. He can direct a stirring scene of the mad, wild 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. She 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, jesting, 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 squawking 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 cups testify to the nimbleness of their feet and the unity of their grace. At thirteen they stopped, for Bebe considered a lucky number.

They practiced their fancy steps between scenes at the studio. The more eccentric the steps, the more amusing 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 box.

Bebe's swain insisted that she dance in the
A romance of the ranches with the thrills of the circus

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 that will interest you from the start of the first episode, leave you breathless at the end of it, and bring you back to the theatre each week to see the succeeding chapters.

You will be intrigued by the clever story of the founding of the famous 101 Ranch. You will be thrilled by the exciting spectacle of circus life. You will be moved by the romance of the unbounded ranches. Don't miss a single chapter of "Wild West."

Questions and Answers

[continued from page 91]

Betty, London, Ont.—I enjoyed your letter. And I especially liked being called "dear genius." 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 as 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 Royal 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, 1890. He's engaged to Alma Rubens.

M. K., Wichita, Kan.—Corinne Griffith was reported lost, but Miss Griffith was later seen at the Lasky Studio. She is five feet, three inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Light brown hair and blue eyes. Married to Walter Morosco. Write to her at United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Dulcy, Alexandria, Minn.—Your pronunciation of Ramon's name is correct. Menjon 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.

But her hoydenish days still bounded her. Hollywood was too used to her breath-taking escapades—never wicked but invigoratingly daring—to let her remain untouched.

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 mewed in agreeable surprise at the latest trick of its mischievous miss.

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 I don't want to have any fun of mine. 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 gradual acting—things they all assumed new proportions in Bebe's eyes.

After all, humans are like cotton balls. They are blown along by a stuff wind called Life. They are rubbed and jostled... they are 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.
A LEATRICE JOY FAN, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Jackie Coogan was born on October 26, 1914. Leatrice 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 HODKEN, 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, 353 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 "Levy" 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., DECATURE, ILL.—See the Studio Directory for the list of addresses you want. Alberta Vaughn is not married. She has been appearing in "The Peace 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, 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 1914. 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. EstherRalston 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.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—ADVERTISING SECTION

Is beautiful hair a thing of the past?
Not if you heed Nature's 3 warning signals

EVEN the way you eat and dress—almost the way you think—in these hurry-scurry times affects the health of your scalp—and makes your hair less beautiful. To say nothing of the havoc the dust of streets and the grime of cities work upon your tender scalp!

Hair demands more care today than it did in the romantic times of Romeo and Juliet, when gallant courtiers wrote their verses to "raven locks" and "golden tresses." But even today your hair can be lovely if you watch for Nature's 3 warnings that tell you to care for your scalp.

1. If your scalp is too oily—beware!
2. If your scalp is very dry—beware!
3. If you find dandruff—beware!

Each dangerous condition can be met and conquered by a Wildroot treatment. Read the rules on this page. Get Wildroot preparations at better drug and department stores.

WILDROOT COMPANY, INC., BUFFALO, N. Y.

1 Is your scalp oily?
Shampoo the hair once each week, using the following treatment: Before you wet your hair rub Wildroot Tar- eleum 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.
RUDOLPHINE ALFONSO, READING, PA.—Spanish? Really? Rudge'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, Lillian Tashman is willing to have it known that she was born on October 23, 1890. May McAvoy was born in 1902. 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 130 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.


R. B., SHERBROOKE, CANADA.—I am not at all offended and I shall register your 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 no snow are a little colder than those of the U. S. A." Fred Thompson was born on April 28, 1890. Address him at the F. B. O. Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Ramon Navarro'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 your Grace?

JENKS, 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 Hudd- nut, 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. 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, honestly, I don't sell gold bricks. Betty Compson was born in Beaver City, Utah, on March 18, 1897. She is five feet, two inches tall and weighs 115 pounds. Richard Barthelmess 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 May 30, 1895, and is five feet, ten inches tall and weighs 140 pounds. Antonio Moreno was born in Madrid, Spain, on September 26, 1888. He is five feet, ten inches tall and weighs 175 pounds. Colleen L. Lomard was born in Nashville, Tenn., on July 9, 1898. 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-Mayer 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.

DOTTIE 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 Cleva 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.

NUTTY, 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.

BEAUTIFUL ALMA ELLISON
Reveals a Secret of Charm

"NO detail of a charming woman's costume requires more careful attention than her footwear," says the lovely star of Winds of Chance. "My slippers would suffer without CINDERELLA."

CINDERELLA Silver Slipper Cleaner restores the gleaming lustre to dainty silver slippers. And for every other type of feminine footwear there is a CINDERELLA preparation which renews the charm and loveliness.

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The Titled Toiletware
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Gifts for all the family
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Attractive standard—
the cards swing over and show from either side of the trumps.

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BOYS & GIRLS
EARN XMAS MONEY
Write for 50 sets St. Nicholas Christmas Seals—sell for 50c a set. Sold when sold end at 3.00 and keep 2.00.

St. Nicholas Seal Co. Dept. 42, Brooklyn, N. Y.

“Zorro” Has His Bark at Art

What Is That Lure of Peggy Joyce?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20]

myself one of the wittiest conversationalists that ever turned a wisecrack.

She listens with him in them 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?" looking as if I had no heart in my defense, but let this Beaurine person dismiss me from consideration and engage an unaw...
quite a lot of mystery. Her skirts come down below her knees, and her frocks are nearly 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, but 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 chintzus, all the 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.

Will 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—the photographs in some shots not at all unlike Lillian Gish.

But she does—that thin, frail, blonde breakativeness 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.
The State of Filmland

(From London Punch)

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 tautology is not one of them. Even the most tedious 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 acquaintance may be maintained 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. He is found himself down from an aeroplane and picked nearly off the back of a runaway horse. The following morning he spares a few moments to call and make polite inquiry. He finds his host 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 drivel of that sort. And she replies:

"I must marry you Gasper Goldstein or he will ruin my father."

You see? Just a nice straightforward statement of the facts of the case without any sidetracks.

The Filmlander has his own way of breaking bad news. He enters the room very slowly (in Filmland every action has a thousand implications; he really is something unpleasant is coming) and stands for a moment with bowed head. Then he holds both hands for someone to grasp, and, having slowly stroked that person's head for a minute or two, allows himself to be slung against a chair. Then he says, slowly and without any embroidery or confusion of metaphors:

"The bank has failed."

Conversation of this sort may occasionally suffice the obstreperous stranger, but the quick-witted Filmlander reveals that Filmland face has not been 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 so curst 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 chock-full of faithful devotion. There is scarcely a house of any importance that has not its grey-headed butler, who assists Miss Marjorie to elope and does her 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 slave of untraceable 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. Grandpapa is always very old and cranky, and usually in humble occupations. Unlike our own modern grandparents, they do not go gadding about to dances, but hobble a bit with the aid of knobby sticks or sit wisely by the gadding youngsters' 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 temptation. Aunt's are used chiefly as chaperons and sources of refuge. They are middle-aged and look it, and have 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 males consisting of narrow head and a twitchy manner. You would think that, knowing this by experience, the police would at least try to do something to them, but they do not. They prefer to leave him in the hands of Providence in order that in due course of one of Filmland's breathless and prolific poets may have the chance of saying:

"And so even as the effugient dawn
touches in rosy benediction
the eastern hills of Polpenpoos,
removes not the bound of Retribution,
pursues her guilty victim
along the narrowing trail of
Destiny until the end."
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 combine 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 this 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 waits to the ballot and from the ballet to the fox trot and back again to the waits 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 strength.

I migrated to Jersey and the milk mansion.

Complete rest was the edict. Rest and milk, milk, 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. I could work and 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 surcease 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 has never 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 beaked potato helps me corral sufficient starches to survive.

And then I must not forget to mention my walks—particularly my walks in the rain. I wear a little rubber suit, especially designed to bar inquisitive raindrops. A tramp in the rain is a wonderful aid to figure and complexion, and I am an enthusiastic wet-weather walker.

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?

Women who want beauty
-are learning this new way

Here is a new principle of complexion care which is easy, quick, sure... try it FREE

All too many women have lost hope of any real help for their complexes. They never seem to find the way that really brings loveliness.

Even Science could not tell how to keep the skin of the face soft, smooth, young for as long a time as the skin of their body. Women wondered why their body skin remained young and lovely long after the first wrinkly, withered, old look had come to the skin of their faces.

Now it is known. Now there is a new way, that does for your face skin just what Nature does for your body skin. It is Frostilla Fragrant Lotion. You can try this new way—FREE.

This new principle of complexion care was discovered in the Frostilla laboratories. For over 50 years Frostilla Lotion has been famous for keeping hands soft and smooth, but not until now did scientists learn the reason why—not until now did they come upon the principle of “precious moisture.”

Frostilla Lotion is just the very kind of natural moisture that Nature provides to keep the skin soft. It is made scientifically just exactly as the body makes it naturally.

You need an extra supply of this precious moisture for your face, neck and hands because they are exposed, while your body isn’t. Now, especially, with cool weather, with harsh winds and raw, chill air, all exposed skin dries out faster than Nature can supply her own natural precious moisture. That is why the skin gets parched, chapped, tough.

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W. F. Young, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.

Brickbats and Bouquets

[Continued from page 12]

Here You Are, Babe!

Kanopolis, 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 Spanish" was similar to Valentino's former screen portrayals, it was because he portrayed a Latin character. And, besides, can anyone imagine Ricardo playing insipid schoolboy roles?

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, Bela Dandels, Jack Holt and the Beery brothers. As for me, I like John Gilbert, Ronald Colman and Rudolph Valentino. My youngest daughter, who is seventeen, likes Mac 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, 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 screen 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
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 have had serious doubts as to all such promises.

Now, however, I do believe that, given child roles in carefully selected plays, skilfully directed, Betty Bronson could become a close rival of our Mary.

MURIEL LUCEN.

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?


Brick hats 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 Spanish Dancer." 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 Mackaiil 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. I. D.

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California Service de luxe

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casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"THE PONY EXPRESS"—PARAMOUNT.


Cast: Molly Jones, Betty Compson; Jack Weston, Ricardo Cortez; "Auctioneer" Jones, Ernest Torrence; "Red Tide" Red Wallace; Bearry; Jack Slade, George Bancroft; Charlie Bent, Frank Lacktean; Bill Cody, John Fox; Jr.; William Russell, William Turner; Senator Gil; Al Hart, Sam DeCoursey, Charles Gerson; Aunt, Rose Tappey; Baby, Vondell Darl.

"THE DARK ANGEL"—FIRST NATIONAL.

—From the stage play by H. E. Trelivay. Scenario by Frances Marion. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: Captain Alan Trent, Ronald Colman; Kitty Vane, Vilma Banky; Captain Gerald Shawson, W. G. Standing; Lord Beaumont, Frank Elliott; Sir Hubert Vane, Charles Lane; Miss Battles, Helen Jerome Eddy; Rona, Florence Turner.

"HE'S A PRINCE"—PARAMOUNT.

—from the story by Reginald Morris and Joseph Mitchell. Scenario by Keene Thompson. Directed by Oliver LeRoy. The cast: Prince, Raymond Griffith; Girl, Mary Brian; King, Tyrone Power; Prince's Valet, Edgar Norton; Revolutionist, Nigel de Bruliere; Prime Minister, Gustave Farine; Girl's Companion, Kathleen Kirkham; Royal Alca; Carl Stockdale, Michael Dark; Tourist Guide, Linton Plummer; Princess, Jacqueline Gaden; Lover, Jerry Austin.

"HER SISTER FROM PARIS"—FIRST NATIONAL.

—Story by Hans Kraby. Directed by Sidney Franklin. The cast: Helen Wood; Constance Talmaide; Lola—"La Perry," Constance Talmaide; Joseph Wy- ringer, Ronald Colman; Robert Well, George K. Arthur; Bertha, Margaret Mann.

"THE COAST OF FOLLY"—PARAMOUNT.

—Adapted from the novel by Coningsby Dawson. Directed by James Cruze. Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast: Nature Galey, Joyce Garvey, Gloria Swanson; Larry Foy, Anthony Jovett; Count de Tauro, Alec Francis; Constance Fox, Dorothy Cumming; Chilly Knickerbocker; Janet, Eugene Beiser; Reporter, Arthur Hausman; Bather, Lawrence Gray.

"THE TOWER OF LIES"—METRO-GOLDWYN.


The cast: Goldie, Norma Shearer; Jan, Lon Chaney; Lars, Ian Keith; Karina, Claire McDowell; August, William Haines; Esk, David Torrence.

"GRAUSTARK"—FIRST NATIONAL.

—from the novel by George Barr McCutcheon. Directed by Dimitri Buchoucheslki.

The cast: Princess Yveta, Norma Talmaide; Grafmal Lorry, Eugene O'Brien; Prince Gabriel, Marc McDevitt; Count Jean Danton, Charles Laughton; Font, Albert Gran; Countess Halfont, Lillian Lawrence; Captain Quinnax, Michael Vavitch; King, Frank Currier; Ambassador, Winter Hall; Dagmar, Wanda Hawley.

"THE MAN WHO FOUND HIMSELF"—PARAMOUNT.

—from Story by Booth Tarkington. Directed by Alfred E. Green. Photography by Alvin Wyckoff. The cast: Tom Macaulay, Thomas Meighan; Nora Brooks, Virginia Valli; Lon Morley, Pat Morgan; Edwin MacDonald, Jr.; Ralph Morgan; Edwin Macaulay, Sr.; Charles Stevenson; Evelyn Corning, Julia Hoyt; Mrs. Macaulay, Jr., Lynn Fontanne; Polly Brooks, Reddy Reed; Hoboken Williams, Hugh Cameron; Humps, Dormy Smith; Tom Moore; Tom Macaulay, Jr., Russell Griffin; Conundrum, Norman Trevor; Warden, John Harrington.

"CALIFORNIA STRAIGHT AHEAD"—UNIVERSAL.

—from the story by Byron Morgan. Directed by Harry Pollard. The cast: Tom Hayden, Reginald Denny; Betty Bremner; Gertrude Olmsted; Creighton Deane, Charles Gerard; Samba, Tom Wilson; Mrs. Bremner, Josephine Crowell; Irving; Indian Squaw, Norma Willis; Betty Kemble, 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 Allan Cuthfold. Photography by Byron Haskins. The cast: Constance, Marie Prevost; David Lacy, Kenneth Harlan; "Squette," Louise Fazenda; Sultans, Adams "Sultans" Constance Fox, Dorothy Cumming; Chilly Knickerbocker; Janet, Eugene Beiser; Reporter, Arthur Hausman; Bather, Lawrence Gray.

"THE LIVE WIRE"—FIRST NATIONAL.


"SEVEN DAYS"—PROD. DIST. CORP.

—from the stage play by John Roberts. Directed by Henry King and Avery Hopwood. Adapted by Frank Roland Conklin. Directed by Scott Sidney. The cast: Kit Estair, Lillian Rich; Jim Wilson, Creighton Hale; Bella Wilton, Lillian Tashman; Anne Brew, Mabel Julemen Scott; Dal Brown, William Austin; Tom Harbison, Hal Cooley; Aunt Selina, Rosa Gore; The Policeman, Tom Wilson; The Burglar, Eddie Gribb; "The Scree," Charles Clary.

"THE MYSTIC"—METRO-GOLDWYN.


"HELL'S HIGHROAD"—PROD. DIST. CORP.

—from the story by Ernest Pascal. Adapted by Eve Unsell and Lenore Coffee. Directed by Robert E. Sherwood. The cast: Mary Josephine, by Peverell Marley. The cast: Judy Nichols, Alice; Joy; Ronald Kane; Edmund Burns; Mrs. Dorothy Hobart, Julia Faye; Sanford Gilbert; Robert Edeson; Ann Bradstreet, Helen Sullivan.
Don't envy Beauty—use Pompeian

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.

She had learned from Madame Jeannette how to select the proper tone of Pompeian Bloom and to apply it correctly for youthful beauty.

SHADE for selecting your correct CHART tone of Pompeian Bloom

Medium Skin: The average woman who has the medium skin can use the Medium shade, the Orange Tint, or the new Oriental Tint.

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Medium or Light tone of Pompeian Bloom should be used. Sometimes the Orange Tint is a complexion-saving skin.

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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 your name and full address.
4. Coupon and coin for panel can be sent along with your entry.
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 used for will be awarded to each tie contestant.

GET 1926 PANEL and Samples

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Shade of rouge wanted ________________________________

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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It's a dressing, and
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Glo-Co Hair Dressing not only makes your hair lustrous and keeps it in place, but it's a tonic as well. Helps to eliminate dandruff and stimulates the hair to new growth. Use it on the children's hair too. Keeps the most unruly hair in place all day.

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A million of attractive women stage and nursery men attribute their youthful skinniness to daily use of some preparation for cleansing and after-shaving. This is a successful blending of natural ingredients that works splendidly on the skin. A skin clear up of warts, blemishes, and remaining impurities will be produced under treatment. Also acts as a depot for impurities.

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Sani-Flush removes all marks, stains and inclusions quickly and easily. It reaches that hidden, unhealthful trap which is so inaccessible. Destroys foul odors. No scrubbing. No scouring. Simply sprinkle Sani-Flush into the bowl; follow with the brush on the can—and flush. Sani-Flush will not harm plumbing connections. Always keep a can handy in the bathroom.

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This new way in solving woman’s oldest hygienic problem enables one to live each day as it comes—exquisite, immaculate, confident, even under the most trying conditions.

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Thousands of women, whose lives direct the social calendar, employ this new way which so exquisitely supplants the uncertainty of the old-time “sanitary pad” with a calm assurance of utter immunity.

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This new way embodies three factors of importance...plus many others.

It is different in material from any other product obtainable for this purpose.

It absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture! It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad. And thus assures a true protection.

It is as easily disposed of as a piece of tissue...and thus banishes the embarrassing difficulty of disposal...and laundry.

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3. Easy to buy anywhere. Many stores keep them ready-wrapped—help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

Kotex Regular 65c
Kotex-Super 90c
Per Dozen

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
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 posic phrases anent a beauty to say that she looks like a milk cow in a hugging 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 to Adams the death sentence?" she whispered. "If it was left to you, Bull Montana would come out the lily."

In reply to this last dig concerning my partiality for Bessie Chapman, I can only sigh that beauty is but skin deep and point to what Lon Chaney says of Bull’s spirituality.

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 a leg or two for his own good. Yet there are some who speculate that a lark 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 Barthelmess after seeing "Tol’able David," a wireless to Lilian Gish after unmanly sores over "The White Sister," a night letter to Charlie Chaplin after beholding "The Girl I Loved," an enthusiastic dispatch to Ramon Novarro after a preview of "Scaramouche," 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 trilling expense which I’ve never regrets.)

I’ve decided this is unbecoming. I am unenrolling myself 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-hands. . . .

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 hightower. Because he is a young stage actor, he offers ahuman surprise.

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.

A MID swells of verbal incense concerning the genius of Charlie Chaplin, Konrad Berovicci in an article for Collier’s reveals the herculean efforts put forth by Chaplin to make Menjou an actor. You gather from the article Chaplin was Holy Menjou as a small boy.

The bank of idol-worshiping Berovicci is refuted by the intelligent Mr. Menjou, who remarked long ago to me that an actor could

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"Your hair, if oily, is always stuckly, uncomely. Excessive oil causes excessive irritation, dandruff, loss of hair. It ruins your hair—for it is the natural beauty.

**HERBEX OILY HAIR CORRECTANT**

Absolutely ends oily hair. Pleasant to use. "Wonder Generator" makes own electricity; no batteries; only thing of its kind; lasts for years; current strong or very mild as desired.

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**A primitive**

**Ablache Face Powder**

Known and loved by four generations. Write for free sample of powder and booklet. "Ablache."

**Danger Lurry Co., Dept. 57, 1st Kingston St., Boston, Mass."**
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. Among 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.

I refer especially to “The Goose Woman” with Jack Pickford, Louise Dresser and Constance Bennett; “California Straight Ahead” with Reginald Denny; “The Teaser” with Laura La Plante and Pat O’Malley; Reginald Denny in “Where Was I?”; “My Old Dutch” with Pat O’Malley and May McAvoy; Mary Philbin in “Stella Maris” and Dorothy 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 Lon Chaney 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.

Carl Laemmle
President
(To be continued next month)

Would like you to autographed photograph of Reginald Denny?
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Universal Pictures
730 Fifth Ave. New York City

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

THE SHADOW STAGE

WRECKAGE—Banner Prod.

A THRILLING story involving two beautiful girls, a crooked nobelman 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 of this why—Milton Sills is no more suited for this role than a rabbit! Imagine, if you can, his playing the role 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 Chatterton and Miss Orlina Romano (Mrs. Lou Tellegen and Ray Hallor, a youth who gives a splendid performance. Director Charles Gennaro 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—WGU Productions

ALL our old friends—the tough 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 old—working plots of the world. 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 action packed up as a rough diamond goes into a movie. A production 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 vengeful writer to add to the sorrows. Rod La Rocque is the star and Jatta 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 Garlan, 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

FAIR entertainment featuring the life of London sporting and society circles. Lord Woodstock, noted as one of London’s most extravagating young men, is banished, given a purse, prize-fights and horses. Almost bankrupt, his main standby is his horse which is to race in the Derby. And then the villain came. Everything ends in true movie fashion.—M. B.

PEACOCK FEATHERS—Universal

WHILE this cannot be compared with "Sieg," 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

WALTER MURINE

FOR YOUR EYES

I found a new way to TAKE OF TAT

Dr. Folts Soap is the up-to-date way to reduce arm, legs, hips, double chin. Why should you turn to diets, exercise or drugs, now that there is ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS EXTRALNAL way to melt excess fat from any part of the body is offered you? To quickly get ideal slender lines all you need to do is to wash every night from five to ten minutes the parts you wish to reduce with a good lather of DR. FOLTS SOAP. This soap, as soon as applied, is absorbed by the tissues and immediately energy excess fat without any possible chance of harming the most delicate skin. It has been found ideal to get rid of double chin because the skin is not left flabby or wrinkled after the reducing—let me explain. The soap is now being used in this wonderful soap with amazing results—reduce 2 to 10 inches in hips and common occurrence every day. Try it yourself—see to any good drug or department store—get Dr. Folts Soap (be aware of cheap imitation). 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, 1314 Broadway, Dept. 135, N. Y. C. Dr. Folts Soap with for 30 cents, or 3 for $1.20.
THE WHEEL—Fox

TAKEN from the stage play by Winchell Smith, directed by Victor Schertzinger, the cast—Richard Cord, 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—Visigraph

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 Cony 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 Raymaker. Yep, we really think we should tell on him.—M. B.

WITH THIS RING—B. P. Schulberg

A sexy, as sexy could be. It just reeks 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 roles. 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-work and engages in a number of braves to protect the heroine. After Richard does his daily dozen the plot begins to steel—there's a burning ship, a wreck and lastly a deserted pirate's den, 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

A GOOD little story with plenty of action—considering the type of picture it is. Ken Maynard, the hero, evidently a newcomer, handles his ride well. He is another to be added to the list of the "hard riding" 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 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 roles 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.
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 role 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

AGAIN 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. Nettie Gerber and Lee Wilson head the cast and both do well with their roles. - 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, if you aren'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 at least 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 muffins or bread, and albatrain 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 your silence. 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 generally dependent on women for most of their social affairs. A good hostess always has plenty of friends, no matter what her age or 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 look 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 also give 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 teling 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 hairdresser—whoever he was—who discovered the touch of henna shampoo has the 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."

Hennafoam Shampoo has just the right touch of henna, scientifically prepared to bring out all the lustrous beauty of every woman's hair—whether it be blonde, brown, or brunette.

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The Wonder-Working Lotion

Use like toilet water. Is positively recommended for quickly and permanently removing PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS

Acne Eruptions on the face or body. Barbers Itch and Eczema. Enlarged Pores, Dry or Oily Skin. Endorsed by druggists, physicians, skin specialists, barbers, and over 100,000 men and women in test cases, who succeeded with Clear-Tone after failing with everything else.

FREE Write today for my FREE Booklet, "A Clear-Tone Skin," telling how I cured myself. I have been afflicted 15 years.

E. S. GIVENS

139 Chemical Bldg. Kansas City, Mo.
Almost Changed the Name

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

from New Martinsville, Wheeling and other places of worship, asked to be included among 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 $100,000 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 had been 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 New Martinsville 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 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 sojourning in the Palais, had become so fond of the girls, had commented rather freely on their beauty and evinced 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 get 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 Cobol once said, "no more privacy than a goldfish."

The company reached New Martinsville on Monday. On the following Sunday there were at least ten thousand people packed in the city, coming from every place within one hundred miles. They drove in from Wheeling, from Parkersburg, Clarksburg, Moundsville, Martinsville, Ohio, and a score more cities and towns. On that day automobile licenses from nineteen states were seen on the streets, hundreds of tourists having detoured just to see the stars.

And that day New Martinsville had another thrill. It had traffic police for the first time in its history. Ordinarily Chief of Police John Arnett ran his force of 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 Arnett 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 all was about, but they blew their whistles lustily, and waved their arms, and there was much confusion.

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-

It was over on the "Martinique" set where ochre-eyed young Hollywood flappers mingled with ladies of color whose dark-skinned skins would not come off in the Saturday night ablutions.

An old colored man, his shiny skin hanging in loose, putty-like bags of tobacco-shaded flesh, with a nose that meandered bulbously over his face, was talking to Bebe Daniels and Wally Beery.

"Ya-as, suh! Ah'm ninety-five years old. Bohn in the 'ol South long 'fore they evah thot of giving us culloid boys freedom. 'Long come de Civil Wah.... Union boys come down and free us. Then ol' Marstah he calls us about him and says—'Boys, you all is free—but don't yuh evah let me hear yuh say yuh are!'"
Sunny Hair
I don’t know how it comes
By Edna Wallace Hopper

My hair glistens like a halo. All who see me on the stage or elsewhere know that.

Thousands of girls and women envy that amount.

It comes to me through a shampoo which

won’t wonderful men created, but they don’t

tell me how it comes. They say that it is their

secret. They use some rare ingredient which

nobody else has yet found.

But they have long made this shampoo for me, and now they are making it for you. They will not tell me why it makes hair sunny, so I cannot tell you.

It does.

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 amused 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.

For Trial Bottle
Mail this today to Edna Wallace Hopper, 536
Lake Shore Drive, Chicago. Enclose 85c for
postage and packing.

I want to try Fruity Shampoo.

Name: ______________________
Address: ____________________

The Bath
Bewitching

A delicate fragment, to augment the delight of the bathing hour. The tonic properties of the sea, to refresh and invigorate. The water magically softened, to keep your skin velvet-smooth. A sprinkling of Bath Salts—there is the true enchantment of the bath! Nice as it is to taste your preferences.

No. 4711 Eau de Cologne— its mild astrangent action is highly beneficial. An effective base for cosmetics. A favorite since 1793.

No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap—Depended upon since 1869 as a “bath and toward a beautiful skin.” Keeps the skin satin-soft. Made in U. S. A.

Malheurs & Kroeff, Inc.
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Thin Women!! Gain!!
Three to five pounds a week
Beautiful, firm flesh which will stay on produced healthfully and satisfactorily. Write for free information (enclose a 2-cent stamp) to The Star Developing System, Dept. 122, Springfield, Ill.

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Riches, or Brother Against Brother." The company is hard-boiled. Its members have trudged 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"s 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 trooper."

In theatrical parlance, that said it all. It meant that she could really act. It meant that she knew 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 deep 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 barked 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 trooper."

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 grandparents."

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.
Calories and Contours

[continued from page 58]

them up because they are too lazy to use their common sense and count their calories.

"Ah, but that's the secret!" 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 look 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 90 calories.

"Of course I'm talking from calories entirely. A glass of orange juice contains about 90 of the little demons. Women who are reducing ought to stay under 1,200 calories a day and women who want 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 a good skin, vegetables are your beauty cream. Some meat is fattening, but most fish is all right, especially fish like salmon, trout, mackerel, tuna fish, sardines, herring, and anchovies. After all, that ought to be a wide enough selection of fish for anyone.

"Just to keep on the safe side, I might as well mention the vegetables. You can eat asparagus, cabbage, tomatoes, celery, spinach, string beans, beets, peas and artichoke. I suppose, just to be contrary, after that nice list most women who will cut having corn on the cob. But corn is taboo.

"White bread is bad, and potatoes are dreadful. An apple 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 ice tea?" volunteered Nita. And she poured a 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.

A S a matter of fact, successful dieting means good cooking. And good cooking does not mean rich cream foods nor greasy fried foods. It means variety of quantity 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, but keep it 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 over it.

"This is a fact," 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 for it!"

So there you are!
Friendly Advice

[continued from page 136]

MISS R. M., ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.
Diet, of course, will pull down your weight. Eliminate the starchy and sweet foods. Personally, I, and I know 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. M., 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.

ELZA, WENHAM, Mass.
I am greatly amused by your description of yourself. It is not that your hip bones “stick out” but that they are 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-waist 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 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 or 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 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.”

NORIDA for Loose Powder

YOU too, will be delighted with Norida—the patented, up-to-date vanitie for loose powder. It cannot spill—easy to refill. You can now carry your favorite loose powder everywhere in a Norida Vanitie. Comes filled with Fleur Sauvage (Wildflower) Poudre.

An exquisitely designed case, in gift 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.

Stars of the Photoplay

250 large Art Portraits beautifully bound now only $1.25.

See Page 103

NED WAYBURN

There’s More Talent Off the Stage Than On It!

YOU have doubtedly marveled 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 taught the best editions of “The Folies” and “Midnight Folies” in New York, and over 200 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, Martha Miller, Gilda Gray, Fred and Adele Antoine, Oscar Shaw and scores of other world-famous stars up on the ladder of fame!

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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 Scrubbers' plays with him. Someone had given Holmholt 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 Scrubbers' 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—Miss 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 did not even see the actress, who, according to Lucy only the slightest of nods and a curt "Hello" and then hurried away to the opposite end of the little auditorium.

Lucy was not greatly perturbed. "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 had been 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 men are drawing!"

"I might try writing for the movies some day," Lucy confided to him. "If I ever thought I could do it and keep my freedom."

They parted and Lucy was left to make her own honest living by the sweep of her own brow. At least she had the satisfaction of knowing that she was the only girl in Hollywood who doesn't want to get into pictures.

So each day from five to nine 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 do 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 Trick-Crown, 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 dominating feet. When he appears in public, stare citizens and moviegoers throw dignity to the winds, scramble for a glimpse of him, and tear off their movie buttons for souvenirs. When he looks himself behind the bronze doors of his marble palace in Beverly Hills, he becomes the nucleus of a great network of people that grows and spreads from Hollywood to every corner in the United States and indeed to every country on the face of the earth. His name is etched in history and as far as the eye can see it his influence is felt.

There was that doctor who had once held him in admiration. His name was Brawne, and he was a man of such power and might that he alone was able to hold his name in the public eye. He was a man of such power and might that he alone was able to hold his name in the public eye. He was a man of such power and might that he alone was able to hold his name in the public eye. He was a man of such power and might that he alone was able to hold his name in the public eye. He was a man of such power and might that he alone was able to hold his name in the public eye.

- End of story -
Egypt, and New Starrett.

Miss Lucy's Restaurant.

Miss Lucy's Latest Picture.

With a Pekinese puppy.

Lucy and her friends.

Lucy's office.

Lucy's eyes.

Lucy's temperamental nature.

Lucy's curiosity.

Lucy's office.

Lucy and her friends.

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Lucy's friends.
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Dorothy Ray, 466 N. Michigan Blvd., Suite 48, Chicago

pencils, cast a brief glance at her reflection in Miss Starrett's mirror, and strode over to the Boy's sanctum without even a superfluous beat.

"You're Miss Brilliant?" demanded the Boy, eyeing her swiftly. "Mr. Warren and I are..." He paused a moment, in the act of thrusting 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 tene in a troubled frown. His hands were alternately occupied with his cigarette and with his mop of tousled curls. He looked after the highly respectable, slow-but-tireless tailor in a third-class suburban bank. No stranger would ever have guessed that this serious, businesslike person was the Tragic Clown who had so recently rocked the world with hysterical, tear-filled laughter.

The way in which Tony Brawney and Archy Warren "thrust 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 dash 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 would pause, and comment. Only too often it seemed to Lucy, more was pertinent than most of Mr. Brawney'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 Brilliant would glance out of the corner of her eye at Tony Brawney, who was taking this inhospitable reception of his ideas. And Mr. Warren would reward Miss Brilliant's curiosity with an amused, almost imperceptible shrug that contributed to a bond of understanding between them. Although they exchanged no words directly, before the conference was over they felt tolerably well acquainted. Miss Brilliant 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 continued throughout 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, of this novel of "the true process," the "thrust out" process, Tony Brawney abruptly and with an imperious gesture dismissed Miss Brilliant along with Mr. Warren. The Boy's mental energy was at an end; the, upon like 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 Brilliant and Archy Warren. Not that Clarissa cared a jot about Archy's associates. But somehow she felt afraid of Miss Brilliant. A thousand times Miss Corday had cursed herself for hiring Tony Brawney and Archy Jocelyn. Morley had long since passed out of Clarissa's life. In the beginning he had got her several minor engagements with the Allenby and other studies, taken her for 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, a 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 agent of his in 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, then out of a clear sky had come the summons to see Tony Brawney.

Tony, as usual, had merely wanted a reasonably good looking leading woman in whom intelligence and talents would not be sufficient to distract any of the general attention from him.
She simply felt that because of her irresistible charm and her native talent she had been 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 Allenites would ever mention it. It would have mortified Clarissa to death to have the story get, particularly to have Tony Brawne hear of it. To Tony she had been posing as pure gold. Innocently enough there 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 confidential remark of Warren's. They were apparently intimate—just what might be expected of a consumed mendicant. 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. Brill, overworked, exclaimed impatiently. "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 studio. Lucy felt that she must be blushing scarlet. For a moment she was tempted to hurl 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's not 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 highest possible acquaintance. "At last," 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."

Archy, with a little sigh, "Miss Corday's one of the Hollywood Huns!"

That was to Archy a somewhat cryptic remark. By the time Lucy had explained it, which occupied 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 there.

"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 do. 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 hurl in my face stories of the zoo to brighten up the Monday paper. And the 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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You get the natural color. No one will suspect your hair has been dyed and it will last for months—no trousse—no streaks—no spots—just a uniform color.

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to his feet and was striding theatrically up and down. They talk of these little fellows as

"genius," he ranted. "Well, if they are
genius, 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 naturally 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 unleashed 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 fro—
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
puzzledly. She had been born and raised 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 had led him on and begged 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 wrong key and the whole series 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
realized that Miss Corday's father had once been janitor of
a schoolhouse back in Omaha? Clarissa
was quite tortured by the thought of these possibili-
ties. Tony had not been in her nature to unen-
lighten 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 ren-
grateable knowledge.

It was, of course, a waste of nerve-racking
emotion. Even had Miss Brill wished harm to

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<td>Lip stick, slide metal case</td>
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<td>Bath Powder with large puff</td>
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Golden Glint SHAMPOO

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 de'Asco's decline. As most movie fans well know, after the release of Tony Bravine'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 Bravine's irresistible antics in this picture but also his left 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 Bril 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 and not before the picture was in the making. 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 round 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. As his father had so often done, that he was getting nowhere fast. Naturally, the time came when Archy grew discouraged. He was still greeted everywhere by the fact that 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 studio girls.

So, all in all, the little days, and very generally despondent days for Archy. So he confessed to Lucy Brill one evening as they sat on the veranda of her Wilcox Avenue residence 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 magazine knows no more about you now than they did before. But, between you and me, Archy, the magazine 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 the pretty ones. Don't you go any longer. Wake up, boy. Take your nerve in both hands. Success is only a bally 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.

"It's" observed Arnold Craft. "Nothing unique about that. Have you ever directed a picture?"
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Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

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[Image 0x0 to 309x437]
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. MARCETTE, Mich.—Pauline Garon was born on Sept. 20, 1902. Your story about her at the United Studios. Pauline isn’t married.

M. J. M., TULSA, OKLA.—Some of your guesses were astary. I am a bachelor—by choice. Lillian Gish works at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. Dorothy Gish was graduated at Inspiration Pictures. 355 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Aren’t you proud of your famous relatives?

L. S T. LOU., Mo.—I’ll pass on your fad, in case other fans may want to adopt it. You say, “I wear a hat with ‘Don’t’ in rhinestones pinned on it, and consequently, people know right away that Douglas Fairbanks is my favorite star.” But you seem to have other interests as well. (For instance, you, 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 clever 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 telegrams from people who 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 your 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, Kudie and his wife are separate. The same as the man who can do all the 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 sassy 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 June 23, 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 flippant 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.

Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

At Last He Told Her The Truth!

So that was why he had hurled her home! The distressing loveliness of her radiant young cheek had spoiled his pleasure in their autumn walk. Jeals- ous 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 dear vividness of her youth.

Always aglow with a magnetic beauty, she owed her vivacious charm to Pert compact Rouge. She had pinned her cheek with its lasting flush, applying it before powdering it to make it waterproof.

She enjoyed the feel of this smooth handmade rouge. It is delightfully fine to the touch and its texture is like satin on the skin.

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By JAMES PRESTON

You know, I once thought nerve alone was enough to get by anywhere. That is, I thought so till I met Olive. You never in your life saw two people take to each other the way we did. It only that dance party hadn’t come—

But dances are what parties are made for. I sat out two or three sets trying to watch Olive spin around in the arms of other men and then I decided to take a turn with her myself. At the very first notes of the orchestra I swallowed a lump of fear and taking a hold that must have been screamingly fit if it weren’t so pathetic—

I started what I thought was dancing.

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.

Just then I wanted the ground to open and swallow me up.

But that night I sat up and thought—suddenly it dawned upon me why I was so unpopular. Equally suddenly it occurred to me that there was a quick, simple remedy that I had seen often yet never needed.

That very next morning I wrote to Arthur Murray—America’s foremost dance instructor, tigering him for his 32 page booklet, and free Test lesson—consisting only 20c to cover postage, printing, etc.

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PHOTOPLAY-MAGAZINE—Advertising Section

M. K., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Conrad Nagel is very American. He was born in Kecskemét, Hungary. Ben Lyon is an American, too. Norma Shearer was born in Montreal, Canada. Colleen Moore is an American—or 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.


M. C., EL PASO, TEXAS.—Such flattery overwhelms me! I am, indeed, the village gypsy. Marie Prevost has dark brown hair and brown eyes. She is 25. Colleen Moore'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 March 16, 1889. No, old bean, Robert Frazer is not contemplating matrimony. He's enjoying it. That's 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 let people in on what she used to play in foreign productions.

GUILLAUMETTE, LOUISVILLE, KY.—So it's your hardest fall since Razumov took away his hat and said "Madame, my mother," William Collier, Jr., is the adopted son of William Collier, the stage comedian. He's just as good looking but his eyes are the same. 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, probably for the "Call," for Triangle when he was just a boy.

CAROLINE, "HAPPY," N. Y.—Write for a photograph of Thomas Miegel to Famous Players-Lasky, 45 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Tell 'em that you want a smilin' 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 married. 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. Nor a she-back. She's a Miss. 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, 1890. You, 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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Kill This Man

There's a devil inside of you. He's trying to kill you. Look out for him! He tells you not to worry about your body. If you're weak—you will always be weak. Exercise is just a lot of rot. Do you recognize himself? Of course you do. He's in us all. He's a murderer of ambition. He's a liar and a fool. Kill him! If you don't, he will kill you.

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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 pet and ambition. He keeps you alive—on fire. He turns you on on your daily tasks. He makes you forget—right! Yes, Sir! He makes you do his work and does your thinking for you. He makes you crave for life and strength. He teaches you that the weak kill by the tips of their fingers alone. He succeeds. He shows you that exercise builds life tissues—life tissues is muscle—muscle means strength—strength is power. Power brings success! That's what you want, and go down your old road, you're going to get 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 quite made up the group for the screen. But she hasn't confided all the details to me. Noah Beery is married to a non-professional.

S. W. WASHINGTON—Mae Murray was born in Portsmouth, Va., on April 10, 1923. She first became famous as the "Nell Brinkley Girl" in the "Nell Brinkley" comic strip. After that, she 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 short hair and brown eyes. She is five feet, three and one-half inches tall and 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 for one year. Stag party was held for a long time before he went into pictures. Naughty, naughty! Mustn't gamble!

MIRIAM W., POTTSTOWN, PA.—Richard Dix is thirty years old and not married. How well I know him! He entered the movies about 1921. Jobbya and Esther Kalston are not related. Gloria Swanson has a daughter and an adopted son. Ben Turpin was born in 1874. Quite a young feller 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 three-quarters. Lillian Rich. Mack Sennett's bathing girl, who is being considered for the contest. 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 dancer. He was born on May 9, 1897. Dorothy Mackall 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.—Attaway! 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 say he is the real life inspiration for the story of him. 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 photographs to you. Address Ramon Novarro at his real home in Mexico City, Mexico. 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 heck of a big stinker. Robert Frazer was born on June 26, 1891. He is 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 screen. She used to operate a movie theater. 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 Bartheslne, Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City, for a photograph of the romantic "Little Blue Star. Enclose a quarter with your request.

T. S. M., SHELTON, CONN.—My, but you're the fasts' 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, 1921. He's married.

J. M. W., MEMPHIS, TENN.—The accent on the second syllable of Nazimova's name. You win the argument.

BIBS, BALTIMORE, MD.—Write to the Paramount Studio, Astoria, L. I., for a photograph of Gena Rowlands. She is an aunt of actress Greta. She is five feet eleven inches tall and weighs 121 pounds. She was first married to Wallace Beery and then to King Vidor. 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. Very friendly, and they agree 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."—I'll write you as interesting a letter as you could want. I think 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 they 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 to us are generally quite small 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 romance any way you look at him. I think most women love him for the very reason that you do. He is separated from his wife, Thelma Ryan, an English actress. He was born in England on February 9, 1914.

G. C., RICHMOND, CALIF.—Viola Dana and Shirley Mason are sisters, but May McAvoy is not; they are cousins. Their married sister is Edna Flaggart, who used to play in pictures.

H. C., CINCINNATI, OHIO.—Lloyd and Garrett 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, 1879. 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., FOUD DE LAC, WIS.—Stuart Holmes was born in Schwedtitz, 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, 1899. He has brown hair and grey eyes and is six feet, ten inches tall. Great big fellow, isn't he? He weighs 195 pounds and is addressed at the United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

WILLIE 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, 1907. 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 on October 15, 1890. 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, 1913. For back copies of PHOTOPLAY, write to the Photoplay Publishing Company, 750 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, III.

ROSEBUD, CHEVOT, OHIO.—Rin-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, 1892.

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 27th 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 19, 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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JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

VOL. XXIX No. 1

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The Department of Personal Service

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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."

"THE SCARLET SAINT"

PAINTED a lurid vermillion 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.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
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.

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."
ACROSS THE DEADLINE—Steen.—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.)

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 betrays her squandering parents. The daughter is Betty Bronson; the parents are Florence Vidor and Adolpho Menou. 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 record of Gunnar 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.)

BAREE, SON OF KAZAN—Vitagraph.—Just one of those dog stories of the frozen north. Rather low-grade entertainment. (August.)

BEAUTY AND THE BAD MAN—Producers Distributing.—A gambler in a mining town plays benefactor to a girl with operate ambitions. The grateful prey he marries him. Good, if you can believe it. (September.)

BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK—Paramount.—So well sung and 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 Mounted boy does? 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 Hardin and Marie Prevost, ably assisted by Louise Fazenda, put plenty of pep in a slapstick melodrama. (November.)

BRIDGE OF SIGHS—Warner Brothers.—Lupino Lewis' hokum with Dorothy Mackaill again bidding for your sympathy. (June.)

BURNING TRAIL, THE.—Universal.—An ext'em up Western with William Desmond as the hero. (June.)

CAFÉ IN CAIRO, A—Producers Distributing.—Bang-up melodrama with Arabs and Friscilla Dean. (August.)

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. real.—Very ordinary burlesque comedy rescued by the engaging ways of Reginald Denny. (November.)

CAMILLE OF THE BARBARY COAST.—Associated Exhibitors.—ACTORED DIVAS before 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 Mackaill 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 clty flapper and the noble Westerner are with us again, Attractively staged and well acted. (June.)

COMING OF AMOS, THE.—Producers Distributing.—Red La Rose, 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—Alcaz.—A commendable Lionel 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 Blinky 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.—Charlton Heston's melodrama saves it from being just another one of those Cinderella tales. (October.)

DON O.—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 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.—Wherein the Duke educates a peasant girl and marries her. Another version of Pygmalion, directed by Jack Holt and Betty Compson. (August.)

EVE'S LOVER.—Warner Brothers.—The story of a modern American woman and her titled husband. Nothing extra as a picture, but Irene Rich, Bert Lytell, Olga Bow and Willard Louis are in the cast. (July.)

FAINT PERMANCE.—B. P. Schulberg.—Faint is right. A jumbled movie-ised version of Zona Gale's excellent novel. (September.)

FIFTY-FIFTY.—Associated Exhibitors.—What happens when an American prize fighter marries a French dancer and Barrymore and Hope Hampton are in it. (September.)

FIGHTING DEMON, THE.—F. B. O.—Only the very subtle will like this one. Richard Talmidge dashing through impossible melodrama. (August.)

FIGHTING HEART, THE.—Fox.—George O'Brien as a prizefighter 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.)

FINGOLDF.—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 second reason. The film is ten years old and deals with racial problems. Not for anybody. (July.)

FRESHMAN, THE.—Associated Exhibitor.—Harrild 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]
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 sparking 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, scrappiness, 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, royally as rare—like a diamond on the most ravishing beauty.

The reason why ordinary methods usually fail to bring satisfactory results is because they do not only the outer 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 and for a few minutes after. Their action is short-lived.

Now, as everyone 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 remarkably beautiful results is because it hastens this cell change—bringing to the surface the beautiful, clear underskin in an amazing 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; or 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.

**Results Guaranteed—or No Cost**

No doubt you have wasted a lot of time and money on the treatments which, by their very nature, could never bring a satisfactory improvement in your complexion. And so you are discouraged—perhaps skeptical? Yet this remarkable new treatment has brought such surprising benefits to others that you are now invited to try it for 15 days entirely at Miss Cocroft's risk. If, after 15 days' trial, you are not more than delighted with the results produced—if you have not acquired a new, attractive and charming skin such as you have always longed for, then the treatment will have cost you absolutely nothing. Every penny you have paid will be instantly and gladly refunded.

**Interesting New Booklet—Free!**

Miss Cocroft has prepared a 34-page booklet which tells you all about her new method of skin rejuvenation and how you can take it at a cost of only a few cents a day. This booklet explains just how her treatment works—why it is different from the methods you have ever used. It contains great numbers of reports from other women telling what it has done for their skin.

It will cost you only a 2-cent stamp to learn all about Susanna Cocroft's wonderful treatment and how it can easily lead to the clear, beautiful and youthful skin that perhaps you have thought would never yours. There is no obligation—just mail the coupon now and the booklet will reach you by return mail.

But mail the coupon today for there is a special short time offer that you may now take advantage of.

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With this obligation, send me a copy of the free booklet called "The Overnight Way To a New Complexion."

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
That "Graustark" Script

New Rochelle, N. Y.

I request the privilege of shying a double sized brick to Miss Marion Davies. I am writing the scenario for "Graustark," Norma Talmadge's new film. It puzzles me to think why Miss Marion found it necessary to turn Graceful Larry into a "silly ass," and why she had a king in Graustark when the book informed its readers that Yvette's father, the prince, had been dead fifteen years. Why, also, did she omit the very important character of Larry and his companion foll? the abduction of Yvette? Again, why was Prince Loren omitted and why was Dangloss changed from Cibiel of Peral, trusted by the Princess, to a stupid Blackburn in the hire of Gabriel?

It seems to me that if Rex Ingram could get a scenario to transpose "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. FULLMAN.

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 the players they collect. I recently bought a newspaper. Ben Lyon calls for my laundry. Carlyle Blackwell takes my tickets at the neighborhood theater (he is said to be cousin of James Mason, 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 Seward's) 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 lively, 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 I was a-let. I really was him. You tell him if he want I double for him anytime he tired."

His name is Mike Regis in the Cosmopolitan Fruit Market.

Don't you envy me?

VIOLA PAVIA.

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. She is one of the few stars whom 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 entertainiment.

RUDY EKREEG.

Mr. Semon, How Could You?

Chicago, Ill.

Listen, folks, if you want to see something that will make you say, "What the blazes is '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, of course, I am acutely aware of 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 guise of "The Wizard of Oz." There were the usual goofy messes, flights and chases over house tops, the childish摩托. I am satisfied with it now. Larry is my old comedy gag that has 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 novel or story to the screen, isn't it 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 as marriage, so long as 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.

MELBA 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 Miss Negri, as to me she is the embodiment of rare personality—deep, mysterious, charming. I crusade in the fairs 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 TITCO.

Please Cheer Up, Peru!

Bluefield, W. Va.

Just one little brickbat, although I am not meaning to hurt anyone's feelings. Yesterday I saw the worst picture I have ever seen—"The Street of Fortune." And who directed it? Several people who are sick and tired of seeing Percy Marmont as the downcast, the one who bears the brunt of everything. It may be his way of life, but, I know he would be better off if he were put 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 the neighborhood barber a call. We have been told to offer praise for Raymond Griffith, Colleen Moore and Jean Hersholt, all of whom I consider real artists.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 8]
The Ratchet Gear Shift can be placed in various positions. Just as if you were going into Low, High or Reverse.

They will give your youngster. This classy speedy Racer is Powerful, Sturdy and Easy Running. Its equipment is Complete. Its radiator and hood are similar to the new 1926 models. Its colors are a knock-out: Brilliant Apple Green, with Chrome Yellow Stripping, and Vermilion Red Wheels. Body, hood, gears and wheels are made of high grade steel. The car throughout is built to stand Rough Usage. It is High Class, Strong and Superior in every way. The up-to-the-minute equipment will gladden your boy's heart, for he will know that his car has everything the big cars have. This "Buick" is equipped with an easy Running Gear. The little fellow can easily start from any position or get up speed quickly. This Gear Shift can be placed in various positions; just as if you were going into Low, High or Reverse. The lever controlled ratchet brake is a splendid feature.

Just think of this complete equipment: Cast Aluminum Motometer, Adjustable Windshield with Spot Light, Drum Headlights, License Plate, Front Bumper, Strong Clear Horn, Gas Control Lever, 10 inch Steel Double Disc Wheels with 1/4 inch Heavy Cushion Rubber Tires and Block Rubber Paddles. The attractive Instrument Board has aedished Oil Gauge, Clock, Ignition Switch, and Speedometer. A Classey Car from Front Bumper to Gas Tank. Length of car over all is 46 inches. Made for boys 3 to 9 years. Order the Auto today. It will be wonderful for your youngster's health. It will give him sturdy legs, strong stomach muscles, and the rugged vigor that comes with exercise in the open.


Furnished with Motometer, Adjustable Windshield with Spot Light, Drum Headlights and Front Bumper, Steel Disc Wheels with Heavy Cushion Rubber Tires.
MAD DANCER, THE—Jazz.—A mean trick on little Ann Pennington who deserves something better. Not for the kids. (July.)

MAD WHIRL, THE—Universal.—You’ll be surprised by this story of the evildoing of a cocktail drinking. May lead the crusade against vice. (September.)

MAKING OF O’MALLEY, THE—Fox.—National, with Anna Silla glorifies the New York cop. Dorothy Mackall is the rich school teacher who marries Bill. (October.)

MAN AND MAID—Metro-Goldwyn.—One of Elinor Glyn’s dime novels. Unusually mild. (June.)

MAN OF IRON, A—Chaplin.—“Lipcherry” more attempts to prove that a man may be great in business and yet be funny. He does it again. (September.)

MANHATTAN MADNESS—Associated Exhibitors.—Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor revive the old “Tiger” story. Will there be enough to go around? (September.)

MARRIAGE IN TRANSIT—Fox.—Secret service plot No. 46. Routine entertainment. (June.)

MARRIAGE WHIRL, THE—First National.—Another and rather tedious expose of the evils of society life. (September.)

MARRY ME—Paramount.—James Cagney does his best with a slender story. Florence Vidor and Edward Everett Horton do good work. (September.)

MEDDLER, THE—Universal.—William Desmond as the mad Meddler is the only one who hits the open spaces and hits them hard. (July.)

MEN AND WOMEN—Paramount.—Stilted and artificial drama. Even Richard Dix cannot make interesting. (June.)

MERRY WIDOW, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A brilliant and gorgeous screen version of the romantic light operetta. John Gilbert and Red D’Arcy contribute three of the finest performances of the season. (September.)

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 Nunnally and Jack Pickford. Outside of that it’s a most moviet. (June.)

MYSTIC, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—Allene 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. Carole Lombard is in it. (September.)

NECESSARY EVIL, THE—First National.—Terrible and fast-packed with Viola Dana and Ben Lyon to save the day. (July.)

NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET—Metro-Goldwyn.—A vast success, in spite of the perversity of a South Sea Island queen who loves and loses—loses and wins the end. A colorful and popular picture. (October.)

NEVER WEAKEN—Associated Exhibitors.—A welcome revival of a Harold Lloyd comedy. (September.)

NIGHT CLUB, THE—Paramount.—Which proves that the “Hollywood Nights” are coming to the forefront. 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 15th Street story. You are accompanied by Rod La Rocque, Joan Blondell and Ernest Torrence. It’s a lot of fun. (September.)

NOT SO LONG AGO—Paramount.—Aside from the work of Betty Bronson and Ricardo Cortez, this is a sequel to all of Manhattan in its Age of Tend- ence. (October.)

OLD HOME WEEK—Paramount.—A grade A Monday picture. Gay singing and dancing. Adolph Menjou and Lila Lee is in it. (August.)

ONE YEAR TO LIVE—First National.—Allene Pringle hears the sentence of the doctor and then cuts loose in Paris. It all turns out right. (September.)

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

ON PROBATION—Steiher.—The escapades of a rich flapper. It’s fair enough if you are not tired of going-on of the younger set. (August.)

OPEN TRAIL, THE—Universal.—Jack Holtz dresses up as an Indian and gives the young boys a good time. (July.)

PARISIAN LOVE—B. P. Schulberg.—Just another story about a hero who brings the romance of an Apache girl. Not for the children. (October.)

PASSIONATE YOUTH—Trent.—Now, really, what do you expect from the title? (September.)

PATH TO PARADISE—Paramount.—Ray- mond Griffith again proves that he is a real star in this fantastic romo comedy. (September.)

PEACOCK FEATHERS—Universal.—An intelligent story of a rich girl who marries a poor man; well directed by Victor Saville and capably acted by Jacques Logan and Canal Sands. (November.)

PEAK OF FATE, THE—Frank B. Rogers.—A fine comedy in which the hero is the best thing. (September.)

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

PONY EXPRESS, THE—Paramount.—James Craven directs another great story of the West. Wonderful acting by Wallace Beery, Ricardo Cortez and Ernest Torrence makes it one of the best of the season. (November.)

PRETTY LADIES—Metro-Goldwyn.—A good dramatic story plus the Ziegfeld Folies 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-batted by the Prince’s family. Some good comedy by Louise Fazenda and Roy Barcroft. (September.)

PRIVATE AFFAIRS—Producers Distributing.—A charming story of small town life, accurately pre- sented and well acted. (September.)

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

RAFFLES—Universal.—A good crook story marred by some slow direction. House heads pretty well cast. (July.)

RAINBOW TRAIL, THE—Another Zone Gre- y story. Good for small boys. (June.)

RANGER OF THE BIG PINES—Vitagraph.—The usual Western with the usual fight, and a good performance by Eddie Jensen to recommend it. (October.)

RECOMPENSE—Warner Brothers.—Sex stuff and gives very little. Blue and Martinez prevod enjoy- ing the agony. (July.)

RED HOT TIRES—Warner Brothers.—Just a mix-up of good, bad and indifferent comedy, played straight. (September.)

REGULAR FELLOW, A—Paramount.—(Viewed under the original title, “He’s a Prince”). A gay barroom story which is made even more pleasant by the Prince of dramatic ideas. (November.)

RIDIN’ THUNDER—Jack Hoxie as the leader of another war between cattlemen and rustlers. (July.)

RUGGED WATERS—Paramount.—Outside of a romantic picture, the only good story on ice, its just an old-fashioned melodrama. (October.)

SACKCLOTH AND SCARLET—Paramount.—A geraldine plot that fails to make its point. Alice Terry, Orrville Calhoun 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 a fine picture, a wonderful acting by W. C. Fields and Carol Demp- ster. Everyone should see it. (August.)

SCANDAL PROOF—Fox.—The story of one of the great girls, and sympathetically acted by Shirley Mason. (August.)

SCHOOL FOR WIVES, A—Vitagraph.—Proving that marriage 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 in splendid production and it is all acted with style. Griffith is especially amusing as a comedy buff. (November.)

SHE WOLVES—Fox.—Old Home Week in the Paris cafes as pictured by a movie mind. (July.)

SHOCK PUNCH, THE—Fox.—On a skyscraper with Richard Dix. Impressive about New York’s skyline. A good show for everybody. (July.)

SHOTGUN LAPEL, THE—Metro—Goldwyn.—Another story of the big city. The love scenes are the most convincing. (November.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]
You girls who like to draw!

Opportunity is Knocking at Your Door
Miss Louise Smith spoke the picture at the right before studying with us. The large drawing she made recently. Note the wonderful improvement accomplished through our training.

The month states, "I have found the Federal Course an excellent 'all around art education' of very practical value, commercially. From a speaking position two years ago that said me $19.00 a week, I am now making $60.00 and $70.00 a week doing the kind of work I enjoy. In a day I often make more than I did in a week two years ago. The Federal Course has been very profitable and Miss Smith is one of many girls who have found our art training a quick and pleasant road to success.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures
[Continued from page 15]

SHORE LEAVE—First National.—A genuinely funny comedy, a charming love story and Richard Barthelmess at his best as a tough gogh. (September.

SIEGE—Universal.—Mildred Alden and Virginia Valli in a powerful dramatic presentation. Two generations. Highly recommended. (August.

SIEGFRIED—UFA.—Perhaps the most ambitious undertaking of the screen. A spectacularly beautiful and skillfully directed production that has captured the imagination of the world. Made in Germany. (August.

SILENT SANDERSON—Producers Distributing.—A really first-class Western with our old friend Harry Carey, young Roy D. Wood and Mae Busch. It's the thriller of the year. (July.

TROUBLE WITH WIVES, THE—Paramount.—A splendid low comedy with Florence Vidor, Tom Moore, Ford Sterling and Esther Ralston. (October.

UNDER THE ROUGE—Associated Exhibitors.—While it isn't for the children, it is an ingratiating and exciting crook story. (September.

UNION THREE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A stirring and exciting film story beautifully directed by Fred Niblo and featuring Willy Pogany and Helen Ware. (August.


WANDERER, THE—Paramount.—It's a spectacularly beautiful production of the story of the Prodigious Son, with William Collier, Jr., Greta Nissen, Wallace Beery and Katharine Williams in the cast. (October.


WELCOME HOME—Paramount.—A brilliantly realistic story of an unwanted old man, finely presented. Directed and beautifully acted by Lake Cossgraves. (September.

WHEEL, THE—Fox.—Harrison Ford, Claire Adams and Mahlon Hamilton in a good screen version of a stage play. (September.

WILD DESERT, THE—Metro-Goldwyn.—A stirring story of a Colorado mining camp, with some fine spectacular scenes. (September.


WILD OUTLAW, THE—Universal.—Jack Hoxie, in a Western, is ably assisted by a horse and a dog. A better than twice its type. (September.

WILD THUNDER—F. B. O.—A total loss and no insurance. (August.

WIFE, WHO WASN'T WANTING, THE—Warner Brothers.—Irene Rich is the victim of a plot which contains all the old movie hokum ever presented. (November.

WILL BULL'S LAIR, THE—F. B. O.—Fred Thomson and Silver King in the sort of Western 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 Noele Beery. (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 Allen Pringle. (July.

WINDS OF CHANGE—First National.—Plenty of thrill, 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 flapper daughters. Good acting by Ethel Burns and Olive Leon. (October.

WITH THIS RING.—Just one of these sexy affairs. If you're broad-minded and over twenty-five — all right. (November.


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.—Charles Starrett and Barbara Stanwyck are the leading players in a story of fairly stormy love. (September.

WRECKAGE—RKO—A fairly entertaining melodrama made worthwhile by performances by Maclaine and Holmes Herbert. (September.

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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Rich Fur Collar and Cuffs

One of the most popular coats of the season for only $1.00 down! Here's the material you want—splendid quality, rich, all wool blocked Polo. Here's the fur trimming you want—collar and cuffs of long haired serviceable Mandell fur usually found only on much more expensive garments. And here's the style—this beautiful coat is a direct copy of an ultra-fashionable model now being featured in the exclusive Fifth Avenue Shops. Careful tailoring in every detail, too. Style in every line, and silk finish sateen lining throughout. All this for only $1.00 down and six months to pay our bargain price! Colors: Reindeer tan or gray. Sizes 34-44. Length 47 inches. Order by No. W-2. Terms, $1.00 with coupon, only $4.00 a month. Total price, only $24.95.

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Out of this graceful gesture grew the Junior League—today one of the most socially important groups in the country.

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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.

How, we asked, do these young girls take care of their skin? What soap do they select as the best for keeping their skin soft, smooth, radiantly fresh and fair?

Three hundred and twenty-six members, or more than half the entire number interviewed, said they used Woodbury's Facial Soap regularly for their skin.

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The annual charity ball of the New York Junior League, among 600 members of the New York Junior League and the Vincent Club of Boston, Woodbury's was seven times as popular as any other soap.

The largest number using any other one soap was forty-two.

**Some of the comments**

"It keeps my skin smooth and free from oil."
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"It is the best, purest soap I know. I use it here and abroad, winter and summer."
"It does not irritate a sensitive 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.

A 7½ cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped a booklet containing special cleansing treatments for overcoming common skin defects.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!
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."
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."
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.
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."
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.
RICHARD BARTHELMES 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."
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.
"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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DAINTY NEW GUEST IVORY PRICELESS - 5 CENTS
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 heartbreaks 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 millionaires 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.

A LOVABLE 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.

I 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]
HERBERT HOWE started something in the August issue of Photoplay Magazine when he assumed the role 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 importance to his eye. Here they are: Corinne Griffith, Florence Vidor, Vilma Banky, Alice Terry, May Allison, Norma Shearer, EstherRalston, 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-
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.

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 heartbreaks 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. 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 Tennessee 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, Mary 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]
"Abraham Lincoln" Wins

Photoplay's readers distinction of merit
Al and Ray Rockett, "Abraham Lincoln"

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"

Lincoln and Anne Rutledge—one of the greatest love stories ever translated to the screen

Al Rockett

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—...
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

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 Gaiety 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.

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.
CLOSE-UPS and LONG-SHOTS
Satire, Humor and Some Sense

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 Borgia's 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 sobs, albeit I have never ventured into a cafe without finding him merrily judging a dance contest.

When I step, 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 the 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.

I visited Valentino's Russian set just as "The Lone Eagle" was being completed. Cossacks were gayly horning 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 Midship-man," 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 cut set 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 damnable 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 pithcanthropoid monkeys, massapial, 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 Germany—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, insomuch 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 masterpiece 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 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 that he did a very neat job of tattooing.

A PHOTPLAY 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. She 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.

A RISING 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.

TITE young actor 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 PHOTPLAY. 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, created 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" — ribboned 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

Anna Q. Nilsson’s first “fan” photograph, taken when she joined Kalem in 1911. The hat knocked ‘em cold.

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.

Doris Kenyon in 1916, looking very much like the talented heroine of a local high school play.
A few fads and toys with no sense to them that prove that some girls never will grow up—thank goodness!

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.

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".

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 necklace 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.

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.


“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 wickid; 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 heredity. "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.

"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 'Dressed' 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]"
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.
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 pomaime 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 "Bardeleys 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'Aiglon." And a very handsome leading man, too.

"LO, 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 Schenck, 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. "Fez" 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—by 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 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
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.

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 absence 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
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.

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 shan't if I can help it."

**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.

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.

**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 felt 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!

**Helena 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.

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Billie" just because they think her real name is 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 Havanese!

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.

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 role 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 Spooks 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 slap 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 it 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.

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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 Saln (Millcent 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,
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 are new players are on their way. Victor Seastrom has been chosen to direct Lilian 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 roles.

WOEFUL walls 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 walls 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 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—walls like a steam siren. A bucket of paragonic finally hulled 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.

Earth 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 dappers 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.

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.

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.

Catherine Bennett's gorgeous golden hair must go, because directors won't cast her in modern roles.
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 masterly 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.

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 arts 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 role. The role 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 dashes 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 hold your peace about the art of the motion picture.
SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Six Best Pictures of the Month

STELLA DALLAS  HIS PEOPLE
THE VANISHING AMERICAN
THE MAN ON THE BOX  THE LAST EDITION
WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES

The Six Best Performances of the Month

BELLE BENNETT in "Stella Dallas"
LOS MORAN in "Stella Dallas"
RICHARD DIX in "The Vanishing American"
LEW CODY in "Exchange of Wives"
ALEC FRANCIS in "Thank You"
RUDOLPH SCHILDKRAUT in "His People"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 124

WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES—Universal

MORAL: "Girls, never marry a man from out-of-town unless you go out of town to marry him."

William A. Seiter has taken the famous stage production and turned it into one of the funniest laugh-producers. Aside from the comedy viewpoint he has succeeded in keeping a suspense element throughout the picture which is rarely found in comedies. So much so that one wonders just how things will turn out.

Reginald Denny, as usual, handles his rôle with an even-ness and originality that marks him a true blue comedian. He and Otis Harlan do a Syd Chaplin stunt that is a perfect riot. Three guesses? Marion Nixon is a charming heroine and Zasu Pitts lends a hand to furnish some laughs. The children won't mind this a bit.

THE VANISHING AMERICAN—Paramount

IT might have been one of the outstanding pictures of the screen. Impressively, gloriously beautiful in its natural settings, a fine and worthy theme, with an original score worth the price of admission itself. Yet, robbed of greatness by mawkishly sentimental and overwritten titles and mediocre direction of its intimate scenes.

Our regret is that its direction did not fulfill its tremendous possibilities, and our outstanding disappointment is that some parts of it, especially the badly overdrawn characterization of a movie-villain by that heretofore fine actor, Noah Beery, will permit the film cynic to lean over and whisper, "Why do they do it?"

The film opens with some very fine and spectacular episodes of the cliff-dwellers and their conquerers. The actual story begins in the third reel with the opening of the modern story. Once the plot is under way, it is an interesting narrative of a noble Indian who goes to France to fight the white man's battle and returns home to be projected into an episode in which government agents have stolen his people's property to the last blade of grass and abuse their women. Pretending to be based on historical facts, this sequence is really unpardonable and improbable beyond words.

This picture isn't great enough artistically to weather the blow of a tragic ending that will probably send the Dix fans home in tears.

However, Richard's work is fine and sincere. He can check up the picture as an artistic success for himself. To that extent it's a feather in his cap.

You won't waste your money or your evening with this picture and you need not be afraid to take the little folks along—also an extra handkerchief.

THE LAST EDITION—F. B. O.

EMORY JOHNSON, the glorifier of the underpaid wage earner, has again turned out an excellent and stirring story replete with thrills and heart interest. The story is woven around the difficulties that attend the printing of a daily newspaper. All the "inside dope" is shown—from the telephone calls of the reporters to the actual distribution of the papers on the streets. This, in itself, should prove interesting to the average fan. Then for the excitement he has added some scheming grafters, a fire and an explosion. As a matter of fact there is everything in the picture for the amusement of an audience. Ralph Lewis is splendid as the foreman of the press room. Others in the cast are Frances Teague, Ray Hallor and Rex Lease. Take the whole family.
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 MIDSHPMAN—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 roles. 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 Kinny 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 Harron 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-dried 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

A MOVIE 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—reformations.

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.

SATAN IN SABLES—Warner Brothers

HE'S 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.

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 brother even though it makes him look like a coward. 'Spose that's true love. Some actors have been wasted here, for it's one of the dullest pictures on record.
What Makes a Director?

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 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 the most be "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

By Terry Ramsaye

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."

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

Eric von Stroheim, soldier, extra player; director of "Greed"
Hberbert Brenon, student, actor; responsible for "Peter Pan"
Ernst Lubitsch, actor; German importation, one of screen's hopes
King Vidor, amateur mechanic, odd studio jobs; splendid director
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.

Allan Dwan, engineer: made all recent Swan- son pictures
Edwin Carewe, hobo, actor: maker of 100 pictures

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 buffettings 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.

J U S T A B A B Y S T A R

O f 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 toothbrushes or embroidered shrouds stood there.

"Is your momma at home, little 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!"

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 studies 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 woodsmen 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.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]
 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.
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 bonâfide 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 paparazzi 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 nonetheless some sacrifices that must be made for art. [cont'd on page 131]
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 Jortha Ralston. Photoplay 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.

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

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 $3.95. 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, 31/2-8. $3.00

Dance set of glove silk in pink, orchid, maize, nile, peach and roseleaf, trimmed with contrasting shades. Consists of new step-ins, lying at the side, brassiere and garters. Sizes 34-38. 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 $3.50

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 bouclè 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**

Appropriate yet economical gifts are things that puzzle many of us each time the Christmas season swings around. Photoplay Shopping Service has had a chance to choose for you a few of the smarter and newest gifts that not only are personal in nature, but come within the price range of most purses. Instructions for ordering are on the preceding page and we will be glad to help you with your Christmas shopping. Order early.

Smart pins for smart hats, and dainty buckles to adorn pretty slippers. The pin of four large pearls set in sterling silver is effective on a scarf, too, and is priced at $1.95. The stunning pearl dagger costs only $1.35. The rhinestone bowknot buckles are $2.50 the pair, and those of cut steel or bronze are $2.95.

Three accessories that might make delightful gifts. A silk evening bag trimmed with ostrich, priced at $5.00. Evening shades. The newest flower for the buttonhole 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 gardaines in white, red, orange or green, $1.00.

Semi-made nightgown of excellent quality hand drawn crepe de chine. You sew up the seams and put on the lace. Excellent value at $3.95. Chemise to match is priced at $3.95. Colors—flesh, orchid, peach and white. All sizes.

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.

For winter street or sports wear the smart woman will choose these woolen hose, in stunning patterns. Sport shades. Price $3.95. Sheer silk hose with lisle 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.

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.
"Screen Suggestions"

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 flocks 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 gill 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 broochpin is of sterling silver set with multi-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

Beautifully made fitted suitcase of cobra grain crocodile, 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 manicure set comes in a leather case, silk lined, with ivory or shell colored fittings. Price $3.50

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 newest thing in hat pins is this bee of imitation turquoise matrix, with rhinestone wings and head. Price $3.50

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

Two useful gifts for the man in the case. Smoke kit, 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 mouth-piece is collapsible and fits into a small enamelled 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

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.


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."
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.
JOHN BARRYMORE hopes to fulfill the ambition of a lifetime 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.
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."
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.

A

NN 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 revealed 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 waistline down."

Ann looked at his gaunt stooped figure as he rose from the table and went into the kitchenette to rumble around for the scrubbing things. There was a sneer in her voice as she rapped 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.
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 gate 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 pretense 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 bookracks 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 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 that 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 damned 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 enthrone. 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

The second of a series of articles on adapting the fine furnishings of the movies to your own home

By Charles D. Chapman

I never saw one that wasn't an eyesore 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 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

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 homemaker 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

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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.

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"

These chairs are all very smart. Italian needlepoint bench (foreground) is priced at $90. English tapestry small chair, $85. Queen Anne fireside chair, $175. Italian high backed arm chair in modern copy, $150. From "Men and Women"

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 endure 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.

67
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 pea 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
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 it 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, purifying 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.

FREE OFFER—Mail this coupon for free tubes of these Two Creams and instructions for using them.

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147 Hudson Street, New York City.
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BEAUTIFUL WOMEN USE THESE TWO CREAMS

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Ward Crane Makes a Triple Play

He acts three leading roles at one time and collects three nice salary envelopes on Saturday night. Hollywood has such a shortage of handsome leading men who can really act that the producers make the favored few work double—and sometimes triple—time. But it isn't every actor who has Mr. Crane's luck. All his leading women are beautiful!

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. Uneasing 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—a 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

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!


“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.

“This famous food tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders. Start eating Yeast for Health today!”

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
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.
Gay French Wrappers, Christmasy as can be, give a holiday 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

**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 $2.00 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 Christmasy 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 17th Street, New York.

**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.

**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 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 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 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 listened 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."

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."

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 [continued on page 141]
Ben Lyon
Star with First National Pictures
is proud of his
Kum-a-part Kuff 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
UPPER BUTTON

the snap with the lifetime guarantee

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
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, underwear, 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 patent pocketless fabric, 16-inch, $5.50; 18-inch, $5.50; 20-inch, $6.00.

DAISY BUTTON MODEL, 16-inch, $2.50; 18-inch, $2.400; 20-inch, $2.50.

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

DAISY HAT BAG

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 roles 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 role 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 Pharmacal 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-twent-thirt" 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.

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)

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To get acquainted send the coupon.

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Creators of World Renowned Parfums of Personality and Poudres de Luxe

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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

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY · JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • Duofold Pencils to match the Pens: Lady Duofold, $3; Over-size Jr., $5.50; "Big Brother" Over-Size, $4 • TORONTO • LONDON
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 Herman Melville's "Moby Dick"—the return of Ahab to his fiancee. 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 marvelous than last night. I could have sworn that you had summoned to your drawing room the very atmosphere—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 know 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 delightful, faintly fragrant atmosphere into any room. Six subtle odors, at all drug and department stores.

What mystery will incense give to you?
Send 10 cents for sample of six fragrances.
A. A. Vantine & Co., Inc.
(Dep. 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 demanded 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 Valentina 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 tactfully 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 beating one worth $5.00.

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 expensive ever made. The swastika decorations and the inscribed heart-shaped plate are of gold and silver and the stand is of heavy quadruple plate. There are two sets of sticks, one of rosewood and the other of snakewood.

The drum matches the handsome silver inlaid 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 appeared 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.

1847 ROGERS BROS.
SILVERPLATE

SALESROOMS: NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO
CANADA: INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONTARIO

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOToplay Magazine.
Deoño 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. It was 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 percent said “Powder.” Deoño 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 Deoño’s capacity for absorbing and neutralizing body odors. It does this, mind you, without scaling 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 Deoño, 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 Deoño does not 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?

Deoño
A MULFORD PRODUCT prevents and destroys body odors

FREE—MAIL COUPON NOW!

H. K. MULFORD COMPANY

Please send me the free sample of Deoño.

Name.............................

Street...........................

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

To 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 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 Moonaw 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. Louisita 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.

MacDouall, 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 MacDouall, 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 Emil and Catherine Bennett. In a 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 for light—in doors 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

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOMAGAZINE.
The secret of an artistic make-up

CAPTIVATING charm comes only with a knowledge of those soft touches that call attention to your beauty—not your makeup! 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 judging spirit in this newer field of beauty is Helena Rubinstein. The achievements of her scientific beauty preparations is transforming...

Two flattering powders created by Helena Rubinstein for differing skin textures

For normal or oily skins

Valaze Complexion Powder—for the skin which is inclined to be shiny. This exquisitely fine powder provides a delicate, leaves smooth, velvety finish. Tints to match every skin.

$1.00, $3.00, $5.50

For dry skins

Valaze Novena Powder—for the skin which has a tendency to be flaky or dried. Fragnant—clinging. Designed to prevent drying of the skin. Remarkably adherent. All tints.

$1.00, $3.00, $5.50

Finishing touches

Valaze Red Raspberry Rouge—the fascinating shade originated by Helena Rubinstein—flattering to all types.

$1.00

Valaze Red Geranium Rouge—Helena Rubinstein's newest shade, which is all the rage in Paris...Sparkling, youthful, vivid.

Valaze Lipstick—most fascinating—in shades to match rouges.

$1.00

Visit the salon for scientific facial treatments

Salon de Beaute Valaze

Helena Rubinstein

46 W. 57th St., New York

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 this MAGAZINE, thereby casuastically 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.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Lilian Tashman, Kathleen Clifford, Mrs. George Beban, Catherine Bennett, Mrs. Con- way Tearle (Adle Rowland), Edmund Lowe, George Fitzmaurice, Fred Niblo, John Consi- dine, Antony Jowett, Mst. 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 Karsh, and half a dozen young leading men.

Two marvelous wonderful gardens and her big house in giving a farewell teas for Mrs. George Beban, 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 million-naire to boot (might as well make him a regular fellow) who was coming awooing one Vlma 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 Vlma away from me.” It seems, according to the baron’s story, that Vlma had just come over for six months to work in the pictures and then was returning to Hungary to become Mrs. Baron.

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 devoted all his golden prospects of glory and fame to the unspotted 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 Vlma 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 wret his darling from the arms of the villain.

Vlma said “come.” Sam said nothing. Neither did Hollywood. Hollywood just waited. It didn’t care so much what the baron called such stuff—it 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.

NEW YORK NO LONGER waits. She has forgotten. For the baron came not. Nor will [CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]
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

Visible

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

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Jewels that Shine in "The Midnight Sun"

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 marquise 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

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

88
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 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.

Ben Hur Jewel Case, containing Extract and a gold finish vanity case of latest design with compacts of Rouge and Powder.

Ben Hur Extract, in a dainty blue-and-orange box, in one, two or four ounce sizes.

Ben Hur Powder, sufficiently heavy to cling well, and satin-soft in texture.
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 190 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 Shearer. 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. ABBON, OREG.—Barthelmess is pronounced 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, 1906. 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 get 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 is to write 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. Betty, being blonde, 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., PAVUSKA, 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, 565 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’s divorced from King Vidor, the director. Write to her at the Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Calif. Jackie Cooper was born in Los Angeles on October 26, 1914. Address her 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 disorderly 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 and to get along. They don’t have the slightest idea what the public is like. They don’t notice you watching them. As for the public, they get the pictures and that is enough. They are not going to read the questions and answers. They are going to watch the pictures. So please believe me when I say that you must always ask the director of the studio to whom you are writing to answer any letters you may send.

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 Gilded Princess" and "Are You a Young Lady?" 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 brown hair, blue eyes and is 165 pounds. No, he’s not married. Address him at the Paramount Studios, Astoria, L. I.

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?

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."
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 thea- tre! It is the season to meet, to be met, to have fun. 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 scene, 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 dramatist has a Princess Pat rouge. Should yours be temporarily sold out, send for a week’s supply. FREE. Watch its amazing effect, how the youthful blush appears to be below your skin, not on it. A single application lasts all evening. Not affected by moisture or perspiration, it resists perspiration. The streak: the natural appearance is retained.

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Free Mail this coupon for a liberal sample of Princess Pat Rouge. Please send me, free of cost, a sample of Princess Pat Rouge, as checked.

□ Vivid  □ Medium  □ English Tint
(Print) Name.
Address

Photoplay Magazine, Advertising Section

What Makes a Director?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

It was only an accident that made DeMille that first Lady director, anyway. Jesse Lasky had gone seeking the services of William DeMille, who had the repute of play successes behind him, when Mrs. DeMille prevailed upon him to give Cecil a chance with a struggling author, something to do.

Today James Cruze, crowned with the fame of "The Covered Wagon," is high on the title of director. 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 Thanhouser pictures one summer. There he became a widely famous screen figure in "The Million Dollar Mystery," the first great serial success. Then an accident befall Cruze and he was off the screen for months. When he began to work once more, he had sunk so low he almost had to work for a week’s salary. 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 greatly no more.

A friend paid railway fare to the coast for Cruze and there he tramped about the studios looking for work.

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 days of the rare few. 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 tradition and heroism of the bygone days, given Cruze. He poured himself into the picture.

But even in 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 sure enough, as surely 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 greatest of the west coast pictures, "The Covered Wagon," as we of the screen audience know it, was made.

Cruze, the medicine man shows, 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 when he came to Paramount as a business man and a director of directors. Ince began his working life as a buss boy in a New England resort hotel. He followed the road of fame and became an indifferently successful actor.

Ince’s fortunes were at a low ebh when he went to work on a bit in a Biograph picture as a---nothing. The picture was one of the last 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" Willet and sought a new engagement from Adam Kessel, who had recently quit book making at Sheehyhead Bay race track to try the new get-rich-quick game of the motion picture business. A bit of the diamond ring was the big diamond did. Ince went to California for Kessel’s New York Motion Picture Company and became the master of fast western costume pictures.

Ince’s screen successes led promoters to capitalize his name and, seeking to spread his glory over the products of other lesser directors, he was paid $60,000 a week. At this rate Ince discovered a business man, after all, and built a fortune on his discovery.

Now and then the old creative impulse returned 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, utterly ridiculous 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 Pollywood 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 took the stage 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 and his eye chanced on something tucked up from the books with a surprised smile.

“It looks like ‘Anna Christy’ would do a profit of about $50,000,” he remarked.

To make a short story of it—

“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 an accident, and I don’t want the money back, nor do I want to think of it. I am 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 directorship by the least probable path of all—the erratic wanderings of a 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.

Then to radio and finally to the screen. Edwin Carewe is the director, proud of a strain of Chickasaw Indian blood, and to it he is in- clined to attribute those elements of feeling that have made him a director.

Clyde von Stroheim training himself 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 own wandering and the loneliness of early days and the tramp life. I am 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 often think those two years have proved more valu- able to me than if I had spent them in school.”

Carewe, at the way, is proud of a strain of Chickasaw Indian blood, and to it he is in- clined to attribute those elements of feeling that have made him a director.

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"Foolish Wives," "Greed" and "The Merry Widow," prepared for his motion picture career by proving mostly a misfit from his beginning as an actor 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 to the great credit of von Stroheim is his disavowal of the part. He came to America and drifted about for five years at odd jobs.

Von Stroheim is noted among directors for the strictness he maintains in 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
The best surprise of all—a KODAK

Autographic Kodaks, $5 up, at your dealer’s

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y., The Kodak City
Photoplay Magazine — Advertising Section

Questions and Answers

[Continued from page 91]

CHICKIE AND DICK, NEWCASTLE, N. B. — Lloyd Hughes was born on October 21, 1897. Figure one of the great male beauties and outswords. He is so gallant, straight, and dark gray eyes. Six feet tall and weighs 150 pounds. Yep, he's married. Arthur Rankin is twenty-five years old. He has black hair and green eyes, and he is the President of the Metropolitan Theater Association. Married to Hollywood's famous actress, Greta Garbo, they are blessed with a daughter, Elizabeth. She is the spitting image of her mother.

S. R., ST. LOUIS, MO. — Write to Norm 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 danceshin villain, William Powell. Mr. Powell is an American actor, renowned for his dark hair and dark brown hair. Married to Eileen Wilson, a stage actress. His recent picture is "My Lady's Lips," "The Beautiful City," and "The Exceptional." A true gentleman, spots with Gilda Gray in "Aloma of the South Seas."
HALF the world knows TRE-JUR COMPACTS—
their quality, their charm.
All the world will know Tre-Jur Loose Face Powder—there never was a powder to match its worth.

Its touch is fair magic to every skin—
it is a powder to win the instant vote of the American girl. And when you see the alluring box, its satisfying size, its amazing price (50c) you'll realize that Tre-Jur has again fulfilled its promise of money's most.

If you want to carry your "magic touch of beauty" in a jewel-like case, ask for Tre-Jur Compacts. They offer you a quality that was never before known in compact form, and a value unique!

THE THINEST, champion of featherweight compacts, is $1. (Double $1.50). Purse Size Twin, with famous sliding drawer, is $1— and the Triple, with lip stick, is $1.25.

PhotoPlay Magazine—Advertising Section

THE HOUSE OF TRE-JUR, INC.
19 WEST 18TH ST.—NEW YORK CITY
PARIS ADDRESS—22 RUE LA LANDE

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
V. G., Syrcause, N. Y.—Bebe Daniels may be reached at the Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Calif. Atenee Ray has blond hair and hazed 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. 'Sot 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 Barthaellm works for Inspiration Pictures, 545 New York City. Dix 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 Vider is five feet, four inches and weighs 120 pounds. Irene Rich is five feet, six inches and weighs 150 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 "Manhandled." 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 "i" is long in Clive Brook's name. David Butler was born in San Francisco.

F. T., Atlanta, Ga.—Write to Evangeline Adams, Central Hall, 97th Street and 7th Avenue, New York, N. Y., for information about the horoscopes.

D. D., St. Louis, Mo.—Here are the birthday days of your favorites: Fannie Ward, November 23, 1875; Eugene O'Brien, November 14, 1885; Percy Marmont is about thirty-five years old; Jack Mulhall, April 7, 1804; 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 Donald Macmillan at the Biograph Studios, 807 East 17th St., New York City, and tell the little lady what you want. But be sure to enclose twenty-five cents! Yes, sir, Dorothy Henry's cents! Mr. Donald Macmillan is now 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 added to the list of admirers of George O'Brien. We'll just have to try harder to get this bit. George can be reached at the Fox Studios, 1401 W. Northern Ave., Hollywood, Calif. But I notice you don't go back on your old friends. You may write him at the United Studios, Hollywood, Calif. You have my permission. Ricardo Cortez and Alma Rubens are going to be married next year. Mr. and Mrs. Rod Novak is now married to Carol B. De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif. Rod is not married but Old Dame Rumor tells me in a constant caller at the Negri residence. Thanks for your compliments. I appreciate it. 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 McIvoiy, four feet, eleven inches; Ann Penner, United studio, it's the weight; Mary Pickford, five feet. How is it you didn't ask for my height? I feel slighted.

John, 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 short 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-two years old. She 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.—Parr 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-six 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. Viola Dana and Shirley Mason are sisters. Jack 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]
New—yet proved

Each day more women and girls see the dark blue Feminex display in drug and department stores. ... More of them buy Feminex to judge for themselves its effective service. ... More letters come to us, commending Feminex, praising it as the greatest recent contribution to the comfort and convenience of womankind. Young girls and mature women alike give unsolicited approval to Feminex.

Of utmost service to women and very inexpensive

Feminex renders its service of relief and relaxation within ten to fifteen minutes. It comes in a small bottle—containing tablets enough for three months' service—as easy to carry as a compact. Tasteless. The cost is only 50c

Look for the display in your favorite drug store

Thousands of the best drug stores have already ordered and re-ordered Feminex. If the display is not seen, ask for Feminex—the name is easy to remember. If your store has neglected to get a supply, its order can be quickly filled from the nearest wholesale house.

Sample package for 10c

We will gladly send a sample package in plain wrapper. Simply tear out this advertisement, write name and address on the margin, and mail with 10c to Drug Store Products, Inc., Toledo, Ohio.

"ONE WOMAN TELLS ANOTHER"
A romance of the ranches with the thrills of the circus

Wild West

PRODUCED BY
C. W. PATTON

With
Jack Mulhall
and
Helen Ferguson

A narrow road—an escaped elephant charging toward the little car. No place to turn—no time to back—what happened?

The answer is but one of the many surprises in this new Pathéserial. "Wild West" tells an interesting-absorbing and breath-taking story of a circus star and a ranch foreman, with the barriers of race an ever present obstacle to their happiness.

A plot of outstanding freshness, thrills in every chapter—a cast of famous stars—"Wild West" offers a new sensation for every movie-goer.

From the first chapter—with the swindling activities of the old medicine show, through the troubles of a struggling circus, and to the end with a fight for the inheritance of a fortune in oil fields, there are variety and originality in "Wild West" that will make you want to see every installment.

Pathéserial
In Ten Weekly Chapters
ASK YOUR MOTION PICTURE THEATRE

"Hot Dickey Dog!"

[continued from page 38]

you never forget... and in Europe Miss Swanson is big, very big.

When Vilma came to America she wore no make-up.

"I go out on street just like I am." She shudders now at her delicacy. 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 masonry of cote ville who, for the most part, are chalk reproductions of museum pieces.

"And he was right," appreciated Vilma with widening eyes. "I looked dandy!"

"But you wear none today," I vouched, recognizing that here indeed was the complexity 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 poet's prose, 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? Poor! What 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 a quite obviously knows it—and speaks it both in Hungarian and English.

When the reporters came to the boat to interview her she observed with fearless 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 lassoed medallions of cote ville who, for the most part, are chalk reproductions of museum pieces.

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 color. Their voltage is appropriate.

Vilma is an electric young lady.

Prior to meeting Vilma, Hollywood was dull and drear, and the enamol 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.

But since Pola Negri winged me with a glance in Berlin have I beheld such a ridding 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.

Mae Busch is fine, too, and another actor I admire greatly is Conway Tearle, not in his pictures with Barbara La Mar but in "Ashes of Vengeance" and other earlier pictures.

Marion D. Stubb.

Praise for George Arthur

Reno, Nev.

May I take up a little space in your most excellent magazine and give a word of praise for George Arthur and his work in "Her Sister from Paris." He is a finished comedian and should he 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?

Not since Pola Negri winged me with a glance in Berlin have I beheld such a ridding personality.

Praise for a Director

Tampa, Fla.

Last night I saw Monta Bell's production of "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 Richard Dix at the show "Spanish," 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.
Take a Year to Pay for Your
Diamonds & Watches
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Send No Money Down!

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see page 153

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—ADVERTISING SECTION

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 bouquets. First, the question has been asked 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 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 Last Word.” Gloria Swanson in “Madame Sans Gene.” Reginald Denny in “California Street Ahead,” Mae Busch and, of course, Lon Chaney, in “The Unholy Three,” and everyone 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 pal of my own, and I’m 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 have met a letter from Mrs. Thomas Beery, whose letter appeared in October PHOTOPLAY, that “The Dope Doctor” would make a fine story for Tommy Mighan. But what Tommy really needs, (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, 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 it means to be mortal, in an ordinary walk of life, whose brain is functioning properly, would do under the most ordinary circumstances.

Of course, if you 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 standard 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 unreality. In the individuality, all the human—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 as 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, distinctness of character, 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 decency 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 he, his performance is always fine.

GRACE WOOD.

Starring Our Big Cities


May I hope to see the 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, lovely Queen was there before our eyes.

Secondly, a plea to one of the producers. May we not hope to see 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 ours. We cannot allow it. 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.” I was astounded. I behold—Richard—a comedian! He is human and acts as though he liked to play Bilge 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. Guessing who, 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 seen the name 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 masterpieces.

As for “Broken Blossoms,” if I had viewed this picture privately, I would have screamed in terror over Little Cissy in the closet scene. She is the greatest actress on the screen today. How can I ever finish praising her and Richard Barthelmess as the Yellow Man. He had a most difficult rôle, and how he played it! Mr. Griffith is the most original and Richard, too, and give us another great work, for they are a joy and your pictures are art—real art!

MELVIN AHLETT.

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Toronto’s Favorite

Toronto, Canada.

On reading over the section entitled "Briicks 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 four times. This seems very strange to me, because in Toronto I believe he is the favorite of about ninety-nine percent of the theater-goers. (Of course, I am speaking of Mr. Richard Barthelmess.)

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 the shows are only four times for the year. I have never 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 to cast my vote for John Gilbert in the contest between Gilbert and Gable. One of both of these men have what Elion Glyn terms "It." Well, Colman may have "It," but, so far as I can see, it doesn't make any difference to me. The name was 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, daring, daring, prince, Grizba, the part he played in "His Hour." I believe Elion Glyn herself said, upon meeting the man who had been chosen to play the part, "I have written the story around him."

They are, we will grant, to quote again from your writer, Vesuvius and the Sphinx. But who would rather spend his time with either of these Sphinxes? Insurmountable, yes! But how monotonous! But Vesuvius is different. Life would never be monotonous. It's very fascinating 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 all 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 it 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 Mime, Kriemhilde, were finely portrayed by Hanna Ralph and Margaret Schoen, respectively. Theodor Loos is also to be commended for his Gauher, 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 "More Leave." Richard Barthelmess was above par. He acts so well and he seems such a good fellow to work with. And how even he places the glory on each member of his supporting cast! I'm an actor. I certainly would enjoy working with him. Why doesn't he have Mary McAvoy or Norma Shearer for his leading woman instead of Dorothy Mackaill or Madge Evans?

E. C. BATES.

Approves of Jack's Taste

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? I know, for our beloved Affie, 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 is the very best. 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 nothing. That's a good 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-hat and a stuck-up has another think coming. If people would open their eyes and read more about her, there would be fewer criticisms coming her way. I've enjoyed her in all the pictures, so many 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 Foil." She was very good. I know she always is great, but you'll love her more than ever—although I couldn't love her more.

LILIAN 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, but 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.


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 René Valentin. Of course, I'm not the movie public, especially in one, but I certainly would like some variety in tone. Why hardly a thing about Jack Gilbert or Allen Pringle?

E. LUCILLE DEMPSTER.

[Continued on page 117]
Stars of the Photoplay Special Edition

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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, 1925 Lillian Way. Inactive.
CHARLES CHAPLIN STUDIO, 1414 La Brea Ave. Inactive.
CALIFORNIA STUDIOS, 1458 Gower St.
Harry J. Brown Prod. Billy Sullivan is working on "The Patent Leather Frog." Reed Howes is working on "The Danger Queen." Jack Webb is 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.
Paul Sioane directing "Made for Love" with Edmund Burns and LaVerne Jay.

FILM BOOKING OFFICES, 750 Gower St.
Tom Forman directing "The Midnight Flier" with Colleen Landis and Dorothy Devore. Production has started on "All Around the Flying Pan" with Fred Thomson and Elmo Lincoln.


Douglas MacLean Prod. Fred Newmeyer directing "Seven Keys to Balaclava" with Douglas MacLean and Edith Roberts.

Larry Semon Prod. Larry Semon directing "Stop, Look and Listen" with Larry Semon and Dorothy Dean.

FOX STUDIOS, 1401 N. Western Ave.
Frank Borzage has completed "Wages for Wives" with Jacqueline Logan and Creighton Hale.
Derek Jones has completed "The Desert's Prayer" with Florence Gilbert, and will soon start "Her Cowboy Prince" with Diana Miller.

Albert Ray directing "Held Everybody" with Colleen Moore and Kay Drury.
J. G. 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 Nell Hamilton.
Irvin Willat directing "The Enchanted Hill" with Mary Brian, Florence Vidor, Jack Holt and Noah Beery.

Clarence Badger directing "Hands Up" with Raymond Griffith, Marisa Nyez, Virginia Lee Corbin and Montague Love.


Ray Walsh directing "Hawaii" with Louise Fazenda, Ernest Torrence and George Rispa.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIOS, Culver City, Cal.
Tod Browning directing "The Mocking Bird" with Lou Canary.


George Hill directing "The Barterer" with Norman Kerry, Lionel Barrymore and Henry Walthall.

Vidor Seastrom directing "The Scarlet Letter" with Lillian Gish.

METROPOLITAN STUDIOS, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd.

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 Madge Bellamy.

UNITED STUDIOS, Hollywood, Cal.
Alfred Green has completed "Spanish Sunset" with Barbara La Marr and Lewis Stone.

Irving Cummings directing "Casanova's Wife" with Corinne Griffith, Percy Marmont and Malcolm MacGregor.

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 "Kim" with Norma Talmadge and Redman Colman.

UNIVERSAL STUDIO, Universal City, Cal.
William C. Ireland directing "The Radio Detective" with Jack Douglas and Margaret Quimby.

Harry Pollard directing "Two Blocks Away" with Charles Murray, George Sidney and Vera Gordon.

Production will soon start on "Rolling Home" with Reginald Deny.

WALDORF STUDIOS, 2520 Merriese Ave.
Harry Cahu directing "The Penalty of Jazz" with Forrest Stanley, Dorothy Revier and Ethel Wales.

"Ladies of Leisure" with Elaine Hammerstein, Robert Ellis and Ernest Gillee.

WARNER BROS. STUDIO, 5848 Sunset Blvd.
Herman Raymayer directing "The Night Cry" with Roy Tinsley.
Lewis Milestone directing "The Cave Man" with Marie Prevost and Matt Moore.

Charles Reisner directing "Nighty-Night Nurse" with Syd Chaplin, Patsy Ruth Miller and Gayne Whitman.


Eric Kenlen directing "The Acquitted 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 Seabright, Blanche Sweet and Ben Lyon.

Fred Newmeyer directing "Lunatics at Large" with Leon Errol, Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall.

JACKSON STUDIO, Jackson and Westchester Aves., Bronx, N. Y.
Charles Hines directing "Rainbow Riley" with Johnny Hines and Brenda Bernt.

PARAMOUNT STUDIO, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.
Herbert Brenon directing "The Song and Dance Man" with Tom Moore and Beatrice Love.

Maurice Tourneur directing "Aloma of the South Seas" with Gilda Gray, William Powell, Percy Marmont, Harry Muyse and Sidney Hayakawa.

George LaCava directing "Womanshanded" with Richard Dix and Esther Ralston.

TEC ART STUDIO, 344 West 44th St., New York City.


WHITMAN BENNETT STUDIO, Gleldale, L. I.
Whitman Bennett directing "Ermine and Rhubar-
" with Niles Welch and Edna Murphy.

CHANGES IN TITLES
AL CHRISETTE: "Madame Lucky" will be released as "Madame Behave."

FIRST NATIONAL: "Spanish Sunset" will be released as "The Girl from Montmartre."

"The Sea Woman" will be released as "Why Women Love.

PARAMOUNT: "Martineau" will be released as "Voleuse."

"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, 353 Madison Ave. New York City. Richard Bartheslin Prod., In-

spiration Pictures, 265 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Distinctive Pictures Corporation, 366 Madison Ave., New York City.

Educational Film Corporation, 270 Seventh Ave., New York City.

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation (Paramount) 485 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Film Booking Offices of Amer., Inc., 727 Eighth Ave., New York City.

Fox Film Company, 108 Ave. & 52nd St., New York City.

Metro-Goldwyn, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation, Palmer Bldg., Holly-

wood, Calif.

Pathé Exchange, 35 West 45th St., New York City.

Principal Pictures Corporation, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Producers Distributing Corporation, 465 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Rothsler Film Mfg. Company, 1239 Divernery Parkrow, Chicago, Ill.

B. P. Schulberg Prod., 117 W., 48th 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, Hechcock Building, 5th Ave. and 57th St., New York City.

Vivatograph Company of America, 1600 Broadway, New York City.

Warner Brothers, 1600 Broadway, New York City.
Norma Shearer and Lon Chaney directed by Victor Seastrom in "The Tower of Lies"

Still another proof of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's superb genius for selecting Stars and Directors to produce the utmost in motion picture art.

The "Tower of Lies"
Starring
Norma Shearer and Lon Chaney
A Victor Seastrom Production.
Adapted for the screen by Agnes Christine Johnston. From the novel, "The Emperor of Portugallia" by Selma Lagerlof.
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture.

Lon Chaney as Jan

Norma Shearer as Goldie

"The Tower of Lies" is a powerful, heart-stirring drama based on Selma Lagerlof's Nobel Prize novel—"The Emperor of Portugallia"—you will breathlessly await each new unfolding of the plot.

In this picture the art of acting and the art of directing are united as you, who have seen "He Who Gets Slapped", have learned to expect in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer dramas.

Stars that brilliantly dominate the motion picture firmament—the cream of the World's directing genius—these are the factors that have made such pictures as "The Unholy Three", "The Merry Widow" and "Never the Twain Shall Meet" possible.

They stamp all Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer screen-plays as undisputed classics.

You who have learned to measure motion picture perfection by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions will find the "Tower of Lies" just another proof of your good judgment.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More stars than there are in Heaven"

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
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 are characteristic of newly married couples, and in the intensity of their prevarications, and if they deny it they are plain prevaricators.

Vicky did say what 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, Rudolph is excessively 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 Hilmore 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 side of her 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 cleansing 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 Compson. 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 house 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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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 substances which ferment and cause 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.
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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.

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MANGE MEDICINE
At Drugists. Barbers or
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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 onlookers that traffic was tied up for blocks. Parson 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, Helen Lucas, Allan Hale, Jr., Kerel 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, Jeane 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 rival as a social diversion in Hollywood. Viola Dana gets credit for introducing it, and it is becoming the rage.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
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, Endl 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.

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 weed in the oats is the fact that "Sandy," another horse, has been given his place in the Carey pictures.
The Cigarette JUMPS to meet you!

Carry your cigarettes in an Ejector case. Then when you want a smoke just press the button and see a cigarette pop out.

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 snappily impressive way.

See this year's new designs in nickel silver and sterling silver at your dealers. Priced $1.50 to $25.00.

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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 Neillan 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 Monte 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 subtitles 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 lunch in serenity and entirely undisturbed state at the Montmartre.

Will the case of Fine Arts be repeated? I wonder. At any rate, an inflated cranium
Someday somebody is going to write a book of memoirs about the famous hostess 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 Borzage, Kathleen Clifford, Jack Gilbert, George Fitzmaurice, Eddie Sutherland, Jack White, Lew Cody, Julius 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. Signora 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

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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.

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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, eczema, neuritis, rheumatism or a cold.

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
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 Valentina 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.

Vividly 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 multifarious photographers the other day when he exhibited his palms.

He got them from using his long whim in "Don Q." It took months of tiresome 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 Redolph Wadal has a pair of mitts which are un-belt-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 great help to 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 histronic ambitions, found that every time he applied for a job as a actor he was turned down because he had had no experience. He solved this objection by having a number of programs prepared, 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 States one Sunday afternoon, and my friend was trying to catch up a little on his work by toiling overtime.

His thoughts were barely 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 the man who was named 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 upon. 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—they ruined me.

"Before I could get the right 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 it? 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 go on his trip 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 directed to say they were on a 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 for 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 bangs.

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. He will write that Jobyna's vision 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.

CONNIE, WASH.—But getting back to your own sex, Connie, when 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.

SKEEN, ISLE OF VIEW.—How could you say such a thing! A bother why what 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. Robert La Vigna, born in Chicago, III. Write him in care of the Cecil B. De Mille Studio, Culver City, Calif. Colleen Moore is born: August 19, 1902. She is now working on "Lyne" at the United Studios, Hollywood.

M. S., MANILA.—Gloria Swanson's daughter was born October 7, 1920. You're welcome. [Continued on page 122]
The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

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 Yououa Troubetsky for leading man does not seem a particularly wise one, his chief 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.

—Mr. Ben Lyon, if you please. Emphasis on the Mister—Mary Astor, as beautiful as ever, is wasted in a 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 Housman, 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 worn 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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Paint and Powder—Chadwick

A 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 so sting 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.

Bustin' Through—Universal

A Western, of course—but at least it has plenty of action from the start to the finish. Jack Hoxie rides and fights his way through the whole picture endeavoring to save his love 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 were 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 sizes 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 a foreman of a girl's ranch, prevents the villain from foreclosure 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 tames a little society girl and by doing so makes her love him. There is nothing new in this picture at all but it is very dagny. It will please only the Mix fans.

A Butcher's thumb, weighed in the balance, is seldom found wanting.—Life.
A Few More Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102]

Luck for Doug, Jr.

Boise, Idah.
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, 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 Wallace 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.

M. 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 right 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 "Law's Money." He was the one who was the butler in "Man and Maid." It seems to be that people are being carried away by screen "shiks." 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 his Rootogravure 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

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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 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—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 concealed 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 Mackall and many others who win the respect and admiration of people who appreciate the finer things.

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The Ten Most Beautiful

[Continued from page 29]

Gish, Norma Shearer, Greta Nissen and Carol Dempster.

Many of the critics carried the discussion into the columns of their newspapers. Margaree 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 calling for letters 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 Allston, Florence Vidor, Greta Nissen, Nita Naldi, Mary Astor, Pola Negri, Barbara La Marr, Corinne Griffith, Mary 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 lately come into prominence. And May Allston, if you don't remember her, belongs more to the immediate past than the present. Alas! 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 Allston, 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 Alice 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."

A NOther critic who disagrees violently is Edward T. Folliard of the Washington Post Writing in the column of his newspaper, Mr. Folliard said: "Herbert Howe, a writer for Photoplay Magazine, knew just what was coming 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
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 unenlightened 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 Compson? 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 her 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, with one heart 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 call ‘motherly instinct,’ even though she is young. Mary Philbin typifies unsophisticated youth. Betty Bronson steps right out of the night. Typical American girls we would call Mary McAvoy, Mary Astor and Mary Allison—just the kind one meets in everyday life, full of the radiance of young womanhood.”

A lot 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. Landis, of the Evening Star, Washington, D. C., harshly 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 be adopted 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?”

Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

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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. Quick 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 Maxed 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 122 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, 1905. She is a descendant of Francis Scott Key who wrote "The Star Spangled Banner." Are you related to her?

LOIS GWynn 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 misplaced. 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 reports, he was engaged to Constance Talmadge.

M. E., ENA, PA.—That's my idea of a volcanic town. Dorothy Mackaill is five feet, five inches tall and weighs 122 pounds. She was born March 4, 1900. Not married. Address her at the United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

J. H., SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—Percy Marmon 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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"THANK YOU"—Fox.—From the story by Winchell Smith and Tom Cushing. Scenario by Francis Marion. Directed by John Ford. The cast: Kenneth Jarekson, George O'Brien; Diona Lee, Jacqueline Logan; David Lee, Alec Francis; Andy, J. Farrell MacDonald; Jameson, Jr., George Fawcett; Mr. Jones, Cyril Chadwick; Mrs. Jones, Edith Botswick; Millie Jones, Marion Harlan; Miss Blodgett, Vivian Oprea.

"SATAN IN SABLES"—Warner Brothers.—Scenario and adaptation by Bradley King. Directed by James Flood. Photography by John Mescale. The cast: Michael Lyon Versedoff, Lowell Sherman; Paul Versedoff, John Harren; Collete Brison, Pauline Granger; Dorothy Sierra, Gertrude Aster; Victor Frank Butler; Emilie, Francis J. McDonald; 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 Loeaton, Malcolm McGregor; Lord Clive Cheney, Alec Francis; Lady Catherine, Eugenie Besserer; Porcais, George Fawcett; Mrs. Shesonte, Eulalie Jensen; Arnold, Creighton Hale; Dorke, Otto Hoffman.
She pitted her strength against Broadway . . .

A REMARKABLE manuscript has come into our possession. It is the old, old story of a girl pitting her puny strength against the powers of evil. There is in it the lure of the white lights—but, best of all, there is a plucky fight.

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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; Spats Casey, John Gough; Don Pellan, Bruce Gordon; Grogan, Wm. Humphrey; Don Gray, Carroll Nye; Betsy, Dodo Newton.

"LAW OR LOYALTY"—DAVIS DISTRIBUTING.—Adapted by Lois Zeller. Directed by Lawson Harris. The cast: Pierre Santé, Lawson Harris; Jeanne Dupre, Dolores Dorian; Davis French, Robert Walker; "Timber Wolf," Dick Sutherland; Grand-pere Dupre, James Stevens; Little Pierre, Buddy Duce; Captain Thorne, Ray Brooks; Judge Gary, Thomas Price; Pete Jones, George Fox; John Martin, Steve Ludlow; "Blimsey," Bertram Tracey.

"PAINT AND POWDER"—CHADWICK.—Story and scenario by Harvey Gates. Directed by Hunt Stromberg. The cast: Mary Dolan, Elaine Hammertown, Jimmy Engert, Theodore Von Elza; Mrs. Evans, Mrs. Chas. G. Craig; Mark Kelsey, John Sainpolis; Phillip Andrews, Stuart Holmey, Maze Hull, Derelys Perdue; Tim McCord, Pat Hardigan; Riley, Russell Simpson; The Cabman, Charles Murray.


"FLYIN' THRU"—DAVIS DIST. DIV., Inc.—Story by Al Wilson. Adapted by George W. Pyper. Directed by Bruno Skillin. Photography by E. J. Zerr. The cast: Lieut. Al Willis, Al Wilson; Anne Blair, Elinor Fair; Judith Blair, George French; Jim Willis, James McElherne, Mervin Parker, Clarence Burton; Sybil, Fontaine La Rue; Gladys Ainsworth, Zella Ingraham; Bill Gofus, Garry O'Dell.

"RIDIN' THE WIND"—F. B. O.—Story and continuity by Marion Jackson. Directed by Del Andrews. The cast: Dick Durand, Buc Jones; Molly Gore, Marion Nixon; Flann Allison, Malcolm Waltz; Pete Carson, Fred De Silva; Kingdom Come Knapp, Luke Cosgrove; John Boyd, George Lesley; Jimmie, Buck Black; Clara Bella Steele, Ann Johnson; Ike Gore, James Corrigan; Ellen Boyd, Carol Lombard.

"DURAND OF THE BAD LANDS"—Fox.—From the novel by Melhelle Helka Justice. Directed by Lynn Reynolds. The cast: Dick Durand, Buc Jones; Molly Gore, Marion Nixon; Clem Allison, Malcolm Waltz; Pete Carson, Fred De Silva; Kingdom Come Knapp, Luke Cosgrove; John Boyd, George Lesley; Jimmie, Buck Black; Clara Bella Steele, Ann Johnson; Ike Gore, James Corrigan; Ellen 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 Leecy. The cast: Tom Gallagher, Tom Tyler; Dorothy Manning, Barbara Starr; Black Jacker, Olin Francis; Thug Peters, Sam Peterson; Betty Mulligan, Alfred Huston; Little Joey, Frankie Darrow.
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., WATERS, ILL.—Dorothy Mackall 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. Constance Griffin 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 is always William S. Hart. Yes, he played in the stage production of "Ben Hur" quite some years ago. Norma Talmadge was twenty-eight years old, and Ben Lyon was 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, JOELIN, 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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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
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dreams and hopes that come to every one, the heartbreaks and the victories—who has
not wished to talk 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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personal charm is within reach of every woman—
do you possess it?

there is nothing which contributes so much to personal charm as perfect grooming. you may possess wit, style, and even beautiful features but real charm will not be yours if a coarse, unattractive skin makes you ill at ease and self-conscious.

begin today to give your complexion the constant and proper care it needs to offset the ravaging effect of harsh, dry winds, dust and soot, and the general conditions of modern life. a skin unprotected against these elements or subjected to indiscriminate treatment sooner or later gives evidence of the fact—blackheads, oiliness, sillowness and a coarsening of the texture results.

join the thousands of women who have adopted the daily use of resilinOl soap because they know it combines all the necessary requisites for combating conditions that work against the complexion.

many soaps clean the surface of the skin but they fail to reach the depths of the tiny pores. other soaps root out the impurities but remove with them the natural oil so necessary to keep the skin soft and smooth. resilinOl soap gives perfect cleansing because its refreshing lather sinks deep, soothing the skin while cleansing it, and quickening the circulation in the thousands of tiny blood vessels that nourish the skin. its rich color and distinctive fragrance come naturally from the resilinOl properties it contains.

resilinOl Ointment is a ready aid to resilinOl soap. in addition to being widely used for eczema, rashes, chafing, etc., many women find it indispensable for clearing away blackheads, blotches, and similar blemishes. all druggists sell these products.

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NANCY LEE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

I think you can do 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 look almost as if you were 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. Do not confine all your interests and affections to one boy.

BEATRICE C., OAKLAND, CALIF.

Greens, rich, magenta 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, and only 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 prescribed 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 headress for you that will suit your mother.

CURIOS, 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 would be no more in your heart than you are. A course of conduct is the only certain 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 with people around you. 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 those whom you are 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, starchy or sweets. Your breakfast should be light and a salad should be sufficient lunch. Don’t fret about your figure. The secret is that you must work to overcome your self-consciousness. If you will wear large hats, I think you will find them both flattering and comfortable. They disguise your long lines and hueless 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.

But the streams you are using. Double strength would be hard on a sensitive skin. Browns, tans, greens and reds would be pretty for your dresses.

JUST PUZZLED, ELKHART, Ind.

Your velvet dress is quite suitable for fraternity dances, but blue is rather old 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 are evident and going with this is a simple waist 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 bare skin, skirt, neck, etcetera. 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 recommendations in the advertising section of PLAY-OGRAPH. An oil shampoo is helpful, too. See an oculist about your eyes. With properly adjusted glasses you should be able to see very well. If you are advised to use the product illustrated in the advertisement, be sure to follow the directions and get the proper strength. Be sure you are careful not to overdose or read by the wrong light. But take the advice of an oculist on a question of this sort. If your eyes are sensitive to the light, I think it is a good idea to have them fixed. 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- convenient and noisy people?"

But if you are arranging a 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 or four persons. Of course, you must get your lamps right and then 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 danger of becoming sunburned. But if you are sunburned, there is a reason why you notice the light streaks in it. Oranges, tans and yellows are becoming colors for you.
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 taken on professional speed. In one scene, there was a second delay.

"Hey," called out Mr. Wood, "what do you think you're doing—making 'Ben Hur'?"

This strictly movie joke went over big.

Comedians have the ambition of troupers. 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.

A NOTHER 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 "College." 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 Laden, 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 a heavy snowstorm, which at times interfere with the open line 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 a 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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Just think—$50 to over $200 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 512-C, 112—116 Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.
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 past three 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 frivolous.

The other day Byron Morgan found Buddy Rogers smoking a cigarette. He was none too clever at it.

"What's this, Buddy?" asked Mr. Morgan.

"And how come?"

Buddy 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

All the Girls in Sweden Love Him

Stockholm, Sweden.

I am a Swedish Valenitno 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 waiting anxiously await his next pictures. "Monsieur Beaucarie" was a wonderful picture and so was "A Sainted Devil." I wish he will dance in all his pictures.

I. HERBON.

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 "presented" 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 pictures. I am asking the only 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 America society, dresses correctly and in taste, has good and polished manners, and is gracious (not snobbish), and is quite as modern as American society.

Thus, the curse of the movies is insincerity. 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 real 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 Nellite, 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 Iored." 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 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 happier frame of mind.

LOUISE WEINZEL.

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 hits of romantic acting I have ever seen on the screen. Why can't we see them often? They are a dark type of Ronald Colman, the blonddess 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 some famous actors. I have heard of 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 taking a fan for evermore. 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 "Beggar 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


Brickbats? Well, here's a whole brickyard, and I am going to tumble them all on James Cruze for "gyping" the fans out of good money to see that terrible picture, "The Beggar 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, Va.

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 Lyba 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?

Billee.

For a Newcomer

Cincinnati, O.

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 role of Durov? 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

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)
Speaking of Pictures

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 “Marquis.” “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 estimator 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 Bolshevist 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 Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 133]

Barthelness 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? (continuation)

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 SNOWE.

Beauty, 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 screen. Here they are: Pauline Frederick, the late Olivia 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.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
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 you 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.

Second—Ovaltine has the power actually to digest and to stimulate 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 restful 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 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 fountain. But to 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 soundly all night now and is full of pep in the day. I am very glad we discovered Ovaltine.

Letter from Mrs. G. B. BEAUDINE

Send for 3-Day Test

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
**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 mischief, no harmful 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 admirably 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 disrupts and stops growth 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. Many can’t do the work—so many only further disfigure your hair.

A wrench on one lock of hair is your safeguard, and this I offer free. Accept this offer and prove it for yourself. If 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 rinse. Non-toxic. 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.

---

**Mrs. P. L., Hartford, Conn.**

You do not tell me anything of the details of the texture of your skin or your coloring, so I will not be too particular in giving advice. There are so many variants of good cold creams to select from, that you have a wide choice. There is no need that you should be driven to one or another. Choose a cream that is not too heavy and that suits your skin. When 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 River, 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 those areas and 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 foreign foods, and beware of anything fried. As for the flat figure being fashionable, to be strictly correct, it isn’t. Not any more. You may take comfort in the fact, for the first time in many years I am not 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 shades are becoming popular. You are right. You are not of the wide range of any colors. Bronzer 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 milk. I have never known it to damage the hair. The small sponges 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 Brunnetti, Los Angeles, Calif.**

Red shade is very much in evidence. The popular yellows and oranges are very pretty with your complexion. I think your prejudice against cold creams is quite unfounded. They are not harmful at all if used correctly. 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, Albion, Oregon.**

A moderately good diet 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. Be careful of any 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 sweets. Rubbing and massage helps, 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 would say that 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 a small bone structure would have a lower weight than one with small bone structure. Cereals and milk are among the fat-producing foods. If you wish to lose weight you must eliminate these foods, eat lean meats and fish, and avoid many of the women age than one with small bone structure. 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 list to meet your special needs.

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**Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section**

**Thin Women!! Gain!!**

Three to five pounds a week

Beautiful, firm flesh which will star on goodrade healthful and pleasant. For free information write to The Star Developing System, Dept. 122, Springfield, Ill.
PHOTOPLAY

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 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 weight. 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 astrigent 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 wine 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.

POLSENNA, 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.

BABBETTE, NEW YORK CITY.

Use rubber reducing garments. I think you will find that they will greatly help you.

L.W. SWEET, Inc.

Left 425, 1660 Broadway

New York, N.Y.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
New Self-Massaging Belt Reduces Waist—

-Easily!

Substitutes good, solid tissue for bulky waistline, disfiguring 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 manner. Its principle is purely mechanical. 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 everyone. The Well Reduced Belt is made of the finest rubber and is scientifically designed and fitted. Each and every man you make imports a cost-saving device 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 to your waist and make you appear thinner. It actually takes off the fat. Within a few weeks you may add a few inches to your waist. You look and feel 10 to 15 years younger.

The Well Method of reduction in unusual perfection and economy. The Western Method has reduced thousands of pounds without the slightest danger. It is the only method on hand that can save you money.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

Write today for full description and Special 10-Day Trial Offer. The Well Company, 5212 Hill St., New Haven, Conn.

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WristWatch Studded with Delectile Brilliant and Sapphires.

Only a down payment of 10c required and we make immediate shipment of this beautifull engraved Wrist Watch.

WE TRUST YOU

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NO REFERENCES NEEDED

For a genuine diamond watch of this kind, you would be required to pay elsewhere upward of $150.00. For ours pay only $12.00 and you may pay it $1.00 per week. Make first payment to postman when he delivers package. Send name and address to the West Company, your Delicate Watch by return mail. A guarantee with each watch.

O. F. Deelte Co., 530 Broadway, New York
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 Reliane, Bernhardt or Ellen Terry might have done it better, but Gloria Swanson has not acquired the technique that those artists had that 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 pilled 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.

ROBERTA GODIN.

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 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 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 “Adventures” 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.

CARL LAEMMLE

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 Peterson)

—“An ambitious effort. The film is great entertainment. You’ll enjoy it.”

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 theater when “The Phantom” will be shown.

CARL LAEMMLE

(President)

Send for beautifully illustrated booklet on our second “White List” pictures, which comes without cost to you. You can also have autographed photograph of Mary Philbin for 10 cents in stamps.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave.

New York City

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Beautiful Eyes
That Weave a Spell
of enchantment always owe their irresistible magic to the shadowy depths of luxuriant lashes.

With every dark-veiled glance they bewitch and ennoble. Bring out the hidden beauty of your eyes by darkening your lashes with WINX. Just touch them up bolder and they immediately appear much longer, darker and heavier. WINX is a harmless waterproof liquid that cannot run or smear. It dries at once and keeps your lashes beautiful for days. Brush attached to stopper of bottle. Complete, black or brown, 75c. U. S. and Canada. At drug, department store or by mail.

Mail 15c today for a generous sample of WINX. Another 15c brings a sample of PERT, the feather-proof rouge.

ROSS COMPANY
241 West 17th Street New York

WINX Waterproof

A Roluffled Honon

Arlington, Mass.

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 choose first of all Richard Barthes-me-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, and Lloyd Hughes. Perhaps I should have added Charlie Chaplin but—well, one sees so little of him! And should I add Valentin? Yes, I hope so.

And for the actresses, I choose Mary Pickford—first, last and always! Also, Norma Shearer, Mary Philbin, Norma Talmadge (the wonder woman), sweet Lilian 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 must be screened. I'm impatient for "Shore Leave" and "The Beautiful City." Isn't Dick wonderful? In "Soul-Fire," he was superb.

As Ardent Fan.

Those "Improvements"

Keokuk, Iowa.

"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 a book. All the best parts of the book were omitted. That beautiful character of the up-to-date western girl, Florence Kinglesy, was left out entirely. Also, G. B. Grey's own book 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 a face; but I'm surprised that one such as Jill Holt was not used. He made the wonderful, lifeless stick—no more like "Majesty" Hammond of the book than Ice is like fire. How I wish "Light of the Western Stars" had a wonderful 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 Kinglesy, and have Harrison Ford, Milton Sills or Pat O'Malley take the part of the films. 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 of the screen. Also one for Claire Windsor. I think she is beautiful and, by all means, should have been chosen one of the most beautiful women on earth. For a bride that Nita Naldie's no good. If we must have vamps, let's have somebody like Aileen Pringle.

ANNIE.

Again Posing Mr. Gilbert

Harrisaug, Pa.

About a year ago I went to see John Gilbert in "Cameo Kirby" and have not missed one of his pictures since. This 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 Don Corrado. I think we've never seen any more pictures like the "Count of Monte Cristo" and "Cameo Kirby" with my favorite—John Gilbert. .

E. C. [continued on page 151]
behind in some crates, so that she could send for them later. She made all preparations, so that she might never have to enter the little flat again, and yet her heart was light when she locked the door and hurried away to meet David at the station. The studio had excused him for a few hours so that he could see her off.

He brought a small bunch of "baby blue eyes" that he had picked for her at his lunch hour in the field back of the studio. They had become her favorite flower because he could get them for nothing. As usual, she enthused over them and he rejoiced. And then he complimented her on the way she looked in her new tweed suit—a soft gray one with a touch of Chinese blue, and a mauve felt hat that softened the lines of thirty under her eyes.

"I declare, they'll take you for the ingenue," he said, as he gave her the flowers and kissed her. "I'm almost afraid to let you go to Hollywood, the way they say things are out there now. Promise to come back to me. I'll have the canary for you by that time."

And somehow Ann couldn't tell him the truth then, as, through a sudden blur of tears, she saw the canary hanging in its cage in the lonely little flat. She let him kiss her again warmly, closely, and then the train started and he had to jump quickly from the moving platform.

There is something very conducive to ambition in the modern Fullman. Its heavy creak, as it slides over the rails, the mahogany sheen of its folded berths, the obsequious white-coated porters, all sing a little chant of luxury and comfort. One determines to do great things—to earn a vast fortune, so that one may always be warm and comfortable and waited on like this. Ann became more ambitious when she went into the diner and ordered what she wanted for dinner, instead of what cost the least. The canary in the flat was forgotten now.

Madge met her at the station, when she reached Los Angeles. Ann hardly recognized her chum, for Madge's clothes were rather unexpectedly bright and youthful and she used a great deal of make-up now. But then her cheery, "Ann, old girl!" and an impulsive hug and kiss, soon put them on the old chummy basis again.

"Roy tried to come to meet you," said Madge, as she hurried Ann toward the car that awaited them at the curb. "You don't know what an honor that is—he doesn't even do it for me. He was delayed at the studio at the last moment, and couldn't make it—but you should be thrilled that he wanted to come.

ANN was thrilled—Roy Garrick, the great director—Roy, the funny boy she had known long ago, the funny, rather fascinating boy.

"Madge, you're so grand," Ann settled back in the car with a little smile at the mauve velvet upholstery, which bled into a nicety with the champagne's royal purple uniform and the orchids in the figuhea flower holder. It was all that romantic young Madge had planned in the "poor days."

Madge smiled herself. It is nice," she drawled. "It gives me quite a kick, especially when I remember how Roy and I would once have given our necks for a lift in the prop boy's Ford from the Culver City studios. But just wait until you see my house."

"It must be beautiful. How lucky you are, you lucky thing," Ann reproved the girl.

But Madge was rippling on about the house. "—and the garden cost eighteen thousand dollars—a fountain, sculptured by some foreigner with an absolutely unpronounceable

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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 jeweled box. Ann gasped at the beauty of the display Madge set out for her. All of them presents from Roy! The last was a most spectacular one.

"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 wistfulness.

"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 been pals. But you—remember the wrist watch he saved so hard to buy you? He did without hunches 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?"

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 for 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 greasier, more thrilling propositions. And when the Cooper-Hewitt lights blazed forth in a mass of seething 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 "Little 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 looking forward to the time when he would reach the part of the script where she had scenes again.

As the picture progressed, Madge gave a
great party for Ann. The cost of it—the two orchestras (for there was one out by the lantern-trimmed swimming pool and another in the flower-filled ballroom)—the caterer's fee, the soufflés, the glasses, the "booze," mounted to a sum that would once have appalled Ann. Now she exulted.

In a stunning new flame-colored gown gawled with rhinestones, she was the center of attention. For wasn't she a member of the much envied cast of Roy Garrick's picture? If she suspected that some of her sudden friends were a little dubious, she didn't think, as a child will not allow you to tell her that her dolls are only bisque and sawdust.

The evening grew into midnight, and still Ann looked in vain for Roy. She had dressed for him again that evening in the flame colored gown. No one else seemed to miss him or even ask where. Ann concluded that he was taking more scenes with Lala May. Madge, dazing in a gown made of a fantastic Spanish shawl that wrapped in a revealing way about her supple body, was never merrier.

It was three o'clock when Madge finally arrived, bringing Lala May with him. Both were tired from their hard night's work and paid little attention to anyone else in the room. "Dolly Dummbell was right," thought Ann, in the language of Hollywood. Lala, blonde and childlike in a simple pale pink fluted taffeta seemed capable of one expression and one phrase. She rolled up her big blue eyes alluringly and she murmured, "You're wonderful, dear, wonderful!"

Needless to say, the much praised personal-ity was never wanted on anyone who wasn't important and at present was directed entirely at Roy.

Madge had hung out a jolly greeting to her husband and Lala, but she did not stir from her corner, where she was entirely surrounded by men. And then after a while, the wife of Roy Garrick slipped out into the garden with one of her "huddles." Ann watched her and seethed within. It would serve Madge right if she lost her husband—the way she neglected him, disposing of his work, except where she profited by it. What was a wife for, anyway? Naturally, Roy would turn to someone else for sympathy. Perhaps he was even a little bit bored. It was probably only dancing so much with her because all the other men in the room seemed to let her alone. And yet sometimes men found stupidity charming in women who were not their wives. Ann knew that. And when Roy brought Lala May up and introduced her, Ann wasn't sure about the supercilious little star's being capable of safe playing. She hadn't met Lala May before, and she reached out a cordial hand.

"I'm so sorry we haven't more scenes together," began Ann.

Lala ignored her hand and ruffled her blonde bob with her own delicate fingers, as she gave Ann a cold abstracted nod.

"But we have a lot of out-door scenes together," continued Ann, "and I hope we'll see each other a lot when we go off on location," for she was possessed with a sudden desire to know just how stupid Lala was.

Lala didn't even answer her and objected with ill-concealed jealousy when Roy lingered to compliment Ann on her gown.

A few days later, the whole company left for "location." For the scenes which occurred out of doors, were taken in the actual locale of the story—Yosemite Valley and the surrounding woods and mountains.

On the long trip to the Valley, Ann saw little of Roy. He was closer to the author than writer. Lala May, weakened by a reducing diet of apples and magnesia, was resting in her drawing room. Several of the other members of the cast and Roy's various assistants and cameramen clustered about Ann and "talked shop," which she loved.

Mike O'Malley, the red-haired assistant director, had managed to work his magic into a small part in the picture. Mae was rather an ugly, coarse girl, heavy lipped and haggard but truly a good fellow. Mike did nothing but sit and hold Roy's hand during the trip. Ann caught her breath as she watched the adoration that kept back and forth between the eyes of the couple. It reminded her of David and Blanche. She must write him the letter. It wasn't fair to keep him in the dark so long. She took out her fountain pen and started it, but somehow she couldn't write it with that blissful couple in sight.

Yosemite—gorgeous panorama of beauty! Rainbow waterfalls, titanic forests and giant cliffs so high that Ann, gazung up at them with tilted head, had a curious sense that she was looking up into the majesty of Heaven.

A special inn had been chartered for the entire company. In the luxurious resorts they were housed. The spots that Roy discovered for the background of his drama were almost unbelievable in their beauty and rareness. Magenta mountains with vistas behind them, mighty redwoods that dwarfed the characters of the play, and waterfalls and brooks. Then there were shots on high precipices taken from a distance so great they couldn't see the safety ropes or the dummy that was substituted for the hero, and then close-ups of the same scenes, taken against the skyline on a ledge where the drop was only a foot or two. Fascinating trickery.

The company worked very hard. For besides the cost of the trip, there were the running expenses of the studio at home, and there was already a staggering amount charged up to the picture, which it would have to earn back again when it went out as a finished product to the theaters. Roy was having more trouble than ever with Lala May. He was with her constantly, trying to drill his ideas into her. His temper was more than a little hard, and whenever she encountered him, Ann took great delight in using the utmost tact and consideration to cheer him up and encourage him. She then, just as though she were pure with splendid momentum—rain! It meant the company must stop work completely. For herself, Ann rather liked the day off in the mountain lodge. She felt sorry for Roy, as he paced up and down before the great fireplace in the lobby. She knew that every drop of rain added more money to the cost of his picture.
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 strut. Ann liked it. It reminded her of an admirable 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 but 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 who believes 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 Vien Shaw 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 Vien Shaw 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.”

“No, 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 dumbfubes. 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 have 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 those boys.”

“Yes—” Ann spoke rather dully. “He
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Ann thanked him and gave him the letter, but as the couple went chuckling out of the door she was on the verge of calling Mike back. They had both been so frightened by the sight of each other's hands that they hardly noticed the grace 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 sun rose 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 jabbed a finger at it. "It'll be five 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? God—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 'dumbass,' 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 damned 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. "I look out!" he spoke in an anguished whisper.

Ann turned, expecting anything in the world but what she saw. It was a huge lumbering beast, and her heart coming straight down the path towards them.

She almost shouted. "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, "You're too far away and safe, except when their cubs are with them. A man was drowned to death here last spring, but they chased him 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 overhang a cliff two thousand feet high. There was an ugly light in the brown marble eyes of the thing, 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 quick commanding figure, towards the bears, shouting at them in sharp tones. The
mother animal stared for a moment, growing furiously, then, whacking her cub to send it scampering, she turned and ran.

Before Ann could congratulate Roy, a motor rounded the curve and the whole company, including Lala May, was clustered around them. One word from Paul and Paris 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 which millions, French accents and beautiful-woman Paris keep their figures slender. Not only did I easily and gradually lose 20 pounds, but the reduction was lasting, as I have lost 30 pounds since stopping the treatment. I feel and look years younger, and my health has greatly improved with this wonderful discovery. No such as how fat you are, you may do just as I did and easily lose a few pounds every week without any danger. Simply go to any good drug store, get a packet of S. G. O. A. Tablets (inail on these, as nothing like it has ever been offered before to the public), take it as per directions, and watch your weight go down. You can eat all you want while you take S. G. O. A. IT IS GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS, the formula of a French physician, and is sold with a money-back guarantee. If your draught does not carry S. G. O. A. in stock, he can get it from his wholesaler or you can send a check or money order to S. G. O. A. CO., 1641 Broadway, Dept. 600, N. Y. C. and full pay, a box of S. G. O. A. will be mailed prepaid.

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," he said. "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 he can go home and give you and talk over the scenario." Ann thought she detected a queer gleam in Mr. Garrick's eyes as he gave the message. And perhaps she felt, lurking back there in the back 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—Roy—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 remain in the role of his wife and direct her, with his compelling voice, his magnetic soul-communing personality? When she reached the house she was glad to hear that Madge was usual, and that she was perfectly reframed. Just enclose a $1 bill and address

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written him from Yosemite, there was nothing she could say in a telegram. And then, perhaps, he wouldn't even be in the apartment 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, 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, perhaps, but, oh, what a success at Life! And perhaps now she had lost the only love she had desired! 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 to work to his dear.

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 despaired 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 the afternoon you left. Here, take your hat off and then come in the kitchen while I get dinner ready. I'm 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 skillel 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 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 scrap:

"Dear Miss Wainwright, it read, "I forgot to mail this that night you left, so I was for you, addressed to Miss Ann Wainwright, a fan letter, I guess.

"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 had, and David struggled with the chops on the hot gas stove until his face was streaming. Ann watched him with loving content and thought that the great balls of perspiration rolling down his forehead were not unlike the pearls Roy had given to Madge.

DON'T CONFUSE other magazines with similar names and cover designs with PHOTOPLAY. Be sure that you get PHOTOPLAY when you ask for it.
A Few More Brickbats and Bouquets

[continued from page 140]

Strong Feelings

San Francisco, Calif.

As a strong Photoplay admirer and upholder, I want to know:

Why do they picture French people as being drunk, wicked, etc. Why not pick on London?

Why do they call pictures whose stories deal with Ancient Rome or Italian And why do most people call the Italians of today, Romans?

Why do they accuse other actors of imitating Valentino by wearing silver bracelets? Do they not know that the Frenchmen during the war started to wear various bracelets and wristwatches, and that Valentino did not start the vogue?

Why do some critics say that Eleonora Duse was a great actress? Is pouring out your grief to an audience, acting!

Why do censors allow Elinor Glyn's stories? Why do they rave over Valentino, Pickford and Swanson?

If France was noted for the grace, as portrayed by her famous actresses, by French pictures, then I am sorry for her. Valentino in "Monsieur Beaucaire" was as graceful an elephant.

Catherine Kelly.

An Open Proposal

Catskill, N. Y.

If Richard Dix doesn't receive an increase in his fan mail after your recent article, I lose my bet. As an ideal actor he has captured many feminine hearts, including mine, for while he was here completing a picture, I had the pleasure of being present at his personal appearance in our local theater. There's one thing we can be sure of: He'll pick his own wife!

We all hope he doesn't lose his bet and in the bargain get over his "single cursedness" in marrying a girl with lovely eyes. "The Vanishing American" promises to be a good picture for, as Mr. Dix told us, it is a story of his own ancestors and a tale revolving about this vicinity, an historical and romantic theme.

Frances Dooley.

From a School Friend

.linspace, Pa.

I wish to express my gratitude for the lovely picture of George O'Brien in your August Photoplay. He is a fine, clean-cut Americanish fellow and was superb in "The Roughneck."

A word about a new star that has just twinkled in the film sky—Lois Moran, the personality of the old-fashioned girl and a distinct type. And I went to school at the same convent and I knew her very well. Everyone liked her; most loved her. I have never known her to lose her temper or the sweetness and tenderness that is hers. She is a true, loyal and gentle girl, her only fault being her generosity to her friends and schoolmates. I hope she plays Juliet, the simple, beautiful child of Central Park.

Rosemary E. Brownfield.

Pro and Con—Pro

Newark, N. J.

I agree with Mr. Harry J. Hokanson when he states that "Peter Pan" is not a picture for grown-ups. On the other hand, however, I think every child in the country should see it.

R. E. Lombardi.

Pro and Con—Con

Arlington, Mass.

I am going to use all my power and try to convince Harry J. Hokanson that "Peter Pan" was about the best picture ever made. Look at the millions of people who saw it; a large percentage were grown-ups and followers of James M. Barrie's works, and nearly all must have been intelligent. The cast was well chosen, the book was faithfully followed and well produced.

James Kedzie, Jr.

Wishes

Ozkooh, Wis.

While reading "Studio News and Gossip" in the August Photoplay I came upon your article on what you would like to see before you die. I will say that something like a thrill ran through me when I read your wish. You said you would like to see a picture based on the life of Marie Antoinette with Norma Talmadge in the part of that fatal and beautiful Queen of France. I don't believe anybody could take the part as she could. She possesses both the dignity and the courage for that most fatal of France's Queens.

Two more roles I should like to see enacted on the screen would be those of Elizabeth and Mary Stuart with Clare Eames and Estelle Taylor. Clare Eames, I am sure, is the very twin of Elizabeth—the cunning—the cruel. Estelle Taylor possesses all the beauty and did not lack courage and dignity in her bearing of which we got only a glimpse in "Dorothy Vernon."

Master Maurice V. Barron.

We Want to See Him Once More

Hermosa Beach, Calif.

In writing this I wish to say that I entirely agree that Famous Players ought to revive Wallace Reid's pictures. There are millions of us who will never forget him, of course, but that isn't the point—we want to see him once more!

K. L. B.

Short and Snappy

Forest Hills, L. I.

Why don't we see more of Lloyd Hughes? I think he is a splendid actor, very good looking and always plays in interesting pictures.

Mavis Wilson.

Fairness

Florida, N. Y.

This certainly is a big bouquet for Gloria Swanson, our finest actress, as "Madame Sans Gene" proved. I like Photoplay because it is so fair and gives a good picture full credit. Two other magazines I know always seem to disparage of Gloria. They call her pictures "cute" or no good at all. Three cheers for Photoplay fairness.

Jeanette Parmeter.

Fits

Butte, Mont.

I wish to thank Eda Allen for quoting the passage in "Ben Hur" that fits Ramon Novarro so well. He will be wonderful in the part. There are always a certain number of brickbats written in this manner: "I simply can't stand-so-and-so, he has no acting ability. He is not even good looking!" He must have acting ability or he wouldn't be playing a featured part. Good looks are no longer essential. I don't think a player's private life has anything to do with the showing of his picture in a certain town. There is just as much scandal among unknowns as there is among stars. I, for one, agree with James R. Quirk in his statement.

Ruth Cundy.

Earle E. Liederman—The Muscle Builder


THE MAN WHO EATS GARLIC

and tells his friends it's peppermill candy can never get away with it

The half-animated fellow who pretends he's a ball of fire and lep is kidding nobody but himself. Some body hasn't told him that eggs and liver, garlic and whole milk couldn't be more harmful to animal (he's not) health. He tries to be strong, but it comes from a grove, virile, red-blooded body that bubbles over with it.

STRENGTH HOLDS THE WORLD

Some lazy individual may try to tell you of men who made a success of life and still had a weak body. Yes, I've heard of blind men who did it. But oh boy! What they would have done if they had their eyesight!

What's the use of wanting strength. Everyone knows that the big, strong robust fellow who is brimming over with life and virility has the world by the tail. And he has the power to swing it.

Do you want this strength? Do you want this vital power? Do you want social and business success? Of course you can. Well, listen to me and I'll show you how to get it.

I MAKE STRONG MEN

I make big men out of little ones. I'm a muscle builder. I didn't just make this name. The public gave it to me. Everyone who sees a system of body building is the greatest and surest that America ever knew. It is a fact. In fact is never false. That's why I guarantee it.

Just for a starter. I'm going to put one full inch of solid muscle on your arms in the next 30 days. Yes, and two inches on your chest in the same length of time. But that's nothing. From there on, you can tell your friends of your strength. I'll strengthen your shoulders. I'll broaden your back. I'll strengthen your chest. I'll literally pack muscle up your arms, down your stomach and over your biceps and shoulders. I'm working on these same muscles across both ethnic strata. I'll put one inch to your eyes. I'll build the old pterygium and damn nog nurse. I'm a muscle builder. Yes, I'll make a better man out of you. For one thing, I'll build you. I'll build you. I'll build you. I'll build you. I'll build you. I'll build you.

Come on. Let's stop talking and get there. Poor, not just anything all those thousands of GARABATEE THEM. You take your chances with me. It's a sure bet.

What do you say? Let's do it!

Send for my 64-page Book

MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT

It's a source. I want you to ask for your own complete. No obligation. Just read it. It is all simple. It will tell you how to do it. Just take it. For those who have a system of muscle building, this book is a must. If you have strength, please let me know this. All readers have not the same amount of muscles. Some are built stronger than others. This book is designed for the man with weak muscle, and for those who have the muscle. It shows you exactly how to add strength to every organ of the body. If you have this book, read it. It is the one book you should have in your library. For one thing, it is all simple. It will tell you how to do it. For another, it is all simple. It will tell you how to do it.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

Dept. 112 305 Broadway New York City

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

Dept. 112, 305 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir: Please send me without any obligation on my part, a copy of "Muscular Development." I enclose 10 cents to cover postage and handling.

Name:

Address:

City: State:

(Please write or print plainly.)

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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 Photoplay 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". "The Gold Fields." She does have a wonderful voice and a splendid sense of humor. She is a splendid actress and I'm sure some director will give her a chance in a leading role. 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 inch a man as Richard Dix. Around him I have created ideals.

AN OLD FASHIONED GIRL.

New Special Way
To Shampoo
Blonde Hair!

Even the most attractive light hair loses beauty with age. But Blondes, the new shampoo for blonde hair only, prevents light hair from darkening and keep it beautifully attractive —silvery. Also & only does the true color enhance its luster. Aids to prevent hair from weighing down. Nothing better for children's hair. Not a dive. Highly beneficial to hair and scalp. At all drug and department stores.

The Romance of Youth

GLORIOUS youth and its vivid allure sparkle and beckon from the glowing zed of her radiant cheek!

Here is the fresh, clear, youthful coloring of Pert compact Rouge. Sootly fine, hand-maded, of satiny texture, this beauty rouge is waterproof when applied before Powdering. For perfect adherence of tint, she uses Pert cream Rouge — waterproof — as a base for the compact. Pert compact Rouge — Blush, rose, evening (bright red), 50c.; Pert cream Rouge — Light orange, dark orange, rose, 75c.; Pert Waterproof Lipstick, 75c.; Mail 12c today for a generous sample of Pert Cream Rouge. Another 12c brings a sample of Wipe, the waterproof liquid llook-darkener.

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Pert Rouge

Maybelline
DARKS and BEAUTIFIES

NATRELL, division of Maybelline Co., Chicago.

See Her in "Pretty Ladies"

San Francisco, Calif.

I saw "Sinners in Silk" the other day. If ever I saw anything worthy of mention it was this. With Eleanor Boardman as the shop girl, and Menjou enacted at his roof palace. Menjou is always excellent as is Eleanor Boardman, but this time I think Miss Boardman climaxed everything. Her endeavor to hide it was 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 dud gloves. If he has to cover his hands at all, let it be with gauntlets; that is neat and stylish. But gloves or no gloves, I will stick by Buck always.

LOUISE WENZEL.

Loyalty

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 who can do the part, and that the loyalty of the audience 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 others filling his place, Jack Gilbert and Richard Dix.

But none of the black headed sheiks can ever take the place of our Wally. Let me join in the increasing demand that his pictures be shown again.

M. E. G.

Page May Allison

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 thrown in the废篮 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.

Comedies Are Developing and Finding a Real Place

Please ask Eleanor Boardman to tell us how she keeps her lovely figure. She is beautiful. My sincerest compliments to Jack Gilford, Conrad Nagel, Percy Marmont, Lewis Stone and James Craven. I do not like Corinne Griffith. She bores me. Why don't they ever make comedies that are really funny? Harold Lloyd, Syd Chalpin and "Our Gang" are really funny but the others are silly. And why doesn't Ralph Graves do something? He was wonderful in "Dream Street." -BILLEN GAUDELT.

Statement of Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Photoplay Magazine published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1925

State of Illinois.

County of Cook.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Kathryn Dougherty who, having been examined and sworn to make the declaration hereinafter made, is the Managing Editor of Photoplay Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management and circulation, etc., of the aforesaid magazine, namely: Photoplay Publishing Co., of Chicago, Illinois, being published at Chicago, Illinois, is printed and published by Photoplay Publishing Co., 709 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; George J. H. Boardman, Publisher; Edith K. Quirk, Asst. Publisher; Frank P. Boardman, Associate Publisher; Kathryn Dougherty, Managing Editor; none. Kathryn Dougherty, Kathryn Dougherty, 750 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Illinois, being the person having the general charge and management of the publication of said magazine, is the Managing Editor, who, in the corperation, gives the name and addresses of stockholders owning one per cent or more of the total amount of stock. E. M. Coffin, Chicago, Ill.; F. M. Eastman, Chicago, Ill.; E. B. Phillips, Chicago, Ill.; J. O. Hughes, Chicago, Ill.; Wilbert Schallenberg, Waterloo, Iowa; Photoplay Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill. -3. That the names and addresses of stockholders owning one per cent or more of the total amount of stock, being shareholders or officers of the corporation, give the name and addresses of stockholders owning one per cent or more of the total amount of stock. E. M. Coffin, Chicago, Ill.; F. M. Eastman, Chicago, Ill.; J. O. Phillips, Chicago, Ill.; J. H. Hughes, Chicago, Ill.; Wilbert Schallenberg, Waterloo, Iowa; Photoplay Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill. -4. That the names and addresses of the officers of the corporation are as follows: George J. H. Boardman, Publisher; Edith K. Quirk, Asst. Publisher; Frank P. Boardman, Associate Publisher; Kathryn Dougherty, Managing Editor; none. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names and addresses of the officers of the corporation, give the names and addresses of the stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or as agent for another, the names and addresses of such other person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner. -5. That the company has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, mortgages, or other securities. (If there are none, give none). None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names and addresses of the officers of the corporation, give the names and addresses of the stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or as agent for another, the names and addresses of such other person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner. -6. That the company has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, mortgages, or other securities. (If there are none, give none). None.

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed to before me this 30th day of September, 1925.

M. EVELYN MCVILLY
(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.

Betti 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 hold 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" reconciled me to her. She is a fine actress with lovely facial expressions. Milton Sills, too, but he is just himself. Never was a man so 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 Opinions 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.

Whatd'ya Mean Sex?

Louisville, Ky.

I should like to call producers' attention to the four sex dramas which have won the PHOTOPLAY medals, "Humoresque," "Tol-able David," "Robin Hood," and "The Covered Wagon." If that isn't proof that the public likes the risque, 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 Ecko, the ventriloquist, and as Old Grandpa 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.
Cecil B. DeMille

Rising from one triumph to another, now plans a series of pictures to excel anything ever before offered—

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.

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 Rocque 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, Lilian Rich, Noah Beery, Henry B. Walthall, William Boyd, Vera Reynolds, Robert Ames, Robert Edeson, Theodore Kosloff, Rockliffe Fellows, Clive Brook, Edmund Burns, Julia Fay, Trixie Frigana—just to mention a few.

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All Cecil DeMille productions, and those of his Associates, will be released through the Producing Distributing Corporation. There is an untold wealth of entertainment ahead of you. Watch for future announcements.

Amasgnaftic picture magnificently acted by Joseph Schildkraut, Jetta Goudal, Vera Reynolds, William Boyd and Julia Fay.

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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 Cheramy has created two odors that are destined to be far more than mere fragrances...Cheramy, 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.

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Cappi and April Showers

Cappi Perfume—sparkling vials of povery—$1.25, $2.50 and $5.00. Cappi Bath Batcher—fogperume and soften the water of your bath—$1.00 and $1.50. Dusting Powder—rich in the lovely Cappi fragrance, in a big powder puff—$1.25. Double Compact—a pearl of usefulness for your purse—$1.50.


These lovely toilettes and beautiful gift sets—may also be had in Cheramy's other "Perfumes of Youth," April Showers.
"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."